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THE UPLIFT

VOL. XIX CONCORD, N. C., JANUARY 3, 1931. No. 1

NEW YEAR'S PRAYER

Give me the man-soul, God—pure, brave, serene
  To meet these days,
Ready to walk, head high, with firm, sure tread,
  The year's strange ways.
Wake me to fill each day with work well done,
  My work with joy;
And when it's over, let me laugh and play
  As when a boy.
If in my mind lurk errors—sweet, false dreams,
  Shine them away.
Shatter my dearest idol, purge my faith,
  Till truth holds sway.
So be my helper, Father, comfort me,
  With staff and rod,
Till I shall give Thee back Thy year, well lived
  For man and God. Amen.

—Selected

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL
PUBLISHED BY
The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

RECEIPE FOR A VERY HAPPY NEW YEAR

The following receipe for a Happy New Year is furnished by J. L. Bankhead.

"Take twelve fine, full grown months, see that these are thoroughly free from all memories or bitterness, rancor, hate, and jealousy; cleanse them completely from every clinging spite; pick off all specks of pettiness and littleness; in short, see that these months are freed from all the past—have them as fresh and clean as when they first came from the great storehouse of Time.

...."Cut these months into thirty or thirty-one equal parts. This batch will keep for just one year. Do not attempt to make up the whole batch at one time (so many persons spoil the entire lot in this way), but prepare one day at a time, as follows:

"Into each day put twelve parts of faith, eleven of patience, ten of courage (some people omit this ingredient and so spoil the flavor of the rest) eight of hope, seven of fidelity, six of liberality, five of kindness, four of rest—leaving this out is like leaving the oil out of the salad—don't do it; three of prayer, two of meditation, and one well-selected resolution. If you have no conscientious scruples put in about a teaspoonful of good spirits, a dash of fun, a pinch of folly, a sprinkling of play, and a heaping cupful of good humor.

"Pour into the whole love ad libitum and mix with a vim. Cook thoroughly in a fervent heat; garnish with a few smiles and a sprig of joy; then serve with quietness, unselfishness and cheerfulness, and a Happy New Year is a certainty."

HAPPY NEW YEAR.

" 'Happy New Year' coupled with that of 'A Merry Christmas for the

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Yuletide season just past, is the familiar greeting of friend to friend as the first day of the New Year bursts upon us with its visions and bright hopes for the days ahead of us. Had we thought how happiness is, unconsciously may be made the keynote of the New Year?? What if sorrow does fill our hearts, what if the old year did give a measure of reverses and disappointments, what if some blighted hopes and desires are buried with the days just past—yet with that optimism and faith, divinely instilled into our being, we greet our friend with 'Happy New Year.' Can we measure the influence of such an attitude of mind and heart on those with whom we come in contact? May be a disheartened, discouraged soul, ready to give up the struggle, catches a new vision of opportunity, of life, and of service by our happy greeting and thoughtfulness. Be this as it may, our greeting on New Year's day carries with it the note of happiness—a very worthwhile ideal to have before us—even though sometimes trials, disappointments, temptations emphasize the sad realities of life and shut out from our faith and vision temporarily the bright side. So let us resolve, that through the New Year we shall scatter sunshine and happiness in the home of each reader of the Uplift.' ''

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TRUE HAPPINESS.

This is the New Year, 1931, and usually the stereotyped expression is, ''we wish you much success and happiness,'' without a thought of what it means to acquire success and have true happiness.

Well, we wish all of that and more besides—we wish that you may use every God-given talent and blessing for the good of your fellow man,, for the advancement of civilization and promotion of happiness, and not for self aggrandizement alone. If self is the first consideration, you are termed selfish, and a selfish person is an unhappy one—selfishness and happiness are not companion pieces—the two can not hold a place in the human heart at the same time.

Again if happiness is to be acquired it is necessary not to dwell upon the misfortunes of the past, but on the other hand, with the return of each new day, find the bright spots, hope for a finer life, encourage a charitable spirit, see some good in every one try for a more consistent life with a grace sufficient to contiue in the good work,—if this be your aim and ambition 1931 will really be a happy and successful year. True happiness consists in be-

ing charitable towards your fellowman. It is wisdom to remember that there are two types of people playing an important role in the affairs of life —the unselfish and the selfish—the former gives out a fine spirit on a sharing basis, the latter receives entirely and imparts nothing.

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A FINE EXECUTIVE.

Governor Gardner, in his address over the radio prior to the convening of the Legislature, advanced the idea of establishing a central purchasing agency for the 92 institutions of the State, including schools, hospitals and departments, instead of heads of each agency purchasing in smaller lots as practiced now. It seems that the proposition has met with the universal approval of the general public, if we are to judge from sentiment as expressed. There should be no trouble without argument to set up a system of buying in volume, because a financing proposition that is good for any business concern should necessarily prove a great savings to the State. Concentration is the trend of times, and the State cannot resist every means of bringing taxes to a level where they will be unoppressive.

Governor Gardner, early in his administration, was termed the "friendly Governor," he is more than that, he shows that he has the interest of the people at heart by endeavoring to put intto effect substantial economies during his administration. There is reason to believe the day for eliminating overhead expense has truly arrived.

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A WONDERFUL WORK.

During the Christmas season the entire community talked "opportunity," but knowing "the poor shall never cease out of the land" our opportunities should extend the year around. To take an opportunity at Christmas time simply means for some well-to-do to adopt a poor family, or individual and supply the needs on this particular occasion. Possibly this is the only time during the entire year the needs of the poor have been presented to the one who adopts the opportunity, therefore, no further interest is exercised till another Christmas opportunity rolls around.

Briefly, our opinion is, it is better to give once a year than never give at

all, but if a person is sick enough to need a physician a little nursing is essential during the convalescent period.

While in the "Opportunity-Store-Room," Corbin street, under the supervision of a busy band of women, a young lady, interested but taking no active part in the work, asked, "why conserve this interest for one great big blow-out, if the call is so urgent now, how have all of these very poor people been existing the entire year?" This question by this conservative young teacher was food for thought. After thinking, we concluded that if possible to do such a wonderful work one month in the year, by cooperating with the welfare officer, the saame could be done the year around if a welfare-minded official had entire charge. It surely would be economy for the demands would be met when needed, and thereby much suffering eliminated; and considerable expense to the county saved. The "opportunity-room" is an institution within itself, and only shows the possibilities of an all time assistant worker in the office of county welfare worker.

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THE SNOW OF 1930.

On December 17th, 1930, the southland was visited by a ten-inch snow, a little unusual scene for this early in the winter. The street cars in many cities were snow bound, the automobiles had to be abandoned, and business men make their way by foot to different places of business. The automobile is at home on the smooth highway, but in a snow storm it does not get very far—this was a thought as we watched the autos puff and snort trying to plough through the drifts of snow.

As usual the children engaged in snow-balling, but few had sleds, never used, and there was not a sound of a sleigh bell. Some of the real sports of this part of the country missed perhaps their last opportunity to enjoy a real sleigh ride for it is seldom we have a ten-inch snow. Sleigh riding in days of yore was a delightful pastime, but is no longer in vogue. The reason we presume is the scarcity of horses, and we bet there is not a sleigh in this part of the country. We can well recall when a sleigh was the property of every well-to-do home, and if not a store bought one a home-made one was stored away to be used during a snow storm. It was the sport of the high and the low.

But, it is an ill wind that blows no good. The shovelling of snow from the sidewalks gave employment to many of the unemployed, giving to many

a few dollars who otherwise would have had no money to spend during the Christmas season.

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AN OLD FASHIONED WOMAN.

Mrs. Albert Einstein, the wife of the reputed mathematician, boasts of no other accomplishment than a home-maker. Let it be hoped that her influence will prove contagious while touring this country with her distinguished husband. because the love of home is the last and least consideration of the majority of young couples of this age. Possibly this is somewhat due to the restless, roaming spirit that pervades the country, but in many instances women prefer the public life to the responsibilities of a quiet home.

The press states Mrs. Einstein knows nothing of "companionate marriage," and shows not the least desire to be informed, for her one ambition is to magnify her husband in his great work. She is typically an "old-fashioned" woman—just one in a thousand we approximate. She evidently dwells upon the finer things of life—those that develop better and stronger people of great usefulness.

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THANK YOU!

Christmas all over the world in Christian countries has been celebrated as the birth of Christ, our Prince of Peace and King of Kings. Whatever differences may exist between nations, they unite in one mind and one tongue, and lisp the word Christ-mas Day in recognizing His birth—the 25th of December. This event stands out first and foremost at the Jackson Training School. The entire school enjoys and participates in a program that magnifies the Christ child, and the joy of peace and good will to our fellow man. The following contributions to make complete the boys' Christmas treat were received and enjoyed by the boys, and we take this means of expressing thanks with a hope of meriting the interest of friends throughout the entire New Year. We, the boys, thank you and wish you a happy New Year. Contributions:

The Stonewall Jackson Circle of King's Daughters, Concord.....$10.00
Mr. W. R. Odell, Concord..... 5.00

Mrs. Cameron Morrison, Charlotte	50.00
Judge William M. Yorke, Greensboro	5.00
Mr. Bernard M. Cone, Greensboro	10.00
Mr. Herman Cone, Greensboro	50.00
Mrs. I. W. Faison, Charlotte	5.00
Mrs. Charles E. Boger, Concord	10.00
Mrs. J. W. Cannon, Sr., Concord	10.00
Mr. Charles E. Barnhardt, Charlotte	5.00
Board of Charities and Public Welfare, Durham	10.00
Mrs. Walter H. Davidson, Charlotte	5.00
Mr. O. A. Swaringen, Concord	10.00
Mrs. T. W. Bickett, Raleigh	10.00
Cash	5.00
F. M. Youngblood and Co., Concord	25.00
Christmas Cheer Fund, Greensboro	24.00
10—13—8, Concord	25.00
Mr. L. D. Coltrane, Sr., Concord	3.00
Mr. E. C. Shriver, New York City	5.00
Miss Easdale Shaw, Rockingham	5.00
Mr. Burton Craige, Winston-Salem	25.00
Greenville Kiwanis Club, Greenville, N. C.	5.00
Ritchie Hardware Company, Concord	25.00
Dove-Bost Co., Concord	5.00
Empty Stocking Fund, High Point	7.00
Mr. W. J. Swink, China Grove	50.00
Cumberland County	5.00
Mr. A. W. Colson, Mooresville	5.00
Silver Cross Circle King's Daughters, Rockingham	5.00
Mr. E. B. Grady, Concord	10.00
Woman s Club, Whiteville	Candy
Davidson and Wolfe, Charlotte	5 Boxes Apples
Mr. A. C. Sheldon, Charlotte Y. M. C. A.	6 Boxes Apples

RAMBLING AROUND

With Old Hurrygraph

"For somehow not only for Christmas,
But all the long year through,
The joy that you give to others
Is the joy that comes back to you;
And the more you spend in blessing
The poor and the lonely and sad,
The more of your heart's possessing
Returns to make you glad."

—o—

How little minds work. A little tot, just beginning her graded school work, joyously exclaimed, "I can spell Raleigh!" When quizzed by her teacher with "You don't say; you know you don't." "Yes I can—WPTF, Raleigh!" That, of course, is the radio way to spell it.

—o—

It takes a very little effort to strew a little praise along the pathway of life, as we go along the trail. So many give it reluctantly; and some give none at all. A little praise now and then is good tonic It tones up the entire system. It stimulates the mind and gives the body endurance. And some save their good words until after a person is dead and cannot hear the things which would, perhaps, have helped wonderfully along while he was living. Let's scatter more kind words. They are the beautiful mental flowers of life

—o—

There is no doubt about movie pictures making their impress upon the young minds. Not long ago a small Durham youth witnessed the play of "Huckleberry Finn." Some time thereafter he did something his father corrected him about, and commanded him to go after a switch. "Wait a minute," said the little fellow, "till I go in the kitchen." When asked why go into the kitchen, he replied, "To get a plate to put in my pants." Here is a little observer that observed and applied his observations.

—o—

It is reported that the United States treasury department has received the following letter "I have received your application, but as I already belong to several good orders, I do not care to join your income tax at this time.

—o—

A welfare worker in Washington the other day said that a child's best friend is an up-to-date grandmother. Some grandmothers are all right. But some overdo the thing. I had one who knew how to relieve a crack under the big toe, stop the hurting of a bee or hornet sting, remove a stomach-ache with Jamaica ginger, keep my intestinal system in order with blackberry cordial, reduce the discomforts of an excessively hot afternoon with a cupful of cool cherry bounce, apply the right salve to a throbbing stone bruise, start the healing process in a finger cut, relieve the distress of an empty stomach

with a doughnut or piece of cold mince pie, and, when necessary, correct a trend toward destructive mischief by the application of a switch, and remove a wet pair of boots when sleepy time came. Is the up-to-date granny of today as well equipped? I doubt it.

—o—

Another Christmas has come and gone. The echo of its cheer and good will is still ringing in our ears. Christmas is the season of giving and taking. When one gives of anything —some one receives. Give and take —such is the spirit of Christmas. That means co-operation. Co-operation is the strength of business, both within and without the immediate organization. There is no real co-operation without efficiency. There can be no efficiency without a plan, also efficiency starves to death. By a plan I mean a policy. A policy is a principle. Thus the circle of the argument is closed. The principle of give and take is the essence of Christmas and the foundation of business, social, moral and religious life. If all of us would keep this up the year round this would be a much better old world to live in.

—o—

The American language grows, and grows, and grows! A lady suing a gentleman for breach of promise in a New York court reveals that the sweetest name she had for him was "Sugar Doggie," and the gentleman's pet name for her was "Honey Horsie." And there's still a scholarly book being circulated by the libraries called "Why We Behave Like Human Beings." Or do we?

—o—

The United States Treasury solemnly reported a few days ago that that week the average man had $1.29 more in his pockets on the previous Sunday a week ago than a month before that. Hey! Wait a minute! I remember counting my change on that particular Sunday, and either the United States treasury is all wet or somebody has gypped me out of twenty-nine cents.

—o—

Old Fort Dearborn, the same that was built to stand off the red Injuns and their tomamawks and scalping knives 'way back in 1812, has been entirely torn down to the outer drive ready for the World's Fair in 1933. And built out of big heavy logs, too—blockhouse, stockade, soldiers' barracks, and everything. If the bandits and gangsters don't quiet down pretty soon I'm going to Dearborn and board.

There is a place for you to fill,
Some work for you to do,
That no one can or ever will
Do quite so well as you.
It may be close along your way,
Some little homely duty,
That only waits your touch, your sway,
To blossom into beauty.

RADIO SPEECH OF GOV. GARDNER

(Delivered Friday night, December 26, 1930.)

I would much prefer to bring to you, my radio audience, a Christmas message in harmony with the holiday spirit so prevalent at this season of the year, but the early convening of our State Legislature, to which I am confidently looking for certain changes in our laws, which will enable me to helpfully meet the need for tax reduction and still maintain a balanced State budget, makes it necessary for me to forego the seasonal message for one pertaining to the needed statutory changes relative to the administration of our State's expenditures.

The prudent farmers, manufacturers and business people of our State have for the past year and more been gradually, but surely, readjusting their business in harmony with the financial conditions that so generally prevail. Out of the financial stress and stringency under which we are now laboring greater efficiency and more prudent economies are now and will continue to be devised and inaugurated and I have an abiding faith that the business people and the farmers of our State will ultimately win a triumphant victory over our present depressed financial conditions.

Of all the many perplexing problems which have required solution at my hands as Governor of this great State the one of readjusting the administration of our State Government, particularly its many and varied expenditures so as to balance State expenses with our constantly and greatly decreasing tax receipts, has required, and has received my most serious and thoughtful consideration.

Foreseeing a serious shrinkage in our tax receipts during the first year of my administration we inaugurated a general readjustment in our State expenditures by which we reduced the cost of our State government ten per cent. The second year of my administration began under conditions which clearly indicated the necessity of still greater economy and more rigid efficiency and to meet the conditions I made a twenty per cent cut in State expenditures to keep expenses where they would not exceed our tax receipts. We have made these savings without seriously impairing the services being rendered by the State, but now approach the point where further cuts would impair the service rendered unless we make statutory changes and reorganizations which can only be authorized by the Legislature of the State through the enactment of new statutes. It is my purpose to recommend to our State Legislature, soon to assemble, the enactment of several laws which will provide for the consolidation and reorganization of various agencies and departments of our State Government so as to promote both economy and efficiency. But I wish to present to my radio

audience tonight, a brief discussion of only one of the changes which I expect to ask the Legislature to make.

I am convinced that a large saving could be made by changing the method by which purchases are now made of the millions of articles and supplies required by the State. Our present method of purchasing was established many years ago when the State bought but little. Each hospital, institution and department was authorized by law to buy the few articles they then required. This same method has been employed until today the State has ninety-nine different hospital, school, boards, departments and agencies, all buying articles to be paid for by the State. The same method has been pursued by the individual hospitals, departments and schools, which in turn have distributed their purchasing authority to the heads of different departments until today we have entirely too large a number of people buying supplies and equipment to be paid for by the State. This vesting of the right to purchase by legislative authority into the hands of so large a number of different institutions and people in many instances makes necessary the purchasing by retail at retail prices. When the present method was established we had but few hospitals, but few schools and few needs. At that time the State made purchases aggregating only a few thousand dollars annually and it was then of necessity a retail business.

Today in North Carolina the various departments and institutions purchase annually about $6,000,000 worth of supplies, materials, and equipment necessary and essential to the operation of the State Government. Of this six million approximately two million goes for the purchase of highway materials and the balance for the purchase of the needs of the other State Departments and institutions. These vast purchases should be handled by one central department which could thus buy in large quantities from manufacturers, producers and dealers upon competitive bids at large savings to the State.

What does this outlay of four million dollars represent? It represents the costs incurred in feeding and clothing the inmates of our hospitals for the insane, the feebleminded, the tubercular, and the crippled. A large proportion of it goes to feed the inmates of our penal and correctional institutions. Equipment and supplies are needed by all State educational institutions. Our annual food bill is $1,121,840, of which amount nearly half a million is spent for meats and meat products. About $150,000 is spent for canned goods and the same amount for cereal products. We buy nearly $75,000 worth of wearing apparel for our institutional population. Our dry goods and sewing supplies' bill runs to $115,000, including $18,000 for blankets alone. To operate the institutional plants throughout the State we have to purchase nearly $400,000 worth of coal every year and $140,000 worth of lumber, paints and hardware supplies. Office, medical and educational supplies cost us another $140,000 annually. In our total expenditures for the operation of the

various state farms amounting to $425,000 we find the items of $78,000 for fertilizers and $96,000 for feed and forage. The State printing and binding bill ran about $300,000 last year.

Practically every one of the ninety-nine agencies, hospitals and schools owned by the State purchases separately and independently. With the exception of some cooperative buying of supplies here in Raleigh and some limited central control which is exercised over State printing we have failed to adopt any of the systematic or scientific methods of public buying. Instead of buying in carload lots at low prices we buy in case lots at high prices. Instead of buying a thousand pairs of shoes we buy a dozen pairs of shoes. Instead of buying or contracting for large quantities of coal we purchase individual institutional requirements separately. Some agencies buy from the manufacturer, some from the jobber, some from the wholesaler, and some from the retailer.

We are up against the necessity of having to reduce costs of government in North Carolina and the only way I know how to reduce the tax burden is to reduce public expenditures. Economy in State government demands that we adopt and apply business principles to our governmentment as one step in lessening the burden on our taxpayers. Our public affairs must be placed on a sound business basis.

If there is one development in State government which offers a means for securing economy and reduced expenditures, I believe it is that of centralized buying. Our whole State governmental structure has been built up on the philosophy that once a department or institution has been created it becomes a separate entity. It is so apparent that but little argument should be necessary to establish that buying in volume and in open keen competition and in such quantities as the State requires, is bound to result in great savings to the State. I find that 36 state governments have central purchasing or contracting agencies and that we are in that group of twelve states which has yet failed to take advantage of this economical and efficient method of purchasing. Certainly no successful business organiation could survive long if it permitted each of its units to go out in the market and buy individually thus making competitors of themselves.

To remedy this defect and to meet the demands for economy and efficiency which the citizens of this State are making, I propose to recommend to the General Assembly next month a bill providing for the creation of a central purchasing or contracting agency. An exhaustive survey of our State Government shows that the establishment of such an agency would result in savings of $400,000 annually, or approximately ten per cent of our present purchases. I would be willing to offer to make a bond to save the taxpayers of this State at least four hundred thousand dollars the first year of the operation of this bill. This figure does not include any estimated savings on highway materials since I

believe that the purchasing department of the Highway Commission is buying effectively and cheaply by reason of bulk buying. Any means offering such a substantial savings in State expenditures should merit the attention of all of us interested in promoting economy and efficiency in government.

This bill will provide that the requirements needed by all institutions and departments shall be lumped and bids asked for. Upon receipt of these bids they will be opened in public with all the bidders and interested persons present so that there can be no possibility of graft of any kind. Contracts will then be awarded to the lowest responsible bidders and institutions and departments will draw on the contracts as needed. No monies will be handled by the central contracting agency.

A second duty of the purchasing bureau would be that of seeing that all surplus products produced or manufactured at our various State institutions would be distributed to other State institutions. A system of distribution would bring about concrete savings. There seems to be no reason why all our agencies should not use the brooms manufactured at the blind school for example, or canned goods produced at our State farms.

I am calling attention to this one item of contracting and purchasing as evidence of the underlying principles involved in the plan for reorganization of State Government to be presented to the General Assembly. It is illustrative of the necessity for closer integration and coordination in the administration of our public affairs. Our whole development shows that we have set up departments and institutions without definite ties to other closely related agencies. We have continued to grow on that theory and basis. It may have been that fifty years ago with poor transportation and communication facilities it was necessary to proceed along the line we did. Our whole tendency has been to unite this great State into one family but we have failed to keep abreast of this development with respect to our State Government. Our sole aim and goal in the future should be to coordinate and unify our work to the end that the maximum of service shall result at a minimum cost. Economies can be brought about without sacrifice of service.

The time has come in the economic life of this State to face new conditions and to face them courageously. I propose to present to the General Assembly a series of recommendations dealing with consolidation and reorganization based upon sound experience in modern governmental activities. In making these recommendations I am actuated by only one purpose and that is constructive service to the public welfare. I shall take my program to the Legislature and urge it upon the members of the General Assembly as the chosen representatives of the people. We are fortunate in having a legislature composed of members who are capable, able and patriotic. I am sure we will reason together in a spirit of singleness of purpose in absolute devotion to North Carolina.

JEFFERSON DAVIS COMES BACK TO WASHINGTON

By Betsy Price

Jefferson Davis is coming back to Capitol Hill. In 1845 Mississippi sent him there as a member of the house of representatives. A few years later she sent him to the sen ate. And now, in imperishable bronze, she is sending him to represent her in Statuary Hall. A splendid statue of him is to be formally presented to the government of the United States.

Almost exactly 70 years from the day he went away he is coming back. That was on January 21, 1861. And a memorable day it was even for that place of momentous and epoch-making happenings. The whole country was in a forment. Just before Christmas South Carolina had withdrawn from the Union. On January 9 Mississippi had followed her. Then, in quick succession, Florida, Alabama, Georgia and Louisiana. The representatives of these states, therefore, had no longer any service to perform in the halls of congress.

Mr. Davis was one of the outstanding figures in the senate, one of its most eloquent orators. The news that he was to make his adeiu to it swept over the city like wild fire. Long before the hour for convening every seat was taken and every available inch of space was filled. The wide skirts and sleeves and tiny lightly perched headgear of the women of that period mingled with the black coats and bare heads of the gentlemen. Many had come as early as 7 o'clock; others had sent their servants to hold places for them. And over all was an air of expectancy, apprehension, sorrow, of what end was all this the beginning?

Mr. Davis rose to speak. Always a striking figure, he was now the cynosure of all eyes. But of medium height, his erect, graceful carriage made him appear tall. His eyes, almost black beneath heavy brows, expressed the emotions of his soul. His silky brown hair was worn brushed back from his brow but long over his ears. His nose was finely chiseled, his chin firm, his lips flexible. He was dressed in black broadcloth and fine linen, and about his splendid neck a black silk handkerchief was wound in the fashion of a stock. Truly one of whom it might be said, "Here is indeed a man, one favored of the gods."

Gravely and deliberately he gazed over the assemblage of his fellow members and the guests, then began to speak, low and almost hesitant at first, then with his old timed musical vigor.

"I rise, Mr. President," he said, turning toward that presiding officer, "for the purpose of announceing to the senate that I have satisfactory evidence that the state of Mississippi, by a solemn ordinance of her people, in convention assembled, has declared her separa-

tion from the United States. Under the circumstances, of course, my functions are terminated here."

The occasion, he went on to say, did not invite argument. And yet it seemed to him that it was becoming for him to say something for the state he represented at so solemn a moment.

He reminded the senate of his firm belief—which he had many times expressed—that a state had the right to secede; and of his allignment with the state of Massachusetts, when, because Boston had harbored a fugitive slave, she had been arraigned before the bar of the senate and had threatened to secede, and of his declaration that had she seen fit to do so, he would but have wished her God speed in memory of the kind associations which had once existed between her and the other states.

"In the presence of God," he said to his confreres of so many years, "I wish you well: and such I am sure is the feeling of the people whom I represent toward these whom you represent. I, therefore feel that I but express their desire when I say that I hope and they hope for peaceful relation with you, though we must part. They may be mutually beneficial to us in the future, as they have been in the past, if you so will it."

He paused a moment, and then said "and so it only remains for me to bid you a final adieu."

He sat down and bowed his head on his hands. And in the stillness all about him, many people wept. After a few minuets he rose and left the chamber.

After that his heart's cry was "may God have us in His holy keeping and grant that before it is too late peaceful councils may prevail."

Mr. Davis at once started for Mississippi, where the governor had placed him in supreme command of the state militia. Hopeful though he was that peace might prevail, foreboding of gloom had settled over him, as evidenced by his telling Governor Pettus that "The limit of our purchase of arms should be our power to pay. We shall need all and even more than we can get, I fear."

The first convention of the seceding states was being held in Montgomery. But he did not go there. Instead, he went to Briarfield, his beloved plantation which had been given him by his brother Joseph. Though there was a wide disparity in years, the two had been very close, had read much together and discussed many of the vital topics of the political times—the interpretation of the constitution, the tariff and other things, all of which had helped qualify the younger man for the position he came to occupy in matters of public concern.

Mrs. Davis was already at Briarfield, and the two were walking among their roses when the messenger arrived with the dispatch from Montgomery. It notified Jefferson Davis that he had been elected president of the newly formed Confederate States of America. And as he read the words which told him this a shadow fell across his face.

And yet it would seem that it was but another honor added to the many which his life had already attained. Quite early they had begun to come to him. A handsome, spirited youth. highly educated at good private schools and Transylvania University, he had captured an appointment to West Point. He passed through his four years there with credit, though his exuberance got him into a scrape or two and he was no honor man at mathematics. But because of this training he went into the Black Hawk War and made a fine record for himself.

When he came back, Mississippi sent him to congress as a representative at large. When the Mexican war broke out, he resigned this position, enlisted, and came back on crutches and a popular hero. Mississippi again sent him to Washington, this time as senator. But after a short service there, he lightly tossed this honor aside in an endeaver to become her governor. In this he was defeated. But President Pierce appointed him his secretary of war, and there are many who contend to this day that he was the best one the country has ever had.

After that, he again went back to the senate. And from it he resigned on that cold misty day in January of 1861.

And with the assumption of the presidency of the Confederate States he entered upon his long martyrdom. For not only did Jefferson Davis not want the position, but he was not fitted for it. Intellectual, courtly, a loyal, sincere and high minded gentlemen in every sense of the world, he lacked those qualities of the soul which are necessary for successful leadership.

Some years before, after her first meeting with him, Miss Varina Howell, who was to become his second wife, after the death of the lovely Sarah Knox Taylor, wrote home to her mother about him. "He impresses me as a remarkable kind of man but of uncertain temper, and has a way or taking for granted that everybody agrees with him when he expresses an opinion.

Alas! During the course of the following four fearful years, many others came to think the same way. They said he was prideful, haughty, unable to bear criticism, or see any line of reasoning other than his own.

Nor was a keen knowledge of men among his gifts. He put many into positions for which they were utterly inadequate, as for instance, Braxton Bragg; and he filled to see the fitness of others for positions they could most splendidly have filled, as, in particular, when he did not put Stonewall Jackson into command of the western forces after the loss of Tennessee. He had misfits in his cabinet and ineffectualities among those who represented him abroad.

But with all the splendid qualities which he did possess, he gave himself absolutely to the cause of which he had been appointed the head. And to the tenth of an inch he knew how to bear himself with dignity and with fortitude. And he bore himself so till the end. Through the crushing disappointment of

Shiloh, where fell his dearly loved friend, Sidney Johnson; and Chancellorsville, with the death of Stonewall Jackson; and Vicksburg where Grant rode around on one of the horses from Brierfield; and Gettysburg, with the defeat and retreat of Lee; even to the fall of Richmond which centered about himself.

He was attending service in old St. Paul's church when Lee's message came telling him that the Federal forces had broken through at Five Forks and were marching on Richmond. After a little time spent arranging his private papers, he left the city, attended by some of the members of his cabinet. Behind them the flames were leaping across the bridges of the James, and licking at the walls of warehouses and storage plants.

Mr. Davis traveled southward. After but a little pause at Danville, he crossed the line into North Caroand at Greensboro, in an upper room of the home of Colonel John Taylor Wood, he held his last cabinet meeting with those members who had come thus far with him; Mr. Mallory, Mr. Benjamin, Mr. Reagan and Mr. Breckinridge. And they saw that even now, though he had been informed of Lee's surrender at Appomattox, his mind seemed unable to grasp the finality of it all. But two men who entered wearing the Confederate grey with three stars on the collars made him understand. They were General Joseph E. Johnston and General Beauregard, and, when he had asked them for an opinion, they told him that they could no longer hold their troops, that reinforcements were out of the question and that terms should be asked for. So, at the request of those present, Mr. Davis wrote a letter to General Sherman, asking what terms could be offered.

Then traveling slowly on horseback so slowly that his little cortege reminded those who saw it of a funeral procession and made them weep. Mr. Davis went on to Charlotte, to the little old town of Abbeville, and then at the small Georgian hamlet of Irwinville he came up with his wife and little children.

They were encamped in tents, and that night Mr. Davis lay down in one of them fully dressed and fell asleep. The fact that there were federal troops all around and that he knew they were searching for him, seemed to give him no slightest concern at all, or any fear. And just before dawn a regiment of them came upon him and he gave himself up to them.

The soldiers started plundering at once. In a trunk they found a hoopskirt belonging to Mrs. Davis, and when Mr. Davis had started out of his tent to surrender Mrs. Davis had thrown over his shoulders her own ulster to protect him from the heavy mist and the dews. These two facts are the only foundation for the infamous falsehood that when captured Jefferson Davis was disguised in women's clothes.

The federal government sent him to Fortress Monroe. They kept him prisoner there for two years, most

of the time in chains. But he was never brought to trial, and finally they let him go.

He went back to Mississippi and was received with open arms by his stricken but devoted people. They did all they possibly could for him—gave him a house and treated him with the utmost veneration and love the rest of his life. And he lived for over twenty years.

Monuments and memorials a-plenty have been erected by the south to the president of their Confederacy. But one cannot but wonder if this statue of him in the capitol, from which he departed bearing the stigma of traitor, would not please him more than them all. For here his energies and talents had their fullest expression, and he seemed at his best. And if ever a man merited this compensating honor, it is Jefferson Davis.

MY PURPOSE FOR THE NEW YEAR

"To be a little kindlier with the passing of each day,
To leave but happy memories as I go along the way;
To use possessions that are mine in service full and free,
To sacrifice the trivial things for larger good to be.
To give of love in lavish way that friendship true may live,
To be less quick to criticize, more ready to forgive,
To use such talents as I have that happiness may grow,
To take the bitter with the sweet, assured 'tis better so;
To be quite free from self intent whate'er the task I do,
To help the world's faith stronger grow in all that is good and true,
To keep my faith in God and right no matter how things run,
To work; and play; and pray; and trust; until the journey's done;
God grant to me the strength of heart, of motive and of will
To do my part, and falter not, this purpose to fulfill."

—Author unknown.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR

(Lutheran Young Folks)

With these words we cheerfully greet one another as together we cross the threshold of a new year. It is true the greeting may degenerate into a mere habit, but we want to believe that for the most part it is sincerely bestowed. For some upon whose ears this cheering salutation falls the past year may not have been a very happy or prosperous one. But hope springs eternal in the human breast and we look ahead with anticipations of better things.

We want others to be happy, even as we wish to be happy ourselves. But that desired goal is achieved only as we plan and study and work together, and this fact we do not seem to understand the way we should. It is one thing to wish a person happiness and stop there, as though that were all we could do about it. It is quite another thing to wish him happiness, and then give ourselves to the task of helping him realize all that our greeting contains.

We are coming more and more to see that the individual who supposes he can be happy alone is doomed to disappointment. If this quality of life which all of us crave is to be attained, it will be when we are able to forget ourselves in the joint enterprise of employing the days at our disposal in the endeavor too bring blessings into the lives of our fellowmen. We may rest content with being happiness winners, or we may go on to be happiness dispensers.

It is richly and abidingly suggestive that we may celebrate the birthday of our Lord one week before the dawn of the new year. And one of the outstanding messages of Christmas is joy and gladness. The angel herald of the Saviour said, "I bring you good tidings of great joy." This blessing is so bound up in the Babe of Bethlehem, and so completely expressed in His birth into the world, that it should not be difficult for us, still in the glow of this festival, to wish our neighbors a happy new year, and to do it from the heart. It belongs to us who bear His name to do for others in our own way what He would do were He here in the flesh. What I mean to say is that the celebration of the nativity of our Lord should put a new song into our hearts and thereby prepare us in a very unique way to carry His spirit into the new year.

Sir Walter Scott, in one of his novels, potrays Old Mortality going through the country, visiting the graves of those long since dead, carefully removing the moss that had gathered on the tombstones and chiseling anew their names in the stones so as to keep their memory fresh.

There is a debt we owe the past. We are sprung from noble ancestors. Their shadows fall upon us. We revere their memory. Our thought of them is sure to spur us to nobler deeds. To forget them is to be untrue to the best that is in us.. We are conscious that one of the obligations resting upon us is that of keeping a spot green in our hearts for

the names of those who have meant so much to us. The fourth commandment bids us honor our parents, and we do not feel the force of the injunction is broken when they are no longer with us.

This regard for the past extends farther than to relatives and friends. We are debtors to all who have had visions of God and have struggled for the truth, to all who have made any contribution to the welfare of the race. That applies to galley slaves and peasants, as well as to kings and nobles. Neglect of the lessons that come from the past would set us back many generations. It would be like knocking the foundations from under a house.

And yet who of us does not know the futility of living in the past? We belong to the present, and our faces are toward the future. Satisfaction with the achievements of the past and inability to get over its mistakes alike disqualify us for responding to that call to service which now sounds in our ears. To one would be follow of Jesus He said that putting the hand to the plow means keeping the eyes straight ahead.

I think it was Browning who tells of one who was known as the "Faultless Painter," who, at the height of his fame, pronounced himself a failure because he had reached the stage where he had no longer any ambition to improve on what he had already done. He was satisfied with the work of his hands. He did not further perfect his talents because the desire to push forward had gone out of his heart.

How different was that other painter who, when asked which of his pictures he considered the best, replied, My next one." He refused to believe his skill had departed from him. The eye to see a picture more wonderful than he had yet put on canvas was undimmed. He was young and vigorous, no matter how many the years of his life, because he believed he had not yet reached his best.

It is our privilege to entertain the conviction that this new year is going to be superior to any we have yet known. It is God's new gift to each of us. He does not determine in advance its nature; that He leaves with us. We are not driven like cattle to this or that goal. The year is ours to employ as we will. We may consider it in the nature of a pound or a talent to invest for the glory of God and the good of our fellowmen. It was Emerson was it not? who declared that the most serious thought he ever had was that of his personal responsibility to God. It is altogether fitting that we should harbor that thought at this season of the year. We may persuade ourselves that the days before us are no different from all the other days of the year, and there is a sense in which that cannot be denied; nevertheless here is where feeling rises above reason and lodges within the breast some sobering reflections as to the flight of the years and the need of doing with our might what our hands find to do.

There has been considerable jesting about New Year resolutions. It is the feeling of some that they are based on sentiment and are there-

forebroken almost as quickly as made. But there must have been some substantial ground for the origin of resolution-making at the birth of a new year. It could not have sprung from the brain of some jester. Be the result of the making of formal resolves what it may, we are inclined to believe that a secret impulse to live better is registered in the heart of most of us. It is altogether reasonable that such should be the case.

As we face the future let us think for a moment of three closely related statements, as links in a chain. They are: Wisdom is knowing what to do ; skill is knowing how to do it; and virtue is doing it.

Widsom is knowing what to do. But the wisdom of which we now speak is not human wisdom. We never can know of ourselves what is best for us either to have or to accomplish. But any one can see how important such knowledge is. Until we are in possession of it we are like those who beat the air, but never strike the foe. What would we think of the individual who started building a house without any clear idea as to the plans and specifications?

The widsom we need for the building of a life comes from God and may be had for the asking. Once we yield ourselves to the guidance of His good Spirit, we shall know the truth both as to our needs and the needs of the world. If we trust to our own wisdom, we shall probably seek what is selfishly attractive and satisfying; but if we gain the wisdom that comes down from above, we shall be spared the pain of present and final loss and be directed into the ways of truth and righteousness.

We do not know what the days ahead have in store for us, but if we know God through Jesus Christ we are wise indeed. We cannot fail. We shall live to some real purpose. The trouble with many of us is that we live in an aimless and desultory manner. We are in need of a definite goal, a reasonably clear idea of what we want to get done. Let us take time to think the situation over and decide upon that toward which our efforts shall be bent.

Skill is knowing how to do it. We are speaking much about skills these days. They are highly important. Everywhere they leave their marks of beauty and efficiency. They are reducing the number of bungled jobs. The principle of skill in working and skill in living underlies all our institutions of learning.

How much better off would we be if we were wise enough to know what we should do, but did not have the skill to do it? Wisdom without skill is as useless as skill without wisdom. The two stand or fall together.

Skill has its place in religion as well as in other fields of activity, though some people do not seem to think so. Here is a man, for instance, who has long since discarded the horse and buggy, and bought himself an automobile; but he does not see any reason why improved educational methods should be introduced into the Sunday school.

When Paul wrote to Timothy, "Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not

to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth,'' he was making room in the sphere of religion for all the skill it is possible for a child of God to acquire. Sincerity is no substitute for intelligence. We have good reason to believe that the kingdom of our Lord moves forward according to well defined spiritual laws, and that he increases his worth in that kingdom who, other things being equal, is most familiar with these laws. Training for service in religion is not one whit less imperative than it is in any other avenue of endeavor. If we are to overcome our sins, we must know how to do it; the same holds true when we are face to face with teaching the youth, or interpreting the Scripture, or making prayer effectual, or leading the unsaved to Christ. The Lord places a premium on knowledge and skill.

Virtue is doing it. There is a story about the great Danish writer, Hans Christian Anderson, to the effect that he was so afraid of being buried alive that every night when he retired, he pinned to the blanket which covered him, a card on which were written these words, ''I guess I am only in a trance.''

There are many people who know very well what needs to be done, and to all outward appearances, they have the skill to do it;but they seem to be in a trance or some worse state. The will to do must be added to both knowledge and skill. The Christian Church is laying many responsibilities on incompetent persons, because the competent ones are unwilling to make the necessary sacrifice in time and effort. It is an easy thing to stand off and criticize, but it is the manly thing to put one's shoulder to the wheel and help with the task. It is an easy thing to drift with the current, to follow the line of least resistance, but it is the Christian thing to say, ''Lord, what wilt thou have me to do? '

Right here is where the habit of making resolutions enters. If we never make up our minds to do a piece of work, it never gets done. No one ever drifted into worthy achievement. It is when the fugitive thought passes into the sincere intention that waiting tasks are undertaken. At present we are being confronted everywhere with the slogan, ''Buy Now.'' But how many are going to overcome the reluctance to spend their money except those who deliberately take themselves to the store where purchases can be made? There is no more important Christian trait than the will to do what one knows to be right. He is truly God's servant who stands awaiting his Lord's command.

As we turn from the old year to the new, can it be said of us that we know the nature of the work that confronts us; that we have been fitted by experience, study and training to do what falls to our hand; and that we are willing to give ourselves in full devotion to the carrying out of the program of the Church? Our answer to these questions determines everything.

This is a time for subdued feeling, for moral earnestness and thoughtfulness, a time to look within, and about, and up to God and Christ, and out to the ends of the earth.

WHY THE MACHINERY STOPPED

(Selected)

He was impersonal. Neither the music of children's laughter nor the raucous noises of a discordant humanity ever availed to divert his attention from the monotonous cadences of productive time. Whether it was duty of destiny that had enmeshed him to the machinery of his plants, a human dynamo, transmitting energy to every cog and spindle, he never questioned — suffice that, thus he was, the most efficent piece of mechanism in the industry, accomplishing tremendously yet deriving neither conscious pleasure nor regret from the work he did.

Three shifts per day kept the wheels revolving as relentlessly as the revolving hours. The shut-down at midnight on Saturday represented to him not so much the arrival of a short and sacred term for bodily rest and spiritual refreshment, as a period prescribed by the law of industrial efficiency for the cleaning of boilers, the inspection of equipment and the making of necessary adjustments to insure the plant against even longer periods of enforced idleness.

The salutation of the night watchman who opened the office door in response to his knocking, he heeded less than he would have heeded the slightest squeaking of an improperly oiled door hinge. Passing into his private room, he deposited his coat and hat on their accustomed hooks and methodically turned the combination lock of the steel door, which swinging silently outward, admitted him to the vault wherein the secrets of the business were secure from all but himself. The almost mechanical precision with which he proceeded to his work was evidence of his expectation of devoting many hours of uninterrupted attention to the task of sorting, transferring or destroying the accumulated records of many years, which even though concerned with matters long since accomplished or abandoned, were not to be entrusted to any eyes but his own.

The file shelves in the vault were finally cleared. The impassive man was about to replace those packages and files of papers still entitled to sancity in this executive treasure chest, when the methodical order of his procedure was interrupted by the discovery of a parcel, wrapped in a dusty paper and tied with a faded ribbon, a small parcel indeed, that had been hidden in the narrow space between some ancient transfer cases and the inner wall of the vault. There was a suggestion of annoyance in his face as the man brought this straggler into the range of his desk lamp scrutinized it without apparently identifying it as belonging to any recollected business transaction.

He cut the ribbon and unwounded the wrapper.

A face of infinite sweetness smiled into his. The features were dimmed and fading but the light

of a mother's love shone from them, bridging the chasm between his infancy and his manhood and snapping the abyss that separate the corruptible form the incorruptible. Like an apparition from heaven it confronted him and in its unwavering gaze there was complete understanding, sanctified by compassion.

"Mother! Dear Mother, tell it to me again."

He heard the words, rather than spoke them. The severe outlines of his office seemed to reshape themselves in the dim candlelight of a simple cottage room. The face that had been gazing into his but a moment was looking lovingly into the upturned eyes of a little boy kneeling before her. Her hand was stroking his yellow hair.

"Mother! Dear Mother, tell it to me again."

Above the roaring of the winter wind about the chimney the sound of her gentle voice repeated the story of that other little boy, cradled in a manger, over which the silent stars kept vigil. Oh, it was a wondrous story, more marvelous than any other stroy of any other boy, thrilling with adventures more miraculous than those recorded in any book of ancient myths or modern fiction.

"Mother, I should like to be like Him"

"You can, my son, for He has shown the way. Keep His commandments; be strong in Faith; be never weary in good deeds; be pure in heart; be just: be merciful: serve God by serving men; prove your love for Him by your love of His children. You do not understand this now. But it will mean much to you when you grow to be a man, and when I am no longer with you—if you do not forget."

"I will never forget, mother."

The night watchman pausing between rounds, hesitated at the treshhold of his private office. Turning toward him, the man asked, though not with his custonary bruskness, why the machinery had been stopped:

"This is not Saturday night."

"No, sir, it's Christmas eve."—

A MORNING PRAYER

Lord, tomorrow may never come
  And yesterday lies in its grave;
Today is mine the race to run,
  With purpose steady, true, and brave

And so I pray that I may live
  A life of service through this day,
And of Thy goodness may I give
  To help my neighbor on his way.

T. Earle Hillard.

EARLY CENSUS RECORDS

By Annie R. Hunter

In the Census Office at Washington there are records that can be found nowhere else in the country. There are many interesting and curious things to be seen in these lists of the inhabitants of our country in bygone years.

The old paper is so brittle and frail that it has to be handle very carefully. Much patching of the pages has been done with transparent paper or gauze. The old-time writing is interesting. The chirography of a century ago was different from presentday handwriting. Penmanship abounded in flourishes and shading. Some of this writing is beautiful to behold, and shows clear and black after the lapse of years. Some writing was done with poor ink, or is so close and fine, through the efforts to save paper, that it is hard to decpiher these records. Then the spelling is courious. Many common family names are spelled by sound and are hardly recognizable at first.

Human nature, the same sort of human nature we see today, appears in census records. Questionnaires were submitted to business establishments, and some answered the questions fully, and some refused to answer. It is interesting to read some of the answers, and see how the business man of former days figured in hundreds of dollars where the business man of our time figures in thousands and millions. Here is a record of a certain lady who was a certain age in a certain census, and in the next census, instead of being ten years older, she appeared as—what would you guess? Six years older. People have always been much the same.

The first census was taken in 1790, and under difficulties and delays. Everything about it formed a great contrast to the taking of the census today. There was no Census Bureau and all the reports came in to the President. The United States marshals had a part in the work, and there was a force of enumerators, estimated at about six hundred and fifty. It was a small United States that had to be covered then, but it was harder to cover. There were few good roads, in fact, none that we would call good today. There were few bridges. Travel was by horseback, by stage, or slow boats, or on foot, in census taking. The "Federal City," as Washington was then called, was eight days by stage from New York City.

Boundary lines between towns and counties were not clear, and questions arose as to where families belonged. Many people could not read and write, and lots of them were suspicious and hostile to the taking of the cunsus. There were those who objected to the census on biblical grounds.

Six queries are answered in this 1790 census: the name of the head of family; number of free white males over sixteen; number free white males under sixteen; number

free white females; all other free whites; and all the number of slaves.

Some of the records of the first census, as well as 1800 and 1810 records (part of them) were destroyed by fire when the British Army invaded Washington in the War of 1812.

The 1790 census is the only census that has been printed and indexed, and proves useful to many searches in showing the inhabitants of our country in the early days.

In 1850, for the first time in census-taking, every individual in the household, from the infant of a few days up to the most venerable man or woman, was listed by name in the record, with the exact age given, or as nearly exact as possible. The birthplace of each one was also given. Many statistics were compiled which had not been obtained before. In the year 1860, the "occupations" of women were recognized for the first time. In the 1870 census, for the first time, the heading, "slaves," was omitted. In 1880, the birthplace of each person's father and mother was stated. At the present time, the records after 1880 are not available to the public.

Decade by decade, the growth of our nation in every way is reflected in the census. Two questions that are considered in the 1930 census are: How many unemployed people? and, How many radios? The two are connected! As more people work, and make more money, there will be more use made, not only of radios, but of all articles that are manufactured and sold, either for use of pleasure. The lists of the inhabitants in the census of this year will some day, perhaps many years from now, be available to searches, and then they will read our records with the interest that we now give to the early census records of over a century ago.

WISHES FOR THE NEW YEAR

I pray the New Year bring you joyousness,
  As you go faring in the the traveled way;
I pray that kindly beauty lean to bless
  The labors that you do from day to day.
And I would have the stars gleam through the dusk,
  When all the world is mystically stilled.
To light you to a garden, sweet with musk,
  Where you will find your long-sought dreams fulfilled.
But, if you must know tears and sorrowing,
  If you must taste the bitterness of rue.
Lo, I would have you strong enough to sing
  The while you bravely shape your dreams anew,
In spite of anguish and the cruel rod,
  Out of your heart's high hopes and faith in God!

—Edgar Daniel Kramer

HONOR ROLL FOR DECEMBER

Room No. 1

A

A. J. Allen, Graham Bost, Henry Cottle, Fern Dunlap, Joe Robinson, James Bowers, Hubert Crayton, Nathan Cable, Robert Dean, David Fountain, Willard Johnson, Thomas McKee, Charles Rogers, and William Yow.

B

Phil Gibson, Joseph Ledford, Carl Richards, Theodore Troxler, Simon Wade, Francis Hart, Joel Barkley, Thomas Bryan, Goldston Dark, James Davis, John Garrett, Charles Hunt, Edward Hedrick, Noble Lauth, Dan Wilkie, Andrew Watson and Bill Barkley.

Room No. 2

A

David Cuzzen, Ed Eggers, Talmage Atwood, Joe Baughman, Ernest Carter, Ralph Clinard, Harold Howie, Raymond Hinson, James Smith and Collie McMahan.

B

James Bundy, Fred Conner, Howard Fralix, Robert Munger and James Medlin.

Room No.3

A

Charles Morrow, Harvey Causey, Carl Griffin, Perry Quinn, James Rivenbark and David Leary.

B

H. W. Rabon, Joseph Battle, Romie Galloway, Floyd Woods and Thomas Hicks.

Room No. 4

A

E. A. Clark, Cletis Eason, Wilson Easterling, Lee Fox, Jack Harris, Jack Hoxit, Vernon Jernigan, Paul Icard, Frank Jackson, Andy Johnson, Jim Kellum, Clarence Lyrely, Alva Littleton, Ruby Marshburn, Woodrow Maner, Russell Moore, Charles Nelson, Joe Roughton, Woodrow Spruill, Lee Tucker, Pinkey Wrenn, Lester Whitaker, George Shoemaker, and Theodore Crabtree.

B

Bill Arnold, Howard Banes, Hiram Baughman, David Brown, James Chapman, Walter Coble, Charles Daggenheart, Zeb Ellis, Robert Hill, Earl Hayes, Garland Mangum, J. R. Morrow, James Ransom, Walter Scott, Buford Shipman, Robert Smith, Carl Story, Henry Smallwood, Lytt Talley, William Wade, and Norman Watkins.

Room No 5

A

Verlin Cutshall, Gordon Parker, David White, William Rathbone, Ray Ferres, Herschell Crews, James Clemons, Ben Merritt, Charles Smathers, Randolph Elliott, Worth Johnson, Bob Russell, Woodrow Denton and David White.

B

Haywood Journigan, Flay Pearson, Lee Shields, Lewis Smith, and Harrison Owen.

Room No. 6

A

Chester Cagle, Mitchell Morris, Hubere Plemons, John R. York, Sulon Tysinger, Edward Bruce, Vaughan Combs, David M. Avery and Starling Crews.

B

Lorance Dorsett, Russell Dorsett,

Stacey Long, Henry Chester, Astor Davis, Anderson Trull, Melvin Gantier, Rufus Chambers and G. W. Goodman.

Room No. 7

A

Edgar Lee White, Lawrence Thompson, Homer Smith, Fred Bennett, Boyce Green, Charles Reid Hodgin, James Chappell, Jack Webster, Woodrow Gaskins, William Handford, Jas. Camden and Charles Strickland.

B

William Mills, Robert Futrel, Herman Hamerick, Robert Taylor, Henry Irby, John Kelley, Carver Boone, Lloyd Peasant, Bobbie Poole, Paul Eason and James Dalton.

FORMER STUDENTS SEND GREETINGS

During the holiday season Superintendent Boger received the following messages from a number of former Training School boys:

Dear Mr. Boger,

Just a line from one of your former boys. I am getting along fine at present working as a watch maker. Am not getting rich but manage to get enough for a comfortable living. Have you any of the boys who were there when I was? I left in August, 1924. Give the boys my regards, and you may send me an Uplift for a Christmas present.

A thankful friend,

Willie Case

---

4 E. 111th St.
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Mr. Boger,

At present I am in the town of Grenmon, learning the steel industry, to make of myself a structural engineer. I hope your school has continued its remarkable progress as well as its excellent work in rebuilding the human material you receive.

Bob Sands

Christmas greeting cards were received from the following boys:

Avery A. Rothrock, New Castle, Indiana; Charlie B. Bishop, Martinsville, Virginia; Edmund Williams, Spindale, N. C.; Joffre Naron, Hopewell, Virginia; Waldo Moore, Portsmouth, Virginia; Edgar L. Rochester and J. Mc. Alexander, Charlotte, N. C.; Jess and Milton Mashburn, Andrews, N. C.; Horace McCall, New Bern, N. C.; H. B. Grist, New Haven, Conn.; Lemuel "Jack" Watson, Sanford, N. C.; Mitchell Khoury, New Bern, N. C.; Brunell Spencer Fink, Charlotte, N. C.; J. Frank Cotton, Badin, N. C.; and Frank A. Hill, Thomas Hoover and Horace Felder, whose addresses we do not recall at this writing.

We were glad to hear from these boys and to learn that they are doing well, and we take this opportunity to tender them our very best wishes for success and happiness all through the New Year.

CHRISTMAS AT THE SCHOOL

Although we have passed through a period of depression during the past year, and from all parts of the country have come tales of suffering and hardships, the Christmas season brought much joy and happiness to the people of this great nation. Just as of old, when Bethlehem's star shed its radiance over the spot where the Christ-child lay, it again pierced the gloom of suffering and despair, making thousands of hearts happy.

The Christmas season at the Training School was filled to the utmost with gladness. For some time prior to Christmas Day, preparations were made to make the holiday season of 1930 a joyous occasion, and both the boys and their supervisors in the various departments entered into the work enthusiastically, each one gladly contributing his or her share.

At seven o clock on Christmas Eve we assembled at the auditorium where a most interesting program was rendered. This program consisted of the singing of those beautiful old Christmas carols and the usual appropriate recitations. In addition to this excellent program, a new feature was introduced—a play entitled, "Santa Claus on the Air." This play was delightfully rendered by a group of boys of the higher grades, all of them acting their parts well, especially those who so cleverly impersonated the female characters.

Our good friend, Rev. H. G. Allen, pastor of Central M. E. Church, Concord, was present and delivered the annual Christmas address. In the course of his remarks appropriate to the festivities of this particular season of the year, Rev. Allen brought to his audience some very interesting information concerning the celebration of the birthday of Christ.

At the conclusion of the play Superintendent Boger announced that through the kindness of many interested friends throughout the state, each and every boy at the Training School would receive a very substantial gift, which would be found when they returned to their cottages. The benediction pronounced by Rev. Allen brought to a close one of the best Christmas programs ever witnessed here.

As all activities had been stopped in our various departments, the morning of Christmas Day was spent in the cottages, where the youngsters enjoyed the treat given them the night before, and in eagerly opening boxes and packages coming from friends and relatives at home.

Then came the Christmas dinner consisting of baked chicken, rice with gravy, cranberry sauce, boiled ham, creamed potatoes, candied yams, English peas, pickles, olives, chocolate and cocoanut cake, gelatine and milk. This appetizing array of foodstuffs was vigorously attacked by an army of more than five hundred boys, and disappeared with a rapidity that would have amazed even the greatest of sleight-of-hand artists. (It might be added here that our grown-up folks were not so slow in assisting the youngsters in this respect.)

On the afternoon of Christmas Day and the two following afternoons, we enjoyed motion pictures in the auditorium. This was made possible by

the kindness of the several distributing agencies in Charlotte, and we herewith tender our thanks to these friends who so kindly provided this addition to the joys of the holiday season.

To all of our good friends everywhere who had any part in making the Jackson Training School boys happy during this Yuletide season, we extend our most sincere thanks and best wishes for success and unlimited pleasures throughout the New Year.

WHEN A FELLER IS OUT OF A JOB

All nature is sick from her heels to her hair,
  W'en a feller is out of a job?
She is all out of kilter and out of repair,
  W'en a feller is out of a job.
Ain't no juice in the earth an' no an' no salt in the sea;
Ain't no ginger in life in this land of the free,
An' the universe ain't what it's cracked up to be,
  W'en a feller is out of a job.

W'ats the good of blue skies an' blossoming trees,
  W'en a feller is out of a job;
W'en your boy has large patches on both of his knees,
  W'en a feller is out of a job?
Them patches, I say, look so big to your eye
That they shet out the lan'scape and cover the sky,
An' the sun can't shine through 'em, the best it can try,
  W'en a feller is out of a job.

For you've jest lost holt, with the rest of the crowd,
  W'en a feller is out of a job?
And you feel like a dead man, with nary a shroud,
  W'en a feller is out of a job.
You are crawling around, but but you're out of the game,
You may hustle about—but yer dead just the same—
Yer dead, with no tombstone to pull up yer name,
  W'en a feller is out of a job.

Every man that's a man wants to help to push the world,
  But he can't if he's out of a job.
He is left out behind, on the shelf he is curled,
  W'en a feller is out of a job.
Ain't no juice in the earth an' no salt in the sea;
Ain't no ginger in life in this land of the free.
An' the universe ain't what it's cracked up to be,
  W'en a feller is out of a job. —James Whitcomb Riley.

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THE UPLIFT

VOL. XIX CONCORD, N. C., JANUARY 10, 1931. No. 2

OUT OF THE MIST

Out of the mist the sunlight comes,
  Out of the rain the rose,
And there's a breath of lilting song
  In every wind that blows;
So come where the mists are deepest!
  Come where the rains are sweet!
Eager with life and with loving
  Scorning the word defeat.

Out of the tears shall laughter come
  Out of the heart the praise,
To shape with words a little prayer
  For all the fleeting days;
So come where the tears are falling!
  Come where the praise is true!
And there shall be found a measure
  Of joy complete for you.

—Mabel W. Phillips.

—PUBLISHED BY—
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL
TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL
PUBLISHED BY
The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

LUCK

A modern man was asked if he believed in luck. His answer is worth remembering.

"Do I believe in luck.. I should say I do! It's a wonderful force! I have watched successful careers of too many lucky men to doubt its existence and its efficacy. You see some fellows reach out and grab an opportunity that the other fellows standing around had not realized was there. Having grabbed it, he hangs onto it with a grip that makes the jaws of a bulldog seem like a fairy touch.

"He calls into play his breadth of vision. He sees the possibilities of the situation, and has the ambition to desire them, and the courage to tackle them. He intensifies his strong points, bolsters his weak ones, cultivates those personal qualities that cause other men to trust him and to co-operate with him. He sows the seeds of sunshine, of good cheer, of optimism, of unstinted kindness. He gives freely of what he has, both spiritual and physical things. He thinks a little straighter; works a little harder and a little longer; travels on his nerve and his enthusiasm; he gives such service as his best efforts permit. He keeps his head cool, plans his work ahead, and then sticks.

"He doesn't worry over trifles. He talks and acts like a winner, for he knows in time he will be one. And then—luck does all the rest."

—Hidden Treasure.

THE 1931 ASSEMBLY.

This week our legislature convenes, and never have the representatives gone to Raleigh feeling more keenly the responsibility of the confidence imposed in them by the people than this 1931 meeting of the solons. The one unanimous

refrain is "relief from the burden of debt," and to stand alert so as to stop any movement for a greater financial burden than the one already carried. An increase of debt is not to be anticipated, especially since the economic program of the different State institutions has been so thoroughly established and practiced. If we are to judge from the press the representatives all over the State are taking greater interest in questions of finance and government than ever before, so without question this Assembly will prove of great interest and profit to the people. The needs of the State are thoroughly understood—not more money but money more practically spent. The question foremost is reduction of taxes and finding new sources to pay for the most necessary activities of the government.

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TWO WEEKS TOO MUCH.

On January 5th schools opened after two weeks vacation for the Christmas holidays. The vacation is so far in the past till it seems that Christmas has come and gone a month ago. This much vacation is too much, for both teachers and pupils. The teachers sit around after the joy of the season is over as if they were longing to get back to work, and the pupils after the first few holiday festivities have passed, their enthusiasm wanes, and they begin to have a bored look. This we have realized, having been thrown with teachers and pupils during the holiday season. There is no occasion for two weeks holiday, on the other hand there is strong argument against,—the pupils lose the point of contact making it quite hard for them to pick up their studies just where they left off. Their minds get diverted. All work and no play makes a dull mind, but too much play proves a great diversion. A week's holiday at any time is sufficient.

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THE QUESTION IS — WHAT TO DO WITH THEM

The question of unemployment is confusing and will be to the end of time without a satisfactory adjustment of conditions. In the personnel of the country there are the "makeshift" element, or the class who will not work under any conditions, and then there are those who find their jobs gone because everywhere "machine-made articles" are reducing the numbers of people needed to carry on the world's work.

Just lately during the big snow storm that extended all over the State

there was trouble in finding a force sufficient to shovel the snow from the streets. This is one instance wherein the "shiftless, or won't work class" was clearly shown up. In two of the largest cities of the State the city officials circulated a call to the jobless to appear at the city hall ready to shovel snow. These cities maintain employment bureaus, with not less than a thousand jobless people registered with the hope of getting work. From reliable source we learn that about six, not many more applied, but the work not being suited to the needs and desires of all, the shovels were thrown down and warmer quarters were sought. Several other towns throughout the State had similar experiences. Well, we stand just where we started, and think as of old, "where there is a will there is a way."

This thing of finding work for the unemployed is a hard job, because the work has to suit the dignity of the person, and is not accepted as a means of supplying the demand.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

A NATIONAL PARK FOR EASTERN AMERICA

The beauty spot of eastern America is the scenery in and around the Great Smokies, of North Carolina and Tennessee, destined as a National Park to rival the famous Yellowstone Park of the West. This territory is becoming better known daily because of the thousands of tourists that visit the great Smokies the year around. This, written by Clarke Cunningham, Greenville, S. C., is just a bird's-eye prospective of the varied scenery as compared with the scenery of the Rockies:

> On the border line between North Carolina and Tennessee lies the beauty spot of Eastern America—the Great Smoky Mountains. Very little has been published about this range, because, until recently, very little has been known. Even now many of the more isolated areas have never been seen by a living man.
>
> People are now waking up to the fact that the Southern highlands are nothing to be scoffed at. The government is making of the Smokies a great National Park which is expected to rival even the famous Yellowstone. This park is within twenty-four hours' travel of over half the populaltion of the United States, and, while the Western parks are closed at least five months out of the year on account of snow, this one will be open the year round.
>
> The Smokies are said to be the oldest mountains in the world, and have a greater variety of vegetation than any other place except the tropics.

Some of the natives, being cut off from the outside world, are still living in the eighteenth century. They use the old flintlock guns of pioneer days, and provide for a living just as did Daniel Boone.

In their varied scenery, the Smokies surpass the Western mountains. In contrast with the bare, cold, wind-swept peaks, of the Rockies, they are completely covered with a dense growth which is caused by heavy rainfall. Lakes, waterfalls, and trout streams are abundant, assuring a good time to visitors.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

AGAIN NORTH CAROLINA LEADS.

We note with interest that November 23rd, 1930 was a day of rejoicing for R. B. Babington, chairpan of the Board of Directors of the North Carolina Orthopedic Hospital, Gastonia. This date drew a throng of friends to witness the dedication of a new section of the hospital exclusively for crippled negro children. This unit was made possible by the generous donation of $40,000, the gift of Benjamin N. Duke, making it possible that the negro children of the State have orthopedic treatment. Chairman Babington in the memorial service declared:

"This new ward, dedicated exclusively to the negro children of North Carolina for orthopedic treatment is, so far as we know, the only such hospital,either privately or publicly owned, in the United States or elsewhere, operated upon a purely charitable basis for the children of the negro race.

"Within these walls adequate quarters are provided so that the crippled colored child may have and enjoy the same high class surgical, medical, and nursing skill, as well as the same care and attention, as is given to our white children. '

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BRITISH AUTO LAWS.

It is hoped that this country will follow the example of the British as to law enforcement in puzzling questions, because with law enforcement comes a feeling of peace and security for the law abiding citizen in all activities of life:

When the British undertake to deal with a puzzling situation by law, they can be expected to be very thorough about it.

The British parliament is now considering a bill designed to reduce traf-

fic accidents. It goes much further than any law the United States has yet considered.

To begin with, it would license all drivers and make revocation of a license mandatory on conviction of careless driving and compel every autoist to carry liability insurance. It would install mechanical governors on all autos to keep them from exceeding the speed limit. It would borrow from the rules of navigation a provision requiring any driver, when he sees any danger of a collision, to stop his car at once.

These are drastic measures. The British don't do things by halves.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

NATIONAL BENEFACTORS.

And yet, we continue to hear from the Bok's. The city of Philadelphia in its campaign to raise $5,000,000 for the relief of the unemployed received its first big contribution, $50,000, from Mrs. Edward Bok, widow of the famous editor, and great philanthropist.

Edward Bok will not be remembered alone for his literary merit, but his magnanimous spirit "making the world better for having lived in it," will render his name immortal. Edward Bok gave to the country the Singing Tower, Lake Wales, Florida, and his father-in-law, Mr. Curtis, not many months hence gave to his native city donations sufficient to construct a unit of buildings for the benefit of people culturally, spiritually and morally. This family must evidently be imbued with the spirit—"it is more blessed to give than to receive."

CONSOLIDATION WOULD CHEAPEN COUNTY EXPENSES

(The Beaufort News)

Public Welfare Progress says the home entirely and pay board for the inmates for less money than it is General Assembly will be asked to pass an act to enable counties to combine and build district jails and prison farms. It is believed that such institutions would be more efficient and more economical than those now maintained by the smaller counties. The counties with larger population do not need to consolidate with other counties because they have enough prisoners to fill large jails and to work economicalyy.

If consolidation of jails is advisable it seems that the same rule would apply to the homes for the aged and infirm. Most of the people who are sent to those homes are old and infirm in mind and body. They require better care than can be given them in the ordinary county home. Several of the smaller counties could combine and build and equip modern homes for these infirm people and probably maintain them more cheaply than the homes they now have. With paved roads and automobiles the transportation of the inmates of the homes would be a simple matter. At present the cost of maintaining institutions for the old and infirm, in the smaller counties at any rate, is too high. Carteret county for instance could probably abolish its county home entirely and pay board for the inmates for less money than it is now costing to maintain the place.

In this work-a-day world as we hurry along,
We hardly take time to hear the bird's song,
The bloom of the flowers, the dew scented grass
Are beckoning, calling to us as we pass.
The blue of the sky, the welcoming trees,
We almost lose sight of the beauty of these,
We plan, yes, we mean to do much afterwhile,
To lighten some burden, cause someone to smile.
Just a wee bit of sunshine to someone we'll send
We'll write a long letter to some dear old friend,
We'll visit the sick, and we'll try every day
To make someone happy, in some sort of way.
Yes, we work and we plan, and the days hurry on
And there's much left undone, and a lifetime is gone.

—Edith Foster Chase

WALTONIAN SPEAKER IS CHAMPION OF BOB WHITE

(Conservation and Industry)

Bobwhite, called the "King of Southern Game Birds," was championed in a talk recently given by radio by W. A. Queen, a member of the the Wake County Chapter of the Izaak Walton League and an enthusiastic sportsman, in one of the regular broadcasts given recently by the Wake County organization over station WPTF.

"Without question," said Mr. Queen, "Bobwhite is the most valuable of all our game birds. His service to agriculture in the destruction of myriads of seeds of noxious weeds and countless insects pests is inestimable. More than half his diet is made up of weed seeds, and nearly one-sixth is composed of harmful insects. Certainly a different aspect to farm land would be lent and a different condition would surround the growing of crops should he cease his assiduous care.

If considered purely as an article of food the quail, continued the speaker, could fully justify his existence and the interest in his welfare. With an annual bag of almost 1,000,000 quail in North Carolina, he estimated their value as food conservatively to be fifty cents each, giving an annual crop of half a million dollars for the State.

"However,' Mr. Queen asserted, "his true value, the asset he really constitutes, cannot be calculated in dollars and cents.

There is really nothing so potent in his worth as his ability to draw forth into the open, the great outdoors, the tired man of business, the hunter, the lover of nature's and ways and nature's beings, to bathe his soul in the glory of God's own sunlight, to rejuvenate his mind and body, to rededicate his spirit to the things worthwhile. Calloused indeed must be the heart of him who can view unmoved the myriad forms of nature which he comes in contact in the autumn in the Southland.'

"Beset on every side by foes, as well as by inroads from the hunter, the plucky bird, according to the speaker, "is persecuted relentlessly, not only by the ravages of disease which decimates his numbers periodically, but by countless predatory enemies as well. During the nesting season he contends against the depredations of crows, house cats, stray dogs, rats, snakes, opossums, skunks, raccoons and a multitude of other predators to say nothing of adverse weather conditions which also take a heavy toll. Indeed, it has been estimated that not less than eighty per cent of the clutches of eggs laid are destroyed by these miscreants, or otherwise molested so as to preclude incubation.

"Bobwhite's labors to rear a family under such conditions is indeed an arduous uphill climb; and a heart less stout than his, with no encouragement, and little opportunity

offered by those who should be his friends, would falter."

A number of activities to encourage the bobwhite were suggested by the speaker, among which were the observance of rules of sportsmanship by hunters, establishment of game refuges, control of the natural enemies that prey on the bird, provision of cover on the farm, and feeding when natural foods are scarce.

TH MAGIC OF LIFE

"Nobody could tell for nobody knew
  Why love has only gladdened the few
While hearts which would forever be true
  Go lone and starved the whole way through."

Oh, love is something that's needed
  To cement the heart breaks and tears,
For how can we keep on smiling
  When we feel that nobody cares.

If you've a friend that's worth loving—
  If you love him, tell him you do;
Give him the trust that will give courage
  And help him keep steadfast and true.

So many have faltered and turned back
  From the struggle to do what is right,
For lack of a word that was needed
  To put "pep" in them for the fight.

So many are toiling and striving
  While their hearts are heavy as lead,
Feeling unwanted and lonely
  Because of the words left unsaid.

Oh, it's hard to be patient with living
  When all the world is awry,
So wearisome waiting and longing
  For words which come after we die.

So why should we wait to express them
  When it costs us so little to love?
And it covers the world with a gladness
  Like sunshine which falls from above.

It is not much to say, "I love you"—
  Three little words with power rife—
Meaning happiness peace and contentment—
  For they hold all the magic of life.

—Mrs. P. M. Rutherford.

TUSKEGEE

(Charlotte Observer)

The Observer has always held high estimate of the work done at Tuskegee Institute, in Alabama, by its founder, Booker Washington, and the work that is being done by his successor, Dr. Robert R. Moton, because it is of a character that exactly met, and which meets, the requirements of the negro race in the South —and that is, giving a training in the useful pursuits. Tuskegee is to have celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of its founding next April, and this gives opportunity for brief review of some of the high lights in its career. In the first place, Booker Washington, its founder, rose from slave to one of the leading educators of the world. The institute, from a beginning wihin an old delapidated church, with a handful on students, has grown into an institution with world-wide reputation. Booker Washington's idea in its founding was that his people need to know how to do something practical: realized that they must be producers, as well as consumers, if they were to make substantial contributions to the country in which they lived and for which they had much love. With this idea came the famous Tuskegee Method of training the heart, the hands, and the head. The students were taught trades as well as literary subjects.

This method attracted the attention of philanthropists and others of the white race, and as a result money for the developement of the institution was secured. New buildings were added, thereby enabling the accommodation of a greater number of students and the needed increase in the number of highly-trained teachers. The growth was steady and today the institute boasts of one of the most complete plants in the country and one of the best-trained faculties.
boasts of one of the most complete plants in the country and one of the best-trained faculties.

Old-timers, to get back to the beginning, in Macon County, yet tell of how "Booker and his boys" made their own bricks and erected their own buildings, carrying out the idea of learning by boing, which has drawn visitors from the entire world to the institution.

The activities of Tuskegee Institute, however, are not confined to the limits of the campus or to the work of the alumni. Thousands are helped annually by the extension activities conducted or sponsored by the school, such as the Tuskegee Farmers Conference, the movable School, National Negro Health Week, the National Negro Business League, the John A. Andrew Clinic, and short courses in agriculture and homemaking for the farmers and their wives living in the adjacent communities.

Under Dr. Moton, Washington's successor, the institution has made unusual advancement, as to the plant, enrollment, and the establishment of advance courses, leading to the degree of Bachelor of Science

in agriculture, mechanical arts, domestic arts, and teacher training, thereby placing the industrial education in the collegiate class.

Dr. Moton, like his predecessor, is a nationally and internationally known figure. He has traveled extensively and carried the message of good-will to various sections of the South, Northeast, and West, and foreign countries. Tuskegee, as he puts it, was founded upon interracial good-will, and every effort is being made to promote a better feeling among the two races, especially in the South.

THE FRIENDLY TRIO

'Tis a smile that will strengthen when courage is weak,
  When something you've done has gone wrong;
'Tis a smile that can chase all the dark clouds away,
  And fill you with sunshine and song;
A frown never brightened the soul of a man
  So let us keep smiling as much as we can.
'Tis the word that is kind that assures all is well,
  And gives you that feeling of ease;
'Tis the word that is kind that makes sunbeams so bright,
  And casts all your cares to the breeze;
No harsh-spoken word ever comforted man,
  So let us speak kindly as much as we can.
'Tis a clasp of the hand that begins in the heart,
  That gives you a soul-stirring thrill;
'Tis the clasp of the hand that makes day and night shine
  With the glory of human good will;
A shrug of the shoulders has ne'er won a man,
  So let us clasp truly as much as we can.
A smile on your face will encourage someone,
  A kind spoken word will give peace,
A clasp of the hand will bring joy to a soul,
  And time will not cause them to cease;
Let's demonstrate daily the power of these three,
  And try them on all of the people we see.

—Jesse L. Bernheisel.

WHEN PAUL FORGOT HIMSELF

By L. L. Wightman

As a group of aspiring and perspiring athletes went through a vigorous workout in the gymnasium, Coach Harvey Jones' eyes were focused upon one particular person. The easy manner in which he handled himself had first drawn the attention of the coach. Watching him closely thereafter, the coach saw a wonderful endurance as well as easy form. With the idea of testing this certain young man to a greater extent, the coach put the entire group through the hardest kind of drill for about fifteen minutes. By that time some of the boys were ready to drop with exhaustion, but this one special object of the coach's attention seemed far from being in that condition. As the lads came from the showers and dressing room, Coach Jones watched his opportunity for an interview with this promising prospect.

"I beg your pardon," he said, intercepting the young man as he stepped from the gymnasium, "but you are a newcomer at Carson High, are you not?"

"Yes, sir, I am. My name is Paul Keating, entering Carson in my Junior year. I have just moved here from Meadville."

"I'm glad to know you, Paul," said Coach Jones, shaking his hand warmly. "I kept close watch of you this afternoon, and noted that you have exceptional endurance and ability. You have been on the track?"

"Cross-country is all," replied Paul, "but I've never done anything sensational at that. I like it, but fail ti win any contests."

"I would be glad to have you report with my cross-country team the latter part of the week," Coach Jones told him. "You are probably aware already that one of the great autumn athletic sports at Carson is the annual cross-country run in which five schools compete. You look like good material for the team, and I wish you would consider coming out for it."

"I'll do it," Paul agreed. "I'll be on hand, though I don't have any hopes of making the team. I'll do my best, though."

It was Thursday afternoon when the cross-country team reported for its first try-out. Paul was in the group. Supplied with track suit and running shoes, he was sent around the half-mile track with the squad, the keen eyes of the Coach Jones keeping him well under observation As the days came and went, the practice became harder. The squad was cut down as the knife of elimination pruned some of the less promising lads. During this period of training, the coach was delighted with the speed and endurance which Paul had shown. However, if he made the team it would be on ability and merit alone, for Jones was one coach who showed absolutely no favoritism at all. Every lad under him had his chance and not one of them could say in the hour of failure that the coach had treated them unfairly.

Consequently, when the time approached for the choosing of the first team, the coach called ten prospects together.

"Boys," he said to them, "tomorrow you will go over the course for the purpose of determining which of you earns his position on the first team. There are five places, so five of you will finish the race rejoicing, while the remainder will be disappointed. Whether you win or lose, good sportsmanship must come ahead of everything else. Remember that to be a good loser is more to a man's credit than to be a poor winner. I'll expect each of you to do his best."

As the runners left the mark the following day and started on their seven-mile jaunt, Coach Jones kept his eyes on the long-legged easy-running lad on whom he pinned his hopes. In perfect condition and with stamina greater than any other runner possessed, Paul Keating was the choice of the coach to finish first. Imagine his surprise, when the runners came straggling in at the finish, to find Paul fifth, and only a few feet ahead of the sixth man.

"What was the matter today, Paul " the coach asked him when he had him alone. "You didn't run like I figured you would. I picked you for first place and you finished fifth."

"There was nothing the matter," replied Paul in surprise. "I did my best but the other runners were better."

"I don't believe it," said the coach in a firm tone. "You may have thought you were doing your best, but I know very well you can cover that course in less time than you did today, and there isn't a runner on the squad who should finish ahead of you. I've trained runners long enough so that I consider myself a competent judge. I'm going to stage another race next week, and I shall expect you to do better."

One week later five of the substitute runners were pitted against the regulars. The second team were supposed to represent another school, so it gave a little spice to the event. Not only that, it held out possibilities for the members of the second team for it might be that one of the regulars would go stale and lost his place to a second team man. This gave the second team the incentive to do their best.

Hidden in a thick copse of bushes about three miles from the finish, Coach Jones watched the runners as they passed him, nothing their condition and position. It was at this point that three runners overtook and passed Paul Keating who had been leading up to this time. The coach saw Paul look back at the next runner who was some fifty yards behind him. At this juncture the runners passed from his view. Waiting until all ten had passed him, the coach hastened to his car and drove rapidly toward the finish line. In a few moments the first of the group came in sight down the final stretch of one mile of straight road with no interference of any kind. One by one they crossed the line, a sigh of disappointment coming from the coach as the fifth man crossed it, for he was a second string man.

"There is something wrong, Paul," the coach told him. "You led that group for four miles, and then dropped back to sixth place at the finish. I can't understand it. You are in better condition now than the men who finished ahead of you. What is the trouble?"

"I don't know," replied Paul, a dejected look on his face. "I seem to get along fine for part of the way, but I just can't finish that way. It has been like that ever since I started running. The only reason I stick to it is because I like it, and not because I'm a winner."

"The results of this race will put Brown in your place on the first team, while you drop back to the second team," said Coach Jones. "Next week will be the final test before the great meet, and you will have that one opportunity to regain your place on the first team."

Brown thanked the coach when he was notified of his place on the first team. "I'm glad in one way, and sorry in another," he said. "I'm sorry to see Keating lose his place. He is the best runner on the team. I stayed close behind him today to study him and learn something for myself, and I think I've located his trouble."

"What is it?" asked the coach with sudden demand, like a drowning man grasping for a straw. "I want to know."

"Lack of confidence in himself," replied Brown. "He just thinks he can't do it, and he doesn't."

"But he always gets off well and leads the way over the first half of the course."

"He has confidence when he starts but he loses it when they crowd him and pass him. He thinks then he is beaten and that is all there is to it. Self-confidence is what he needs."

"And that is something we can't give him," declared the coach. "That he must get for himself. I wish I knew some way of instilling the necessary confidence in him, for that is the only thing he lacks to become a winner."

"I'll talk to him during the week," said Brown. "I have no business running in his place, and I will do my best to get him to run as he should."

Talking failed. When the final test was run, Brown again finished in fifth place with Paul a poor sixth. That settle the matter as far as Paul was concerned. He had failed to make the first team. No excuses were made, for he knew he had been given a square deal and had been provided every opportunity to demonstrate his ability. He must abide by the results.

Two days before the cross-country meet, a terrific storm descended on the little vale of Carson. A perfect deluge of rain swept the village and countryside, while a wind of tremendous velocity wrought havoc on every side. Dry brooklets became roaring streams, leaving disaster and devastation wherever they reached The storm lasted about two hours, but it would take two weeks even to begin to repair the damage resultant from it.

There was a question as to whether the meet should be held or postponed, but it was finally agreed that it

should be held. The twenty-five runners representing the five schools assembled the day before the meet for the purpose of going over the track which was changed at the last moment so that the Carson runners would have no advantage over the others. Five substitutes were allowed to accompany each team on this trip.

"The course covers six miles," Coach Jones explained to the runners. "The first three miles you must follow the set course. The next two miles you are at liberty to choose any course you please to reach the point on the main highway which you will follow for the last mile, ending at the finishing tape. We will cover the first three miles, and then you can have the remainder of the time to pick out your individual course from there to the highway point."

The fact that substitutes were permitted to view the course gave Paul one last opportunity to run with the first team, a chance which he did not neglect.

The day of the meet was ideal for such an occasion. It was a clear autumn day with the temperature neither too hot nor too cold. A large crowd had assembled to see the sturdy young athletes on their way, each school having its due proportion of supporters and adherents. Coach Jones was on hand, a worried look on his face as the result of last minute information. Barton, his strongest runner, had been seized with an attack of acute appendicitis and had been rushed to the hospital. This compelled him to enter the next best prospect from the second team who happened to be Paul Keating.

"Paul," he said as a last word of advice was given the team, "you are running for Barton. We expect you to do credit to the man you are substituting for."

[illegible] in his heart, the coach had no thought that Paul would measure up to the occasion. Paul had no such hopes either. The brilliantly clad array of runners of whom he was one conveyed the fact to him that he had no chance of winning against such a field. And it was under those conditions that the starter's pistol cracked, and the field of runners were on their way. The hush which had settled over the crowd changed to a roar as the young athletes leaped between the two long lines of spectators.

As was his habit, Paul fought his way through the leaders to first place. He was running true to form, and according to that, he would break about the beginning of the fourth mile. One mile, two miles, three miles. Paul had his course mapped out from there on, but by the time they reached this place seven runners had passed him.

Swinging to the right, Paul turned into a deep patch of forest. He had discovered a fairly good gully which would enable him to follow nearly a straight course to the highway and to save his strength for the last grand mile, though he knew several runners would be leading at that point. Anyway, he would keep on running.

A scream, a groan of pain, and excited voices halted him as he was

about to swing down the gully. One hundred yards away two persons were bending over a man on the ground. Someone had been injured. Forgetting the race in which he was entered, Paul hastened to the group, finding on his arrival a man with a badly cut leg. Cutting down a tree, the man had slipped and cut a terrible gash in his leg. Blood was pouring from the wound in a stream. Paul recognized the man as Fred Rogers whose brother was the physician at Carson.

"Bind it with a tourniquet," said Paul, seizing a stick and snatching a handkerchief from the hand of the weeping woman. We must stop that flow of blood."

"Better get the doctor as soon as you can," he continued his advice as he worked.

"We can't reach him," replied the woman. "The storm destroyed the telephone line, and washed out the bridge, and the doctor is leaving town on Number Five this afternoon. Oh, if there was only some way of getting word to him before the train is due!"

"What time is it?" asked Paul.

The other man looked at his watch. Paul shook his head. It couldn't be done. Yet, it was a matter of life or death. Without the needed medical aid the wounded man might die, as it was impossible to stop the flow of blood entirely. A determined look came into the eyes of Paul as he straightened up from the ground. He had determined what to do.

"You finish that, and I'll get the doctor," he said. "I'll have him drive as far as the damaged bridge and you can figure out a way of getting him across the stream."

Down the gully Paul dashed with but one thought in mind. He must reach the depot before Number Five. If the train was on time, it would require every ounce of energy and strength he possessed. How he ever reached the highway without a severe fall and possible injury was almost a miracle in itself. As he swung onto the highway, the screech of a whistle in the distance lent additonal speed to his legs. Number Five was coming, and he had a mile to go.

With the aid of field glasses, Coach Jones saw ten runners enter the last stretch, closely bunched. Then came Paul tearing along at a wild burst of speed, which very easily took him past two of the runners.

"Just look at that boy run" shouted Coach Jones. "He has just passed the third man. Why doesn't he use his head? He never can stand that pace. There is the third one, fourth, fifth, sixth. Only four ahead of him!"

The whistle of Number Five pierced the air once more, unnoticed by the crowd in their excitement at the marvelous running of Keating. To Paul that whistle meant that Number Five was nearing the station. It seemed incredible and utterly impossible that he could get there in time. The amazed crowd saw him put on additional speed, and one by one he left the runners behind him. Driven by something from within, he could not slaken his speed. Mere strength and courage

never would have won that race.

Down the track came Number Five, her brakes squealing as she slowed her speed for the stop. Down the highway came a staggering, desperate lad. Flesh and blood had about gone the limit. His eyes were blurring; his lungs burned like fire, and ached with a terrible pain at each breath; his legs moved automatically, their strenght almost gone.

The crowd had gone wild over this wonderful display but the running lad neither heard nor saw them. His race was with death. The cheers of the crowd were supplanted by exclamations of surprise and wonder as Paul, only fifteen feet from the, tape, swung aside and plowed straight through the crowd of onlookers, heading for the station.

"Out of the way," he gasped, elbowing and fighting his way. "I want Dr. Rogers before he gets on the train."

The crowd opened before him just as the conductor signalled for the train to start. Doctor Rogers, just mounting the steps, heard his name called in an agonized shout and saw Paul frantically motioning.

"Your brother—hurt—badly. Go at once — way of — washed-out bridge."

Darkness descended over Paul. Kind hands picked up the unconscious lad and stretched him out on the grass.

That evening a memorable meeting took place between Coach Jones, Doctor Rogers, and Paul. Though he had failed to break the tape, Paul had been granted first place by every runner. He had found his confidence to win through a life and death race, and never again did he lack it on the cross-country runs.

"You kept your eye on the goal and permitted nothing to bar your way in reaching it," said the Doctor. "Yoou saved my brother's life. The folks that mean the most to this world are the ones that can forget self in the interests of others. You follow today s experience through life, and your victories will number a multitude."

Paul smiled, but through the years he liked to look back to the day when he forgot everything but service in a life or death race.

Soon the call will be made for five billion dollars to begin naval construction. This is to be done in the face of the fact that millions are hungry in America. This money will fill the coffers of the steel corporations, but it will not go far toward filling empty stomachs. Oh, the insane cruelty of war, with all its silly struting and vain pretense! War settles nothing; it scatters wreck ond ruin.!—N. C. Christian Advocate.

THE HAPPY CHARIOT

By Edna Gerberding Lippard

Sam was standing at the corner, waiting for the school bus. He was eating an apple as he waited. But he finished the apple and threw away the core with a vicious fling before the bus came.

"Of course, it has to be late again!" growled Sam. " As if it weren't cold and damp enough to take all the pep out of a fellow, standing at this windy stop."

It was raining a little and Sam had carried with him to the corner what his brother called his "usual morning grouch

At last the bus appeared over crest of the opposite hill. Sam was usually the first aboard the bus, but this morning, even before the worried looking driver honked his horn, Sam heard the sound of whistling from inside.

"Got a passenger, have you?" the boy asked without so much as a "Good morning" to the man at the wheel.

"New fellow," the driver answered gruffly, as Sam climbed in.

No one could blame the school bus driver for being a bit gruff. His route was known as a very hard one. The roads were poor, the hills steep, but, worst of all, the boys in the school district were rough fellows. They did not wait until the school grounds were reached to start a fight, but usually began on the way. Wrestling, quarrelling, calling names and throwing school bags, apples and even lunch boxes at each other were their pastimes as the bus lurched along. Broken window panes, sagging seats and dragging springs testified to the treatment the old bus received. To keep it in repair was almost an impossibility.

Sam's curiosity was naturally aroused when he was told that a new boy had got in before the vehicle reached his corner. And the boy was whistling. That was a new sound on this route. As Sam entered, the passengeer gave him a frank stare, then stopped his musical efforts long enough for a cheery "Hello!"

"Hello, yourself," Sam answered roughly, "and shut off the noise."

The frank stare turned into a saucy grin as the passenger answered, "Free country and free ride, isn't it

"But no high jinks allowed," Sam shot back. Yet even before the words were finished the new boy was whistling again.

To say Sam was surprised would be an understatement. In the language of the school, he had been the "bus-boss" for a long time. The other boys along route were on the defensive even before they climbed in, knowing that Sam would be ready for them. "Rough house" was the order of the ride, and here was a new boy smilingly defying Sam. He was smaller than Sam, too, but looked fully as old. He was neatly dressed and his eyes were keen and bright. But as Sam made a lunge toward him he stopped suddenly in his tracks. On the seat beside the passenger lay a crutch. It did not seem to belong

with the saucy grin and the cheerful whistle.

"Cracked hoof?" Sam demanded with the same roughness as before, and he saw a puzzled expression flit across the keen eyes. But in a moment the new boy understood. "Yep," he replied, "I'm a lame duck; a hop toad, if you like." And then the whistle continued.

Sam was quiet. He hardly knew what to do or say next in the face of this novelty.

All the boys and girls of his district were sturdy and tough. Their hands could guide the plow as well as swing the clubs and dumb-bells and wands they were compelled to use for drill at school. The long hikes on which their new teacher led them, and of which their parents scarcely approved, were nothing for their long, strong legs. A crutch made a boy different somehow. You couldn't make sport of a lame duck. Sam looked at the other boy in wonder. Physical courage he could understand but a crutch without a grouch won his surprised admiration

Others began to get on the bus. A scuffle or two took place. A girl began to cry because of a pinch from the boy beside her. The driver called out a gruff rebuke. The decrepit bus lurched on its way. Sam was unusually quiet. He sat beside the new boy, between him and the crowd. None of the others saw the crutch.

The new boy's bright brown eyes took in all that went on. The other motioned and whispered about him. His whistle did not stop. Sam said "Shut up!" several times, when the others nudged him and winking towards his neighbor, queried "Who's your pal?"

The new teacher was trying all the methods he could conjure up to interest and hold the girls and boys of Glenavon district. He had been a country boy himself, and knew the bareness of some of his pupils' lives. He knew, too, the rich possibilities lying all about them if their eyes could be opened and their ideals developed. The calisthenics, hikes and nature study classes had helped, but he realized that the bus-ride was still an unsolved problem. When Mary Jane arrived sniffing and red-eyed he was not [illegible] surprised.

When he saw Sam Clausen get out in a sober mood and turn to help a lame boy, the teacher could hardly believe his eyes. He had about given up Sam as a bad job.

"Thanks, Buddy," the new boy said as he hobbled toward the school door, "I'll do something for you some time."

Sam at once turned on the boy nearest him and knocked him down to show that he was as rough as ever. The others stood around, watching the new boy in amazement. Lameness was new to all of them. Pity had not found its way into their list of virtues. They had read no books on chivalry or knighthood. When a chicken in the barnyard was sick, they had often seen the other fowls peck and abuse the weak one. Yet now a strange chord was touched in their hearts, even as it had been in Sam's. They looked to him, because he was the bus-boss, to see what they were to do. And Sam, the tough of the district, was babying the lame boy.jeers and catcalls were heard;

the boys were ashamed of the pity in their hearts, but Sam stood on the schoolhouse steps and stopped the noise with a war whoop peculiarly his own.

"Shut off the jazz," he called to them when they could hear. "Glenavon's a tough place, and we all know it, and I'm the tough of Glenavon. But keep this in mind. No razzing the lame duck. And no grouching."

Silently the crowd marched into school. Something had happened to Sam. They did not know,or would not admit, what it was, but he was their leader and they followed his command.

The new boy's name was Charlie Simms. He had come to visit on a farm not far beyond the Clausens'. He came and went every day in the bus. He never spoke of what the boys called his game leg. He did not go on hikes. but he helped the boys mount the insects and butterflies they brought back more deftly than teacher himself.

Sam and Charlie talked together every day, before anyone else boarded the bus. Charlie always seemed to be able to smile and his whistle or song came down the hill to Sam before the bus stopped. "Never seems to have a grouch on, in spite of his bum foot," Sam pondered to himself. "And he sure can sing and whistle." Charlie said very little about himself. He was always supplied with jokes and stories and and kept the whole bus laughing sometimes so that they forgot to roughhouse till school was reached.

At recess he made his whistles for all the smaller boys. The whistles were wonderfull ones equipped with severals notes so that when all the youngsters blew on them the effect was almost like a band. Charlie began to teach them how to blow the whistles so that a real tune came out. When he ran out of stories he repeated funny rhymes of which he seemed to know an endless store. Before long, Charlie Simms was the center of interest in the neighborhood.

Sam, boylike, resented the passing of his leadership and suffered some pangs of jealousy. Now and then he brought the interest back to himself by some rough speech or action that caused pandemonium in the bus or school yard as before. But on the whole the sudden tenderness that had risen at the sight of the gallant cripple more than balanced selfish desire to remain "bus-boss." Neither of the boys quite realized the great change that gradually came over the behavior in the bus. There was just as much noise as ever, but now it was the sound of fun; music and laughter, instead of fighting, jeers and screams. People along the route began to watch for the bus to go by and to listen for the jolly sounds that came from it The driver attempted some repairs. The school teacher spoke of the "Happy Chariot."

Summer came and school closed. Most of he boys were busy on the farms. Sam saw little of his new friend, but the softening influence of their association was not unnoticed by those who knew Sam well. It seemed strange that the mere gameness of a lame boy should so change a bully.

In midsummer a holiday came to Sam through one of the many mis-

chances of farm life. A colt bolted a gate, wandered from the paasture and entered the wood lot beyond. Sam was sent on the hunt and, with eyes opened by recent studies to the beauties of nature about him, he went whistling through the summer woods. He was wishing that Charlie were with him as he tramped along. He could explain so much; things Sam had grown up with yet never noticed, wonders now full of interest and thrill. What a shame, thought Sam, that such a brave fellow must be hampered by a crutch! He did not know the cause of Charlie's affliction or whether any pain were attached to it. Lameness was such a novelty to him that he had never even thought to inquire, but he still felt that aching pull of pity and admiration.

The shade of the woods was refreshing after his days of hot toil in the summer fields. Somehow the crudeness of the men with whom he worke and the rough language they used jarred on Sam this summer. He did not realize that his teacher and his lame friend had planted new ideas in his mind that made him see people with different eyes.

Suddenly he heard a familiar whistle and then a burst of song that set his feet to a faster pace. Surely the whistle could not be Charlie's, so far out in the woods. Yet no one else could whistle or sing like that. Sam raised a shout that set the leaves dancing and like an echo Charlie's voice came back to him.

"Here, across the run! I've got your colt, Sam. Hurry over," Sam heard as he ran toward the voice. And sure enough, a wild whinney came through the air as he drew nearer. The colt and Charlie were together.

Tall and straight, hanging onto the beautiful, prancing beast with a tight rein, the boy was a picture. Sam had not seen him for so long and was so overjoyed at the meeting that for a moment he did not notice that his friend was prancing almost as wildly as the colt. When he did realize the fact, he stood still in amazement. A fierce gladness came over him like a flash---the thought of tramping the woods and fields with Charlie, of having him join in the school yard games.

On the heels of the gladness came a black doubt. Sam's rough training was not to be easily outgrown; suspicion blinded him with rage.

"Thought you were lame!" he snarled and came toward Charlie with head lowered and fists clenched.

"Yes, isn't it great—" began the other boy, but he was interrupted.

"Thought you'd fool us and get us to pity you, did you?" Sam was coming closer. "I'll show you, you spindle-legged coward!" He struck out blindly with his great fist, but the next thing he knew he was sprawling on the ground. As though from a distance he heard Charlie's voice calling.

"Look out, Sam! Look out! He'll kick you! He has an awful stretch! Get up, Buddy. I didn't mean to strike so hard. What got you all at once?"

Sam painfully rose to his feet, still

feeling the breath-taking blow that his gentle friend had so unexpectedly landed right in his stomach. He saw that the colt's hoofs were indeed daangerously near where his head had been.

"I've been going without my crutch for over a week now, Sam. You remember I told you the first day my foot was broken. Dad sent me to the country because they said it would heal better out here. And it sure did. Say, please tell me what got into you, Sam?"

"Thought you were lame for life! Thought you were a cripple," muttered Sam.

"Well, so I was, for six months. That's long enough. Whew! It's good to walk again. But here, take this beast! I can't hold him any longer. I was just sure he'd step on my game foot before I got him to you."

"Thought you were fooling me," Sam muttered, as he attached his rope to the halter and tied the colt to a tree.

"Well, Sam, if you'll sit down here a minute and let me get my breath back, after that wallop I gave you, I'll make a confession. I did sort of fool you for a while."

"Humph?" growled Sam, as the two sat down on a fallen log.

"Well, Sam, first of all, my dad's a preacher. He's coming here this fall to start a church."

"Humph," said Sam again, but this time it was a kind of sneer.

"Yes. You see, the school teacher is sort of cousin of mine. I fooled you there, though neither he nor I meant to at first. He was so anxious to do something for you fellows. Don't get mad, Sam. Honest, it was because he liked you, and he thought you hadn't had much chance, no church and poor teachers and so much hard work—and all. He wrote the Mission Board about it, and he begged my father, who has been sick and run down, to offer himself as a missionary here. You see, the teacher liked the climate and thought the country would do us both good and we could all work together. Then I broke my foot and had a terrible time and it wouldn't heal, and dad sent me on ahead to try what this air would do for me. And, Sam, here's the confession—I was scared to death. I had sort of pictured all you fellows as bullies and toughs. When that awful looking bus came over the hill that first day and stopped at Nickerson's, I thought I never could get in. I was a coward and spindle-legged, too, just as you said. I was whistling to keep up my courage when you got on. You see, I'd heard all about the bus-boss."

"Humph," said Sam again.

"Then you were so fine to me, and all the chaps were so splendid, and we had such good times in the bus! I was so tickled! I laid myself out to learn songs and stories and keep up the fun. I'm not really jolly like that, Sam. I put it all on. I guess I was still scared."

"Scared, were you?" Sam repeated dully. He was drinking in every word.

"Yes. But that's not the worst of

it. Of course, I knew all the time that you were nice to me because you were sorry for me. Teacher said that showed what a really splendid fellow you were, underneath. But it's hard to tell you, Sam—I really could have walked without the crutch before school closed. At least, I would have tried to, if I hadn't been afraid it would make a difference. You see, I am a coward,'' Charlie finished miserably.

The two boys sat for some time in silence. Then Sam spoke very slowly. ''There wasn't much coward in that wallop you gave me,'' he muttered.

''Oh, that—I did it before I thought I was so mad when you thought I'd used the crutch to fool you from the first. My foot hurt fearfully sometimes. It wasn't easy to laugh and tell jokes. But I did want you to like me, Sam. It's fine to be pals.'' Again they were silent. And again Sam spoke first.

''It'll be finer when you can go on hikes with us, and swims, and help us with the bugs,'' he said.

''Oh, Sam, you mean it? It was not all pity? We're really pals?'' Charlie cried.

''It was mostly because you're such a game kid,'' Sam answered. ''I didn't know preacher's folks came that way.''

''Oh, but listen, I must tell you the rest,'' Charlie went on. ''I wasn't really brave. It was partly because I was scared and partly because I wanted to make friends for dad's sake. He's giving up a lot to come out here and start a church. He wants so much to have you all come. He can sing, and train a band, and he's a fine preacher. I guess my dad can do most anything. I thought maybe if I could make friends with you first, it might be easier for him.''

''Well,'' Sam spoke slowly after another pause, ''we are friends, aren't we?''

''Friends! I'll say we are! We're real pals and Im sorry I walloped you. And you'll come to church if no one else will—sometimes, at least, won't you, Buddy?''

''I've heard people say more than once that a church wouldn't be a bad thing to have in Glenavon,'' said Sam, ''and I guess they're not far wrong. Here, since you're on two feet, walk back with me,'' and he untied the colt and started homewards, Charlie walking beside him.

''Father's planning to have the school bus go on Sunday and pick up people for church, just as it does on weekdays for school,'' Charlie remarked as they walked along.

''Good idea! Since it's got a new name it might as well be a church bus. We'll all climb in and make it really a Happy Chariot.''

The boys laughed happily as they walked on together through the beauty of the summer woods, planning for the days to come.

''Great works are performed not by strength but by perseverence.''

THE QUEST OF HAPPINESS

(Selected)

Last Monday morning a neighbor stopped me as I was coming from market—you know I just adore going to market, don't you? I feel so sorry for women who have so much money they can't ever go to the market. They miss so much. To look at all the rows of foods on the shelf—to get joy over buying and finding the first box of raspberries—to surprise the family for dinner and then to meet one's neighbors and chat over some new way of cooking onions or carrots—I feel sorry for the women who hasn't this joy. I also feel very sorry for the housewife who has so much money she can pay to have her flowers planted, pay to have them cared for—and even pay some one to gather them. I pity such people.

That is the question my neighbor asked me. She said: "Put down your bags a minute, I want to ask you a question. Why is it there is so much restlessness and unhappiness in the world? Why, yesterday (Sabbath) everyone I met was complaining about the long, tiresome day and they were worn out and cross, and said, "Days like that were so trying."

Well, neighbor, I believe I can answer your question. The guest of happiness is one that enlists us all. The pathetic fact is that so many people miss the goal; in the pursuit of happiness half the world is on the wrong scent. Certainly many people seem to be getting further away from happiness as the years pass rather than nearer it. And the odd thing about it is that many of these disillusioned and discontented people are the very ones who have advantages that others long for as the condition of happiness. Wealth and comfort and social position are alluring goals and promise boundless joy, but the thing that puzzles us is to find so many who, having attained these aims, are still unhappy. Happiness is a wayside flower, free for all who will pluck it, is not a rare orchid only to be purchased by the rich. There is a bit of joy in every floating fleecy cloud, every golden sunset tint, in each day's evening sky; there is music in the free winds of the heavens, if hearts are in tune to catch the harmony. The thing that we call living isn't gold or fame at all, it is laughter and contentment and the striving for a goal—that is everything that is needed for the shaping of a soul.

Ah, neighbor, that is the answer I gave my neighbor, this restlessness and unhappiness has a remedy—I tell you why—we were created by God, made in His image, and He breathed into us the breath of life and made us living souls, and that soul will never be happy away from its Maker, it will never know peace away His ways—that is the answer to my neighbor's question. She said everybody said it was such a tiresome day. What makes a beautiful day, neighbor? Not the weather, no, listen:

I have met happiness many times this week—but, come to think of it, not in the places you would think

of—I found it yesterday in a hospital. She was a young girl, not much older than your Mary who has just graduated, alone in the world except for friends won through her loving personality. She had always been a delicate girl, she had stood much suffering, but her determination had won her a place in the business world. She was planning for her first vacation, 15 whole days!—and, like any girl, she had made such dainty clothes (for, you see, she was a real girl) and she had no mother to plan her dainty things as you plan Mary's. The day she was to leave, her doctor ordered her to the hospital for a serious operation that perhaps meant the loss of a limb. She knew that to take an anaesthetic meant a longer recovery and loss of work, and there in that hospital room, with no loving ones to comfort her, this little girl spent that Friday night in prayer, asking for strength and courage, that was all.

That morning she faced those doctors with the request that she not be put under the ether. They told her that her they themselves could not stand such a thing. She said, "I can," and those big blue eyes of that young girl looked into mine yesterday evening and said, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, Thy rod and staff will comfort me." And she said, "His rod and staff were with me all the way." Ah, my friend, there is happiness, trust, hope, rest and waiting. In God's care-how can you and I complain and fret about the little things that surround us when we see such faith and happiness?

I found happiness in another place, quite different from the hospital. It happened in one of our larger cities, and I found it in an editorial in a paper. It reads:

WEALTH UNTOLD.

"Last Saturday evening the great crowds surged through the downtown section of our city, bent on pleasure. Here was a group admiring the gorgeous costumes in the large department store windows. Here were others poring over glistening stones in the smaller windows of jewelers. Yonder were longing eyes, eagerly scanning the lines of fine motor cars. Others were watching the sparkling array of electric signs that dazzled the eyes with brilliance. Hundreds were looking at none of these objects, but pressing on to find something to satisfy their hungry minds, their hungry hearts. It was a typical city crowd.

There in a cove of a towering building stood three blind beggars, their little cups extended, their pinched faces drawn in utter fatigue, their hands trembling with weariness, their bodies stooped in the burden of the long darkness. Unnoticed they stood through the hours of gaiety. Now and then some kindly soul would drop a coin in one of the cups, and instantly the three would feel in their respective cups, their heads nodding, their faces expectant, and upon one of the faces would come a smile. Then a whisper would tell the companions what it was, and there were grateful nods from each.

"At last one of the blind beggars, the woman in the group, stirred. She had stood as long as she could.

She must find some place to rest the broken body, the jaded nerves. One of her companions asked if she had received anything. She answered too gently to be heard, but her face told the story as she sadly shook her head. Nothing! The companion touched her on the arm.

"'Well, wait a little longer. Some one will remember you tonight. You will wait a few minutes longer with us, won't you?'"

"She nodded her consent, and the tired shoulders seemed to lift for a moment, and the despairing face seemed to look up. On and on the crowds surged by. Street cars jarred past. Great motor cars purred through the crowded city lanes. Across the street a radio salesroom was relaying the hour, and a quartett of lovely voices were singing:

" 'O Lord, help the poor and needy in this world.'

"Just then the companion, who had urged the despondent old woman to wait, caught the approaching footstep of a man waited exactly until the man was hard by the woman s cup and in perfect effect the blind man dropped a coin in the woman's cup She smiled. She knew it was her cup this time. She felt in the cup with her left hand. She ran her fingers around the rim of the coin. She spoke to the man on her right, to the man on her left:

" 'Yes, yes, you're right. Someone did remember the poor blind girl tonight. Yes, yes, and here, feel it, it is a half dollar!' And the blind man who had taken the only halfdollar in his cup and put it in the cup of his suffering companion, was the richest man in the city. There were millionaires riding past in their multiple motor cars, but they were so poor compared with this blind man who had eyes to see a poor and needy soul hard by and to give the best he had to make that soul happy in this world.

"And Jesus went about all the cities and villages, teaching in their synagogues, and preaching the gospel of the kingdom, and healing every sickness and every disease among the people. And when He saw the multitude He was moved with compassion on them, because they fainted, and were scattered abroad, as sheep having no shepherd."

What a picture! What a lesson! What a warning! Can we see it? Can we learn it? Can we heed it?

Is it not time for us who have named the name of Jesus to recognize the call of the poor and needy in this world? Can we go on and on indulging our appetite and closing our eyes to the lonely hearts, the despairing hearts, the needy hearts about us? Will we not understand that the only wealth worth one's time to possess is the wealth of Christ's fellowship?

What if Christ should come to our city tomorrow and walk our streets as He walked in the streets of Jerusalem. Would He stand and read the lettering on the bank windows to determine the wealth of our cities? Would He gauge our growth as Christians by the height of our office buildings? Would He measure our progress toward God by the ed of our twin motors? Would He?

"My Master was so very poor,

A manger was His cradling place:
So very rich my Master was,
Kings came from far to gain His grace.

"My Master was so very poor
And with the poor He broke the bread:
So very rich my Master was
That multitudes by Him were fed.

"My Master was so very poor
They nailed Him naked to a cross;
So very rich my Master was
He gave His all and knew no loss."

Today is the Sabbath—perhaps on Monday morning there will again be restless hearts and unhappy ones—but it need not be so. We feed the body—it is a thing that soon passes away, but neighbor, the soul never does, and if we don't feed this soul with the things that its Maker has provided to nurish and preserve it—well, God pity that soul—will you on Monday morning get up with a song in your heart, and can you say, "It's been such a beautiful day," and when we have made the Sabbath a happy day, I think its happiness will spread until every day in our lives will be happy, because our souls and our life are in communion with their Maker and Creator. And in Him they have found rest, peace and happiness...

SHADES OF FRANCIS SCOTT KEY

Unless patriotism and sentiment win out against practicability, Fort McHenry at Baltimore, birthplace of "The Star Spangled Banner," may house a federal prison for liquor law violators. The Department of Justice in Washington is proposing this transformation of the patriotic societies.

A building at the fort is now occupied by various branches of the government, including an office for federal prohibition agents. It is planned to build a number of cells there to detain offenders against the law. However, the project may never be carried through because of opposition from the American Legion and other organizations.

Former Congressman John Philip Hill, of Maryland, candidate for reelection, asserted in a letter to the Attorney-General that the scheme was as inappropriate as a proposal to place a federal prison in the middle of Arlington Cemetery or in the home of Washington, at Mount Vernon. Mr. Hill, who was in Congress when the fort was made a national shrine, also questioned the legality of the Department of Justice's plan.

—Exchange.

ENEMIES OF THE HOME

By Bishop W. A. Candler

The most ancient institution established by God for the welfare of the human race is the home. It antedates the Church and the state, and during patriarchal times it combined in itself all the functions of both Church and state as they exist to-day. The father of the family was both governor and priest of his household, ruling and serving by the divine right of fatherhood.

Upon the home both Church and state depend to-day, and to this sacred institution they must look for support to the end of time. Their outward forms are subject to change, but the essential nature of the home, resting as it does upon the immutable foundations of parenthood and childhood, abides forever.

Revolutions in civil government may come to pass, and modifications of ecclesiastical systems may be made without seriously affecting human civilization; but revolts in the home, or attacks upon it from without, shake the very foundations of society. The home being so vital to the preservation and promotion of all good in the earth, it is not strange that the forces of evil direct against it all manner of hostile influences. It is constantly assailed by foes within and foes without.

We are apt to imagine that the worst enemies of the home are those who from the outside make assaults upon it, such as the absurd advocates of what is called "companionate marriage." But such is not the case. The most dangerous foes of the home are forces generated within itself, which escape suspicion and baffle correction just because they arise on the inside of the family and do not make attacks from the outside of it.

The chiefest of these hostile forces is the subversion of family government by the abdication of the priestly and royal functions of the father by himself, or by the overthrow of his divinely confirmed authority and priesthood by others.

Both reason and revelation alike teach us that the father is the head of the house, and when his office is renounced or set at nought a state of domestic disorder follows, as anarchy arises in civil society when the authority of its government is overthrown.

Nobody was ever made honest by compulsion; most of us are honest just to the degree that we have learned that honesty pays.—Lorain Journal.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Our large family of more than five hundred boys enjoyed an oyster dinner on New Year's Day.

—o—

Our poultryman and his force of young assistants are cleaning incubators, brooders, and making other preparations for the early spring hatching season.

—o—

With the exception of a few cases of mumps still in our midst we are glad to report that the Training School boys are enjoying the best of health at this time.

—o—

Albert Spangler, of Shelby, a former student here, called on us one afternoon this week. He informs us that he is employed in a garage and is getting along nicely.

—o—

Miss Sarah Boger, daughter of Superintendent Boger, has resumed her studies at Randolph-Macon Girls College, Lynchburg, Va., after spending the holiday season at home.

—o—

Rev. Simpson, pastor of Westford M. E. Church, Concord, conducted the service in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon. The boys thoroughly enjoyed his talk on the life of Daniel.

—o—

We neglected to mention last week that when Mr. A. C. Sheldon, Boys' Work Secretary of the Charlotte Y. M. C. A., paid his monthly visit to the Training School on the Sunday after Christmas, he presented each boy a large red apple. We are very grateful to Mr. Sheldon not only for his kindness at Christmas time, but throughout the entire year. For several years he has conducted the regular afternon service here on the fourth Sunday of each month and only on one occasion can we recall that he was even a few minutes late—this delay being caused by a punctured auto tire.

—o—

At the afternoon assembly at the "old oak" on New Year's Day, a large quantity of oranges, apples, nuts and candies were distributed among the boys. We then went to the auditorium to enjoy a motion picture show. Just before the show ended a great roaring sound attracted our attention and all rushed out on the campus in time to see a big blimp passing overhead. This large dirigible, the "Puritan" is owned by the Goodyear Rubber Company, and is making a tour of the southern states. When passing over the campus it was flying low enough for the youngsters to plainly see the passengers waving at them.

Our business in life is not to get ahead of other people, but to get ahead of ourselves, to break our own records, to outstrip our yesterdays, to do our work with more force and a finer finish than ever. To get ahead of our selves is the true ideal.—Selected.

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THE UPLIFT

VOL. XIX CONCORD, N. C., JANUARY 17, 1931. No. 3

"DONT QUIT"

When things go wrong, as they sometimes will;
When the road you're trudging seems all up hill;
When the funds are low, and the debts are high;
And you want to smile, but you heave a sigh;
When care is pressing you down a bit,
Rest if you must—but, don't you quit.

—Solomon.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. *J.* P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

ONLY THE GAME FISH SWIM UP STREAM

It's easy to drift as the current flows;
It's easy to move as the deep tide goes;
But the answer comes when the breakers crash
And strike the soul with a bitter lash,
When the goal ahead is endless fight,
Through a sunlses day and a starless night,
Where the far call breaks on the sleepers dream
"Only the game fish swim up stream."

The spirit wanes where it knows no load;
The soul turns soft down the Easy Road;
There's enough in the thrill and throb,
But life in the main is an up hill job;
And it's better so, where the softer bame
Leaves too much fat on a weakened frame,
Where the far call breaks on the sleeper's dream,
"Only the game fish swim up stream."

When the clouds bank in and the soul turns blue—
When fate holds fast, and you can't break through—
When trouble sweeps like a tidal wave,
And hope is a ghost by an open grave,
You have reached the test in a frame of mind
Where only the quitters fall behind,
Where the far call breaks on the sleeper' dream,
"Only the game fish swim up stream."

—From the Onondago Sportsman.

BOARD MEETING.

The Board of Trustees of the Stonewall Jackson Training School met at the institution January 8th, to review the activities and business matters in the school's interest.

The members of he Board never fail to be present at each meeting. The interest of the members is more than performing a duty in a perfunctory manner, but on the other hand, from the date of the establishment of the institution, the custodians of this school sponsor the work with a personal touch, realizing their efforts are for the motherless and fatherless. Not too much stress can be given this feature of social service, reclaiming wayward boys for the State. This social service agency, the Jackson Training School, brought about by interested friends is the first of its kind in the State, and under the guiding hand of Superintendent Boger, and co-workers, is doing a service for North Carolina.

The Board members present who braved the cold weather were: Chairman L. T. Hartsell and D. B. Coltrane, Concord; J. E. Latham and Herman Cone, Greensboro; Mrs. I. W. Faison, Charlotte and Miss Easdale Shaw, Rockingham.

The health of the boys was pronounced exceptionally fine, and the economic problem, a cut in the budget, was accepted with a grace and determination to work out living conditions to the very best advantage.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

TRY TO SEE THE BRIGHT SIDE.

An editorial from the Beaufort News, giving a resume of the economic question, the number unemployed and employed, why some work and others prefer living at the expense of others, and the wage question as compared with that of prosperous times, closes with the thought "there is nothing so bad that it could not be worse," The truth of the matter is the same conditions have pravailed previously, they come in cycles, the only difference in this advanced age of civilization is we are better informed about the economic questions than at any previous date in our history, and the whole status has had an apalling effect especially upon those unable to arise to an emergency and meet an imaginary bugaboo. Fear takes the "pep" in many instances from a courageous man who has suffered the pangs of a bad busi-

ness proposition, and drives him to an act that possibly at normal times would not be entertained for a moment. With a manly man there is a greater humiliation in losing the confidence of a fellow man than in the loss of an estate, so in such cases if business confidence could be restored it would save for the country many valuable citizens. Optimism is the key note to sound and have a similar feeling as expressed in the following:

> It is said that there are five million unemployed people in the United States. It is also said that there are forty millions who are at work. There has been much talk about the unemployed millions but not much is said about the much larger number who are at work and have been at work all during the year now just ended. Of the unemployed one may reasonably deduct a million or so. There always are many people out of work on account of sickness or some physical disability. There are always many people out of work who do not want to do anything. They prefer living off other people in one way or another. The number of those who cannot find anything to do—that they are willing to do—is large but not so great as some folks think it is.
>
> So far there does not appear to have been any marked reduction in wages. The railroads, steel companies, automobile manufacturers and other big industries appear to be paying the same wages that they did in prosperous times. Of course they have found it necessary to lay off some of their help. When prosperity returns they will increase the number of their employees. However that may be a country that has forty million people at work at good wages has not gone to the devil by any means.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

SERVED AS A PRINTER'S DEVIL.

In the teaching profession a standardization has eliminated many capable men and women of high ideals and noble ambitions, who would prove living examples worthy of emulation, from the school room. To be admitted to the school room as a teacher there is no short cut, it is impossible to rise to the standard by one's personal pluck and perseverance, for every accredited teacher goes through the same process—a long road via. high school and then four years in college, and plus some more if there are other ambitions. It seems a life spent almost in preparation to meet the emergencies of life, and if a misfit—there is floundering around, another loss of time, before a job is found to suit the tastes and desires of the individual.

Just last week the press carried an interesting article in big headlines,

telling of the new University President of Missouri, who with no academic degrees, blazed his own way, trained only in the school of hard knocks and experience, but finally attained recognition in his own state. The new president, Dr. Walter Williams, began his newspaper career as a printer's devil, subsequently published many publications, founded the world's first school of journalism and is recognized today as the best known man in his native state—Missouri. The democracy we boast of really means something, if eminence is attained by one's own efforts, and then permitted to serve in any capacity if properly qualified.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

A COSTLY DEBUT.

It is hard to conceive how it is possible to spend $1,000,000 in presenting a young woman, for youth is beauty, when making her debut at any place—even if in the courts of England. This is what happened when Miss Helen Lee Eames, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry L. Doherty, the multi-millionaire oil magnate, was presented to the Washington social set. The entire first floor of a Washington hotel was thrown into a suite of rooms to make a proper setting, with all of its lavish decorations, at the staggering price of a million dollars, for the coming out party of one lone girl,—and if the photographer gave her all that she was entitled to, she is nobody's pretty girl.

The whole story brings to mind a conversation that was heard by chance. A very modest, humble and delightful woman remarked to her brother, "If I had as much to spend on my dress as my neighbor spends on hers, I would look pretty good." The brother replied in an earnest and comforting tone, "Annie, you do not need it.' Just so with many of our young debudantes of the Southland, they do not need a cool million to give them a send-off, or add one thing to their charm and beauty.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

VERY LITTLE INDIVIDUALITY

We can not but feel that life at times is all a camaflouge. This story gives us an occasion for doubt:

A noted celebrity, Jacques Gordon, using his 300-year-old Stradivarius violin, valued at $40,000, played on the streets of Boston, reputed to be intellectually the hub of the country, to try out his luck, disguised as a beggar. Previously

he had given many concerts in large cities, in concert halls, packed to the capacity.

He realized just $1.27 from his street venture, "incognito." We conclude that the passers-by did not recognize the sweet tones of the old violin or class of music rendered, and that the masses of people are followers with no understanding of the finer arts, but just go and do things to be with the socially elite, or nouveau-riche.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

TAKE NOTICE.

This issue carries many articles of historic interest, and we are hoping the Uplift of this date will find its way in the many schools of the State. It is a crying shame that our children are passing out from the many schools into the activities of the country and have but meager information as to the biography of our great men.

RAMBLING AROUND

With Old Hurrygraph

"If I can let into some soul a
little light;
If I some pathway dark and drear
can render bright;
If I to one in gloom can show
the sunny side—
Though no reward I win—I shall
be satisfied."

—o—

The New Year of 1931 is still young, and presages cheer and hope. Let's face its future eleven months with courage and stout hearts. The past is history. The year 1930 was a trying year for the whole world. But—it has gone—we're through with it. Let us right now resolve to shake off its atmosphere of depression and discouragement — wipe any fog of despair and hopelessness from our mental vision — lift our heads, face the facts and go forward filled with the undaunted courage and unalterable determination that is our heritage and made this the greatest nation of which history has any record. True, the millenium has not arrived. But, basically and fundamentally, conditions are sound; politically, industrially, socially and financially. It is only necessary that we adjust our thinking and calmly realize that our dreams of effortless ease and accumulations not earned by hard work and self-denial were mere dreams—to be laughed at, now that we are awake and on the job again. We can readjust our budgets to fit our earning capacity and cheerfully get back to hard work, intelligent economy and sane living. May your brightest hopes be fully realized in this good year of grace.

—o—

That frankness is a virtue taught
By sages, this you'll have to
own;
If you said everything you tho't,
They might remove your tele-
phone.

—o—

I would advise my young readers to read for beauty and savor. It is not how fast you can read, but how thoroughly, should be the chief rule for any reading that is worth while. Reading which is not worth while is sheer waste of time. Reading for beauty of style and of thought and of expression, savoring each polished phrase as you would savor the daintiest morsel of food, till you have drawn from it all of its flavor and taste and charm. Your inner ear attuned to catch the music of the words. Your fancy alert to catch the play of fancy of the writer. Pausing now and then to chase to its lair every word you do not understand. That is the way, I take it, to read, when it is your choice to do so, for pleasure and profit. It is all in the quality and not the quantity of words you read. The pleasure you gain from your reading—especially you chosen leisure reading—will depend on the setting of your reading space to your capacity for getting all out of what you read that the writer put into it.

—o—

In this old world that we are liv-

ing in,
Our wants should be very small;
Because when we get what we think we want
It is not what we wanted at all.

—o—

Judge W. A. Davin, of Oxford, is one of the finest and most esteemed judges that ever graces the superior court bench in North Carolina. He looks the part of Justice—and he lives it in his professional and private life. His address before the last State Baraca-Philathea convention, in thought and diction, was a gem of the rarest rays serene. As an expounder of the gospel he would rank with the best ministers in the land. His subject was "The Pursuit of Happiness." He clearly set forth that the attainment of happiness in this life were the following of the tenets of the Bible, wherein lay life eternal. This ornate address should be published in brochure form for the edification of the young of future generations.

—o—

I was tickled pink and thrilled almost to the bursting point as I read about the new cars in the New York automobile show this year, and heard over the radio a description of all the gadgets and doodads they've got on them. Those things are all well enough as far as they go, but they'll still fall far short of what I find is my most crying need when I am riding around in the old family bus. I am still searching for a squelching retort to the fresh driver who whirls past me and yells, "Hey, do yuh want ter take up all the road?"

—o—

A man that's worth while
Is the one who grins,
When the doc steps out
And shouts, "Its twins. '

—o—

A beautiful little monthly magazine, called "The Wachovia"—which might sound in pronounciation like "walk - over - you, ' which the trust company it represents has no intention of doing, but help you—finds its way to my desk, and I am struck with the true and tender tribute it pays to the late Senator, Hon. Lee Slater Overman, who for seven years was an official of the Wachovia bank in Salisbury. He is also a graduate of Trinity College (now Duke University.) Too much praise cannot be given our great men when they fall into eternal sleep. It is well for business to stop a few moments and dwell upon the work and achievements of our leaders, and profit thereby.

The fortunate man is he who can make circumstances conform to his temperament, but the twice-favored individual is the one who can suit his temper to circumstances that confront him. We often battle against unchangeable conditions when it would be infinitely wiser to let our determination detour a little. Stubbornness is not often sound sense. A little tact saves a lot of rouble.—Selected.

REMINISCENCE—STONEWALL JACKSON

(Selected)

BORN — JANUARY 21, 1824

In 1842, a young man from the "Valley of Virginia," dropped from his class in West Point, and returned home. This is the story of the youth of great promise, and who in the hour of peril, up to his untimely death, gave every hope of success to the "lost cause" of the Confederacy during the War Between the States.

The story of this young man's return home was freely discussed in the neighborhood smithy, the headquarters of all gossip, and was being discussed one day when Cummins Jackson, an uncle of Thomas J. Jackson, was there to have a horse shod. This uncle was a bachelor and planter —the calling of all aristocrats of that date. "There is a chance for Tom," said the blacksmith to the bachelor uncle with friendly officiousness. Tom, with an elder brother, and little sister were left orphans and were thrown upon the mercy of aunts and uncles at an early age, but the man he was, he never forgot the source of his opportunities, and through life showed one grace that is a strong characteristic of true manhood and womanhood—gratitude.

The story continues that these two boys ran away to seek a livelihood. They went down the Ohio to the Mississippi, maintaining themselves by cutting wood for the passing steamboats, till malarial fever disabled them. Tom was the first of the juvenile prodigals to return home. He then begun to work in his uncle's mill, and on his farm. He sought to get the best education possible, and that was in an "old field school." During that period of history the "old field schools" were conducted by statesmen, and from the primary subjects up to the classics, and other subjects of the adult age were taught most thoroughly.

When young Tom heard of the suggestion of the blacksmith it fired him to greater and finer things. He went to Washington, armed with a letter signed by the representative men with a hope of getting an appointment to West Point. In spite of his meager preparation he received his appointment. Throughout life he kept the following rules in a note book, and they sound a keynote of his subsequent career:

"Sacrifice your life rather than your word."

"Resolve to perform what you ought; perform without fail what you resolve."

"You may be whatever you resolve to be."

For four years Jackson studied side by side with McClellan, A. T. Hill, Pickett, Foster and Maury, all beardless youths, and they graduated the same day. There were seventy in the class, and Jackson stood seventeenth upon the role of merit. This was the class of '46, and were ordered forthwith to the seat of war in Mexico. There he was noted for

his devotion, industry, talent, chivilary and fidelity to duty, especially by the commander in chief, Winfield Scott. It was in this war that he confessed to telling the only lie he was ever guilty of. During a fierce engagement where horses were killed, men deserted guns and found shelter behind walls, Lieutenant Jackson remainded to his post and kept saying "there is no danger, I am not hit," and while standing with his legs wide apart a cannon ball passed between them. No other officer in the army in Mexico was promoted so often for meritorious conduct, or made so great a stride in ranks. After peace was declared in 1848, he was stationed for two years at Fort Hamilton, and six months at Fort Meade in Florida, in 1811 he was elected professor of Natural and Experimental philosophy, and Artillery tactics at the Virginia Military Institution situated at Lexington, Va.

In the decade succeeding this event, he was to the casual eye the least striking figure in the group of professors who taught the art of war in the beautiful mountain-girt, the West Point of the South.

"I should have said that he was the least likely of our family to make a noise in the world," said his sister-in-law in 1862, "when the popular voice was ranking him with Bayard, Roland, Sidney and Napoleon. "I knew that what I willed to do, I could do," he had said of his recovery from physical weakness which made his acceptance of the Lexington professorship a doubtful expediency, in the judgement of friends. He was brilliant in society; eloquent in the lecture room; in every detail of daily existance he observed the military law of fidelity and a system; he was never late; always punctual to every engagement; examplary in domestic and social relations—perhaps a trifle ultra-conscientious in many respects. this was suggestive of his aristocracy. He was scrupulously conscientious about the observance of the "golden rule," and keeping the Sabbath. He was a teetotaler, and during the war was "more afraid of a glass of wine than the Federal bullets." His reverence for women was deep and unfeigned; he loved children; he bowed to the hoary head; and never forgot that all he had and all that he was, belonged first to God, then to his wife. He was tall, erect, muscular, in fact his bearing was peculiarly English, a little constrained according to the free society idea of America.

On December 2d, 1859, a corps of cadets was sent to Charleston, Va., to secure law and order during the execution of John Brown. This scene seemed to fill Major Jackson with awe. In a letter to his wife, he said, "I was much impressed, there stood before me a man in the full vigor of health, and in a few moments he would enter eternity." I sent up a petition for him."

While in Washington January 21st, 1860, he writes:

Viewing things from Washington from human appearences we have great reason for alarm, but my trust is in God. I cannot think that He will permit the madness of men to interfere so materially with the Christian labors of this country at home and

abroad.'' She who of all the world knew him best records: ''He never was a secessionist and maintained that it was better for the South to fight for her rights in the Union than out of it. At this time (March 16, 1861) he was strongly for the Union At the same time, he was a firm State's rights man.''

At dawn, April 21st, he received an order from the Governor of Virginia to report to him immediately at Richmond, bringing the corps of cadets with him. At one o'clock P. M. he bade a final farewell to home and Lexington. On June 4th, he writes incidentally to his ''little one'' from Harper's Ferry: ''The troops here have been divided into brigades, and the Virginia forces under General Johnston constitute the First Brigade, of which I am in command.'' This brigade was to share with the commanding officers the ''sobriquet'' by which he is known better than under his real name. In the battery attached to it were forty-nine graduates of colleges, besides nineteen divinity students. From the first victory of Manassas (June 21, 1861), when General Lee turned the tide of battle by shouting to the wavering lines, ''Look at Jackson, standing like a stone wall! Rally behind the Virginians!'' to the fatal blunder of May 2, 1863, General Jackson was the flashing star that guided the Confederate armies to glorious success. His faith in the God of armies was so blended with the conviction that he was the chosen instrument in the Omnipotent hand to repel invasion and secure an honorable peace for his beloved State, that his sublime confidence infused officers and men.

Love letters to his ''only sweetheart,'' written in camp, in the saddle, while on the smoking battle field, reveals a tender heart but stout in a faith that never failed when combined with a duty to home and country. Extracts from papers tell what might have happened but for the fall of the south's greatest chieftain at a most psychological moment during a fierce struggle. He was the south's safest hope.

Mrs. Jackson joined her husband at his quarters near Fredericksburg, bringing with her the baby girl he had never seen. On April 23rd, the little one, held in the proud father's arms, was baptized by the regimental chaplain. Nine golden days followed the reunion of the loving family before Hooker crossed the Rappahannock in force. Wife and baby were hurried off to Richmond after a ''hasty, tender adieu,'' and the battle of Chancellorsville begun.

''From the opening of this campaign,' says Jackson's biographer, ''it was observed a wondrous change came over him. From the quiet, patient, but arduous laborer over his daily tasks, he seemed transformed into a thunderbolt of war.'' During the three awful days of Chancellorsville ''the thunderbolt'' seemed omnipresent to the Confederate soldiers, oftenest in the hottest of the fight, always where he was most sorely needed.

On the afternoon of May 2nd, in making his way from one part of the field to another with his staff and couriers, they were mistaken for

Federal cavalry, and a volley of musketry was poured in upon them, wounding General Jackson mortally.

While lying in his tent, weak from pain and loss of blood, one arm gone and other wounds dressed, a messenger arrived in haste from General J. E. B. Stuart, relating that he was contending against fearful odds and wanted counsel from one in whom he had great faith. Even in the midst of all that mortal man could bear, General Jackson aroused himself sufficiently to ask, questions after question, but too weak to frame words to say all he felt, finally uttered, "I don't know. I can't tell." Then groping for thoughts or words, said "tell the general to act as he thinks best." The iron nerve that had never quivered in the shock of fifty engagements failed him now, yes, all because he was physically exhausted. In moments of lucidness he insisted upon receiving reports from hour to hour, and when the cannonading shook his bed he whispered "good, good." When hearing good reports of his own brigade he said, "my men will some day be proud to tell their children that they were in Stonewall Jackson's brigade." The brave leader he was he never failed to give his men honor for the success attained. He spoke of them as a noble body of men.

His wife and baby were called to be with him two days prior to his courageous passing. He received the news of his approaching dissolution with perfect calmness. He preferred the will of God to his own." He gave his wife, with the calmness of a hero, instructions as to his burial, smiled radiantly, murmuring, "little darling, sweet one" as the baby named for his sainted mother was lifted for him to give a farewell kiss.

"Jackson must recover," General Lee had exclaimed upon hearing of his condition. "God will not take him from us now that we need him so much. Say to him that he has lost his left arm, I my right." Men who had not blanched when brought forth face to face with death, bowed to the earth, weeping like women, as mortal weakness stole upon the right arm, of The Confederacy. Without the tent, the whole army was praying for him, "while incoherent sentences of command and articulate murmuring fell from his lips—fainter with each utterance. The watchers thought speech and consciousness gone forever, when the voice that had pealed like blast of Roland in charge and rally, sounded through the hushed chamber, sweet, distinct, and full of cheer, but in dreamy inflections:

"Let us cross over the river and rest under the shade of the trees!"

Forced march and midnight raid, mad rush of battle were over. Victorious Greatheart slept upon the field.

Knowledge is essential to success, as timber is necessary in building a house, but neither is at its best until well seasoned.—Exchange.

ROBERT E. LEE

(Selected)

Robert E. Lee was born on January 19, 1807, in Westmoreland county Va., the same county that gave to the world George Washington and James Monroe. Though he was fatherless at eleven, the father's blood in him inclined him to the profession of arms, and when eighteen—in 1825, on an appointment obtained for him by General Andrew Jackson, he entered the Military Academy at West Point. He was second in rank in a class of forty-six. He married the granddaughter of Mrs. George Washington. By this marriage he became in possession of the beautiful estate at Arlington, opposite Washington. In prime Lee was spoken of as the handsomest man in the army. A fine statue, perfectly built, healthy fond of out door life. If he had faults, which those nearest him doubted, they were excess of modesty and excess of tenderness.

In 1852 Lee was made Superintendent of West Point Military Academy. He was in the line of promotion in the military life of our country—but he was first and foremost a southerner and a Virginian. In the face of all overtures, not even with the hope of the offer of the presidency of his country, the call of the blood was strong, he resigned his commission and cast his lot with that of the fate of the southland. His letter to his son in 1860 is a brief of the character of the man, as an American General, whose one life should be emphasized as one worthy of emulation.

Lee's Letter To His Son.

"You must study to be frank with the world; frankness is the child of honesty and courage. Say just what you mean to do on every occasion, and take it for granted you mean to do right. If a friend asks a favor, you should grant it, if it is reasonable; if not tell him plainly why you can not; you will wrong him and wrong yourself by equivocation of any kind. Never do a wrong thing to make a friend or keep one; the man who requires to do so, is dearly purchased at a sacrifice. Deal kindly, but firmly with all your class, mates; you will find it the policy which wears best. Above all, do not appear to others what you are not. If you have any fault to find with any one, tell him, not others, of what you complain; there is no more dangerous experiment than that of undertaking to be one thing before a man's face and another behind his back. We should live, act and say nothing to the injury of anyone. It is not only best as a matter of principle, but it is the path to peace and honor.

"In regard to duty, let me, in conclusion of this hasty letter, inform you that, nearly a hundred years ago, there was a day of remarkable gloom and darkness—still known as the dark day—a day when the light of the sun was slowly extinguished, as if by an eclipse. The legislature of Connecticut was in session, as its members saw the unexpected and unaccountable darkness coming on, they

shared in the general awe and terror. It was supposed by many that the last day—the day of judgement—had come. Someone, in the consternation of the hour, moved an adjournment. Then there arouse an old Puritan legislator, Davenport, of Stamford, and said if the last day had come, he desired to be found at his place doing his duty, and therefore, moved that the candles be brought in, so that the House could proceed with its duty. There was quietness in that man's mind, the quietness of heavenly wisdom and inflexible willingness to obey present duty. Duty, then is the sublimest word in our language. Do your duty in all things like the old Puritan. You can not do more, you should never wish to do less. Never let me and your mother wear one gray hair for any lack of duty on your part.

THE BANKS ARE ALL DOWN ON EARTH

Here is a man who gets through his life down here on the earth and goes out into the other life.....Here he comes up to the gateway of the upper world. He is lugging along a farm or two, some town lots and houses, and a lot of beautifully engraved paper—bank stocks and railroad bonds and other bonds.

As he gets up to the gateway the gateman says: "What's all that stuff?"

"Stuff?" he will say in astonishment. "This is the most precious wealth of earth, sir! I have spent my whole life, the cream of my strength, in accumulating this."

"Oh, well," the reply will be, "I have no doubt that is so.....But that sort of thing does not pass current up in this land. That has to be exchanged at the banker's offices for the sort of coinage we use here."

The man looked a little relieved at this last remark. "Where are the bankers' offices?" he asked eagerly.

"They are all down on the earth," comes the quiet answer. "You must do your exchanging before you get as far up as this. That stuff is all dead loss now. You can't take it back to the bankers now, and it is of no value here. Just leave it over on that dump heap there just outside the gate and come in."

What we get and keep for the sake of having we lose, for we leave it

And the man comes in with a strangely stripped and bare feeling.

behind. What we give away freely for Jesus' sake, for men's sake, we find by and by we have kept, for we have sent it on ahead.—S. D. Gordon.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

(Selected)

Benjamin Franklin was born January 17, 1706. He was the fifteenth child of a tallow chandler in Boston, where he was born. His father first intended to educate him for the church, but finding the expense was likely to exceed his means, he took the boy home after he acquired little more than the elements of learning, to assist him in his own trade. He was afterwards apprenticed to his eldest brother who was a printer. He paid attention to his business and soon became quite proficient. He was studious, a great reader and was always anxious to become a good English writer. He was economical in his habits of living, but was never close when it came to purchasing good books—food for the mind appealed to him more than meat for the body.

He was ambitious to become a writer of merit, this he accomplished by strict application to study, and on every occasion endeavored to write something for publication. In 1732 Franklin began the publication of "Poor Richard's Almanac," which soon became recognized for its practical morality. His attention was also drawn to the attention of electricity—and with an experiment, a kite with a key attached to the tail—raised during a thunder storm proved a successful experiment. The first book on electrical science was written from Franklin's experiment. He held many public positions in the interest of his own country. Due to the system of taxation prior to the Revolution, Franklin was sent to England not as an agent, but as a representative of the States. As the quarrel with the colonies continued to grow, Franklin's words were always of peace, but he never failed to champion his country's cause with power and dignity. His industry, thrift, temperance and fidelity to duty won for him a place in his own country as well as in the foreign countries where he served with equity.

Benjamin Franklin's innate love of books and his life—long habits of reading, added to his unusual capacity for applying himself to his task, enabled him to achieve, through his own efforts, an eminence accorded to few men.

"From a child," he declared, "I was fond of reading and all the little money that came into my hands was ever laid out in books." His first collection of books was of John Bunyan's works in "separate little volumes," and from this tiny acorn grew, throughout the long years of his life, a collection of books which became known as "the largest and, by far, the best private library in America." Upon his final return to America from Europe he brought with him the amazing quantity of "eighteen large boxes of books," which straightway nesessitated the enlargement of his library room in the house in which he lived in Philadelphia. His library which was also his study was a "very large chamber and highly studded. The

walls were covered with book shelves filled with books; besides there were four large alcoves, extending two-thirds of the length of the Chamber, filled in the same manner.

He was fond of showing off his library and his ingenious inventions for handling the books and for comfort while studying. One of his visitors of the time leaves this record: "He showed us his long artifical arm and hand for taking down and putting books up on high shelves which are out of reach; and his great armed chair, with rockers and a large fan placed over it, with which he fans himself, keeps off flies, etc., while he sits reading, with only a small motion of his foot, and many other curiosities and inventions. all his own, but of lesser note. But what the doctor wished principally to show me was a huge volume on botany, and which, indeed, afforded me the greatest pleasure of anything in his library. It was a single volume, but so large that it was with great difficulty that the doctor was able to raise it from a low shelf and lift it on to the table. It contained the whole Linnaeus Systima Vegetabilia with large cuts of every plant and colored from nature."

On one occasion he gave to a friend some good counsel as to a helpful methor of reading which was, doubtless, the system he himself followed, and gives us an inkling of his process of self education: "I would advise you," he said, "to read with a pen in your hand, and enter in a little book short hints of what you find that is curious, or that may be useful; for this will be the best method of imprinting such particulars in your memory, where they will be ready, either for practice on some future occasion, if they are matters of utility, or at least to adorn and improve your concentration, if they are rather points of curiosity. And as many of the terms of science are such as you cannot have met within your common reading and may, therefore, be unacquainted with, I think it would be well for you to have a good dictionay at hand, to consult immediately when you meet with a word you do not comprehend the precise meaning of. This may at first seem troublesome and interrupting; but it is a trouble that will daily diminish, as you will daily find less and less occasion for your dictionary, as you become more acquainted with the terms; and in the meantime, you will read with more satisfaction, because with more understanding."

During his stay in France, a town in Massachusetts christened itself, "Franklin," in honor of the nation's great statesmen. A clergyman of the village who was a connection of Franklin's wrote to him and asked if he would not "as a sort of sponsorial present give the town a bell for its church, to be placed in a steeple they proposed to erect." Franklin on this occasion showed the value he placed on books, for in his reply he "advised the sparing themselves the expense of a steeple," and requested a friend to select for him and present to the town, books, to the value of twenty-five pounds in lieu of a bell. Apparent the substitute was satisfactory, for the minister preached a sermon on the

gift and when the sermon was printed, the dedicatory page ran: "To His Excellency, Benjamin Franklin, President of the State of Pennsylvania, the Ornament of Genius, the Patron of Science, and the Boast of Men, this Discourse is Inscribed, with the Gratest Deference, Humility and Gratitude, by his Obliged and most Humble Servant, the Author."

TOO BUSY?

"You say you are too busy this morning,
  In the maelstrom of family cares,
And husband must rush to the office,
  So there isn't a moment for prayers.

The children are sent to the school-room
  And the grind of the day then begins,
With no good word from God's Book to remember,
  Nor the echo of strengthening hymns.

What wonder the burdens are heavy,
  And the hours seem irksomely long;
What wonder that rash words are spoken,
  And that life seems discordant and wrong

Pause for a little each morning,
  And again at the close of the day
To talk with the Master who loves you—
  Remember, He taught us to pray."

—From Christian Workers Magazine.

OLD RED

By William A. Burnson

From the edge of the wood adjoining the Galt homestead a vague, shadowy form materialized, paused, a figure of intense alertness. Then, satisfied that no dangers would assail him, the red fox continued forward, treading daintily toward the shadowy farm buildings which showed clearly to his keen, bright-pupiled eyes.

Even for a red fox, which many claim is more beautiful than its regal cousin, the silver, "Old Red" was a striking figure. His face, more narrow than the run of vulpine visages, betrayed a shrewd interest in his surroundings. Tongue lolling, his fangs gleamed whitely in the moonlight; the deep buff fur on his jowls shimmered as it trembled to the breeze. The heavy golden-red guard hair on his back shone, too, in the moon rays, melting to a tawny cream shade on the flanks, becoming white beneath. This beauty of pelt was crowned by a graceful, plumelike brush which seemed a thing of the wind, so graceful was it carried. It, in turn, was made more beautiful by a five-inch conical tip of purest white.

There was something of the majestic in Old Red's bearing, something that spoke of courage, endurance, and resourcefulness. And well there might be, for Old Red had for ten years successfully dared the dangers of fang and claw and gun, wresting a precarious existance from what little the valley had to offer.

Now he had not fed full for the past forty-eight hours. A blizzard had swept the valley, covering it with drifted blankets of snow. Beneath this friendly covering field and wood mice were safe from Old Red. The swift traveling snowshoe hare made efforts to catch it look foolish; partridges were scarce and wary this winter.

So Old Red, driven to gaunt extremities of hunger, was stalking the Galt farmyard. His long life owed to careful stealth throughout the years, he was not one to advance upon this mission without caution. Nose quivering to read the faintest scent, black-tipped ears sharply erect, he went forward carefully, darting from cover to cover.

He glided furtively around the corner of the barn, paused, and probed the air inquiringly. Like a golden flash in the moonlight he streaked to the henhouse door. He eyed it curiously, and inserted one black-flecked paw into a tiny opening; the door opened. Old Red became more rigidly alert. He sampled the breeze again and peered about, then disappeared within. Raucous pandemonium broke loose at once.

A window in the house screeched protestingly open. An irate male voice sounded. A shot blared out into the night as Old Red fared forth. But Old Red was unharmed for he, a swift-slinking shadow, had melted wraithlike into the enveloping gloom.

And the fowl which meant salvation accompained him.

"That makes five of my prize chickens Old Red has stolen this winter," Mr. Galt stated the next morning, glaring at his son Fred. "But it's the last. That fox's pelt will stretch before the week is out."

Fred Galt remained silent a moment. He was a tall, dark young man whose lean face as yet showed no signs of work and worry that had been his in making the Galt homestead a fruitful producer. His eyes became a clouded blue as he heard the words. To him Old Red had become a basic part of the valley.

"Don't kill that fox, Dad," he asked. "After all, he has as much right to live as we, and he certainly has to fight harder for his living. Besides, it was my fault that he got this last chicken, because I left the door unlatched.

Mr. Galt's face did not soften as he considered.

"No, Fred," he said finally. "That fox is a menace to the community. Every winter he strikes, and where you least expect him."

"Farmers should be more careful of their chickens," Fred observed.

"Like you were of ours? No. The fox is a thief. He has stolen my chickens. His pelt will pay. That's my final word.'

"But" replied Fred hopefully, he's too smart to be caught."

"Lem Gibson's brother brought a foxhound when he came home last week; I'll use him."

Shortly thereafter Fred left the room, a feeling came upon him that he would be the cause, should any harm befall Old Red.

A spotted, lean and rangy, black-muzzled hound tugged impatiently at its leash the next borning. Mr. Galt emerged from the house, rifle in hand.

"Brute," he said. "By the looks of you, you were rightly named. But you're going to have to run today."

With the hound in leash, he started in a direction which he thought would soon lead to a fresh sign of Old Red. Fred, too, came out of the house, and plodded disconsolately toward the top of the ridge, where he had some fence work to do.

Old Red lay on the ridge toward which Fred was plodding. He could prime condition.

see the approaching person but, having scant fear for persons unarmed, and having great confidence in his own cunning and fleetness, paid Fred only casual attention. He remained in watchful ease on a hummock of snow, occasionally tilting his black muzzle to probe the crisp wind.

Suddenly he jerked erect. Forgotten was the approaching figure which he had so idly watched. Old Red was tensed, in his eyes a look of sheer surprise and apprehension. Faintly, from the valley floor below, a grim cry had sounded. A cry that brought back memories of men and rifles-death, to him. A restless panic seized him at this voice he had not heard for several winters-the mournful trailnote of a questing hound.

Then, as suddenly as the attitude of terror had come over him, it left. A new Old Red emerged from the mask of fear; audacious, confident, resourceful. In other years when

far less cunning, he had toyed with these lean, voracious dogs of destruction. Now he was well fed, but not gorged. In a straightaway race he could lead the hound a merry chase. The baying was yet distant and deliberate. That proved to the sagacious fox that the hound was on a cold trail.

But Old Red was not one to treat fate with contempt. In the space of moments he had left the place where the first mournful note had found him; with a sinuous flirt of his golden-red brush he had glided into the shelter of an alder copse and disappeared down the ridge.

Moving with swift and easeless grace, it would have seemed, were it not for the sharp turns of his head, that the fox was concerned but slightly with the evernearing trail-notes. But Old Red, with resourcefulness gained through passing years, was laying a trail which was to discommode the approaching hound. Down the ridge he swept like a golden phantom, choosing with swift precision those places which would leave scant scent of him, and which would make hard-going for the cumbersome gaited hound.

He glided over rocks and boulders in wherever they presented themselves, for on these the scent fades quickly. Patches of ice were swiftly traversed for the same reason. Old Red ran a tortuous course, wriggling at times through dense growths of underbrush to further inconvenience his rangy nemesis. Likewise the hunted fox seized every opportunity to mount fallen and partly fallen trees, climbing them, then leaping far to one side into a maze of brush, where his imprints could be found only with difficulity.

All in all, it was an ingenious puzzle which the fugitive fox was making. Fred Galt, on the ridge only that he might be alone, caught a glimpse of Old Red as the wily fox flashed between growths of matted underbrush. He knew, for he had followed Old Red's trail for pastime just how complicated and misleading that trail would be.

Old Red's tongue was lolling now, delicate pink, upturned at the tip. He lacked the endurance of other years. Now he prepared to perform a trail coup; a trick to throw the hound completely off the trail. This was immediately necessary, for the once mellow mournfulness of the baying hound had changed to a higher pitched, frantic note. The gaunt-flanked Brute was entering on the twisted trail.

So the fleeing fox looked well for his final trick as the increasing volume of sound told of unravelled puzzles in the snow. A stockproof, barbed wire fence, which merged into an old and weatherbeaten rail fence now caught Old Red's fancy. The fox paused and gazed at it, then trotted confidently alongside. He leaped with surefooted ease from rock to rock, from which the snow had melted. Then his light-furred pads were treading the top of the rail fence, a trail which no living hound could follow. Along this he ran for a full one hundred yards, at length leaping lightly to the other side, again bounding from rock to rock.

Then, his main work done, Old Red

circled back above and down wind from his tricky trail, taking a vantage place in the croth of a leaning, storm-broken elm, that he might better view the actions of the hound when that hound reached the rail fence.

He laid with ears cocked, muzzle cradled flatly between his outstretched paws, an expression of sardonic amusement, it seemed, upon his shrewd face. He listened to the sound that floated to him on the wind. He read accurately the notes of frustration in the yelps which sounded, the momentary exultation which the hound's voice betrayed when he had solved each minor puzzle. To Old Red the crashing in the brush was as a written page.

Ferocious, lean-flanked Brute was hard put this day. Never, in several years of trailing to the death, had he encountered quarry which left a trail so maddening. Now hot and reeking in the snow, the trail faded on hard surfaces, then ghost-like disappeared, to be found only after delay and canine mortification. Brute's black-splotched sides were heaving, more from emotion than from fatigue, for he was in prime condition.

Slowly, laboriously, the hound fathomed all the ruses in the snow. As he became more familiar with Old Red's technique his progress quickened. False trails claimed his attention only momentarily. When the trail vanished completely he no longer hesitated, yelping in futile perplexity. For Brute had at his command a counterfoil which rendered void the smaller animal's ingenius technique. When the trail disappeared the hound merely ran in ever-widening circles until he picked it up again. At no time was he permanently frustrated; the frantic notes which sounded were those of impatience only.

But when confronted with the problem at the fence, the heavy black folds of skin above his eyes drew together in bewilderment. Out in the open those tracks had disappeared as if the hunted fox had suddenly developed wings. Brute raced alongside the fence and, failing to find tracks, sat on his haunches and gave vent to a dismal howl.

Presently he was up and beginning his unvarying counterfoil. He swept about in a wide half-circle, at length leaping over the rail fence. A moment later the wild tongueing of the hound rang through the valley like a bell of doom, raising echoes through the wooded slope.

It brought Old Red sharply to his feet, true terror written upon his finely chiseled features now. The booming sound was close, too close; the race of freedom against death had reached a decisive stage.

Old Red left his aerial perch and descended swiftly to the ground. Gone was all sense of audacity and cocksuredness.. He was in the grip of terror, stark and real. Like a golden projectile of flame he darted down the ridge, intent for the moment only in placing space between himself and that hound of doom. His lithe, swift movements carried him back along the ridge, parallel with the trail he had just laid.

Reason soon overpowered terror.

It soon came to him that, hampered as he was by wet snow, with his fur and brush weighted and sodden, he must soon succumb to the distance-devouring strides of the hound. So again, with ingenuity born of despair, he began another deceptive and tricky trail.

He walked backward in his tracks, finally leaping far to the side, where his trail would be hidden. Then a speedy dash, a hurried digging through a grouse tunnel, and a twisting course through matted undergrowths. It was a hard trail and gruelling on Old Red. His tongue lolled far now; he stopped momentarily to gulp down heavy snow. And always that terror-striking voice seemed closer.

Cunning trickster, Old Red had met his match this day. His was a fine technique and varied, but one easily defeated. The black muzzled hound, his every tendon like finely tempered steel, gained steadily. Brute knew no difficulties now. When the trail vanished he circled at once and swiftly.

It was when the fox was sighted that the torturing race became one of sheer endurance. Old Red fairly flashed away in a desperate burst of speed as the booming thunder of triumph sounded behind. His leaps were long and true, but as pigmy steps to those of his pursuer.

Still the fox did not despair. His life had been fraught with narrow escapes. As the sounds behind him increased in volume he sought a thickly-wooded thicket. Safely in this his trail turned at right angles, continued for a brief space, and twisted sharply again. Old Red came again on his back trail and raced madly over it, seeking cover. But this desperate alternative failed him, for the hound was too close to be bilked by this clever resort. Tired, panting and weak, Old Red stretched aching muscles in one last spurt for life. Brute was close behind and gaining fast. It surely looked like the end.

The leading actors of this grim drama were so engrossed in the stress of the moment that neither realized they were acting before a human audience. But below, directly in the path of the coursing animals, Fred Galt was plodding homeward. At first he had paid scant attention to the leather-lunged baying, for he knew that the chase would lead for the most part through underbrush. Now he could see both fox and hound. It was obvious that the chase was to end near him, and in the open, for Old Red no longer strove to gain by twisting through the matted growths. Fred turned, tensely interested, yet sickened that he must be a spectator at the grim finish.

Old Red came limping through the open. He was more than tired now, exhausted in fact; he was heaving slightly. The old ripping grace had left him. Only an indomitable will and a powerful love of life drove him on. The tortured breath escaped his dripping tongue in quick gasps. His flanks rose and fell like overworked bellows. Eyes dilating, filming, he still drove forward in the losing race.

His pace slowed to an unsteady trot that soon dwindled to a walk. Presently within fifty yards of Fred

Galt, he came to a snarling halt. Death stalked him; to his vulpine senses both Fred and Brute were mortal enemies. But Brute was closing in now and Old Red, not knowing that a scant fifty yards more would bring him certain salvation, turned to face the triumphant hound.

Ordinarily a fox or wolf is craven in defeat. But in Old Red there was sterner stuff. He prepared, as befitted him, to die in a blaze of furious glory. Fangs bared, snarling, his golden hackles rising, he leaped at the ponderous hound. His long incisors fastened in the loose-furred skin on Brute's throat. And with incredible tenacity he clung to the hold, remaining fast even as the astounded hound bawled in a frenzy of active rage.

Old Red lost his hold as the hound jerked violently. Bits of skin and fur were in his mouth, mute evidence of the stubbornness of his grip. With a growl of pained fury, Brute leaped straight and true for the throat of the smaller animal.

Fred Galt had not been standing idle. His sympathies were all for Old Red. For those brief seconds which Old Red had clung to Brute's throat, he had been racing toward the one-sided fight. As the hound's long fangs sank deep in a lethal grip on Old Red's throat, Fred's weight crashed against the threshing bodies. His voice rose above the snarls of the animals; his mittened fingers clamped on the jaws of the hound.

Slowly, under the pressure, those jaws opened. Old Red wrenched free from the loosening hold, staggered, and trotted uncertainly away. A large streamer of skin hung flapping from his chest. Other than that and a great weariness, he was unhurt.

Fred felt both uplifted and depressed as he struggled to hold the now raging Brute. He had saved a life—one which his father had sworn to have.

He was watching Old Red disappear in a thicket of jack-pine when his father reached him. Mr. Galt, following the trail by sound rather than by tracks, had known that the chase had reached a crisis, and had been nearby. He noted the troubled look in Fred's eyes and mutely questioned Fred with his own.

"Dad,' Fred said, "I couldn't stand to see that fox get killed. I just saved him from the hound. I'll pay for all the chickens he took." He watched his father to see what effect the words would have on him. To his intense surprise Mr. Galt laughed.

"Son," Mr. Galt chuckled, "you did the right thing. I would have been terribly disappointed if you had done otherwise."

"But you meant to have that fox's pelt!"

"I did, but I changed my mind. I had plenty of opportunity to think while I followed the trail. And I came to the conclusion that Old Red was not a thief in the true sense of the word."

"Strange," Fred answered. "I figured he was a thief, all right, but not bad enough to punish."

"No, no. He only followed the main fox law of life—to find something to eat when hungry. Surely it is no crime for an animal with

practically no reasoning powers and no sense of ethics to eat what it can capture. I will say this for Old Red, he only takes farm fowls when he is desperate. It's been a hard winter for him with game so scarce and with snow so deep. He's a brave old fox and I'll never harm him."

"Dad!"

The tone of Fred's voice conveyed the feeling that rendered mere words unnecessary. Together, father and son, they walked down the ridge to home. A deeper bond had been cemented between them.

MUSIC LOVERS

(Charlotte News)

Jacques Gordon has had a hard struggle to preserve the proper decorum. For Jacques Gordon has been as bubbling over with a sense of humor as he has been with a sense of music.

For years he must have perceived the humor in concert evenings. For years, going out to bow when loud encores called him to play once more upon his $40,000 Stradiarius violin, his eyes have harbored a smile.

But he needed to laugh, to let forth unrestrainedly. And so, after appearing successfully before a bejewelled Boston audience, he went forth disguised. He appeared on the street as a bedraggled old street fiddler.

His fine violin tucked beneath his chin, he played and with every movement his amusement increased. For hundreds of connoisseurs,—so they were labelled by season's opera and concert tickets,—passed him by. They heard not the thrilling harmonies, the low-toned double-stops.

At the end of his experiment he had in his hat $1.27. It was donated not by those who had responded to his magic as a musician. It was donated by those whose hearts had heeded his appearance of poverty.

And so, Jacques Gordon has shown up perfectly the snobs. He could go back to his hotel room and laugh. He had definitely tested those he had long suspected, those he had seen in the concert halls, not because they loved music or knew what it was about or cared to know what it was about. He had tested those who had gone to his concerts because it was the thing to do. He had tested those who had applauded because their friends and enemies who had risen high in the social ranks, were applauding. He had gone behind the affable smile of those who have the beam of the born snob, the painted canary brightness of those who clap a good thing,—if an esteemed critic has told them it is good.

HOME SERVICE

By a member of Boyce Memorial Society.

Today, as never before, we need to turn our eyes on the homes of America and see if it is the home God planned for it to be.

What is an ideal home? First, is must be a Christian home; secondly, an American home where country stands next to God. It must not be a rich man's home, neither must it be a poverty stricken home, but a home of the middle class. A truly ideal home is one where there are children; not one, but several; mother, father and each child having its duty to perform.

There must be peace and contentment in this ideal home. Selfishness must never be allowed to enter it. The boys must help father and the girls help mother. Let their tasks be not too heavy, but daily occurances. Let there be working hours, play hours, and last, but not least, an hour for religious study and song. Let the father and mother be pals rather than task masters. Let them meet the children half way in all things. In this way they will gain the children's confidence. Let them take time in their busy lives to explain to their boys and girls their duty to God, their country, their home, their friends and neighbors, and to each other.

The ideal home will have a living room where all may come and feel truly at home; where there is music and games.

There must be a large yard connected with my ideal home, where the boys and girls can romp and play, and in that way be kept off the streets.

Each child must be taught the value of education and good reading. Each child must be taught cleanliness, both of mind and body.

Homes of today seem to be lacking in something. It is neither outside appearance nor interior decorations, for these things are far superior to the homes of our fathers and grandfathers. We have been progressing along these lines but let us look at the religious side of our home as a nation.

The family altars have been torn down, the Sabbath newspaper takes the place of Bible reading; the Sabbath is turned into a day of pleasure. God's house of worship is being neglected because Sabbath is a day of visiting. In fact, we are not progressing along this side of life as we are along the material side. When women drink and smoke as do men the walls of our homes are sure to fall as did the walls of Jericho in the days of Jericho.

Parents of today are spending too much time on things that do not count and leaving home making, the training of children and God in the background. Girls go out from the home nest unprepared for the duties that are faceing them. They may have some knowledge of books, but many can't cook, sew or nurse. Why aren't they accomplished along these lines? Just because we, mothers, allowed them to have a

good time and didn't teach them when we had the opportunity. Would we want our girls to marry men who had made no preparation for making a home? Then, mothers let's not send our girls out unprepared. It's unfair to the men they marry and often causes homes to be unhappy.

Parents, we must not be satisfied with developing the domestic, the intellectual and physical needs of the child only, when we know the spiritual to be more important and is what counts, for it is eternal. What the child is taught at mother's knee, in its early life, will go with it through life.

Mothers, we beg you, let's spend more time teaching our children the essential things, that should be every day. Oh! may we do our part to stop crimes, divorces and other troubles; they may have had their beginning at home.

Fathers and mothers can weave giving of the tenth into their little one's character, until it becomes a part of them. When taught from infancy, they know nothing else.

May we not think because we have to serve in the home and not in prominent places, that God does not see us and reward us. His eyes are in every place and some day, if we are faithful, we shall see Him face to face and hear Him say, "Well done thou good and faithful servant: thou hast been faithful over a few things I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.

WHO IS A FRIEND?

Who is a friend? I will tell you. He is a person with whom you dare to be yourself. Your soul can go naked with him. He seems to ask of you to put on nothing, only to be what you are. He does not want you to be better or worse. When you are with him you feel as a prisoner feels who has been declared innocent. You do not have to be on your guard. You can say what you think, so long as it is genuinely you. He unerstands those contradictions in your nature that lead others to misjudge you. With him you breathe freely. You can avow your little vanities and envies and hates and vicious sparks, your meanness and absurditics, and in opening them up to him they are lost, dissolved on the white ocean of loyalty. He understands. You do not have to be careful. You can abuse him, neglect him, tolerate him. Best of all, you can keep still with him. It makes no matter. He likes you. He is like fire that purges all you do. He is like water that cleanses all that you say. He is like wine that warms you to the bone. He understands you. You can weep with him, laugh with him, pray with him. Through and underneath it all he sees, knows and loves you. A friend, I repeat, is one with whom you dare to be yourself and whom you can trust.—Selected.

COURTESY

(Square and Compas

Courtesy is the oil that smoothes the friction in daily life. It is not a special virtue to be kept in moth balls and only brought forth upon special occasions for the benefit of some one whom we particularly desire to impress. Courtesy is essentially kindness and a practical application of the Golden Rule to our daily lives.

In a short editorial, the Masonic News(Illinois) gives us its ideas upon Courtesy:

Courtesy is a fine art—a virtue made up of all the little niceties of conduct in our relations with each other. Everyone appreciates it, whether he practices it or not. Who has not flushed with pleasure at a gracious act done naturally, sincerely and without effort? How quick we are to admire the person who does it.

"Are we letting this fine art of courtesy die out in our speed-mad, work-a-day life? Woman has always inspirtd courtesy in men, but now that she is working alongside of hiim every day in business as well as at home, the inspiration may be growing lax, and both neglect the finer things of life. Emerson may have foreseen some such possibility when he wrote that 'Life is not short but that there is always time for courtesy.'

"Courtesy has always been the hall mark of gentility. It prompts the cordial 'good morning,' the cheerful 'good night,' the interested query aboutone's health. The genteel person practices it at home, on the street and in the busy aisles of trade, where such a chance word may fall as a sunbeam on some discouraged heart.

"Courtesy cannot die out for we will always have some kindly souls who will keep it alive. If we have not courtesy, let us cultivate it. If we have it, let us practice it in all our human contacts.

"For manners are not idle, but the fruit
Of loyal nature and of noble minds."

The men who are making progress and are achieving something in life are responding to modern conditions and are adapting themselves to the practices of the day. When a person stops growing he stops getting out of life what he should or accomplishing what he might. Either one must step along and move briskly or he drops out of the procession entirely. The world cannot wait for the sluggard or the man who is continually looking at the ground and does not see the sky and the landscape about him. We need today men of vision and enthusiasm, who know what up-to-date demands are and then seek to command them with all the initiative and energy they can muster.—Selected.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Ernest Todd, of Alleghaney County, one of our old boys, paid us a brief visit one day last week.

—o—

Clarence Saults, who was paroled some time ago and is now employed on a farm near Rockingham called on us one day last week.

—o—

Mr. and Mrs. J. Hillery Hobby, members of our staff, went to Lenoir last Tuesday to attend the funeral of Mrs. Hobby's uncle, Dr. Dula.

—o—

Pedro Poteet, of the Rowan-Iredell cottage, was granted permission to spend a few days at his home in Morganton, on account of the serious illness of his sister.

—o—

Talmage Wade, of Lumberton, a former student here, visited the institution last Wednesday. He informed us that he was working every day and doing well.

—o—

Mrs. Virginia Smoot Haywood is now employed at the school, taking the place formerly held by Miss Vernie Goodman, who found it necessary to give up the work.

—o—

Clay Bates, formerly of Rockingham cottage, visited us last Sunday. He was accompanied by his wife. Clay informed us that he was working in a mill in Kannapolis and getting along very nicely.

—o—

Dr. D. G. Caldwell, Cabarrus County Physician and one of his assistants, came out to te school last Tuesday and took a blood specimen from fourteen boys. He also vaccinated three boys with the smallpox vaccine.

—o—

Miss Vernie Goodman, secretary to Superintendent Boger, who has been at the school for a number of years, has gone to her home in Mooresville, for a much-needed rest She will be missed by her many friends at the school.

—o—

Rev.. J. E. McSwain, pastor of Epworth M. E. Church, Concord, conducted the service in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon. The boys thoroughly enjoyed his interesting talk concerning some of the parables and miracles of Jesus.

—o—

Due to the inclement weather, our outside forces being unable to attend to their regular duties, it was decided to hold the motion picture show last Thursday afternoon, instead of in the evening as is the usual, custom. The title of the picture was "America," a very interesting story of the American Revolution, which was enjoyed by all.

—o—

Jack Page, a former member of our printing class, who is now a student at Rowland High School, together with several friends came to Charlotte last Friday night to hear Paderewski, the famous pianist. They came on up to the school where Jack renewed old friendships and acquaintances among the boys and officers. We were glad o hear that he is making splendid progress in his school

work.

—o—

On Tuesday night of Christmas week, Mrs. Ada Rogers, Gorman. Mrs. Leslie Correll and Mrs. Peggy Lobb of Concord, visited the school. After our boys had assembled in the auditorium, Mrs. Gorman in a few well-chosen words, introduced Mrs. Lobb, who delighted her audience with a group of songs, Mrs. Correll accompanying at the piano. Mrs. Lobb has a beautiful voice and is one of the best singers in this community, and we wish to take this opportunity to thank our good friends for providing this delightful entertainment. We understand Mrs. Lobb will soon go to New York city to take special voice training, and we predict for her a successful musical career.

THE FIRST LAUNDRY

Laundry service now used by more than 20 per cent of all the families in the United States, had its real origin in London during the terrible cholera plague of 1832.

The death list was enormous in all parts of the city and throughout the country in general but authorities soon noted that the mortality rate was greatest in the crowded and dirty slums of the metropolis—that filth was one of the greatest agents in the spread of the contagion. Accordingly, a community laundering establishment was opened at once as a method of fighting the rapidly spreading contagion by providing a sanitary method of washing clothes.

Similar establishments were soon opened in other large cities of England and so successful were they in bringing about the desired sanitation that in 1846 Parliament passed an act authorizing the expenditure of public funds in the establishment of other points throughout the country—the first recognition of laundry service as an indispensable agent of sanitation and public service.

Throughout almost a hundred years of service, the laundry has always been a public ally in the unending fight against contagious contagion.

—Exchange.

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XIX CONCORD, N. C., JANUARY 24, 1931. No. 4

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UNSELFISH BE

"God, let me a giver be, and not one
Who only takes and takes unceasingly
God, let me give, so that just not my own
But others' lives, as well, may richer be.
Let me give out whatever I may hold
Of what material things life may be heaping,
Let me give raiment, shelter, food or gold,
If these are, through Thy bounty, in my keeping.
But greater than such fleeting treasures, may
I give my faith and hope and cheerfulness,
Belief and dreams and job and laughter gay,
Some lonely soul to bless. —Selected.

—PUBLISHED BY—
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL
TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

PROGRESS IS RELATIVE

Three boys who wished to begin the study of the violin at the same time made arrangements with their teacher to have a lesson together every Saturday. In that way their instruction would cost less and they would have the pleasure of one another's company. At the end of two weeks since each boy had practiced faithfully, their standings were about equal. The third Saturday one of the boys was sorry that some other matters had kept him from practicing and in a confident manner tried to assure his teacher and the two other boys that he would make up that one lost week.

"Ah," said his teacher, "you say you will make up one lost week. Bear in mind the other boys have not stood still but have progressed one week. And what about your own standing? Is it what it was last Saturday, or has it fallen?"

The boy began to realize for the first time that standing still is impossible. It dawned upon him that he must measure his progress with life, and that life itself does not stand still. When a man goes ahead and another falls back the difference is twofold. —The Youth's Companion.

THE SUMMARIZED MESSAGE.

The message of Governor Gardner to the Legislature has been loudly acclaimed by the press, as well as pretty generally discussed favorably or unfavorably as to the plan of reformation to be worked out. As to the benefits of the program it is difficult to decide, but there is one thing sure—Governor Gardner displayed rare courage in expressing his convictions as to the necessary changes that to his mind seem imperative. To adjust matters is

worse than a game of chess, and it is going to take a wise move to make conditions better. There is no doubt that the small man is feeling the pinch and feeling it bad. Some one has summarized the message so clearly we give it space so that each recommendation may be studied with intelligent consideration:

1. Cut salaries of all State, county and city employes and officers 10 per cent for two years.
2. Increase the gasoline tax one cent to six cents a gallon.
3. State take over the full maintenance of the county road system.
4. Erect a modern, inexpensive prison at Cary farm.
5. Issue no additional bonds for permanent improvements for two years.
6. Repeal of the laws authorizing gasoline tax refunds.
7. Abolish the present highway commission organization by legislative districts and create a new commission of a chairman and four members from the State at large.
8. Make available the $400,000 authorized in 1927 for the purchase of additional prison farm lands.
9. Reduce taxes on property.
10. Through a consistent method require all counties to pay a tax on gasoline.
11. Create a central purchasing agency for the State.
12. Consolidate the boards of trustees of the University of North Carolina, N. C. C. W., and N. C. State.
13. Pass a short ballot bill applying to State officers created by statute
14. Reduce the 60-hour week to 55 with adequate penalties for its violation.
15. Prohibit night work in industry for women under 18.
16. Raise the educational requirement for children between 14 and 16 from completion of the fourth grade to completion of the sixth grade.
17. Submit to the voters at the next election the matter of calling a constitutional convention sometime in 1933.

"Commendations" which the Governor's message contained included:

1. Erection of district prison camps to care for the present county prisoners and chain gangs.
2. A close study of the Brookings report as it is the Governir's "deliberate judgment that the time is ripe for many of the recommended changes in our State government."
3. Immediate attention to adjustment of present inadequate protection f public money and improper counting by officials.
4. Serious consideration of the mandatory consolidation of some counties.
5. Devise some way to provide an eight months school term for all children of the State at less expense than present effort.
6. Review the workman's compensation act with the view of correct-

ing any inequalities that may exist.

7. Study of the Brookings report section on a reorganized department of labor.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

HAVE FAITH IN YOUR FELLOW MAN.

The editor of the Charlotte News gives expression to a thought, relative to the effect of business depression upon certain classes or individuals, (a sentiment more talked than felt by many) that should take lodgement in the minds of all sober thinking people. The idea given is that this general business depression acts as a catastrophe for some and serves as an opportunity for others. For instance, the communists:

> "They are trying to capitalize the present distress for their own ignoble ends and vicious purposes. Bad times for industry are good times for them. They get their audiences when things are breaking badly and their momentum when industry is fighting for its life.
>
> Then, again, you will find a type of business man who is guilty of the same silly attitude. He will use the present distress to ignore the demands of labor and make capital out of the misfortunes that befall the less fortunate in periods of stress and strain."

"Quite true," to quote a business man of long standing, "there are some who will abide their time to prosper at the expense of another's misfortune." Well, it is a known fact what proves meat for some is distress for others. Life is a game of "see-saw." The philosophy of it is an equal balance makes a delightful game, and an unequal balance stops the sport, and to start again there has to be an even distribution of matter. How is it to be done. Some one has to yield a point if we continue the game—it is a "give and take" proposition if conditions are harmonious and the affairs of the country run smoothly. More charity and faith in your fellow man will aid materially to relieve conditions during this financial depression.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

THE UPLIFT APPROVES.

One of the recommendations of Governor Gardner's message is "raise the educational requirements for children between 14 and 16 from completion of fourth grade to the completion of sixth."

We have always thought a grade requirement instead of an age require-

ment in school enforcement would have a much better effect and fine results would be realized. For instance, have the law read that a child has to finish the eighth grade before stopping school. If this were enforced, mothers would be more attentive about children attending school, and there would not be the necessity of having so many "truant officers" to check up on school attendance. There is a perfect waste of time in this dilly-dallying attendance of pupils while trying to kill time enforced by the law to attend school. A child's mentality in this grade requirement, some one will argue, has to be considered. The twelfth grade is the goal for graduatiin—does every child reach it.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

BOYS SHOULD KNOW.

We carry in this issue of the Uplift a very entertaining article taken from the Stanly News and Press, telling of birds and their habits. It is well worth the time to read it. People generally give but little attention to the birds that live in their midst, they know nothing of their value to the community and have absolutely no appreciation of the song birds. Having lived in an environment of trees, arbors and shrubbery, a perfect nesting place for birds of all kinds, there comes a loneliness when deprived of these beauties of nature and the presence of the birds that naturally were a part of the home life. This article will prove of great interest to the boys of the Jackson Training School, and we only wish that similar articles could be written for the benefit of our boys. To know the birds and their habits would have a fine effect —make any young fellow feel that the birds were not intended alone as targets for rifles and sling-shots. This thought should be emphasized at all times in schools for it has a tendency to make a boy less cruel.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

BUY ESSENTIALS FIRST.

The American people as a whole have one ambition—to be rich. Of course there are exceptions to all rules, but the average percentage of those who have other ambitions is quite small. This one desire seems to create a restlessness among the people, a constant changing of positions with the hope of

good luck, finding the "Aladdin lamp and ring" and perform therewith most credible deeds by their magic. If impossible to acquire wealth in a reasonable length of time, in which the desires and tastes can be satisfied, many put up a pretty good camouflage, living on credit or installment plan for an aeon of years, or as long as the game can be sucessfully played. This manner of living is all right if others are not made to suffer by this system of credit, but if all cash goes for the luxuries of life, radios, automobiles and every electric device possible, and nothing left for the fellow furnishing the real essentials, then this procedure works a hardship and causes a slump in business.

One of the finest habits in the world to assume is to buy the essentials and then if there is a sufficient amount left indulge as far as possible, but this thing of living at the expense of some one else retards any business and works a hardship that is now being felt all over the country. Let the New Year resolution be: buy the essentials, steer clear as far as possible from buying on installment plan, and stop talking "hard times."

RAMBLING AROUND

With Old Hurrygraph

"If I thought that a word of mine,
Perhaps unkind and untrue
Would leave its trace on a loved
one's face.
I'd never speak it—
Would you?"

Quite a lot of argument has been going on lately as to what becomes of the whole in the doughnut when you eat the doughnut. My guess is that when you have eaten the whole doughnut the hole went along with it.

A beautiful Durham girl went into a Durham drygoods store and accosted the dapper young clerk: "Let me see the prettiest thing in shirtwaists?" He replied, "Can't; she just went out to lunch."

Drug stores are now entering the meat business. The coming of packaged meats with its simplicity of handling is responsible. At least one drug store in Pittsburg has installed a meat counter and is now selling packaged meat. Guess the slogan will now be, "Meet me at the meat counter!"

Earthquakes, fires, revolutions and crime continue to pester the earth, but the greatest dangers are on the highways and streets. Death and desecrated injuries caused by automibiles continue to be equivalent to small wars. Is there no way of escape? Not so long as fools and alcoholics drive them.

"Elaborate mansions, "saith Cal Coolidge in his column, "often shelter bad people while good people live in poverty." How true, Calvin, how true! And, likewise, virtue starves while vice is fed: and truth forever on the scaffold, while wrong forever on the throne. Again, Calvin, no matter how humble, there is no place like home.

There are 18,000 galaxies (that is, groups of stars) already mapped in the universe, some of them with suns 100,00 times greater than ours, the scientists at Cleveland tell us. The firmament showeth His handiwork, says the Bible.

An esteemed North Carolinian tells me that we are hooverizing again, as we did in the days when the President was really autocrat of the breakfast table. But the present meatless days, it occurs to him, are helping us to cope with the depression. Since I am trying to cultivate a loving spirit towards our depressers, let me quote what has been wittten:

Better is a dinner of Herb's, where
love is,
Than a stalled ox and hatred therewith.

I heard a Durham man say the other day that he knew a piece of land so poor you couldn't raise an umbrella on it. That reminded me of what Mr. Robert Lassiter, the grand father of the Lassiter boys

of Oxford, once said a goor many years ago. He said he knew a farm so poor the killdees wouldn't fly over it. Some poor land, think you?

It seems to be pretty hard to please everybody these days. One of Durham's young matrons complains that her husband's folks, with whom she lives, are just lovely to her.

He is a wise man who acquires enough knowledge to sense the comparative importance of things and events. Sometimes the newspapers, trained in discrimination of news values, print columns of stuff under conspicuous headlines about sensations of one kind and another that are not to be compared in importance with a few kind words uttered at the breakfast table. A cordial morning greeting to a neighbor or an employe may be more important than a successful deal, where true values are known. First of all we are men and women. That is an important fact, but sometimes we fail to realize that the importance of the human race is largely influenced by our relations, one with another. A son, a daughter, a wife, may rank far above many seemingly more important things that press upon our attention day after day.

I see where one district highway official has instructed his motor cops that they must never under any circumstances use profane language to motorists. That makes me rejoice that I am not a motor cop. For when a driver jumps his car out of the endless parade wending its painful way along the streets, and highways, and forces cars on their own lawful sides of the road to hustle into the ditch to avoid a collision—gosh, if I were a motor cop I fear I'd address the mule driver in language that was both uncouth and almost rude. And if I caught a driver full of hootch driving right into the red light and endangering the life and limb of peaceable motorists who were crossing the street in the exercise of their lawful privilege—well, maybe I would say to the demon driver: "Oh, chocolate creamed, you shouldn't drive against the red light; indeed and indeed you should not, darling little sweetums." But I'm very much afraid I might not. The point I'm trying to make is that I should never be appointed a traffic cop. I couldn't stand the strain.

Farmer (showing American friend over the farm)—"How many sheep would you guess were in that flock?"

Visitor (considers a moment and ventures)—About five hundred."

Farmer—"Absolutely correct! How did you get it?"

Visitor—"Waal, I jest counted the legs and divided the number by four." —Exchange.

MRS. BOWER DISCUSSES BIRDS

Stanly News and Press

The following is a paper on the birds and their habits which was prepared by Mrs. F. A. Brower and read before the McNeil Literary club at a recent meeting:

Is there any sign of spring quite so welcome as the glint of a bluebird, or to hear its softly whistled song, or to look out early in the morning and see a flock of robins on your lawn.

The bluebird and robin belong to the same family and while different in appearence carry the family resemblance. The bluebird is about seven inches long. The male is very pretty. His upper parts, wing and tail, bright blue throat, breast and sides cinnamon, underneath and sides cinnamon, underneath white. The female is duller with a paler breast. As might be expected of creatures so heavenly in color, the disposition of the bluebird is particularly angelic.

Bluebirds like to nest in boxes and if you provide some of these you will have the pleasure of watching them raise their families From 3 to 6 pale blue eggs are laid and soon the young birds appear. At first they are a greyish color and hard to see when they leave the nest, but gradually they take on the blue coat of their parents.

The robin, a cousin of the bluebird, is much larger, about 10 inches long, and has a bright rusty red breast. He has a very strong, aggressive personality and enjoys being near people. He has a varied repertoire and unless you know him well, you will not recognize all his calls and songs.

Robins are very fond of water and generally build their nests near a drinking place. The nest is built of coarse grasses, leaves, and mud. They line it with fine grasses and saddle it to the limb of a tree. The four or five eggs are bluish green. Two or three broods are raised each summer and the mother and father birds are kept busy all day long feeding their ravenous offspring. Too much stress is laid on the mischief done by the robins to our fruit trees and strawberry patches, and too little upon the quantity of worms and insects they devour. After experimenting it has been found that a robin consumes 68 earth worms daily.

The thrush, about two inches shorter than the robin, belongs to the same general family as the bluebird and robin. It is reddish brown above, brightest on the head, below white heavily spotted with black. The thrush is one of our best songsters, his tones being very rich and flute like. As you wander in your garden at sunset you hear the wood thrush at his best. The bird is an aristocrat and tells you so by his elegant and graceful gestures. He builds a nest very much like a robin and the three or four eggs are a bluish green.

Some of our best sinigers belong to the same family. The house-wren, Carolina wren, brown thrash-

er, catbird, and mocking bird are all cousins. The house wren, one of our smallest birds, is a cinnamon brown above with tail and wings barred. Below a dull grayish barred on the flankes with brown.

These birds are very sociable and confiding and seem to prefer men's society. Their song is rich and sweet and seems to bubble up faster than they can sing it. After the wren's happy discovery of a place to live in, his song will go off in a series of musical explosions all day long. Now from the roof, now the clothesline, the fence, the garage, or treetop. There was never a more tireless spirited, or brilliant singer.

Year after year wrens return to the same nesting place—a box set up against the house or a niche under the eaves — but once home, always home to them. They prefer a box to anything else but have been known to build in tin cans, coat pockets, old shoes, hats and various other things.

The male begins to carry twigs into the house before he finds a mate. When he does discover a mate, how he does sing! Dashing off for more twigs, but stopping to sing to her every other minute. She is a very neat little housewife and will not tolerate dirt or vermin in her home. After a week the nest is complete and four or five tiny speckled eggs are laid. When the baby wrens appear both Mr. and Mrs. Wren are kept very busy supplying the insects they live on entirely.

The Carolina wren is larger than the house wren and more of a chestnut brown. You can distinguish him by the white streak over his eye. He stays with us all winter and sings his cheery song no matter how cold or disagreeable the day. His habits are very much like his smaller cousin, for he will build in a bird house, a brush pile, hanging basket, porch box or anywhere he can find a suitable place. In this climate the Carolina wren rise four or five broods every summer. He doesn't sing as much during the nesting period as his smaller cousin, the house wren.

The brown thrasher is a large bird about 11or 12 inches long. He is a rusty red-brown above, underneath white heavily streaked with dark brown. People who are not very well acquainted with birds usually mistake the thrasher for a thrush as their general appearence is much the same. The brown thrasher, however, is considerably larger than the thrush and his habits are entirely different. He is a bird of charming manners, and while no bird could have more style about him, the character of the thrasher is as fine as his appearence. choice bits from many songs saying by his manners as plainly as a bird can, "I can sing like this and this, and this," till he has given you a sample of a dozen or more songs. In some parts of the country he is known as the brown mocker, for his song is somewhat like the mocking bird.

The nest made by the thrasher is rather rough and loosely constructed. If you want to help him in his building program just throw out some strips of cloth and paper and in a few days you will see that he has woven them in with the twigs in his nest. The four or five eggs are bluish white with many fine dots of reddish brown

over the entire surface. When the young birds are hatched both parents bring the food which they press far down into the throats of the young birds. The brown thrasher is one of the most useful and disirable birds that we have.

The catbird which is known to us all is very common throughout the United States. His color is dark gray with a black cap. He is slim, elegant and dainty as he runs over our lawns or hunts among the shrubbery. He is among the first to discover the bathing dish or drinking pan that you have set in your garden and he doesn't fail to use it. He bathes many times a day and spends much time in getting every feather in place after each bath. One minute he delights you with the sweetest of songs and next he is uttering his disagreeable cat-call that has given him his name. Many people ignorantly abuse the catbird because he has the good taste to like stwawberries and cherries. If he kills insects for us every waking hour from April to October is he not entitled to a little fruit in May? A good way to protect our strawberry patches and cherry trees from the birds is to plant fruit they like much better—the red mulberry.

The catbird likes to hide its nest in a tangle of vines or a hedge. It is made of twigs, roots and grasses. The four eggs are a plain bluish green. If the nest is disturbed while the family is being raised all the catbirds in the comunity will join in the outcry of mews and catcalls. Should disaster happen to the parent,s the orphans will receive food and care from some devoted foster mother until they are able to fly.

The mocking bird is the great vocalist of the South and by many is considered the most versatile singer in America. He loves to sing and often on a moonlight night sings to his mate such wonderful music, as only the European nightingale can rival. He is slim, neat and very graceful and never still long at a time.

This charming bird is a sad tease. There is no sound whether made by bird or by beast about him that he cannot imitate so clearly as to deceive everyone but himself. He has intelligence enough, and mischief enough, to appreciate this talent. Not only does he imitate but he invents all manner of quips and trills.

He likes to build his nest in a vine or hedge. A grape vine has special attraction for him. The nest in rather rough and loosely put together. The four or five eggs are a bluish green with blothes of reddish brown.

The sparrow tribe and its kin embraces a large number of birds. The most common of this family found in our gardens are the different kinds of sparrows, the cardinal and goldfinch.

Like the poor, sparrows are always with us or at least the English sparrow is. The song sparrows, too, are very plentiful in our gardens. You can distinguish him by his heavily spotted breast and his sweet song which he pours out every hour of the day. He likes to sing and generally chooses a conspicuous spot to deliver his outburst of song. He builds his nest on the ground or in the low

brushes and very often his home is broken up by prowling cats.

The little chipping sparrow, too, is common in our gardens. He is smaller than the song sparrow and is recognized by his reddish crown, and black line through the eye. He is a very useful bird in that he eats large quantities of insects. He is not timid and will nest near our homes if let alone by the English sparrow. His song or call is a rapidly chanted "Chip, chip, chip."

I was surprised to find that the cardinal is a cousin to the sparrow but such is the case. He is about nine inches long and perhaps is the most beautiful bird we have.

The cardinal is a notable bird and any locality he chooses for his residence must be considered highly favored. His bright colors, trim form, erect crest, his clear whistling call and his fine song are all to his credit. If you haven't a cat he will mae his home in your garden. Provide him with food and water in winter and you make him your friend indeed. His nest is rather a frail structure made of grasses and the eggs are a greenish blue with reddish brown spots.

The gold finch is one of our best known birds. It is easily distinguished by its rich yellow plumage and black crown and tail. Have you a garden gay with marigolds, sunflowers, zennias and gallardias? If so every gold finch in your neighborhood knows it and hastens there to feed on the seeds of these plants. Clinging to the swaying stems they themselves look so like yellow flowers that you do not suspect how many are feasting in your garden until they are startled into flight. Then away they go and you can always tell a gold finch by its wavy course through the air. The goldfinch has a pretty call note and its full song is well worth listening to. It is much like the canary, in fact, so much like it that the bird is often called the wild canary. The goldfinch nests very late, usually not until July. It builds a compact, cozy, cup-like structure of fine grasses, and places it in the crotch of a brush or tree. They are very sociable and breed in communities as well as travel in flocks.

The ruby throated humming bird needs no description as it is the only humming bird we have in the Eastern states. You may know a male by the brilliant metallic-red feathers on his throat.

This dainty little bird can be seen most any day in the summer among our flowers. The canna, nasturtium, phlox, petunia and a host of others delight his eye and his palate so that it is well worth while to plant his favorites in our gardens, if only for the joy of seeing him about. He is wonderfully neighborly, coming to the flower beds or porch boxes for small insects and nectar and the presence of the family doesn't daunt him a bit.

As dainty as the bird is the tiny nest which holds the two eggs no larger than peas. The nest is made by the mother with no help from her mate, and when completed is no larger than a thimble inside.

The infant humming birds are the most helpless little creatures you ever saw, being too weak to leave the nest till they are three weeks old. They are fed small insects which

are partly digested by the mother bird before she gives them to her babies.

This tiny bird goes on a long journey every winter. He takes himself to Central America, some going as far south as Brazil. It is hard to imagine a bird so tiny and frail, making this journey of 4,000 miles or more. But such is the case and next summer when he appears in your garden, remember that he has come all this long distance to enjoy himself among your flowers.

"Do you ever think what wondrous beings these?
Do you ever think who made them and who taught
The dialect they speak where melodies
Alone are the interpreters of thought?
Whose household words are songs in many keys
Sweeter than instruments of man e'er caught!
Whose habitations in the treetops even
Are halfway houses on the road to heaven.
Think, every morning when the sun peeps through
The thin, leaf-latticed windows of the grove,
How jubilant the happy birds renew
Their old ,melodious madrigals of love.
And when you think of this, remember too,
'Tis always morning somewhere and above,
The awakening continues from shore to shore,
Somewhere the notes echo evermore.

WORK

Where to find employment seems to be the question of the day. Everybody is looking for the answer. And yet, the ordinary citizen going about his daily business any number of things may be observed that fairly cry for the output of human energy, work, time and money, and in which machines would be useless, but man power is needed.

There are streets that need paving or repairing, buildings in dis-repair, public works, unsightly conditions that should be cleaned up, farm work neglected, household and garden chores left undone, walls that fairly shriek for coats of paint and a thousand and one other jobs waiting to employ man.

But why go on? Why recite the vacant lots grown into weeds and the reposing place for for cans and broken milk bottles; porches hanging at an angle; roofs that leak; faulty wiring that causes fire; gates that sag and won't close and fences that won't fence, and walks that are unfit to walk upon. Here's work for the idle for weeks to come.

The excuse for these evidences of neglect is the lack of funds, or a hoarding of reserves. It's a flimsy excuse. Where there's a will there's

SOCIAL CHANGE IN A MODERN WORLD

Commencement Address, Randolph-Macon Woman's College, Lynchburg, Va., June 3, 1930, by Professor William F. Ogburn, Ph.D., University of Chicago.

The outstanding characteristic of modern times is the amount and rapidity of social changes. Never before in the history of the world has there been so much change. The radio broadcasting has been a development of the past ten years. So also has been the auto-bus service. The good roads have come within the past twenty years. The electric refrigerators are a product of the past five years. The talking picture is only two years old. Moving pictures have developed within twenty years. The great growth of chain stores has taken place within the past ten years. The replacement of the horse on the farms by the tractor has occurred in the West since the war. Telephone service across the Atlantic is a result of the past three years. Transportation by air is post-war growth. There were no investment trusts in the United States before the war. The era of great mergers in businesses and banks has been within the last decade. The use of color in decoration and clothing has been greatest in the past ten years. Society hitherto has been largely a relatively stationery society. Change was so slow, for instance, in Biblical times, that no one ever thought of living as changing at all. It was only in the eighteenth century that people began to write about changes.

These changes have not been all in the realm of mechanical invention and other widespread adoption. There are many changes in social organization and in our social habits. For instance, the family is undergoing profound changes, the birth rate is falling, and the decline has been rather precipitous since the war, so that families are much smaller now than they were a generation ago or even five years ago. Since 1900 the number of restaurants has increased four times as fast as the number of families. The number of house servants has declined, while the number of waiters in hotels and restaurants and the number of bakeries has increased. Our religious life is changing. Churches are discussing consolidation. There are fewer doctrinal sermons. The Churches are taking an active part in the social life of our cities. The emphasis is more on the ethical conduct of social groups. Puritanism is on the decline. In our economic life, the standard of living is being raised, having increased about twenty per cent since the war. And our economic organization is becoming much more efficient; the conditions of labor better. The daily hours worked in our factories and mines have declined fifteen per cent since 1890. So also our schools are changing. There is much less emphasis on decipline than there used to be, while there is more interest our cities. The emphasis is more on in interest. Classrooms are now much more pleasant and agreeable to the student than they used to be. The

curriculum is undergoing change slowly, in the direction of increasing the studies that are of greater practical utility. Particularly is the position of women changing in society. The loom and spindle have long since deserted the home. The laundry tub and the sewing machine have made an exit in many homes, while the broom and stove are used fewer hours. The hours of labor of women in the home are declining, especially in the homes where there are no children or where the children have grown up. One out of every four women who work is a married woman, and one out of every eleven married women now work outside of the home.

One feature of these changes is the uncertainty. Certainly many of these changes are for the better, but for most of us with property, position, social standing or vested interests, they bring fear and uncertainty.

How uncertain is the view which parents cast toward the future in regard to their children. What occupation will they follow? Where will they live? If property is left them, how long will they hold onto it in this age of competition and stock market crashes? How will our young people fare in the occupations they choose to follow? Nothing seems to be certain but uncertainty. The rapidity of change is well illustrated by the misunderstanding between persons and parents. So great is the change in one generation that mothers can hardly understand their daughters, and daughters seem strangely non-cognizant of their parents point of view.

We now want to ask; are we merely living in an age of transition from one stationary society to another? May we look forward to a future of quiet with little change? Or are we to have a future of continuous change? What will the next thirty or forty years, which will be the major portion of the lives of you young ladies, Are you to face more social change? Are you to face more social shange?

To answer these questions we must first ask what are the causes of these social changes? I think the answer is fairly certain. The causes of the social changes of today are largely the mechanical inventions and scientific studies. I am just now engaged as the director of research into recent social changes for President Hoover's Committee on Social Trends, and it has become my duty not only to make a survey of the changes taking place in the United States, but also to inquire into their causes and their future. I have become impressed with the idea that our changes are due to mechanical inventions and discoveries in science. For instance, discoveries in biology affect the forms of our religious beliefs. I have listed one thousand social effects of the automobile. Among the more noticeable have been the growth of suburbs, the consolidation of schools, the extension of the area of marketing of the farms, the decline of the village, etc. The ramification of the social effects of inventions is far and wide. For instance, the canning factories are said to be the real cause of woman suffrage; the growth of refrigeration is correlated with the decline in the sale of spices; modern plumbing and sani

tation are correlated in Europe with the fashion of beardless men. We have listed similarly some five hundred social effects of the radio. It is thus not difficult to see that the inventions and discoveries have many thousands of social effects.

The question then becomes, what is happening to invention and discovery? Are they increasing or decreasing? There is no doubt but that they are increasing very rapidly. There are about fifty thousand patents a year now, whereas three-quarters of a century ago there were only about two or three thousands. When this curve of patents is analyzed it is seen to be similar to an expotential curve, and there is every reason to suppose that they will continue in the future to increase, which in turn means more and more social changes. I have shown elsewhere that inventions are inevitable. Two inventors made the telephone independently, five the typewriter, four the sewing machine, and a very large number the reaper. So that, if one man had not invented it, another would have done so.

So it appears that, no matter how much we may dislike change, we cannot stop it. It would be like trying to sweep back the tides with a broom. But not all of us want to stop them. There are a number of probable changes in the future that ought to bring more and more well-being, albeit uncertainty. The possibilities for education and recreation in our home life are enormous. A newspaper the other day in New York was sent as a photograph by wireless to San Francisco, where in a few seconds' time it could be for sale there. This may mean better news at less cost and at more rapid diffusion. The automatic cotton picker is growing in rapid use in Texas, displacing farm labor and making a temporary unemployment, but no doubt a great gain for civilization. The talking motion picture may be adopted by our colleges, rendering perhaps some technological unemployment in our faculties, but perhaps providing better lectures than are available now. The farm is becoming more like the factory, especially in the use of giant machinery. The farm is expected to use the by-products of the fruit of the soil. We all know of the wonderful by-products that come from the use of coal in making steel; not the least marvelous are the wonderful array of colors and the great variety of medicines. So the corn stalk and wheat straw are used for making paper, boards, and insulators. The paper is being laid between rows to hold moisture and to prevent the growth of weeds. Only the beginnings are seen of the distribution of that wonderful thing called power by wires. It is obtained merely by turning a switch. Already it has meant the taking of much manufacturing out of the large cities and the placing of it in small places. And what wonderful possibilities if power could be transmitted cheaply by wireless! All these changes have immense possibilities for future human welfare and human happiness.

And since we cannot prevent them, our attitude should be that of welcoming them. There is practically no possibility of our not being sufficiently conservative, if we define conservatives as those who oppose change.

The danger is rather that we shall not welcome change rapidly enough. The pathway of life is literally strewn with the wrecks of those who have been left behind by the march of progress. Such are the vast majority of those who fail. Some one has recently suggested that we declare a moratorium on inventions and discoveries for fifty years until humanity could catch up. This would really be a sensible idea, to have no more inventions for fifty years, if it could be enforced. But it is impossible to carry out the idea. So we must continue our race to catch up with the pace set by inventors and discoverers. This I take to be the chief problem facing the young graduate today. To the extent that you keep yourselves in fit condition to adapt yourself in the quickest and best possible way to the new conditions, to that extent are you well educated. An educational legacy of this sort is the best legacy your parents can leave you. It is a better insurance than property. The possession of property for the future to any one individual is most uncertain. But an education that makes you quick o adjust yourself well to the new will be a very durable legacy, for life is a matter of adjustment.

WHICH ROAD?

"The easy roads are crowded,
  And the level roads are jammed;
The pleasant little rivers
  With the drifting folks are crammed,
But off yonder where it's rocky,
  Where you get a better view,
You will find the ranks are thinning
  And the travelers are few,
Where the going's smooth and pleasant
  You will always find the throng,
For the many, more's the pity,
  Seem to like to drift along,
But the steps that call for courage,
  And the task that's hard to do,
In the end results in glory
  For the never-wavering few."

—Author Unknown.

YEAR AT DUKE UNIVERSITY FULL OF IMPORTANT EVENTS

By A. A. Wilkinson

Duke university's history will record many outstanding events in 1930, for the past 12-months period was one of many new beginnings and important accomplishments in the life of the institution.

Taking first place among the events of the year at Duke was the occupancy of the magnificent new plant of 31 stone buildings comprising a vast Gothic unit situated on a woodland campus of 5,100 acres. Removal to the new campus marked the near close of a five-year building program which still continues with the erection of the handsome new chapel.

The university quickly adjusted itself to its new surroundings and all phases of its work not only continued without a break but gained impetus, giving reasons for the belief that 1931 will bring even greater academic progress and broader service.

A review of events at Duke during the past year finds interesting happenings in many fields of activity, many of them of significance and far-reaching importance.

One of the outstanding gifts to the institution during the year was allowed by the General Education Board of New York in authorizing a grant of $300,000 to the school of medicine to run through a five-year period. This gift will help greatly in financing the school during the period of its first years of organization and operation.

The new university department of public relations commenced its work under the direction of Henry R. Dwire, of Winston-Salem, and accomplished much in several lines of endeavor during the year.

Appointment of Justin Miller, dean of the school of law at University of Southern California, as dean of the Duke law school, was the first of a series of notable law faculty additions and the general expansion of the school. Duke was admitted into membership of the American Association of Law Schools recently.

Two valuable European paintings, by Jacob Maris and Emile Jacque, were given the university by C. C. Dula, of New York. These paintings were placed in the lobby in the east campus library.

The Duke basketball team set the place in athletics for the year winning the first of three major sports state titles by Duke teams. In the spring the baseball team won the Big Five state title, and last season the football team followed with like honors on the gridiron.

Announcement was made of Wallace Wade's coming to Duke for five years beginning 1931 as director of athletics. Coach Wade in eight years at Alabama has sent three teams to the Rose Bowl.

Work was started in the late spring on the new university chapel, to be the domination structure of the new unit. This chapel will cost $2,000,000

and require 18 months for completion. It will be 280 feet long, 120 feet wide, and 210 feet high at the tower. Cornerstone for the edifice was laid on October 22nd.

The Duke hospital opening on July 21 was preceded by visit of 20,000 persons in one day to inspect the huge plant. The 408-bed institution is the largest general hospital in this section of the country.

Secretary Ray Lyman Wilbur, of Washington; Dr. Robert Russell Wicks, of Princeton; and Dr. Homer J. Councilor, of Washington, were the 1930 commencement speakers. Honorary degrees were awarded to Bishop Edwin D. Mouzon, Secretary Wilbur, and David Robert Coker. Degrees were confirmed upon 336 graduates, the largest class in the university's annals.

George G. Allen and William R. Perkins, trustee of the Duke Endowment, and associates of the late James B. Duke, made the gift of a $70,000 carillon to be placed in the tower of the new Duke chapel.

Report of the Duke librarian revealed marked progress during the past year. The book budget reached $155,000 and 41,495 volumes were added during the period. Divided into five divisions—the medical library, the woman's college library, the general library, the law library, and the school of religion library—the libraries at Duke gave students and faculty greatly increased facilities.

Opening of the woman's college giving it use of the fine plant on the east campus, marked the first operation of the State's newest woman's college.

With more than 70 students enrolled, selected from among 3,000 applicants, the medical school began its first quarter of work on October 1st.

Work of the Duke press extended the number of volumes published to almost 50, comprising a varied list of scholarly and literary works.

James A. Thomas, of New York, friend of the late James B. Duke, headed the Duke Memorial chapel project, for erecting a special small chapel in the large university chapel, to be dedicated to the memory of Washington Duke and his sons.

A long list of notable faculty additions was announced by President Few, bringing many outstanding scholars to the various schools and departments of the university.

Twenty-three states and several foreign countries were represented in the student body of the Duke summer school.

Dr. C. F. Korstian was chosen director of the Duke Forest and extension developement as plans were begun on the university's large woodland campus.

Names of the new Duke buildings were assigned. The names includeed those of Carven, Kilgo, Crowell, Alspaugh, Carr, Gray, York, Page, Giles, Pegram, Bassett and Brown, all of them associated with the university history and traditions.

Alumni meetings were held in 36 cities on December 11, in observance of Duke university day.

Dr. B. Weinberg, of Paris. Dr. Robert A. Millikan, of California, and other disinguished scientists and scholars visited the university during the year, and were heard in special lectures.

A law school loan fund was established by the initial gift by Dean Justin Miller.

Other activities and events, too numerous to be listed, were recorded during the year, which in many ways was the fullest and most satisfactory Duke has known. Both students and faculty were exceptionally active during the year and achieved much in their various fields of study, teaching, writing, and research.

FOUND REAL TREASURES

There was a bank failure in our town last week, in a location we had to pass a few hours after the notice was posted on the closed doors. Two women were leaving the building, evidently depositors. One said, "Well, that's that." The other replied, "At least we have our health." At the moment it was not very consoling, but as one thinks it over, one realizes that the temporary disaster had uncovered the real treasure of these losers. Strength of body and mind is one of those personal possessions that is not subject to commercial bankruptcy.

It is not necessary to see only punishments in the troubles which human beings encounter in the course of a lifetime. Of course they are the painful results of broken or disregarded laws, and they bear witness to an essential distinction between rights and wrongs, between truths and errors. But not infrequently they occasion a re-appraisal of one's real worth and of the things worth having that makes them "blessings in disguise." The two women who were shocked into the discovery that it was money and not health that had been deposited at their bank, might very well come to recall the experience with a mild form of gratitude.

We do not mention the incident in order to find virtue in bank failures What we have in mind is the New Year attitude toward the future. What folks need when they look forward is a fairly definite consciousness of the realities at their command. Of these, some of the most important are not marketable commodities, but strictly personal possessions. Good health, for example, can be attained and preserved, but not traded. The attributes of character, despite all one reads about circumstances and environment, are in the main individual assets and therefore highly dependable. More than anything else, the love of God poured out in abundance to inspire, sustain and guide such as are willing receivers ofdivine grace is an inalienable possession.—Selected.

PERSONALITY POINTERS

By John H. Jollief

Now that practial educators have definitely concluded the development of personality traits to be a fact, why should Sunday school superintendents and teachers not capitalize upon this knowledge and make the most of it in administering the school and in teaching the young people?

Too often young people proceed upon a false assumption—namely, that the Sunday school concerns itself only with dead characters whose lives in ancient times bear little or no relation to living virile youth today.

They attempt to justify themselves by pointing out the weaknesses of a system which fails to take into account the needs of modern times while at the same time stressing the virtues and conveniently overlooking most of the vices of men who have been gone from this earth so many years that their names should practically be forgotten.

Such a viewpoint is both unfortunate and not tenable. It strikes at fundamentals laid down at a time when foundations had to be built. It fails to consider that time cannot affect basic principles except possibly to strengthen them. In the words of the poet, "men may come and men may go," but principles and truths which are fundamental live on and on. If we are to judge the present and anticipate coming events we must do so in the light of what men have accomplished, not only yesterday, but in centuries far back in the dawn of history.

One of the reasons for this attitude generally manifested by most young people is the practice or policy which has developed in modern educational systems of gradually eliminating from ancient history courses much of the material found there and presenting instead a broad world view with emphasis more particularly on modern history and currant happenings. The World War gave considerable impetus to this movement. Today sophomore high school students pursure a course in world history which has its beginning in prehistoric times and continues down to the disarmament conference of 1921, a span of more than thirty centuries. A very brief account is given of the anciet Orient, where history records the Hebrew people. The junior year is given over to United States history, covering a comparatively brief period of only four and a half centuries, while the senior year is devoted to civics and economics. Inasmuch as most of the characters of Sunday school courses are included in the content of the sophomore year, it is readily conceivable how young people might find difficulty in determining suitable use of such characters in modern life. It is at this point that helpful teachers may prove their worth and leadership by suggesting timely application of certain personality traits in a way that would be understandable as well as usable.

Human nature has not changed since the days of such Old Testament personages as Abraham, Moses,

David, Joseph, Ruth, and Esther. The traits which made for pleasing personalities then are still applicable to-day Altruism, courage, dignity, generosity, idealism, loyalty, leadership, reverence, self-control, as well as many others, were developed in a setting only slightly different from that of to-day. That time has dimmed somewhat the original setting is no legitimate reason for discounting the worth of the values derived therefrom. The fact that the Old Testament has lived through the centuries and is exerting its influence to-day in competition with a veritable world of books is conclusive proof, it would seem, that worth yet exists in those characters who lived a while, loved, tasted defeat and success, then passed on.

What have young people to learn from the patriarch Abraham? As a result of study based upon his active life, what personality traits does his life offer which are readily applicable to the average young men or young women in this twentieth century? First, let us group about his name a few phrases which suggest his nature and which may be used briefly as a basis for mention of traits. Let us name princely nature; shepherd of the people; won victories of character; held fast to faith in times of sorrow and perplexity; lived close to God; repented after sinning and came back to God; and sacrifical spirit.

Without offering explanations here, teachers should bring out the following as applicable in the lives of their students in modern times: be honest in thought and deed; be courageous; remain faithful; concentrate on fundamentals; cultivate initiative in religious things; develope self-control; be responsible; utilize time to advantage; develope a good character; be moderatly conservative; be clean physically; practice consistency; have heart in work; be dependable; pick good associates; take criticism profitably; be self-disciplinary; learn to follow directions; be attentive; be trustworthy; be a leader; be fair; cultivate selfreliance; cultivate integrity.

Moses may be studied in the same manner. Expressions which we may associate with his name include: the emancipator of an enslaved people; highly trained in mind and in technial knowledge; powerful spiritual struggle for courage to put faith to exacting and dangerous service; difficulties of leadership; faith in divine guidance; indispensable consciousness of personal power; the Ten Commandments; teach the law; serve God and prosper.

Personality hints expressed as positive suggestions for young people to gain from a study of this great leader include: be sympathetic; develope leadership; build character on foundamentals; be obedient; learn self-control; practice love; express gratitude; practice perseverance; keep in good health; develope will power; be courageous; be industrious; be self-disciplinary; learn to follow instructions; have force; be unafraid of work; be of service.
be self-disciplinary; learn to follow instructions; have force; be unafraid of work; be of service.

David may be treated in like man-

ner. Associated about his name are: one of the best-loved characters in history; a great military captain; builder and defender of a kingdom; indomitable courage; friendship of David and Jonathan; qualities of steadiness, mature judgment, statesmanship.

From him one gain the following: have will to do; be courageous; have enthusiasm; develop self-control; develop a good character; be energetic; be forgiving; be constructive; use good judgment; think straight; be well-informed; command respect; have will to conquer; be a leader; develop a keen insight; have determination; be generous; be neighborly; pick good associates; be truthful be pleasant.

Around the name of Joseph we may place exile in the land of the Pharaohs; captive in Egypt; hatred of jealous brothers; passing caravan of traders; famine in Palestine; loving revelation of forgiveness; generous sharing of his good fortne; dreamed a dream.

For young people his life means: practice forgiveness; exercise patience; have faith in God; develop tact; use foresight; have affection for kindred; be courageous; be broad-minded; develop self-control; be loyal; be practical; be unselfish; cultivate the thrift habit; have poise; cooperate; adm fitacts; have sympathy; command respect; mind your own business; be a leader; be appreciative; develop a keen insight; have an imagination.

Women Bible characters deserve consideration. Let us conclude this presentation with two of the greatest—Ruth and Esther. Around Ruth rest: simplicity, grace and charm of noble womanhood; acts of pure unselfish devotion; religious spirit carried unostentaciously into the conduct of daily life—love of a woman; for a woman, love involving deep privation.

Her life means today. have a purpose in life; develop a good character; have patience; be unselfish; practice courtesy; be friendly; cultivate the thrift habit; pick good associates; be kind; have sympathy; be resolute; use good judgement; be tolerant; be unafraid of work be generous; have a big heart; be of service; have deep affection for kindred.

Esther brings to mind the followings: was left an orphan; trained by cousin Modeci; became queen of a Persian king over many other maidens; unselfish patroitism of a woman; fair and beautiful; saves her people.

From her we may derive; develop will power; cultivate confidence in self; have tact; be courageous; be loyal; dvelop a good character; have patience; be diplomatic; be sociable; have a graceful carriage; have poise; cultivate good habits; be devoted to your own people and to your own nation.

Is there, now any justification for maintaining that Old Testament characters have nothing to contribute to modern young people?

WAS BARNUM RIGHT?

By Ernest H. Cherrington

Do the American people love to be humbugged? Barnum thought so and made a fortune out of the theory. The foes of prohibition also think so. Just what they will gain by putting into practice this conception of the intelligence of the average man and average woman remains to be seen. The press of the country is being filled with stories about prohibition. This is natural, since the beverage alcohol question is the most important one confronted by the civilized world today. But the picture given of prohibition, its underlying principles, the economic necessity for its maintenance, the degree of its observance or enforcement, the effect it has upon our business and social life is being so utterly misrepresented that, however reluctantly, one is forced to ask whether there is not a sinister motive and an even more sinister influence behind the repeated misrepresentations one reads daily.

A half-dozen wealthy men, according to the admission of the heads of the wet organization fighting prohibition, are financing the assaults made upon this beneficient national policy. The revelation of their methods was given only fragmentary report in the daily press. Not since the Senate Judiciary Committee exposed the work of the liquor interests of the country in subsidizing the press, attacking temperance leaders, corrupting our political life, and promoting lawbreaking and general lawlessness has there been such an assault made upon the basic channels of current information as exists today. Supposedly impartial newspaper correspondents and authors were revealed as being secretly in the pay of the liquor crowd. The founder of the wet group, posing as a philanthropist serving his cause without pay, was exposed as the recipient of a large salary which did not appear upon the books of his organization. His seized correspondence forced him to the admission that he had more than once transported intoxicating liquor. Mass meetings, reported by the press as expressions of the popular will, were admitted to have been "worked up" by expenditure of large sums. Handicaps of all kinds placed in the way of endorsement and encouragement given to law breakers were somewhat cynically set forth. The press is silent upon these or else so cautiously presents them that their force is obscured, and the people do not realize the true status of affairs, evidently on the score that they do not constitute news.

We read misrepresentations concerning the amount of drinking done to-day, although the most casual observer cannot fail to note the great decrease in drunkenness everywhere. We read stories of the debauchery of youth, but the heated protest made by leaders of the younger generation who are outraged by such libel receive slight publication. We are told that prohibition cannot be enforced at the very time when the

same papers tell the story of the arrest and conviction of the liquor criminals. We are informed that prohibition has failed even while Census Bureau reports and the carefully prepared data of great trade associations show the indisputable value of prohibition is greatly decreasing the death rate and in stabilzing our whole economic structure in the post-war period and in the difficult present day, when all the industrial nations of the world are undergoing an unparallelled reconstruction. We are told that prohibition is fostering crime, although the great criminal authorities of the country as well as the census data of the nation show a marked decrease in our crime ratio for the prohibition period.

Barnum may have made millions out of his theory that the American people love to be humbugged, but those millionaires who hope to bring back the liquor business with its billions of potential dollars for their profit at the cost of wrecking the safety, the security, the morals, and the health of the American people have a false conception both of the age in which we are living and of the mentality of the people of this land.

TO THE MEMORY OF THE OLD-FASHIONED MOTHER

Pause a moment in honor of the ordinary, commonplace, old-fashioned mother. She lacked many of the advantages, attractions and distractions of the new woman. She had never attended college, knew nothing of sororities or clubs, never heard of complexes, would have regarded birth control as unpardonable sin, could not vote; viewed a woman who was a physician, lawyer or minister as a freak, and would have looked with moral suspicion upon an office girl. At the utmost her range of social connections may have included membership in the missionary society and the W. C. T. U. But she knew how to be a real mother. A group of healthy children was her pride and joy. She lived with and for them, nursed them with a primitive skill born of love and folk wisdom, disciplined them with combined tenderness and severity, made and kept a home for them, rocked their cradles, brooded over their pillows, caressed them in their griefs, taught them the simple behavior patterns of her day. The daughters of the present generation may be as genuinely womanly; they cannot be more so. They may be more sophisticated; they cannot surpass her in vigorous common sense. May their children have as great reason to honor their memory as those who have now attained the meridian of life have for placing wreaths on the graves of a departed generation of old-fashioned mothers.—The Baptist.

CONDITIONS IN EUROPE

(Asheboro Courier)

Dr. Julius Klein, Assistant Secretary of Commerce, has just returned to Washington from an extended trip through Western and Central Europe, the Balkans, Syria and Upper Egypt. He thinks that the economic decisions which Europe will be called upon to make before the winter is over are the most serious which have had to be made in any similar period since the post-Armistice peirod. Unemployment in Europe has reached tragic proportions, business is stagnant and the people of almost every country are terribly depressed.

There is nothing new in this report and nothing that is surprising. We in this country have experinced a general depression over a period of only a year and a half, or less, and yet in that time pessimism has spread to every corner of the United States and in many places has been intense. Europe, we must remember, went through the orgy of the greatest war in the history of the world, went through the debacle which succeeded that war, enjoyed only a temporary and feverish recuperation and then was plunged again into depression long before the people of this country were willing to believe that such a thing was remotely possible in the United States.

Europe is desperately tired. Bear in mind that over a period of four years the belligerent nations of Europe mobilized more than 60,000,000 troops for war, that more than 8,000,000 of these soldiers were killed or died, and more than 20,000,000 of them were wounded. Bear in mind that the civil population suffered agonies, that material hardships were severe and the spiritual ordeals still more severe. Bear in mind that a large part of the flower of European youth perished in action. When these things are recalled and when it is further borne in mind that the finances of Europe were all but exhausted in the struggle it will not seem strange that in a period of world depression gloom in Europe is general and profound.

On the other hand, never before has so much been accomplished in so short a period of time eliminate of the ravages of a great war. Forty years after Appomattox the South still suffered acutely and its greatest progress dates indeed from about 1910. Twelve years after the close of the World War Europe, physically, has been rehabilitated in large measure. Her industrail organization has been modernized, the general level of living is higher than it was before 1914, the general financial structure is fairly sound and the governments of the different European countries know one another better and are on a friendlier basis than at any time for many years past.

Conditions are not good anywhere in Europe, not even in France; in some places they are very bad and in some places they are dangerous. But Europe is better organized to deal with the dangerous places than it ever was and on the whole Europe is in position to move forward. Russia, of course, remains an enigma and

a grave threat to economic world stability; but the Russian picture has also seemed to be changed and the peril from that quarter may not prove as alarming as has been feared.

Conditions in Europe have been worse more than once in the past than they are today and recovery has always followed. Conditions were worse a century ago. They were worse in the post-Armistice period. Europe has learned much during the ten years and especially during the past four or five years With the certain passing of the cycle of depression we can look with assurance to a gradual betterment of economic conditions in nearly all of the European countries. Because of our own experience of the past year we shall be in a better frame of mind to cooperate in promoting Europe's recovery and we now realize, as Dr. Klein emphasizes, that we have a very important stake in Europe, just as many Europeans likewise recognize that they have a very important stake in the United States.

WHAT'S THE USE?

What's the use of folks a frownin'
When the way's a little rough?
Frowns lay out the road for smilin'
You'll be wrinkled soon enough.
What's the use?

What's the use of folks a-sighin'?
It's an awful waste o' breath,
An' a body can't stand wastin'
What he needs so bad in death,
What's the use?

What's the use o' even weepin'?
Might as well go long an' smile.
Life, our longest, strongest arrow,
Only lasts a little while.
What's the use?

—Paul Lawrence Dunbar.

INSTITUTION NOTES

The boys were very much disappointed when the films for our regular Thursday night show failed to make their appearance last week.

—o—

George Bristow, of Winston-Salem, and Emory Shields, of Kernersville, who were paroled from the institution several months ago, spent a couple of days with us last week.

—o—

County Superintendent of Public Welfare Dougherty, of Sampson County; Mr. Carlisle Jackson, of Clinton, and Miss Della Poe, of Roseboro, visited the Training School last Friday, bringing two boys with them from that county.

—o—

The quality of our beef served last Sunday was very fine. The dairyman reports that he had some fine fat calves that were making too great enroads upon his milk supply. To relieve this situation and provide meat for Sunday several calves were slaughtered. Every boy enjoyed this dinner.

—o—

Howard Atkins, who has been with us for six years, was allowed to go to his home in Columbus county, with the Welfare Officer, Mrs. Barnhardt, one day last week. Howard has made a fine record at the school and should have no trouble in makeing the proper contact in his home county, for the building of a successful life.

—o—

At the close of our Sunday School session each week it is customary for the boys to recite one of the Psalms in concert. For some time past Dan Wilkie has been the leader in this recitation, and was very efficent. Dan was paroled last week and we feel that Mr. Johnson will have some trouble in finding a boy to fill the place made vacant by Dan's departure.

—o—

Superintendent Boger recently received an interesting letter from William C. Jolly, one of our old boys. William is in the army and is stationed in Washington, D. C. where he is attending the dental school at the Army Medical Center. He states that he will receive his diploma next July and then expects to go to California, where he previously spent some time.

—o—

Rev. F. M. Speagle, pastor of Calvery Lutheran Church, Concord, conducted the regular afternoon service in the auditorium last Sunday. We all enjoyed his interesting remarks concerning the Parable of the Good Shepherd. Rev. Speagle took the place of Rev. L. C. Baumgarner, who is in the hospital. This arangement was made at the request of Rev. Baumgarner before going to the hospital for treatment.

—o—

The weather continues bad compelling all of us to remain inside. Some days it is too cold and snowy to be out and on others it is too muddy and wet. All of which keeps most of us from our regular work. Nothing so interferes with the work of the school like enforced idleness when all can be at some regular duty

living is better; the spirit is better, and smiling faces can be seen from us all. Inactivity breeds restlessness and discontent.

—o—

The Training School raises peanuts for its large family of boys just as any good farmer raises them for his

mong the boys during the cold winter months. Last Saturday afternoon a variation was made in the manner of serving these "goobers" in that our baker used the large oven in parching the large quantity served to the boys as they assembled on the campus. Five hundred and fifty pints were given out, each boy receving a full pint. Our peanuts this year are of the large red variety and a pint of these makes a good, tasty serving.

—o—

The winners of the Barnhardt prize for the last quarter of the year. 1930 were announced last week and the boys were awarded the prizes. As had been said before, Mr. John J. Barnhardt, of Concord, donates these quarterly prizes to a boy in each of our seven class rooms, showing the greatest effeciency in any line of study that the teacher may select for that particular quarter. The prizes for the last quarter period have been awarded as follows: Room No. 1—Graham Bost, highest average in arithmetic; Room No. 2—Franklin Smith, highest general average improvement; Room No. 4—Theodore Crabtree, highest general average; Room No. 5—Homer Smith, greatest improvement in reading; Room No. 6—Lawrence Young, greatest improvement in reading; Room No. 7—James Dalton, greatest improvement in all studies.

NEW EYES

We do not have to travel far,
  More loveliness to find,
We do not have to cross the road
  For people loving, kind.

And different from any we
  Have ever seen before,
For they are all about us, yes,
  Right at our very door.

The hearts we're looking for are here.
  The only thing that we
Need bother over, is to get
  Ourselves new eyes to see.

—Ida M. Thomas.

U. N. C.
CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XIX CONCORD, N. C., JANUARY 31, 1931. No. 5

Carolina Collection
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A MAN

It isn't years that make a man,
But what you've thought and done,
How much you've dared, the blessings shared,
The many things begun.
Have you the power to choose one goal,
And let all others go?
To plan and wait, to concentrate,
To use all that you know?
Can you reverse yourself, give up
Your dearest hope and plan,
And give your soul to a higher goal?
Then count yourself a man.

—H. O. Spelman.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

DON'T START THAT

The best way to safeguard against getting into undesirable habits is to avoid doing the thing the first time. First steps are the beginnings of danger in more ways than approaching a precipice.

Just the other day we heard a wise mother check what might have developed into an annoying practice. A youngster had slept longer than usual in the afternoon and as a result he was not ready to sleep when even a late hour of evening came. With a child's usual keenness to think of a hundred things to want and to ask for, this child kept up a steady series of questions and requests much to the disturbance of the routine of conversation downstairs. The more indulgent than wise father suggested allowing the four-year-old to come downstairs and run around until he got tired, but the mother quickly quieted the suggestion by saying, "Oh, don't start that!"

For most of us it would be a splendid thing if there were always someone to call a halt on the suggestions to do the dangerous, or possibly harmful thing. It is always so much harder to break away from a habit than it is not to start it at all. Any habit, no matter how despicable it may be, might have been avoided if some authoritative voice had spoken soon enough and said, "Don't start that!"

—Selected.

LEE PORTRAIT GIVEN MILITARY ACADEMY.

The unveiling of a large oil portrait on January 19th, as a memorial to the ninth superintendent of the United States Military Academy, West Point, N. Y., is significant of the fact that the Mason and Dixon line is fast fading, for on this occasiontheNorth and the South united in paying homage to one

of the greatest chieftains the nation has ever known—Robert E. Lee, of the southland.

The portrait was accepted by the commandant of the cadets, and will be placed in Washington Hall with those of other former superintendents of the instituion.

The oil painting replaces a small one of the famous Confederate leader. It was painted by Ernest L. Ipsen, showing Lee in the uniform of lieutenant colonel of cavalry.

This date marks the 124th anniversary of his birth, and throughout the nation tributes have been paid the Confederate General, extolling his accomplishments on the field of battle, and emphasizing that in civil life he set an example of simple service for his fellow southerners in the adjustment of the new life after the War Between the States.

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A NATIONAL PLAYGROUND.

The objective of the Uplift at all times is to give to its many interested readers subject matters that gives a spiritual and moral uplift at the same time cultivates a taste for good reading matters, of an informative and refining influence. We specially like to preserve all articles of local value with the hope that this little Magazine will fall into the hands of young men and women of school age—the period of life when a taste for reading is cultivated and information as to local history should be stressed.

There is a store of information in an article in this issue of Uplift relative to the "Great Smoky Mountains National Park," by Maude Waddell, showing that this park is accessible to all people of eastern America and is destined in time to become the playground of the nation.

It was in 1928 that congress passed a bill providing for the creation of a national park of 428.000 acres in Western North Carolina and Eastern Tennessee. The Laura Spelman Rockfellow Memorial first giving $5.000.000, and pledges of citizens of North Carolina and Tennessee aggregating an additional $5.000.000, making a total of $10.000.000 for the purpose of purchasing the necessary acreage for a park of indescribable beauty, above the clouds, on 20 peaks that rise to the height of more than 6,000 feet. The writer acclaims that the Great Smoky Mountains are as beautiful in Winter as in Summer, so it is conclusive that with the eventual development of roads interest in

this region of virgin forest, by foresters and adventurous seekers of the beautiful in nature, will continue to be on the increase with each additional year.

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PROGRESS AS SHOWN.

On the cover page of the Southern News Bulletin are cartoons of the developments in locomotive transportation by steam power, for the past 100 years. The first cartoon shows the first engine built in the United States, known as "The Best Friend of Charleston;" the next engine is known as "Maud," built fifty years ago is used in the Atlanta yards; then follows an American type locomotive constructed 30 years ago, still in service; after these are the modern and up-to-date engines used for passenger and freight service. This cover page of the Bulletin was made by a negro employee of the Atlanta shops who has been in the service of the Southern for many years.

Christmas Day, 1930, marked the 100th anniversary of the first scheduled trip for regular service on a steam railroad in America.

The first run was made over a six-mile stretch of track of the South Carolina Canal and Railroad Company, the first completed part of the line which in 1833 was extended from Charleston to Hamburg, S. C., opposite Augusta, Ga., 136 miles being then the longest continuous piece of railroad track in operation in the world. This line is now part of the Southern's Charleston division.

From the date of the first trains operated, they have proven indispensible, and as a quick and safe means of travel are in demand and will be more so with each succeeding year.

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THRIFT WEEK.

The date, Jan. 18th, is National Share With Others Day" in the obsevation of National Thrift Week, which is a nation wide movement sponsored by schools, banks and other institutions to commemorate the two hundred and twenty fifth birthday of Benjamin Franklin, America's first apostle of thrift. Thrift does not mean economy to the extent of not buying at all, but includes the art of spending money wisely as well as saving it. One of

the finest examples of thrift is Roger Babson's "Golden Rule Check Plan." This experiment has been adopted by the Rotarians of Asheville and will be watched with keen interest. The local club will issue as many checks as possible to its members who will use them in amounts of $10 each for paying obligations, or purchase merchandise.

"These checks, suggested by Roger Babson, noted economist, and adopted in a number of American towns as a means of reducing indebtedness of individuals and thereby stimulating business, can be used by their recipients only to make payment on accounts or for merchandise.

Four conditions are printed on the faces of these checks. First, Payable on account or for merchandise. Second, Good only in ———— County. Third, Endorse and pass on each twenty-four hours. Fourth, Cannot be cashed at bank until checks contain at least ten endorsements.

Mr. Babson figures that each check, with space on its back for thirty endorsements, is able to wipe off three hundred dollars in indebtedness, or $30,000 from one hunded checks."

The whole proceedure is to give an impetus to business with a hope of normalcy in the business world—it makes business and stimulates interest.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

BORN IN JANUARY.

It has been frequently commented that the month of January is the birth month of many outstanding citizens, distinguished for service all over the nation. We carry a list of great men, Americans, British, Frenchmen and Germans born in the first month of the year:

Paul Revere, Revolutionary patriot; Lucretia Mott, Quaker preacher and pioneer suffragist; Stephen Decatur, naval commander; Cyrus Hamlin, famed missionary; Charles Sumner, abolitionist; Israel Putnam and Ethan Allen, Revolutionary commanders; Alexander Hamilton, first secretary of the treasury; William James, psychologist; John Winthrop, colonial governor; John Singer Sargent, painter; M. F. Maury, pathfinder of the seas; Benjamin Franklin, printer, scientist, journalist and statesman; Daniel Webster, statesman and orator; Robert E. Lee and T. J. (Stonewall) Jackson, Confederate generals; Edgar Allen Poe, author; John Hancock, statesman; Joseph H. Choate, diplomat; Samuel Gompers, labor leader; William McKinley, president; Robert Morris, financier of the Revolution, and others.

A few British notables whose birth occurred in January are: General James Wolfe, hero of Quebec; Sir Isaac Newton, astronomer; Edmund Burke, statesman; James Watt, inventor; Francis Bacon, philosopher;

Lord Byron, poet; Robert Burns, poet.

Great Frenchmen born in January include Marshall Joffre, who has just died; Pierre Loti, novelist; Moliere, dramatist; Andre Ampere, physcist; Francois Mansard, architcet; Benoit-Constant Coqelin, acter.

German birthdays of the month include those of Jacob Grimm, philologist; and publisher of fairy tales; Gotthold Lessing, dramatist; Frederick the Great; former Kaiser Wilhelm. The great Austrian composers, Mozart and Sshubert, were also born in January.

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A LESSON IN THRIFT.

From statistics it is learned that in the United States there is an automobile to every four and one half people, and in England the average is one automobile to every thirty people. Just to own an automobile is the first expense, but the upkeep, including the deterioration, is the part of the pleasure in ownership that drains, unless the auto is used for business purposes. While the British in average per capita wealth, do not equal the Americans, yet they show their thrift by their possession of the world's territory, and the thousands of ships that fill the waters, besides they have a pride in perpetuating tradition that we people do not possess. We heard a very rich woman living in our midst make a reply to her daughter who asked for what was then termed a "shirt-waist" box, the mother replied, "daughter, you must learn to deny yourself." This we have often thought of, and feel that it would be fine if many of our young people had such mothers. Yes, one of the first lessons in thrift is to "learn to deny yourself."

RAMBLING AROUND

With Old Hurrygraph

"If I thought that a smile of mine
Might linger the whole day through,
And lighten some heart with a heavier part,
I'd not withhold it—
Would you?

Did you ever hear of anybody bying from overwork in minding their own business? I never did.

It is stated that across the border in Ontario four nuggets of gold were found in the gizzard of a holiday turkey. Well, thank goodness, I get my turkeys from a man who gives honest weight.

They tried out a new kind of airplane in Philadelphia, a short time ago, that is described as being able to go straight up; I'm not so much interest in an airplane going straight up, what is worrying me is the frequency with which airplanes often come straight down.

The financial commentators are howling because the farm board, in keeping American wheat out of the world market, is helping the Canadian farmer instead of the American. But they can't convince the Democrates. It'll take a lot more than that to make them believe that the farm board is helping anybody.

A butcher in Pittsburg threw a steak at a robber who was about to hold him up and the steak was so hard and tough that the bandit was knocked senseless. That's nothing! I've seen steaks so hard and tough in Durham that I have many times had a notion to have the waiter that brought them to me arrested for assault with a deadly weapon.

A man out in the state of Ohio, tired of having his cow slap her tail in his face while milking her, tied a big heavy brickbat to the animal's tail. The cow, disliking to have her tail weighed down by a big heavy brickbat, swung her caudal appendage with great fervor and binged the owner in the bean and knocked him senseless. And yet science is still asking do animals think.

A two hundred foot section of the brink of Niagara Falls gave way and tumbled to the bottom. Poor old Niagara Falls is just worn out listening to tourists say, "Gee, hain't that wonderful!"

A remarkable case. A Durham Negro woman purchased a dewling house from a realestate man, and paid $500 down. She lost her job and was unable to make further payments. The real estate man took the house back minus the $500. She then rented the house, and failing to make payments, she was ejected. The house stood vecant. The woman despondent over losing her $500, went over one night and poured two quarts of kerosene in one corner of the kitchen, and set it afire. In running across a field, to get way from the

scene of her arson intentions, she fell into a hole and broke her left leg. This accident to her was the means of finding out who set the house afire. Retributive justice was sure quick on her heels.

On the 19th and 21st af January we have celebrated the birthdays of two of the South's greatleaders—Robert E. Lee and Thomas J. Jackson, known as "Stonewall" Jackson. It has been my distinguished honor and pleasure to have seen both of these great generals. As a 9-year-old kid, in a section of the country that was continually between the battle lines of the contending armies, I saw Lee and Jackson frequently. Both of them were the most magnificent riders I ever laid eyes upon. There was great enthumiasm wherever either one appeared.

Rev. Dr. Henry Sloane Coffin, president of the Union Theological Seminary, says the Christian church as a whole will "Emerge a victor over this indifferent age," But, I dare say, not until the poor and poorly clad are made as welcome in the churches as the rich clad. If Christ on earth made anything plain, it was that the poor are as precious in the sight of God as the rich. A church in which they are not welcome is not loyal to Christ.

The age of the world continues to worry the scientists. Why should it? They cannot do anything about it. We do not yet know the world as it is today. It still remains true that one-half of the world's population does not know how the other half lives. But there is one thing certain, there are a dozen or more people in most of our towns who can not see how another dozen or more people manage to raise the upkeep for their automobiles.

A GOOD FRIEND

To have a good friend is one of the highest delights of life; to be a good friend is one of the noblest and most difficult undertakings. Friendship depends not upon fancy, imagination or sentiment, but upon character. There is no man so poor that he is not rich if he has a friend; there is no man so rich that is not poor without a friend. But friendship is a word made to cover many kindly, impermanent relationships. Real friendship is abiding. Like charity, it suffereth long and is kind. Like love, it vaunteth not itself, but pursues the even tenor of its way, unaffrighted by ill report, loyal in adversity, the solvent of infelicity, the shining jewel of happy days. Friendship has not the iridescent joys of love, though it is closer than is often known to the highest, truest love. Its heights are ever serene, its valleys know few clouds. To aspire to friendship one must cultivate a capacity for faithful affection, a beautiful disinterestedness, a clear discernment. —Atmos.

CHARLESTON AND HAMBURG FIRST RAILROAD OPERATED IN AMERICA

By Brooks Clift—"An Excerpt"

January 15, 1931, marks the one hundredth anniversary of the beginning of steam transportation in America. On that date, 1831, the first completed section of the Charleston and Hamburg railroad was formally opened for traffic, and "The Best Friend of Charleston"—made its first run for actual transportation.

The Charleston and Hamburg was the first railroad ever built in America expressly and exclusively for steam locomotives; and the "Best Friend," was the first steam locomotive ever practically operated in America. And on the date stated above this little engine pulled the first railroad excursion train ever operated in America.

"The Best Friend."

"The Best Friend" was designed and built by Horatio Allen, the chief engineer of the Charleston and Hamburg road, in collaboration with E. L. Miller, one of the directors of the company, in the West Point Foundry, near New York. It was the first practical steam locomotive ever built in America. It weighed four tons, and had four wheels with wooden spokes, similar to a wagon wheel. It arrived in Charleston by water from New York on October 23, 1830. "Its coming was a momentous occasion, and the crowd was almost delirious with delight when a fire, having been built under its diminutive boiler, it ran. Charleston citizens at once had visions of hundreds of miles of track leading in every direction, all bringing the products of the Southland to their beloved port."

It made a trial trip on November 2, but as the wheels proved to be of insufficient strength, others had to be obtained from New York. Finally these arrived and trial trips were made on December 14 and 15. On these occasions the "Best Friend" performed beautifully making from 16 to 21 miles an hour, drawing four or five cars with 40 or 50 passengers. Without the cars the little locomotive made 25 miles an hour, to the utter amazement of the spectators. And this really was an achievement, when it is considered that the roadway was formed of wooden stringers set on posts, with only strips of iron spiked along the edge of the stringers for rails.

Curious Accident

Many humorous stories were told of the "Best Friend's" first runs. One planter from the interior who had not heard of its coming was driving along the tracks with his team of mules. As the train approached, the mules became unmanageable and ran away, wrecking his wagon. As he was helped to his feet a solicitous inquirer asked, "why he didn't hold on to the team." "Hold on"? repeated the native. "How in the hell could I hold on when the devil in harness was coming down on me?"

The little engine kept in operation for several months, hauling

sight-seers and freight, until an unfortunate accident occured that put it out of business. It was all on the account of a negro fireman, who tried to hold down the safety-valve by sitting on it, an experiment that is unually attended by disastrous consequences. Rastus, it seems, was temperamental, and became annoyed at the sound of the steam escaping from the safety-valve. He stopped it temporarily by holding down the lever. A minute or two later, however, there was a tremendous explosion, and bits of the boiler accompained the astonished African 25 feet into the air. They were able to patch up the negro's broken bones. He probably landed on his head, but the little engine received fatal injuries and never ran again. So ended the story of the first American made and operated steam locomotive.

But this unfortunate accident did not put the Charleston and Hamburg railroad out of business. For by this time it had already received another engine, the "West Point" made by the same builders, and a regular schedule had been established. A custom that has prevailed until this day had been inaugurated, that of publishing the schedule in the newspapers. For about that time an advertisement appeared in a local paper stating that, "The train ran for passengers every day at 4 p. m. Parties wishing it at any other hour could be accommodated by applying to the engineer.

Charleston and Hamburg.

The Charleston and Hamburg railroad was chartered by the legislature of South Carolina January 30, 1828, as the South Carolina Canal and Railroad company. Books of subscription for the stock were opened on March 17 of the same year, and 3,101 shares were taken, practically all by citizens of Charleston. The stockholders were organized on May 12 in the city hall in Charleston. Twelve directors were elected and William Aiken was made president. Engineers were secured, surveys made, the road located, and on December 28, 1829, contracts were let for the construction of the road. And on January 9, 1830, actual work was begun on the enterprise, by driving piles for the roadbed at Lines street, near Charleston. During 1830 the first six miles out of Charleston were completed and ready for operation. During 1832 the road was completed to Branchville, 73 miles; and in October, 1833, the entire road from Charleston to Hamburg was completed, a distance of 136 miles.

The estimated construction cost of the entire line was $600,000, but when the bills were all added up, it was found that its actual cost was $904,000. The increase was said to have been due to the rise in the cost of labor.

That in brief outlines is the story of the construction of the first steam railroad in America, which at its completion was the longest continuous line of railroad in the world.

There were a number of other railroad projects started in this country about this same time, for the success of the railroad in England and the interest in internal development and transportation had given a great impulse to the rail-

road spirit in America. But none of these other roads were designed exclusively for the use of steam locomotion, and none of them were put into practical operation as early as the Charleston and Hamburg.

HELPING THE NEIGHBORS

By Kate W. Hamilton

"It's early snow, but a deep snow for this time of year," said grandfather, stamping his feet as he came in from the barn.

"It's the kind of morning to make us thankful that we have a comfortable house and plenty of wood to keep up warm fires," answered grandmother.

"I wonder," said Teddy, throughtfully, "I wonder how it would seem to live out in the woods, and see bear tracks in the snow—and—"

"I am glad there are no bears near enough to make tracks around our house," said grandmother, "but I know a little house where no one can use a snow shovel, where they have no wood for fires, and I am afraid they won't know where to get breakfast this morning. They are neighbors of ours, too."

"Couldn't you send them some breakfast, grandmother?" asked Robert.

"If I knew anyone who would take it."

"We could! We would!" cried Rob and Teddy together. "You just pack a basket, grandmother. and we will carry it. Only tell us where to go."

"I can tell you that," laughed grandfather. "You go out the garden gate and climb the meadow hill, and there high up on a tree"—

"No, the bird house!" shouted the boys.

Of course they did not need a basket to feed the birds, but they carried plenty of crumbs and seeds and they had a great deal of fun making their way up the hill. They played they were a rescue party going through great danger to carry help to a starving family, and they waded through the deepest drifts they could find to make the way more difficult. It really seemed as if the "family" were hoping someone would come, for one little fellow, muffled up in his feather coat, was standing outside the house and looking this way and that over the ground that had grown so strangely white all in a night.

The boys spread a newspaper for a tablecloth at the foot of the tree, scattered the seeds and crumbs upon it, and then stepped back a little way to watch. It did not take the birds long to find their breakfast, and they ate as if they liked it, and chirped as if they were trying to say "Thank you!"

SOUTH GIVES NATION PLAYGROUND

By Maude Waddell

North Carolina and Tennessee have given to the world the greatest boon to be conferred through the federal government in this generation. This is nothing less than the Great Smoky Mountains National park, accessible to all the people of eastern America and destined in time to become the playground of the nation.

The North Carolina hills have long been renowned as a summer resort. That they are equally as beautiful in the winter is not so well known. They are equally as accessible for the hardy adventurer except in the most severe weather. The climate in the Appalachians and the Blue Ridge is comparably mild during the greater part of the year

Intrepid Climbers.

Mount Le Conte is one of the high peaks in the national park reservation. It is a hard climb to its summit under any conditions. A year or two ago a group of people numbering 20 or more made the ascent on New Year's Day during a period when the theromometer registered 20 below zero. And they not only lived to tell the tale, but to relate their adventure with a satisfied air of recalling a delightful experience. These veterans were of course largely members of the Great Smoky Mountains Hiking Club, and could weather pretty much any sort of temperature and enjoy it.

But even a tenderfoot could not fail to enjoy an excursion into the mountains in the fall or in mildest winter weather. Well kept highways traverse the range, so that tourists may sit comfortable in their automobiles and view these natural beauties from vantage points. What could be more inspiring than miles upon miles of mountains so thickly encrusted with hoar-frost that they appear to be covered with snow?

Filled With Wonders.

The Great Smokies are filled with wonders of every variety. One remarkable picture taken on their heights is owned by Wylie Brownlee, of Knoxville, Tenn. It is of a mountain family, showing five generations of grown people, taken side by side. Shortly after the death of the oldest of the group a child was born to the youngest member of the family, thus bringing almost together six generations of mountaineers in one group. The Smokies are, forsooth, a healthy range, conducive to longevity.

Another remarkable picture, taken at a cost of much labor and toil, is that of a non-parsitical formati, a spruce tree, growing out of a black birch. Many feet in the air, at Grassy Patch there has been seen rhidoderlorons growing and thriving in the manner in which the parasite mistletoe does. At Norton Creek, near Gatlinburg, Tenn., among the Norton Big Trees, is a yellow poplar, or tulip tree, 18 feet in circumference at the base and a hundred feet to the first branch and altogether in height about 150 feet. The chairman of one of the park commissions says there is a grapevine three feet around in the

Smokies and that very shortly he is going to take a photographer into the mountains to make a picture of a stable one of the mountaineers maintains in the trunk of a tree.

America's Heritage

America's heritage was a million square miles of virgin forest and now practically all that remains is that within the Great Smoky Mountains. The trees are hundreds of years old, one writer saying of them that "many of these trees were full grown when Columbus was a babe in arms." The forests in which they thrive date from unknown ages. In the Great Smokies there are 152 species of trees. Dr. William Treleese, dean of the department of botany of the University of Illinois has said: "At the foot of Mount Le-Conte are trees indigenous to southern Tennessee. At its top are trees indigenous to southern Canada. More kinds of trees can be found during a trip of 30 miles through the Smokies than can be found in traveling diagonally across Europe."

The great beauty of the Smokies as compared to the Rocky Mountains is their verture, for, unlike many of the western mountains, with their steep bare clifts the Smokies are practically covered with some form of tree growth, the remarkable exception being known as "balds," on some of the highest knobs or points, which are covered with grass. Two notable ones of these are "Silers' Bald" and "Gregory's Bald," and the question has often been asked if anyone could advance a reason why these mountains should continue in this state, for around the edge of each "bald" there is a circle of trees, and this circle never closes in, but always the "bald" remains bare except for its carpet of grass.

Axe of the Woodman

The devastating axe of the woodman has hewn away the giant trees over a large part of the Southland, yet there are thousands of acres of virgin forests remaining, where the towering populars and other trees attain to unusual size and height and lend beauty and magnificance to the area. The forest is composed largely of hardwoods, but there is a beautiful supply of the softer trees, too. The hardwoods include many species, chief of which are poplar, red, oak, white oak, black oak, chestnut, basswood, birch, cherry, sugar maple and beech. The softwoods consist of white pine, shortleaf yellow pine, hemlock, spruce, fir, Virginia scrub pine and pitch-pine. The hardwoods are quite similar to those growing in the New England and North Central states, but in the Smokies they grow more rapidly. The black and yellow birch, both of which are distinct nothern species, occur quite abundantly on the upper altitudes of the Great Smoky Mountains.

There is no monotony in the scenery in the fall or winter, or in fact in any of the four seasons, in the Great Smoky Mountains throughout Western North Carolina and East Tennessee. From the valleys, from the ridges and from the crests, where one seems to be on the top of the world, the views are ever different and ever changing. One of the most exquisite effects are the lights and shadows of the great mountains, the drifting clouds ever forming a shift-

ing panorama. Commenting on the marvelons views he beheld from the crest of th great LeConte, Professor C.H. Longwell, of Princeton University, said:

Nothing Like It

'I was born in the Rocky Mountains and reared to contemplate the glorious colors of the scenery. I have stood on the snow-crowned summit of nothern Greece and watched rivers glide by at their base, and can well understand how the ancient Greeks were the greatest lovers of beauty of all time. I have seen the Bay of Naples from the top of Vesuvius, and revelled in the beauty of the sunset which bathed the ships in gold. I have looked upon the 'Alps' of Japan and was entranced with the Hiwaiian Islands. The Grand Canyon as it winds through Arizona into New Mexico overwhelmed me. Still not satisfied to my cravings for natural beauty. I went a hundred miles into Old Mexico and gazed upon that great lake nestled in the mountains. After all these experiences I looked from the summit of Mount LeConte. It was wholly unique: in its outline, enveloped in the fairy, blending color, its multiplicity of ghostlike veil and haze, there is nothing else on the face of the earth like it.''

Readily Accessible

The Great Smoky Mountains are readily accessible to all the eastern half of the country, half of them in 500 to 600 miles of the park. If an individual takes a map and the park as the center, Charlotte, North Carolina, with Raleigh and Winston-Salem will be found to be within the 300 mile zone; Knoxville and Asheville will be found to be just outside the park, with Chattanooga and Bristol, Virginia, and Tennessee, within the first zone or 100-miles radius. Atlanta, Birmingham, Nashville, Lexington, Spartanburg and Columbia are within the 200-mile radius. The 400-mile circle takes in Jacksonville, Mobile, Jackson, Memphis, Indianapolis, Columbus, Washington, Richmond Norfolk, Wilmington, Charleston and Savannah. In the fifth zone, 400 to 500 miles away, are St. Augustine, Little Rock, St. Louis, Chicago, Cleveland, Pittsburg and Philadelphia, with New Orleans in the sixth zone and New York just outside the circle.

Natives of Eastern Tennessee and Western North Carolina have for generations known and loved the Great Smoky Mountains, for even those of these people who have never explored their vast expanse, the hundreds of hills and ridges of the lower lands, have gazed upon their maginficence from the highways and from their own homes

Peaks In The Clouds

They have seen them enveloped in masses of fleecy clouds with only their peaks appearing above; they have watched them as they glistened with a mantle of snow or heavy frost in winter; they have seen the great giants of the virgin timber lands 'up in the smokies' don their new attire each spring; in summer they have paused under their great shadows or climbed to their lofty heights to stand in awe with the entracing panoroma; they have witnessed their appearance in gorgeous color in autumn, when no artist could adequately portray them. But

these, said by geologists to be among among the world's oldest mountains, constant reminders of the handiwork of the Creator of all beauty, have been waiting for thousands of years for the coming of the multitudes which inevitably find their ways to gaze upon the wonders of nature, wherever found—the coming of visitors and travelers from all sections of the nation to see their country's newly acquired sanctuary for the preservation and presentation of some of the world's most beautiful natural scenery—the Great Smoky Mountains National Park, the Land of the Everlasting Hills.

The penetration of this region by foresters and adventurous seekers of the beautiful in nature, the explorations of naturalists and scientists establishing definite facts and disseminating information about the Smokies, the eventual building of roads leading through the area, and the advent of the automobile, whereby thousands of visitors have been enabled to approach the section, all combined to bring about a universal appeal for the presentation of this wild region by the National Government as a park and for the conservation of the virgin forests there.

Creation of park

Consequently in May, 1928, congress passed a bill providing for the creation of a national park of 428,000 acres in Western North Carolina and Eastern Tennessee. With the gift in 1928 of $5,000,000 by the Laura Spelman Rockefeller Memorial, and pledges of citizens of North Carolina and Tennessee, aggregating an additional $5,000,000 and making a total of $10,000,000 for the purpose, the purchasing of the necessary acreage for the establishing of the park was made possible.

There are more than 20 magnificent peaks in this park area which rise to a height of 5,000 feet. Among these are Clingman's Dome 6,642 feet; Mt. Guyot 6,621; Mt. Le Conte, 6,593 feet; Sher's Bald, 5,700 feet; Thunderhead, 5,400 feet and Gregory's Bald, 4,948 feet.

On Mount Le Conte

John Willy thus described the view from the crest of Mount Le Conte: We reached the cabin, or Le Conte Lodge, as the sign over the door reads, about four o'clock in the afternoon, and after a short rest started for Main Point to get the grand view. Here indeed was a panorama to please the eye. From our vantage point we had a bird's eye view of approximately two thousand square miles of mountain, forest, and landscape. We could see far into North Carolina. There were range after range of mountains as many as seven in one direction. Far off we could see the French Broad river and the Tennessee river. It was a clear day and even the Blue Ridge could be seen. In one direction was the Cherokee Reservation. We could see Guyot Mountain. Clingman's Dome, the Chimneys and many other landmarks. The guide pointed out the route of the highway to connect Gatlinburg with Bryson City through Newfound Gap.

"The Park has within its boundaries the largest tract of virgin forest east of the Rocky Mountains. The trees are mainly hardwood. The

mountains are green, hundreds of square miles of them, and densely wooded. The boundary line between Tennessee and North Carolina extends for thirty miles at an altitude of over 5,00 feet and with a dozen peaks higher than 6,000 feet. We have never seen a section of the country where the vegetation is so varied and abundant, or where the land is so richly threaded with mountains streams.....It seemed surprising to us, before we started for the Great Smoky Mountains National Park, how few people whom we asked about this section knew anything about it. While the section has been settled for nearly 200 years, the mountaineers have kept close at home without much contact with the outside world, and we found families of six generations, most of them of English or Scotch ancestry, and said to be the purest Anglo-Saxon stock in America. Their cabins are located along the banks of branches or creeks, with cultivated patches around them.''

''Huggin's Hell.''

Huggin's Hell,'' as viewed from Grassy Patch, enroute to the North Carolina line, presents a panorama of verdure, spotted with patches that the mountaineers designate as ''slicks.'' For the bennefit of the uninitiated it is well to explain that ''slicks'' in the mountains are composed of laurel thickets, almost impenetrable, with dark green, shiny leaves, all of one height, giving the effect of a blanket, and creating what looks like a ''slick'' place on the hillside. The denseness of the foliage is such that some of these thickets are almost impassable. Here is why this particular section of mountain is called ''Huggin's Hell.''

A man named Huggins was a human instance of perversity. He determined to penetrate this unexplored area. He was warned by his neighbors that the generations who had preceded him had not accomplished it. Mr. Huggins was begged not to attempt to go through this particular "slick'' that bears his name. But Huggins, as stated, was a perverse man. He determined to accomplish what others had failed to do "'I'll go through or I'll go to hell,'' he said. Mr. Huggins went his way. He was never seen again. The place has been known from that day to this as "Huggin's Hell.''

Clingman's Dome

Leaving Grassy Patch and heading for North Carolina through Newfound Gap, one sees to the right on nearing the gap, which ''low'' point is 5,000 feet above sea level, the majestic giant, Clingman's Dome, which brings us to a consideration of that magnificent North Carolinian, gallant Confederate General and Christian gentlemen whose own loved mountain this ''Clingman's Dome'' is.

General Thomas Lanier Clingman, soldier, legislator and scientist and for 60 years a resident of Asheville, was born at Huntersville, N. C. July 27, 1812. He was the son of Jacob and Jane (Poindexter) Clingman. His ancestry represents various racial strains. His grandfather, Alexander Clingman, emigrated from Germany to Pennsylvania before the Revolutionary War, and married Elizabeth Kaiser. He entered the Continental army, was in several battles and was taken prisoner at Charleston on the surrender of Gen-

eral Lincoln. After the war he moved to Yadkin, now Surry county, where he married a member of the well known Patillo family. General Clingman's mother, Jane, was the daughter of Capt. Frances Poindexter, of French descent, and of Jane Patillo Lanier, daughter of Rev. Henry Patillo, Scotch Presbyterian devine, and widow of Colonel Robert Lanier. There was also Indian blood in the Poindexter family, Thomas Poindexter, father of Capt. Francis Poindexter, having married Elizabeth Pledge, daughter of a Cherokee chieftain.

When Thomas Clingman was four years old his father died, and his early training was directed by his uncle, Francis Alexander Poindexter. He studied under private tutors, joined the sophomore class at the University of North Carolina, and in 1832 graduated with highest honors, leading his class. He then went to Hillsboro and read law under William A. Graham. In 1835 he was elected as a Whig to the state legislature from Surry county. In the autumn of 1836 General Clingman removed to Asheville, as there was a prospect that the proposed Charleston and Cincinnat, Railway would pass through that place. He spoke with such brilliancy in the conventions held to discuss the subject of the change of route of the railroad, and opposed Colonel Memminger, of South Carolina, a distinguished debater, with such force that he was rewarded by his fellow citizens by being elected to the senate. He became a leader in the Whig party inclined to independent action.

He was one of the few southern Whigs that voted against the exclusion of abolition petitions. At various times he denounced the democratic party and John C. Calhoun in strong language, and as a result of one of these outbursts he fought a duel with William L. Yancey, Yancey missing fire and Clingman firing over his opponent's head. Clingman upheld the theoretical right of congress to regulate slave property in the territories and also the practical necessity of making one half of the new territories slave and one half free states, this position of Clingman's being taken in the discussion of the Wilmot Proviso.

Goes To Senate

He did not, however support, Calhoun in the effort to form a southern bloc in congress, but was instrumental in the filibustering which resulted in the election of Howell Cobb. In 1852 he definitely left the Whig party, carring his district with him into the ranks of democracy. Having been elected to the national house of representatives over James Graham, who had served for ten years, he continued in office until June 14, 1858, with the exception of the twenty-ninth congress. In 1858 he was appointed to fill the vacancy in the senate left by the resignation of Asa Biggs. At the end of his term he was reelected. He was most faithful in his attendence on the sessions, where he made many brilliant speeches especially on slavery, the tariff, the Clayton-Bulwer treaty. It was one of these speeches on the causes of Henry Clay's defeat which led to the duel with Yancey.

General Clingman withdrew from congress with other southern members in 1861. He was sent as dele-

gate from North Carolina to the Confedrate States convention in Montgomery. Ala. He went into the Confederate Army as Colonel of the Twenty-Fifth Regiment and served with such daring gallantry that in eight months he was made Brigadier-General. He was in command of the defense of Goldsboro; held Sullivan's Island and Battery Wagner during the attack on Charleston; led the attack on New Bern in February 1864; broke Butler's lines at Drury's Bluff, May 16, and forced him back to Bermuda Hundreds; was wounded at Cold Harbor; repelled the attack on Petersburg, June 17; attacked the enemy near Petersburg, August 19 defeating them with a small force and capturing 2,100. In this battle he was severely wounded and was only able to rejoin his command a few days before Johnson's surrender at Greensboro in April 1865.

General Clingman was a delegate to the national democratic convention in 1865. The National Cyclopaedia of America Biography says of General Clingman, that: "As a scientist he made important contributions to 'Silliman's Journal' and other publications; explored the mountains of his native state, discovering that they contained the loftiest peaks of the Appalachian Range, the chief one of which was measured by him in 1855 and now bears his name; opened the mica mines of Mitchell and Yancey counties; made known the existence in the state of corundum, zircon rubies and other gems; by his observations on the meteor of August 2, 1860, furnished the best evidence yet given of the height of the atmosphere and affirmed that in some way sound might be transmitted with the speed of electricity. He published several volumes, including 'speeches' (1878,) and 'Follies of the Positive Philosophers' (1878.) General Clingman never married."

A MAN'S WORK—

Is his declaration of independence.
Is his confession of character.
Is the definition of his own divinity.
Is the one monument to his memory which will endure.
Is the door through which he will ever enter into real happiness.
Is his immortality in process of construction.
Is the price he offers for success.

—Selected.

NORTH CAROLINA HIGHWAY PATROL

By Capt. Charles D. Farmer

The General Assembly of 1929 passed an Act creating what is known as a Highway Patrol to patrol the highways of the State, enforce the motor vehicle laws, protect and assist the motoring public and our roads.

The Patrol is composed of thirty-seven trained men for this work, in their training they were taught Safety, Service and Courtesy. Safety is the most important because to save a life means more to us than any amount of money . In rendering service we feel that we are acting the part of the Good Samaritan and assisting someone that is in trouble and by assisting them we gain their confidence, assistance and cooperation in obsevering the motor laws. We are courteous to the motoring public because we are public servants paid by public funds.

We find that the motoring public of today has forgotten what it means to be courteous to fellow motorists and we feel that if they would go back to the olden days when automobiles first made their appearance and a motorist had trouble everyone would stop and ask if he could help, we would have fewer accidents than we are having, and if the motorist would stay on his side of the road and not try to see if he could pass a line of cars because he thought he could give someone a thrill and cause the motorist to run off the road, accidents would be fewer.

In our work throughout the state we see the necessity of the driver's license with an examination not for the revenue but for the education that it would give to the drivers and for their protection. In our work we find that there are people driving who are not capable of handling a vehicle on account of their vision, mental and physical condition. With a license with examination these people would be prohibited from operating vehicles for their own safety and the safety of others.

In the states that now have driver's or operator's licenses we find that they have saved approximately 29,000 lives or 29 per cent of every 100,000 population. At present there are only nine states that have a driver's license and if by the driver's license we can save that many lives in nine states think what it would mean in the saving of life and properity if this could be done in all states. Statistics show that the accidents are costing each person $24 a year besides bringing suffering and distress to thousands of our people.

The Patrol now consists of twenty-seven Patrolmen, nine Lieutenants and one Captian. About fifty per cent of the organization belongs to the Masonic Fraternity and all are the highest types of men.

North Carolina is recognized throughout the country as having the best roads of any state and the slogan is that it is harder to get lost in North Carolina than to find your way in some states. Let us all pull together and remember to be courteous to our fellow motorist by say-

ing on our side of the road and obeying the traffic laws of our state Let's make a other s logan, that it is safer to drive in North Carolina than in any state.

THE PENDULUM

(Stanly News and Press)

We are indebted to The Uplift, a fine little magazine published in Concord, by the boys at the Jackson Training School, for selecting an article last week on the pendulum. There are many things in life which remind us of the pendulum, but too often when we find things swinging in the wrong direction we forget that important part of the clock.

The article which we read suggests that the trend of business reminds one of a pendulum very much, and for that reason we should be able to learn some business lessons from it. Four short lessons are mentioned:

1. The faster the pendulum swings down, the faster it will swing up.

2. The length of the upward swing is determined by the length of the downward swing.

3. All the time it is going down it is gathering momentum for the sole purpose of helping it go past the low point.

4. While it is swinging up it is nevertheless losing speed.

Past history has shown us that what is true of the action of the pendulum is also true of business, and for that reason we should expect an improvement in business conditions almost immediately. There are already some bright spots to be seen, and others will appear shortly. The Uplift says that the time to worry is when business begins increasing, for as soon as the pace begins to slow up the end of the boom is approaching. When business is on the downgrade, it is gathering momentum for good times.

A good many folks spent a whole lot of money up until the first of this year. In fact, they spent too much, but it is evident from the reported drop in sales that they have not bought much this year. Many of them have been reducing their indebtedness, and this is exactly what they should be doing. As has been said before, the "Buy Now" movement was not started for those who are deeply in debt.

Let us keep in mind the pendulum, even when it is swinging against us, and work as hard as we can to get is started in the right direction.

A queen bee sometimes lays more than 1,000 eggs a day.

ANDREW JOHNSON, A MAN OF COURAGE

(Selected)

The story of this Tennessee tailor who came up through poverty and suffering to be president of the United States reads like a romance. Few novelists would be so bold as to give their characters any such dramatic upward surge as this. For the essence of the novel is the faithfulness of its depiction of life, in outward hue at least. But one essence of real history is the extraordinarily unpredictible character of things that happen to living men.

It was in Raleigh, N. C., on December 29, 1808, that Andrew Johnson first saw the light of day. His father was a rough, untutored doorman for a backwoods bank. His mother was an humble laundress of the little North Carolina capital. And yet, fifty-six years after his advent upon this globe, Andrew Johnson was elected vice-president of the United States, after having filled every elective office that the people of Tennessee could give him. A brief year later, after Lincoln's tragic assassination, the Raleigh mudsill became president of the United States.

Even such a career as this would be notable in the annals of any nation. It betokens the surge of ambition, the appreciation of energy, the employment of intelligence, in a constant upward sweep.

But amazing as is this pre-presidential career, Andrew Johnson is most notable for his term in the White House, in which he demonstrated qualities of courage of rare and noble type. Where one to seek to condense into a single phrase the essence of the Johnson presidency, he could find no more fitting words to form it than these: "Courage in the White House." Courage it was of a rare and notable type, courage not alone of physical bravery but also of unequaled integrity, and of that far rarer thing than either, of a moral fortitude such as has been given to few of our American great.

There is another noteworthy thing about Andrew Johnson. During his lifetime he was the target of an almost unbelievable hatred and derisin. Most all his contemporaries of the Southern states despised him, both as a low-born tailor and as a traitor to his state. Most of the Northern radicals made him the target of a splendid vindictiveness, because he dared to stand by the Constitution, and to oppose their great conspiracy to cut up the conquered South into military satrapies.

For decades Johnson was written of in history books as an uncouth demagogue, a blustering blow-hard who deserved to have been convicted of impeachment charges, and accidentally escaped. A hideous libel, but of such stuff has much history been made.

But now history is beginning to give Andrew Johnson a better deal. Surely this instance should encourage us to believe that, in final estimate, history will tell the truth about the men who made it; that it will

raise to lofty niches in the hall of fame men who have gone for years in undeserved obloquy and also that it will tear down from undeserved adulation shobby statemen who do not deserve their country's high regard.

ANOTHER CHANCE

By J. Sherman Wallace

Our Father's message to the poor faltering learners in His school is the message of another chance. With each new year it comes. Forgetting the failures of the past, we may begin life all over again.

"He came to my desk with a quivering lip—
The lesson was done.
'Dear teacher, I want a new leaf,' he said.
'I have spoiled this one.'

"I took the old leaf, stained and blotted,
And gave him a new one all unspotted;
And into his sad eyes smiled,
'Do better now, my child.'

"'I went to the throne with a quivering soul—
The old year was done.
'Dear Father, hast Thou a new leaf for me?
I have spoiled this one.'

"He took the old year, stained and blotted,
And gave me a new one all unspotted,
And to my sad heart smiled.
'Do better now, my child.' "

It is this message that gives hope for the future. The golden age is still before us. It is this that gives one back his youth. It is this that draws the curtain of night over the unsatisfactory past and paints the future in golden light. It matters not the number of our years, the best is yet to be.

To each of us at the turn of the years there comes a flood of memories, of mistakes innumerable, of opportunities for good and for service gone, and we fain would turn the page and forget. But God Himself cannot change history. But the Christ comes with the new year and shouts a message of forgiveness for the past and power for the future. Believe it, receive it, follow it. It is the fabled fountain of youth so long looked for by men. Come and sit by its waters and rest. Come and bathe your aching brow and find peace. Come and let its gentle music refresh your tired heart. Come and look into its crystal depths and see reflected the stars of hope and the sun of righteousness. Come and drink and your soul shall live. Come and stand with the risen Christ, your face toward the east. There shall be no night.

STAY AT HOME

(Morganton News-Herald)

Every day the highways are dotted with "hitchhikers," moving from town to town, many of them in search of work and many just drifting. Conditions everywhere are about the same, work scarce everywhere and the chances are that these tramps continue out of work

Commenting on this subject, The Cleveland Star advises those who are out of a job to stay at home, not to go away looking for work.

The Star says that from nearly every town and city in the country come news stories, similar to the one published in Shelby recently, telling of wandering and unemployed men and boys who seek lodging each night at police stations and county jails.

The editorial continues:

"If you are out of work, the chances against starvation are best in your home town, where you are known. Work is hard to find anywhere now. The man who picks up a job is lucky. The breaks are for him much like they are for the motorist lucky enough to find a parking space in town on Saturday. Conditions elsewhere are about as they are in your home town, no matter what town that may be.

"When there is little hope of finding a job elswhere, why try it? In your home town you are known Neighbors, relatives, and friends will come nearer seeing that you do not suffer than will strangers in a strange town. The people of a strange town will not know how much of your story to believe. There are bad hombres wandering the highways now just as there are honest fellows looking for work.

Your best chance is at home.

J. Rogers Flannery, of Pittsburgh, president of the National Association of Travelers' Aid Societies, has just issued a statement asking the cooperation of social welfare agencies and police departments to discourage this tendency of the temporarily unemployed to drift from their home towns to larger centers of population.

"Telegrams from Travelers' Aid Societies throughout the country," says Mr. Flannery, show clearly that just now it is of first importance for unemployed people to remain in the communities where they are known and where there is a chance for them to get work or to secure relief.

"Under national and local leadership, American communities, large and small, are arising to the challenge of the present situation. In spite of this, the men or women out of work will need all the resources that come from friendship and residence that are not available to the drifters into strange communities, each of which is concerned with the problem of its own people. The kindest advice that can be given to men and women out of work today is to remain, if possible, in their own communities—to stay in their own home towns."

THE LAST OBSTACLE

By Flora Swetnam

"I'm just going" Blanche Carroll's tone was final. "Daddy promised me that as soon as I had got all they could give me in this country school, I should go to town to school, and I've drained the thing dry here."

My daddy promised me, too." said Alma Boggs, Blanche's nearest neighbor, "but last year there was a drouth and this year a flood, and—there's nothing to go on."

"I'm not going to ask daddy to send me," replied Blanche. "I know his burden's as heavy as he can tote. But since we picked and sold enough berries to buy all our clothes, why can't we do something to buy our books?"

"But that wouldn't be all," reminded Alma. "Our board bill if we went to town, would be the big item."

"By walking two miles every morning to meet the bus, and two miles every afternoon after the bus drips us, we could do it," declared Blanche. "You know the bus goes every day between Salyersville and Brizzleton."

"I hadn't thought of that," admitted Alma.

"Oh, I've planned it all a thousand times," laughed Blanche. "I shall not stop until the last obstacle is removed."

"But I have to milk two cows," began Alma.

"And I have to milk three, but we can do that. The only real obstacle is the lack of books."

The two girls were sitting on the front porch of a farmhouse in the southern mountains. Just a few feet from the house a giant walnut tree towered above them. At the minute Blanche spoke, a walnut dropped with a soft "plup" into the grass. Blanche jumped up excitedly.

"I've got it," she cried. "We'll gather walnuts. They always bring a good price. Jimmy's planning to sell enough to buy him a gun."

"You mean hull them on Saturdays and evening after school?"

"Can't we?" queried Blanche.

Alma's tone was doubtful. "We might—in time, but school begins in two weeks, and it's most too early to begin now."

But Blanche was not to be silenced. "Stop talking down your nose," she laughed, "after I've thought up a perfectly good plan."

"I can do anything you can," said Alma.

So the questions was settled. The problem of clothes troubled them not at all. It was only a matter of getting them made Blanche's mother was a born dressmaker. She sewed for the whole neighborhood. She could make a dress look just like the picture in the magazine. The girls had no fears about not being able to look as well as the girls in town.

The only problem was the books, and Blanche was so sure of her plan that Alma was fairly carried along on the wave of her enthusiasm. Her plan was to go ahead and enter school and risk getting the books, and after a little period of objecting, their parents agreed to let them

try it.

It had not occurred to either of them that they might buy second-hand books for half the price of new ones till they began discussing the matter with their teacher on the first day of school and she told them that those who had passed would be glad to sell their old books. The girls jumped at the suggestion, and the teacher took them to Mary Norton, as one who might want to sell.

"One set will do for both of us," whispered Blanche as they followed the teacher to the other room. "We are so near each other we can study together."

Mary wanted to sell, but even the half price she named for a whole set of high school books fairly took their breath away. But they had gone too far to retreat, and Blanche made the plunge.

"Would you—be willing to trust us for them?" she asked. "You see we are buying them together and we have to earn the money."

Mary looked a bit doubtful. "I don't know till I see my mother about it, but I'll lend them to you for a day or two."

"Thank you," they chorused, and carried the books home.

The next day the trade was made. Mary's mother said it would be all right for her to wait three or four weeks, and the girls were sure they would have the money by that time.

Every afternoon they had to make the ten-mile trip on the bus, walk two miles and change their clothes before they were ready to gather walnuts. They could not have those on the big tree in front of the Carroll home, for they were for the little folks to hull and put away for family use. But the woods were full of walnuts trees, so they did not have to wander far, and they managed to put in an hour or so before milking time.

They did their best, but it seemed that the nuts piled up slowly. They comforted themselves with the promise of getting a big lot ready on Saturday, and on that day it rained. And the next Saturday it rained again. The money was due in one more week, and they had only three bushels of walnuts—not half enough. But they sent them to town, anyway, on Saturday, as it was too rainy for the men to work on the farm. The following Monday they sought Mary.

"This was all we could get just now," said Blanche "but do you want the book back?"

"No," Mary shook her head emphatically. "Everybody's got books now. Say, can you cook?" she added.

"I cook at home," said Blanche.

"Well"— Mary hesitated—mother said if you wouldn't mind helping me with the work so she could make a visit to grandmother—now don't get mad," she added, "but you could pay your debt that way and we could both be in school."

"I'd be glad to do that if mother can spare me," Blanche told her.

"I'll run over and do most of your share of the work," promised Alma. "I'll have more time if we don't have to hull walnuts."

"I'll do that," agreed Blanche.

For two weeks Alma milked five cows twice a day and did numerous other things besides, and Blanche helped Mary with the housework while Mrs. Norton visited. It was

a time of hustling for everybody concerned. But what Alma dreaded most of all were the long rides home on the bus without Blanche. However, all that came to an end at last, and the girls rode home together and carried their own books on which they owed not a cent. The bus dropped them at the usual place and lumbered on. Blanche paused on the homeward march long enough to clap her hands.

"The last obstacle has been surmounted," she cried. "Who says we can't go to high school?"

"Not I, I'm sure," smiled Alma demurely.

IF

If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you.
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
But make allowance for their doubting too;
If you can wait and not be tired of waiting,
Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,
Or being hated, don't give way to hating
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise.

If you can dream—and not make dreams your master;
If you can think—and not make thought your aim;
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster
And treat these two imposters just the same;
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,
And stoop to build them up with worn-out tools:

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtues,
Or walk with kings—nor lose the common touch,
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
If all men count with you, but none too much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
And—which is more—you'll be a Man, my son!

—Rudyard Kipling.

PRINCE SAID TO BE WEALTHIEST

(Asheboro Courier)

A few years ago the world was told that Henry Ford was the world's first billionaire and therefore the richest man in the world.

At various times in the last quarter century announcements has been made that John D. Rockefeller, sr., was the world's richest man. The same thing has been said of J. P. Morgan.

All of which were guesses and all wrong. The richest man in the world is one few readers ever heard of. In fact his real name has not ever been made public but only his title. He is the Nizam of Hyderabad, which means the prime of a state of province of India. He is the native ruler of the province in name only for the British government is the real boss of India.

The wealth of the Nizam has been appraised at one billion dollars in money and precious metals alone. His jewels, worth an untold fortune would add millions, perhaps another billion, to this tremendous fortune.

So wealthy is this Indian prince that he will not invest any money in securities or make loans in any from becaue he is afraid the increase from interest would make his wealth cumbersome. "Frozen assets" don't bother him and he can "liquidate" at a moment's notice by going to one of his treasures chests for a gold brick or jewel and selling it. He is said to keep $500,000,000 worth of gold in bullion and coins right in his palace just for "spending money." Lucky for him Chicago is 10,000 miles away.

The second richest man in the world is said to be John D. Rockefeller, Jr. Besides his own wealth, his father, John D. sr., has in late years turned over to him interests and holding worth many millions. The last year Federal income tax figures were made public John D., jr., paid in $7,435,169, quite a sizable tax bill in itself in addition to the millions he pays in property taxes.

Undoubtedly the third richest man on the globe is Henry Ford, whose wealth several years ago is said to have exceeded 1 billion dollars. Henry doesn't know himself just how much he is worth. Neither do any of the other multi-millionairs. Any figure given as representing their wealth is only an estimate at best.

TACT

Tact is the knack of keeping quiet at the right time; of being so agreeable yourself that no one can be disagreeable to you; of making inferiority feel like equality. A tactful man can pull the stinger from a bee without getting stung.—George Horace Lorimer.

INSTITUTION NOTES

The girls' band, of the Charlotte High School, under the leadership of Mr. L. R. Sides, musical director of the Charlotte Public Schools, provided a rare treat for the Training School folks, as they assembled in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon. These young ladies, fifty-five in number, in their blue and white costumes, presented a very striking appearance as they took their places on the stage. The program, lasting about an hour, was rendered in a most delightful manner, in fact it was the best we have ever heard from an organization of this kind After listening to the stirring strains of the march; the gallop; then the slower rhythm of the schottische and waltz; then the wonderfully executed measures of several difficult overtures, we were amazed when Mr. Sides informed us that most of the girls had been playing in the band but a year, and about fifteen of them had been members of the organization for only a few months, having taken up the study of the various band instruments when school opened last September. This not only proves that the Charlotte schools are to be congratulated in having such a competent instructor, but speaks exceedingly well for the ability of these young ladies who have learned to play so well in such a short time. To our good friend, Mr. A. C. Sheldon, through whose efforts this splendid musical organization was able to visit us, and to Mr. Sides and his group of young musicians, we tender herewith the most sincere thanks and appreciation of both the boys and members of the official family of the Jackson Training School, for their kindness in thus providing such a delightful entertainment.

——o——

Vernon Lauder, Clarence Mebane and Charles Blackman, former students here, visited us last Sunday. Vernon has been holding a responsible position in the Kannapolis Bakery for more than a year; Clarence is attending school in Burlington; and Charles, better known as "Tar Baby," who was paroled about six years ago, is now in the U. S. Army. We were glad to see these boys and to learn that they are getting along well.

—o—

The delightful weather we have been enjoying for the past week makes us feel that "spring fever" is in the air. Our farm manager and his assistants are getting the different seeds together and ordering some new varieties, and before long we will be "all set" for the spring planting.

—o—

For several days past our outside forces have been chopping wood, clearing new ground and making other necessary preparations for the spring planting season.

—o—

Mr. Presson and his Receiving Cottage boys have been building a bridge across a branch over in that section of our farm known as the Duke property.

—o—

Miss Mary Hobby, of Raleigh, has been spending the past week with

her brother, J. H. Hobby and family at the Rutherford county cottage.

—o—

The appearance of the Training School boys is greatly improved since Mr. Hobby and his group of young barbers have finished cutting hair.

WORK

God give to me the sight to see,
  Give wisdom clear that understands
The fine, high-hearted dignity
  Of work I do with my two hands.
No matter what the task may be,
  I'll not complain or ever shirk,
But strive in all sincerity
  To love my helpful work.

While I am young, help me to know
  That work is good and effort fine.
They make my soul and body grow,
  So I will take true pride in mine.
Teach me to love my work today,
  And even look for things to do
That shall help others on their way,
  Thus working, Lord, I work with You.

—Selected

CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XIX CONCORD, N. C., FEBRUARY 7, 1931. No. 6

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God gives us joy, that we may give;
He gives us love, that we may share;
Sometimes He gives us loads to lift,
That we may learn to bear.
For life is gladder when we give,
And love is sweeter when we share;
And heavy loads rest lightly, too,
When we have learned to bear.

—Christian Missionary.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

ONE OF GOD'S NOBLEMEN

Proper appraisement of the venerable Dr. Rondthaler, dean of the Moravian Church of North Carolina, would list him well among the first citizens of North Carolina, first in consecration to a noble work, first in his thorough dedication to the Christian ministry, first in the extensiveness of work well done for the Kingdom of God and first in that subtle influence for good that proceeds from such a man as this in a sort of endless and immeasureable stream.

Dr. Rondthaler's ministry for his own church represents an epic in constructive service. Memorable his long life as a servant of the Most High in the ranks of a church that is better known for its consecrated loyalties than for its conspicuity and Dr. Rondthaler, in his personal life, was typical of this ideal. He was not a man eternally seeking to be seen and heard; on the other hand, it suited him much better to do his labors quietly and without acclaim, to perform his ministry without the blatings of brass bands and to live his life out in humble service for Him whom he chose to represent.

Verily, a great man has fallen!—Charlotte News.

LEADERSHIP

To be truly a great leader the first and essential requisite is to forget self. Every work should be reflected through leadership and not used as a background to magnify self. If public office of any kind is used as a means of remuneration alone, or a stepping stone to something better, the real objective of the mission is lost, and the influence of such a life is like a meteoric flash across the heavens—the light attracts for a while but is soon forgotten. It is the steadying influences of the greater lights of the heavens that give heat

to warm and comfort humanity, and light to show the way to greater civilization. Even the minister in the pulpit if he uses his knowledge and oratorical powers to glorify self and not God the objective of his mission, the spiritual phase, is neglected and there is at best but a faulty leadership.

Other requisites of great leadership are to be fair minded, open minded to suggestions, also a high sense of consideration for coworkers with a hope of eliciting sympathy and thereby working out finer developments for work entrusted,—no expression is truer than "united we stand, divided we fall." In the history of the nation our most successful leaders in times of peace and war have been men of positive natures, extolled for their humble and tolerant spirit—ruling both by precept and example.

Leadership has its price—the price of responsibility, and one of the finest ways of easing up the burden of a responsibility is to coordinate activities making each individual feel absolutely responsible for a portion of work assigned.

Since this is true, whether we are called out to lead or left in the quiet of our narrow environment, to live our lives, we are privileged at least to give our viewpoints as to some of the essentials of true leadership.

* * * * * * * * * *

TRUE DEMOCRACY.

The elder sister of King George, at the age of 63, died just as she wished, quietly and peacefully without that ceremony that attends the passing of one of the royal family. Princess Louise, though entitled to national recognition, because of her connection with the royalty of England, possessed nothing akin to snobbery, but was thoroughly democratic in thought and manner of living. Her life, tranquil and uneventful, is one worth the time to dwell upon

> "She was the most democratic of royal ladies and on many occasions took rides in busses the other occupants of which were entirely ignorant that the quietly dressed, middle aged woman sitting among them was a sister of the king. She took a keen interest in the theatre and was personally acquainted with many actors, actresses and playwrights. Up to recent years she frequently was to be seen at performances which she attended with the same complete absence of ceremony that she did everything else."

The only romance of her life was her marriage. She did not choose a

member of the royal courts for her life long companion. In the face of opposition she married a commoner, the man of her choice.

"The marriage, however, proved ideally happy and the earl whose elevation to the dignity of Duke of Fife was announced at the wedding breakfast, soon beame a great favorite of the whole royal family. '

She always shrank from the fierce light that beats upon royalty and her quiet passing seems a fitting end to this gentle woman's whole career.

* * * * * * * * * *

FORTY MORE DAYS OF ROUGH WEATHER.

On February 2nd, the groundhog saw his shadow, so immediately this forecast of six more weeks of winter gave a set back to the hopes of an early spring despite the fact that it was a balmy day. There was a restlessness among the home makers to have house cleaning, a disposition on the part of the early gardener to work up the soil, and the shop windows were filled with enticing styles that were suggestive of the approaching season.

Tradition has it that if Mr. Groundhog sticks his nose out of his hole, and his shadow is seen, he returns to his snug little nest for six more weeks, which period will be characterized by winter weather.

There is no way getting around it—Mr. Groundhog said, "don't rush the season." There are many who have faith in the groundhog and believe he controls the weather.

* * * * * * * * * *

SHOW YOUR METTLE.

Just a few days ago we were brought face to face in a business proposition with a man whose business seems to be on the rocks. But, he is brave, honorable and correct in every business deal—his word is his bond, character first and money next are the outstanding characteristics of this man as we see him.

"How is it," as we approached him?" "Can't make the grade today," he replied, "collections not so good but things will soon work out I am sure." In a few words he told his story, and said, "there have been times when I felt like throwing up the sponge." With this remark he read aloud a verse, "Don't quit," and a poem telling that the game fish only swim up the stream. Smilingly he said, "I can do what the other fellow has accomplished even if the tide is against me."

Now, this man is the kind we need during this depression. We can not af-

ford to get discouraged and turn loose from any business proposition. If your house is on fire, you do not run out without making an attempt to save something from the disaster. In war a brave soldier never gives up till absolutely whipped, and the same spirit should prevail in the business life. We do not need grumblers, they are weaklings; we do not need those who drift with the tide, they thrive only when things go smoothly—but during this period of history we need men with courage, with stamina, with foresight, with stability, with fighting qualities and honor to bring conditions to normalcy. Do we have them? Yes, the county, state and nation have a multitude of such citizens and the hope of the country rests in men of such calibre. Remember anyone can drift with the tide, but it takes a "game fish to swim up stream."

* * * * * * * * * *

JUST AS EXPECTED.

President Graham's appearance and plea before the Commission on Appropriations of the Legislature the other day expressed a sentiment that has taken lodgement. He thinks if the cut is adhered to it will place a "destructive strain upon the University and lower the quality of its work," that also to cut the "teacher's salary is the equivalent of taking the teacher's equipment," therefore, efficiency in the most productive work of the State cannot be realized. This great ducator also states, "depressions are temporary but youth is eternally resurgent with the resources of recovery and advance." President Graham, like the "ancient musket carries not only the powder, but the spark to set it off." The general opinion, though, is that during this general depression of business "what can't be cured must be endured," and the only thing to do is to cut the cloth according to the pattern.

* * * * * * * * * *

THINK KINDLY

The story of Leonardo de Vinci's attitude of mind while painting his masterpiece, "The Last Supper," is a strong argument in favor of the subject much discussed, "mental hygiene." There is a great advantage in having at all times clean, wholesome thought and a charitable attitude towards our neighbor. Under such conditions the best work is accomplished.

Almost all lovers of art are familiar with Leonardo de Vinci's great

picture, "The Last Supper." His biographer tells us that while at work on his great masterpiece the artist quarreled with a man and vowed to take vengeance upon him. When in this vengeful mood he sketched the face of Judas, but when he started to paint the face of the Master, he found that he could not give it the expression he so desired until he had gone to the man against whom he had vowed vengeance and sought his forgiveness. When this had been done, he was able to finish the picture.

* * * * * * * * * *

The confidence of the people in the good work of the American Red Cross has never been shaken despite some criticism. Somehow this "agency of relief" merged from the fields of activity of the World War in great favor with the men on the field, and those of us at home who did our best for this organization, continue in the same confidence. The American Red Cross chairman, Judge John Barton Payne, states in substance, "we have done the job and are continuing to do it adequately"—this seems to be said with every assurance, so there is hope of this institution of mercy functioning as in the past.

* * * * * * * * * *

The North Carolina Christian Advocate comments:

Here is what purports to be a prayer for the English. It is all right for the British but equally good for us Americans. We might do well to make it our daily and fervent prayer.

"Give me a good digestion, Lord,
  And also something to digest;
Give me a healthy body, Lord,
  With a sense to keep it at its best.
Give me a healthy mind, good Lord,
  To keep the good and pure in sight,
Which, seeing sin, is not appalled,
  But finds a way to set it right.
Give me a mind that is not bored,
  That does not whimper or sigh;
Don't let me worry over much
  About the fussy thing called 'I.'
Give me a sense of humor, Lord,
  Give me the grace to see a joke
To get some pleasure out of life,
  And pass it on to other folk."

RAMBLING AROUND

With Old Hurrygraph

"Thoughts and words, good or evil,
Are mind-seed and create,
Growth allowed—we reap the harvest—
Gather what we reckon—Fate."

—o—

As the city folks, along about third time, are complaining because they have to pay income tax, and the country folks are moaning because they don't have income enough to pay taxes on, I would suggest that they swap places.

—o—

Isn't it funny that Satan is always hanging around to help a man to put on the spare tire when one on his car picks up a nail?

—o—

There is an old saying, long in use, to the effect that "everything that goes up must come down." No, not everything. That is misleading. There's taxes, for instance.

—o—

There is a great deal of admonition in the world upon people minding their own business, and how much better they get along, when they do. Then there is this about minding own business; it is easy enough to do so, if your neighbor hasn't a phonograph or radio.

—o—

A decline is reported in the number of grade crossing fatalities and other accidents. It would seem that the only possible interpretation of the phenomenon is that increasing numbers of motorists have learned, through the disastrous experience of others, that it often is a losing game to try to beat the train to the crossing or knock the locomotive from the track if the race is a stand-off.

—o—

For the past week I have been flying from the flu; in other words, I have been fighting against the wheezing, sneezing gripping monster getting his grip on me; making my body shake like an aspen leaf, my head feel as big as a hogshead, and tight as a drum. I'm keeping Old Flu off the modern way, with modern methods, and staying hid in my room where he cannot see me in passing. But I remember in boyhood days, when a severe cold came on, the nose and chest were rubbed with mutton—suet; red flannel, saturated with turpentine, was tied around the neck; the head was held back, the nose was pinched like a clothes-pin on it and a big tablespoonful of castor oil poured down the esophagus, and you were put to bed, and tucked in all round. The effects of colds have changed since then; so have the remedies.

—o—

Ground-hog Day has come and gone and there is the usual speculation, every year, on his seeing his shadow and what effect that has upon the weather for several more weeks. I have quit bothering about the ground-hog. I am more agitated about the road-hog, the financial-hog, all the other hogs that are hogging the country. They do more to disturb the serenity of human beings than all the innocent little woodchucks

who come out of their winter holes and diagnose the weather.

—o—

Many scientists believe that it is only a matter of time before our motor cars will be radio propelled, deriving their power from central plants, perhaps somewhat similar to our present broadcasting stations. A beginning in this direction has already been made, and driverless cars have already been seen propelled through the streets, their movements mysteriously directed by another car following behind. Radio equipped cars are becoming common. As we drive along we may listen to programs which have traveled through the air for many hundreds of miles. These things may well represent the first steps toward a new era of power transmission, tremendous in its scope and significance. The wheels of progress are turning more and more swifely all the time. The modes of life, the cars, the clothes, the viewpoints of only 25 years ago seem odd to us today, just as 25 years hence we will smile at the queer, old-fashioned folks of 1931. Who can say what changes 50 or even 25 years will bring to our civilization?

—o—

Pies for generations have been round, not because pie pans are round, but in order to fit plates that are round. Why are plates round? To avoid corners, of course. When one eats food from a plate cleanliness is demanded, and corners are notoriously hard to clean. In hospitals, where cleaniness is a first consideration, the corners of rooms are rounded. So, by simple reasoning we learn why pie pans and pies and plates have been round. But it appears that much space in ovens is wasted by round pie pans. A Philadelphia girl employed in a bakery, unable to use all the materials for a batch of mince pies, baked them in square cake pans, which completely filled the oven, with no waste space. Her employer was delighted, and gave to amazed customers square mince pies—just as good as round ones. How she got them out of the pans I do not know, nor what she desposited them on to cool. But the rectangular pie became a fact. Which reminded me that the best pie ever baked comes to the table in a rectangular pan. I refer, of course ,to oyster pie, the queen of all pies when properly prepared. No doubt rectangular plates will follow with rounded corners for the sake of cleanliness. Things like this show that the eternal fitness of things is still a power in our civilzation, and finds its way to the kitchen in due time.

It pays to step out of the crowd now and then and think things over.
—Selected.

LINCOLN, THE BOY WHO FOUGHT THREE GIANTS

By J. Edmund Brewton

One hundred and twenty-two years ago, in a lonely, one-room hut of the dark and bloody ground of wild Kentucky, the boy was born. Hovering around the newborn babe were three threatening grim giants. One of these giants, a tall, gaunt thing called Poverty, stood looking down upon the boy and holding out to him the chains that bind. Behind him loomed, large and menacing, a great, gray giant whose name the boy came to know as Drudgery; and nearby stood gaping the third giant, Ignorance. In this bleak cabin, or hovel, the boy was born to be trained in hardship's school.

Like knights of old who made bold to fight dragons, the boy was to gird on his armor and fight the three grim giants who stalked abroad in this lonely land of dreariness and dullness. But, for the present, he lay, quite unconcerned about all this, in the floorless, log cabin. For the cabin had only the ground for a floor; for ventilation and light it had only one door and one window. A large bear-skin covered the door, a smaller one hung in the window. A humble cabin was this in Kentucky where the boy first lay. Wealth had never pressed greedy feet on this soil; honor, pomp, or fame was not to be found here.

Thomas Lincoln and his wife, Nancy Hanks, named the boy Abraham after his grandfather who had been killed by the Indians. The boy, as soon as he was old enough to enjoy stories, listened intently to his father tell how, when he was small, he saw the buffalo roaming over the fields, how he saw Indians luking in the forests. But the story that held most interest for him was the one about his grandfather.

One morning Grandfather Abraham took his three boys, Mordecai, Josiah and Thomas, to the clearing to assist him in cutting down the trees. As soon as they arrived and began work, a shot rang out, and Grandfather Abraham fell dead. Josiah started to the nearest fort for help; Mordecai ran to get a gun from the cabin. Thomas, who was to become the boy's father, was left by Grandfather Abraham's side.

Mordecai reached the cabin, and had seized a gun and was stricking it through a crack in the logs, just as the Indian rose with Thomas in his arms to carry him off. Mordecai aimed carefully, for he feared he might kill his brother. A white ornament on the Indian's breast caught his eye. He aimed carefully at it and fired. His aim was good, and the Indian fell by Grandfather Abraham's side. Thus was Thomas Lincoln, the father of the boy, saved by his brother, Mordecai.

The boy's father could not read; he could only write his name; but he was honest, sober, good-natured, and loved. He had married Nancy Hanks, a niece of Mrs. Berry, the

wife of the man he worked for, and finding the carpenter's trade a hard one, had decided to move his wife and baby girl to a farm. On a farm he could kill game for meat, and raise corn for bread.

In the little one-room, log cabin, which Thomas Lincoln built on this farm in Kentucky, was born, February 12, 1809, the boy. In the words of Edwin Markham:

> They laid him in the hollow of a log,
> Humblest of cradles, save that other one—
> The manger in the stall at Bethlehem.

The boy came humbly, not as a prince born to rule, but as a pioneer born to toil.

In spite of the three giants, or rather with their aid, for he made them serve, the boy grew in stature, in strength, in mind, and in greatness. He grew in stature. James Oppenheim says "he grew ugly, gaunt and gnarled his way into a man." And it might be added, What a man! For the boy grew like a great scraggly pine to the height as a man of six feet and four inches, two inches taller than George Washington. Incidentlly, the boy was to become not only one of the greatest Presidents of the United States, but the tallest as well. At ten, even, he is described as "tall and strong beyond conception." The grim giant. Grey Drudgery, had been made to serve the boy.

The boy grew in mind. The giant, Gaping Ignorance, could not be made so well to serve, so the boy girded himself with a herculean will and an unquenchable thirst for knowledge, and rode forth to give this giant combat. No knight of old fought dragon more gallantly than did the boy fight the giants, Gaping Ignorance. "His was the dream-filled world of kindly trees and marvel-reaches of the prairie lands; the brotherhood of fields, and birds and bees which magnifies the soul that understands." His was not the world of books; but he did read books, as many as Gaunt Poverty would allow. While others slept and dreamed, the boy in solitude spent midnight hours by dim firelight reading what books he could get. The boy learned "what Shakespeare never knew, what Dante never dreamed to dream—that men are one beneath the sun, and before God are equal souls."

The boy, a "quaint little knight-errant of the pioneers," walked for ten weeks four miles to his first school. In this school three subjects were taught,—reading, writing, and "ciphering." His teacher was Zachariah Riney. Riney had only one book, a spelling book which contained also some easy reading lessons. The boy had no school book at all.

When he was about seven, a very exciting thing happened to the boy. The family moved from Knob Creek to Little Pigeon Creek, from Kentucky to Indiana. Here hardship and the grim giants loomed more terrible than ever. His father went first and carried his tools and goods on a raft he made himself. The raft upset, but he righted it, rescued some of his tools, and continued his journey. Once across the river, he

hired an ox team to take him to the new place. Then he went back for his wife and children.

The boy enjoyed the seven-day trip, sometimes cutting their way with axes, sometimes fording streams, and at night sleeping on pine boughs. When they got to their new destination it was in the fall of the year, too late to build a house. The boy set to work clearing the ground, and he and his father built a half-faced camp of posts and poles. It was open on one side with only a curtain of skins. Here, in this makeshift home near Little Pigeon Creek, the boy spent the winter. Times were hard. Thorns were used for pins, and buttons were cut out of bones. When they wanted coffee they had to make it out of brown crusts of bread. Tea they made from herbs. Their food was plain and often scarce.

The next year the boy and his father set to work on their new cabin. It had one room and a loft above. Doorless, windowless, and floorless, this new hut was not very inviting, but it was better than the "half-faced camp." The boy and his father built the furniture. Rough slabs of wood set up on pegs made the tables and chairs; a bed was built in one corner of the cabin by driving a stake in the ground and fastening stout poles from it over to the walls. It was a one-legged bed. On this frame they laid split "shakes," upon which was placed the mattress which was filled with dried leaves.

The boy's room, if such it could be called, was the loft. To get to his room, he had to climb up the pegs driven in the wall which served as a stairway. In one corner of the loft was a heap of dried leaves on the floor. This was his bed.

Other animals than the groundhog are supposed to behave similarly. In Germany it is the badger; in England the hedgehog; in France the marmot, and among the Scandinavians the bear.

February 2nd is also known as Candlemas Day in the church calendar, commemorating the presentation of Christ in the temple and among its observances is the blessing of candles for sacred use. It is also associated with weather signs identical with those attributed to the groundhog. There are several old rhymes similar to this:

"If Candlemas be bright and clear
We'll have two winters in the year."

—Reidsville Review.

TO GET SOMEWHERE

By Earl L. Allison

To get somewhere, start and keep going.

That sentence had been adopted by Kirk Hamilton as a slogan when he set out from the east at the head of a wagon train bound for the Illinois country. The words were emblazoned in crude red letters on both sides of his covered wagon, which was driven by an assistant. Throughout the tedious, tiresome journey he had endeavored to live up to the solgan, had urged his fellow travelers to their best efforts daily and now, at the end of two months, the train was nearing the end of its journey.

"Tell all the drivers to pull up into that woods ahead and we'll camp for the night." Kirk directed a young man who rode with the leader at the head of the train. The young man turned his shaggy roan horse back down the line of oncoming wagons to obey the command.

That young man was Gram Thomas, unofficially, but in fact, Kirk Hamilton's lieutenant. He and the leader possessed the only two saddle horses with the train. All other animals in it were hitched to wagons. The leader usually rode ahead picking the road where the trail was faint or obliterated. Gram more often than not was at the rear of the train, giving cheer, aid and comfort to those who faltered. Then again, when the party moved forward unhindered, he rode in the vanguard with Hamilton. In the train was a wagon that carried Gram's parents, Enoch and Milissa Thomas, and the three younger children of the family, together with the family's meager household necessities.

Gram executed Kirk Hamilton's order and rode back to the head of the train to rejoin the leader. "We must be getting right close to New Salem, aren't we?" asked the youth.

"That we are, boy. The road is growing better, too. At the last town we passed they said it was forty miles. We've gone considerably more than half that. We'll make New Salem tomorrow, or I'll miss my guess."

New Salem was the Illinois village for which the party was bound. It was to this village that a neighbor from the East had gone the year before. He had sent back glowing accounts of the wonderful soil and cheap government land that could be had in the vicinity of the village. The name was almost like that of their home town back east—Salem. And hence the members of the party neared home, or what was dastined to be home to them.

And so on the afternoon of the following day, amid the sunshine of that glorious spring day of 1832, Kirk Hamilton's wagon train pulled up at the edge of the village of New Salem and its members made camp.

"Home at last!" said Gram Thomas, pulling his shaggy roan horse to a halt beside Hamilton's animal and surveying the straggling village before him. "We certainly did start and keep going, Mr. Hamilton, and we got somewhere." Then Gram rode back to the wagon which bore the members of his family and which had just been brought to a halt on the

broad commons. "Home at last!" he repeated to the Thomas family.

"And the next thing is to get some of this fine government land," his father answered, getting stiffly from the wagon. "It certainly is wonderful looking soil, Gram."

Other members of the train also alighted and soon the simple task of establishing temporary camp was accomplished.

Gram was sent to the village store—Offutt's store it was—in search of feed for the horses. He returned presently with corn. As he distributed the grain among the animals he told his father, "'Indians are on the warpath in the Illinois country. I larned that down at the store."

"Surely not here at New Salem?" his father replied.

"No. Up north somewhere. A chief they call Black Hawks is leading the Indians and they are killing and murdering the settlers, so a man at the store said."

"I had no idea we were arriving at the outpost of civilization and would run into an Indian war," Mr. Thomas declared. "But perhaps they will not trouble us down this way."

Gram was now assisting his father in caring for the team and wagon. "At the store is a young clerk, a giant of a fellow, tall and bony, and lank. He's about the tallest man I ever saw. Told some funny stories that made the crowd in the store laugh. Abe, they call him."

Mr. Thomas was not deeply impressed by this information. "Is that so?" was his only comment.

"Yes. And he's coming down to camp to get acquainted and talk awhile after he closes the store."

With the arrival of night the air was cool enough for a camp fire and it was lighted in the midst of the Easterners' camp on the commons. Men and boys among the immigrants gathered about it. The women were busy in the covered wagons getting the tired children to bed. Gram was among those gathered about the camp fire. Supper was over. The men talked. They planned the purchase of land and establishment of homes. The land would have to be secured through the government land office. They would select their tracts near the village, then go to the land office and get their patents. That was the sentiment generally expressed by those in the firelight. "And tomorrow will be the best time in the world to make the selection of tracts," Kirk Hamilton advised.

As the men talked Gram found himself anxiously awaiting the arrival of the giant young clerk from the store. His vision wandered again and again to the mouth of the street that led to the heart of the village and to the store. The giant young clerk had won Gram at the first meeting. To Gram he was a very unusual person.

At length a tall, awkward figure appeared in the dim light and approached the camp fire. Gram knew at once it was the tall clerk named Abe. He arose and stepped forward a little. "Howdy!" Gram greeted. Then to his friends about the camp fire he introduced the stranger, by virtue of his having met him at the store. "Folks, this is the clerk from the store. He has come to get acquainted and chat for a little while. His name is Abe—what is your last

name?'' he finished.

The giant young stranger chuckled. ''Lincoln—plain Abe Lincoln,'' he answered, clapping a big hand on Gram's shoulder.

Room was made for the visitor on a log before the fire, on which several of the easterners sat. The glowing fire lighted up his bony face and revealed to the new arrivals a figure clad in jeans clothes, trousers short of the ankle, coat little below the waist line, but with a face that won favor instantly and peculiarly seemed to radiate humor, sympathy, patience and pathos all in one.

Again the visitor chuckled.'' I saw that slogan painted in red on your lead wagon when you arrived,'' he remarked to the crowd. '' 'To get somewhere, start and keep going.' That strikes me as one of the best things I've seen. It tells me why Offutt's dog failed to catch the rabbit he was chasing down the street past the store the other day. The dog started, but he didn't keep going. He stopped at the store.''

The manner in which it was said, more than words themselves, drew a laugh from the crowd.

''You folks started, you kept going and you got to New Salem,'' the visitor added. ''I'm right glad to meet all of you and to welcome you to the town and community.'' There was sincerity in his tone.

''What about the Indian uprising Gram tells us about? And what is it going to amount to anyway?'' Kirk Hamilton asked.

''They do say the Indians are causing quite a rumpus up in Dixon's Ferry territory. But that's a long way off from here. Chief Black Hawk is the leader of the movement and I reckon he has the settlers in those parts badly scared. There's talk of sending more men against him.'' The young store clerk chuckled once more. He seemed perfectly at home among these strangers. ''Those painted words on your lead wagon put into my mind another thought. Those poor Indians are going somewhere. They are going to keep going, and going, but I'm not certain where they are going to end. Once in a while they pause and turn back for a while, like those with Black Hawk are now doing. But in the end they go on and keep going. Back in Kentucky and in Indiana, the two states I have lived in besides Illinois, the Indians are gone. These are going to keep on going and will soon be gone from Illinois. But first they must have their little war, I reckon.''

And so the conversation went on for an hour, the young clerk for the most part entertaining the easterners. Gram sat beside him on the log and his admiration for the clerk named Abe Lincoln grew by leaps and bounds. When young Lincoln took his departure Gram urged him to call again, the others joining in the invitation. Moreover, Gram knew that he would never miss an opportunity of calling at Offutt's store.

Next day the women and children remained in the camp on the village commons while the men among the immigrants scouted the territory and selected tracts of land that met their fancy, with a view of presenting their petitions to the government land agent for purchase.

It was only a matter of a few days until Kirk Hamilton and his band were establishing themselves on newly purchased tracts and going about the tremendous task of building homes and tilling the soil. In the work of building they co-operated with each other, and persons already citizens of the community aided in cutting down trees along the streams and converting the logs into houses and barns.

Enoch Thomas acquired a quarter section of 160 acres of land, one corner of which was just a mile from Offutt's store. With the aid of Gram and a younger brother in the family, Paul by name, Mr. Thomas rapidly got the tract into a shape that began to resemble a homestead. Buildings and fences were crude, but rails were being turned out as rapidly as Gram and Paul could make them, in the woodland down along the creek. The whole farm would by and by be fenced with these rails. Meanwhile Mr. Thomas was using the family's one team to plow up a plot to plant corn and Gram's roan horse grazed at will about the place.

More than three weeks had passed since the arrival of the immigrants. Gram, one night after work was over for the day, made his tired way to the store to sit on the counter and hear the young clerk, Abe Lincoln, tell stories. When he arrived the store was filled with men and boys, some of them greatly excited and agitated. "We've got to do something about it," one backwoodsman was saying. "Those Indians have gone too far. Just imagine! Wiped out one whole settlement, except two girls they took as prisoners."

"The governor has issued a call for men to clean 'em up and drive 'em across the Mississippi and I think we ought to help do it," said another.

"We can raise a company right here," suggested still another.

This time the tall clerk, half reclining on a rough counter, was taking little part in the conversation. Gram edged his way through the crowd to where young Abe Lincoln was. "Is all this true—what they are saying?" he asked softly.

"I reckon it is, Gram," Lincoln replied. "Some volunteers from farther down state who have been in an expedition against Black Hawk and whose enlistments have expired came through today on their way home. They had had enough of the war. They brought awful tales of carnage and bloodshed from the war zone, mostly exaggerated, quite likely."

"But are the fellows here going to war?" Gram insisted.

"Most likely will," came the answer. "They're all worked up about it and highly excited. I think most of them will volunteer."

"And are you going?"

"Gram, I reckon I will."

Before another day had passed, volunteers from New Salem were completing arrangements for the trip to Springfield, to enroll their names among those going to battle against Black Hawk. Patriotism had swept the community like a prairie fire. Gram was among those who had decided to enlist.

Gram broke this news to his parents with the simple statement that he was going with Abe Lincoln and

help lick the Indian chief, Black Hawk, and his warriors.

"What! Going to fight Indians?" his father asked, a little amazed. And Mrs. Thomas cried.

"The fellows are going down to Springfield to enlist with a company being formed there. I can't stay behind and let Abe and the others do all the fighting," Gram argued. "We'll do the job up in a little while and I'll come back, father, and help Paul make enough rails to fence the farm, and do other things to help you."

Mr. Thomas conceded the justice of Gram's position and consent was given for him to go to Springfield and enroll.

That very day the boys left and arrived eventually at Springfield, where they found excitement running even higher. The New Salem contingent formed the nucleus of a new company which was quickly enrolled, equipped ad drilled by a grizzled veteran who had served in former Indian campaigns.

"We must elect a captain and other officers," said one trooper as the haphazzard drilling got under way.

And then and there Gram Thomas stepped from the ranks. This was his chance to do something for the tall, lank store clerk, whom he had come to all but idolize. "I nominate Abe Lincoln captain," he shouted.

With a yell of approval the company made the selection unanimous. Lincoln,, awkwardly and a little hesitantly, accepted the honor and assumed command. "Gram, you've got me in an awful fix," he said, chuckling.

It was less than a week from the time of the departure of the New Salem boys for Springfield that they were back once more in New Salem. The company was on its way to the seat of war in the north part of the state. It had paused on the New Salem town commons for a short demonstration for the entertainment of the New Salem folks who had turned out to see the boys in action.

And then, as the company stood ready to move on, Lincoln turned to the veteran who had acted as drill sergeant and said, "Will you please give the order to forward march and start the boys on their way."

The order was given. The troops got away on their way toward the north to help conquer Black Hawk. Before turning to follow, the captain of the company faced Kirk Hamilton, Enoch Thomas and the others who were with them and said, "We'll try to remember those words on your lead wagon: 'To get somewhere, start and keep going.' We're now started. We'll just keep going until the Indians are driven out. Then we'll start and keep going again until we get back o New Salem on the return trip."

The people of New Salem and surrounding territory then and there saw striding away to the northward after his company of volunteers, the future president and emancipator. But they could not know that he was to become such.

SITES THAT RECALL LINCOLN

By Leah A. Kazmark

Each year sees an increasing interest in all places woven into the life of Abraham Lincoln. His home at Springfield, Illinois, testifies by its great ledger that people from every part of the land go in and out its white doorway throughout the year. Each summer the number of visitors increases. The house is a simple frame structure, the only ones the Lincolns ever owned, and now kept as a public shrine by the state.

It contains the old, homey, walnut furniture and gives a picture of the home life of Lincoln, where, as a young lawyer he practised that profession. Visitors love to linger long in the "sitting-room" which houses Lincoln's few but beloved books, his cane-backed rocker, his high walnut desk with its glass lamp that kept him late company over his studies. The whole dwelling tells of a home-loving man of simple tastes whose intesest was in the real values life has to offer instead of fine furnishings and ornate modes of living.

Not far from here stands the tall Lincoln monument in which all the Lincolns lie at rest. The state is now rebuilding this along more stately lines at a great cost. One part of it is given over to a noted collection of Lincoln pictures, letters and varied material which the state has been collecting for many years. Each day visitors may be seen filling like a throng this great room. Each individual is eager to learn more of Lincoln to see at first hand his lettters, his photographs and the intimate side of his personality.

Not far to the south of Springfield a project in fast nearing completion that has attracted wide attention: the rebuilding of the abandoned village, Old Salem, in honor of him who in his young manhood served as both clerk of the little general store and postmaster. The old mill where the community corn was ground, on a picturesque bend in the Sangamon River has been restored in all its bygone charm. So, too, has the village store where a lanky youth used to stretch out on the counter when trade was scarce and, with his head on a bolt of calico, study law. The house where he roomed, the Rutledge tavern where he met Ann of the "cornflower blue eyes" the old burying ground and the tall-spired church are all to be rebuilt as once they were when the young postmaster lived, worked played on the streets, now overgrown with brush and brambles.

Another site connected with Lincoln, which annually attracts travelers, is the log courthouse at Decatur, Illiniois, where he first tried his skill before the bar of justice. The structure once stood on the city square, but has been given an honored site on a lovely wooded knoll in the park. Here the Boy Scouts have headquarters the year around; in winter before the wide-mouthed fireplace remindful of Lincoln's days and in summer acting as host to the thousands of travelers who seek it out as a site connected with the young manhood of Lincoln.

The most recent tribute to his name is the Lincoln Memorial Highway which is to be a paved route marking his foot-steps in the middle-west. It will start at Hodgenville, Kentucky, at that humble cabin, now enshrined in marble, where a blue-eyed lad was born. It then takes its way through woods and over hills into southern Indiana, where Thomas Lincoln "took up" land when his oldest child was but seven. America now proposes to make of this a national park. The site of the old pioneer farm has been purchased and here will be erected, on the place of the former cabin, a marble Gothic structure in memory of the Lincolns.

On through Illinois the highway will take its way, passing the Wabash River over a stately memorial bridge at the old ford which Thomas Lincoln and his family crossed in a covered wagon, the team wading the swift waters. At the site in Illinois woven into Lincoln tradition the road will touch and come to an end at the tomb of Lincoln in beautiful Oak Ridge Cemetery.

All this proves the growing appreciation of the character of Abraham Lincoln. "The years take nothing away from the deeds of Washington," Lincoln once stated in a public address, for he was ever an admirer of that first American president. Now the same words might be repeated of him who spoke them. Truly the years but add esteem for this outstanding man.

A CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION

In addressing newspaper people at Chapel Hill recently Governor Gardner made a strong appeal for a Constitutional Convention in 1933, to be called for the specific purpose of redrafting the old State Constitution which was adopted in 1868. The governor said that the old State prison and the constitution are our only relics of the period immediately following the war and that long ago the State had progressed beyond both. The prison is out-of-date, unsanitary and a fire-trap; the constitution is equally as far behind the times.

Before a convention for redrafting the Constitution can be held two things will be necessary: first the Legislature must provide that the proposal be submitted to a vote of the people and then the voters must give the idea the approval of their votes.

In North Carolina we are prone to stick to tradition, good or bad, and to oppose changes. It will not be an easy matter to create sufficient sentiment to get a favorable vote favoring a Constitutional Convention. Here's where the newspapers can do a good turn and they can be depended upon to rally to any good cause.—Morganton News-Herald.

DR. MAYO ON PROHIBITION

Dr. Charles Mayo in the Journal of the National Educational Association.

You can get along with a wooden leg, but you can's get along with a wooden head. The physical value of man is not so much. Man as analyzed in our laboratories is worth about ninety eight cents. Seven bars of soap, lime enough to whitewash a chicken coop, phosphorus enough to cover the heads of a thousand matches, is not so much, you see. It is the brain that counts, but in order that your brain may be kept clear you must keep your body fit and well. That cannot be done if one drinks liquor. A man who has to drag around a habit that is a danger and a menace to society ought to go off to the woods and live alone. We do not tolerate the obvious use of morphine or cocaine or opium and we should not tolerate intoxicating liquor, because I tell you these things are what break down the command of the individual over his own life and his own destiny. Through alcoholic stimulation a man loses his coordination. That is why liquor is no advantage to the brain. You hear people tell how they had their wits quickened for the first half hour by liquor, but they do not tell how later their body could not act in coordination with their brain. You will hear on every side men bewail the loss of their drink, of their personal rights, but the rights of the few who cannot see ahead or have the future of their nation at heart must be regulated to safeguard that great body of future citizens who are now ready to step into the ranks. You boys have something ahead of you in the problem of preventing the return of liquor. We have not lived up to our laws, but I repeat, education is what we need to combat this condition. When we have our younger generation completely educated we will not have types to say: "Why should I not have my rights as a citizen?" It is through the boys of today that we hope to see a sound and everylasting prohibition worked out in this country. It there ever was any great man who accomplished anything through the use of alcohol I would like to have the fact pointed out. We in the United States have tried to give you a field of action free from the barricades which used to be set by the legalized liquor traffic. Keep yourselves from all entangling habits. Remember, it's the brain that counts.

Lincoln sought to lose himself among the people. And to the people at length he gave his time, his talents, his love, his life. The memory of his gentleness, his patience, his firm faith, and his great and loving heart is the priceless heritage of a united land.—Elbert Hubbard.

THE PENALTY OF BEING FIRST

(Charlotte News)

Firstness always carries with it the the halo of tradition. Always we associate with that name the virtues of distinction, of eminence, of leadership. First means foremost, substantiality, to stand out, to have the stamp and imprimatur of authority written upon it.

Leadership is not an ornament that one can wear for mere showmanship, like the diamonds that glitter from a woman's fingers, like the coronets that glowed about the foreheads of ancient kings. Leadership is not a situation that one can accept pridefully and let it go at that. Leadership is a terrible thing terrible in the burdens that it imposes, terrible in the responsibilities that it hangs upon us. In every sphere of human relationship, he who is first must everlastingly live in the white light. No matter where such leadership may lie, with the individual or with the social group, it may be merely in the product of one's hands or one's factory: it may be in the realm of influence, of personality, of attainment, of success,—wherever it lies, the responsibility is there for emulation and envy are running like furious steeds in that direction.

If a man or a group is merely so-so, living under the blight of simple ordinariness, the world lets them tragically alone. You will them be graciously unnoticed and humanity with high head passes on. But let one get somewhere, attain distinctive place, write a masterpiece, create a work of art or race to the top and rank with the first, and heaven help him, then! A million eyes are riveted that way. A million feet are walking that way and, alas! a million tongues are set to waggin.

Leadership has its price,—the price of responsibility. When Wagner wrote his great music, a musical world wanted to become a Wagner and flocked to his shrine to pay him its homage, but another smaller world, with the poison of envy and hatred in its heart argued frantically that there was nothing to him. He had set a new standard: he had scaled new heights. He was the First musician of the world and those who were not acclaiming him hurled their shafts of envy at him. When Fulton set the steamboat sailing, a world that had protested that no ship on its own power could sail the seas hissed and hounded him because he had made a new adventure, while another world went down to the ocean's edge to see his ship sail by. If you are First, you are always either emulated or you are envied: looked up to or looked down upon. There is no such thing as leadership occurying a strangely neutral or isolated place in the world whether it be the leadership of a man or an organization.

All God's giants have been weak men, who did great things for God because they reckoned on His being with them. —J. Hudson Taylor.

DOING PLAIN THINGS IN A BEAUTIFUL WAY

By Henrietta Heron

Every girl wants to be beautiful, and rightly so; but not all are blessed with beauty of face and form But there is one kind of beauty which every girl may cultivate, and if she makes it the daily habit of her life, in time even the plainest features will take on a form of loveliness, the reflection of inner beauty.

What is it that every girl may cultivate? It is doing things in a beautiful way. The most humble task may be made lovely by doing it in a beautiful way, and unconsciously the one who does this grows an inner beauty that radiates from her personality, giving it a charm all its own.

There is all the difference in the world between a task done in a beautiful way and the same task done in an unlovely way. This is true in the home, in social life, in business, in Christian work. There are many tasks in the world that do not seem lovely in themselves—tasks that are hard and unapplauded and some that even seem like drudgery—but if they are necessary tasks they are noble ones' and we can make them dignified and lovely if we do them a beautiful way. Then, there are some tasks which come to all of us, such as the simple one of saying "Good morning" to our families, which may be done in one of two ways. Have you noticed that some folks say "Good morning" in so ungracious a way as to upset others for hours, while some give the greeting with such kindliness and charm as to cast cheer over the entire day.

The motive which prompts the deed and the way in which we do it are quite as important as the deed itself. One may set a table and serve a meal in a way that will not only satisfy physical hunger, but give spiritual strength and comfort. One may light a fire in a grate in so beautiful a way as not only to warm the physical bodies, but to cheer the heart and refresh the spirit as well. All tasks become beautiful to one who is actuated by the spirit of true service and cultivates the art of doing plain things in a beautiful way.

And this applies in all spheres of life. The most brilliant social affair planned by a committee is a failure if jealousy, or selfishness, or touchiness is allowed to come in among the committee workers. The most remarkable record of achievement is not a success if one has worked selfishly, or for self-glory, or regardless of the rights of others. The most humble task performed from the desire to be helpful and done in a beautiful way, with love for the motive, is the real success. And so, in all life's relationships, the spirit of our deeds and the way in which we do them are the things which determine their real value.

To do things, from the simple, most humble task of the daily routine to the most responsible and exalted one of special opportunity, in a beautiful way, is to grow in grace and loveliness, radiating beauty and joy.

WINGS

By Ruby Lorraine Radford

John Roak circled above the Indian jungle, scanning the landscape eagerly for some break in the foliage that would indicate the location of the mission. He marveled at this mass of green after months of drought. Would he be able to finish his work here and return to Benares before the rainy season began?

Lower and lower the plane glided above the towering tree-tops. The hum of the motor was like music to John's ears, and his heart was soaring as happily and freely as the machine on this first long flight alone. But for an accident to the pilot, Lieut. Dales, he might not have had this opportunity to visit his uncle, Dr. Heywood, at the mission station.

At last the dry bed of a river appeared and nearby a parched rice field. On the edge of the jungle he glimpsed a group of buildings. John's altimeter now registered only a thousand feet, and he began circling lower and lower till his wheels almost touched the tree-tops. The rice field was none too wide, but it was the only landing place he had sighted in an hour. If his calculations were correct this was the mission. The wheels now skimmed the rugged, parched field then went bumping over the rough ground and stopped near the settlement.

The young pilot was just climbing from the cockpit when an Indian youth appeared from the shadows of a giant banyan tree and dashed through the gate of the palisade surrounding the nearby group of buildings. A vague premonition seized John. Had he landed at the village of some warlike tribe? Taking courage in the thought that the Indian youth's manner indicated terror rather than aggressiveness, John started toward the palisade.

Even if this were not the mission, perhaps the natives could direct him to some nearby retreat where he could study the rare birds which had lured the party of naturalists into the Indian jungle. With college days behind him John had accepted a position with a research party. A passionate love of nature had associated him with a group of young naturalists, eager to add something of noteworthy value to the university museum. But somehow the expedition had set up a strange and unexpected conflict within John's soul. Museum and laboratory study of birds, animals and insects, preserved by a taxdermist, now seemed quite a different proposition from going into their native haunts, trapping them and carrying them back to civilization. For three weeks the naturalists had been working in India and not once had John been able to make himself kill any defenseless creature. Invariably he had emerged from the jungle, after hours or days of study, with only pictures and profuse notes.

"I think you've turned Indian and regard all animals as sacred," jeered Earnest Spires, one of the party at Benares, when John last returned from a two day's stay in the

jungle with no evidence of his work save notes and pictures.

John flashed at this accusation, but said nothing, for he had no words with which to defend his attitude. As a matter of fact, he did not understand his own conduct. But he was aware that along with his hesitancy to take life from the beautiful creatures he was studying, had come a sympathetic understanding of the poverty-stricken natives. Until his arrival among these most ancient of the Aryan peoples John's ideas of them had been most hazy. Even frequent letters from his uncle, Dr. Heywwod, describing the natives, and their pitiful need of help, had not been sufficient to stir the boy's interest during those last college months. But here amid the degradation, poverty and superstition that met him on every hand, John's eyes were being opened. His upcle's desire to give his life to these people no longer seemed a great sacrofice, as it had in the past.

Time and again when John Roak had flown above some village, composed entirely of mud huts, before which squatted half-clothed, emaciated men, women and children, or had passed over the ancient highways where bullock carts moved slowly like ants upon a thread, he had longed to swoop down and bear these people away on wings of light. Caught in the net of caste and age-old traditions, they seemed powerless to extricate themselves. Such thoughts had haunted the young man for days, and on his lone flight to the mission station they had become an obsession. But he knew they were elusive, impractical dreams; one could not snatch people away from their native homes and force Christianity upon them.

Often his uncle had written of the great need of workers, men and women with sympathetic understanding. But life had been too full and rich for John to dream of burying himself in an Indian jungle. During the last few days, however, the whole question had assumed a different aspect. Two Indian youths who served as guides on several expeditions into the jungle had appealed to him tremendously by the peculiar quality of their minds. They were Brahmins, who had been made outcasts by their people for accepting Christianity. On realizing the struggle through which the boys had passed before embracing the teaching of Christ, John felt himself by contrast a rather poor follower.

"But what we have found makes giving up home no sacrifice," said the eldest Brahmin, when John expressed his sympathy at their being made outcasts.

"Christ's teachings make us know we are brothers with all—even to the lowest untouchable," added Rajapal.

After this conversation John had been very thoughtful. A great desire to help these people was growing within him. The thought would not let him alone. Even before his lone flight into the hill country the expedition of the naturalists had assumed the nature of triviality in comparsion with the crying needs of the country. He longed to talk with his uncle, and securing some pictures of rare birds in that neighborhood had furnished him a legitimate excuse for the trip. His heart was

bounding in anticipation now as he hurried toward the settlement.

Though the palisade gate was closed it swung inward at John's touch. Beyond were a number of houses, with a long low building facing the center. Instantly he recognized his uncle's headquarters from pictures which had been sent him. But what was the trouble now? Men and women were hurrying from the buildings as though they had just received some terrifying news.

John was half-way across the court before he was noticed, for the workers were crowding around the Indian youth who had just arrived.

"Oh, John, my boy!" cried his uncle joyfully on seeing him. "So that was your plane."

The young pilot hurried forward to greet Dr. Heywood, a tall man, whose bronzed features contrasted strangely with his white suit and green-lined helmet.

"You didn't provide me much of a landing field," laughed the boy, "but I reached earth somehow."

"Your coming seems providential," said Dr. Heywood seriously. "We need you desperately."

At these words the smile vanished from John's face. "Need me?" he questioned in surprise. "What has happened? I saw a native stagger through the gate— thought perhaps my plane had frightened him."

"He's a messenger from Murji Pass," stated Dr. Heywood.

"Murji Pass? Isn't that far in the mountains "

"Yes. We sent up a group of workers to do some mission work there. Mr. and Mrs. Anderson with their children are in the party. We thought it best for the children to be out of the valley during the coming rainy season. But a terrible thing has happened."

"What?" cried the young pilot. He had seen the Anderson children before they left the States. Now through his mind flashed a vision of their being attacked by tigers or bitten by poisonous snakes.

"The youngest child, Betty, has developed diphtheria—and they have no antitoxin."

"But you can send a messenger right back with the serum."

That's just the trouble," replied his uncle, "there's none here—and before the fleetest messenger could go down to the base hospital and return to the pass the rainy season will set in. Streams will be too swollen to reach the sick child."

In a flash John realized the import of his uncle's words, that his arrival was indeed timely. Instantly the hope of securing those important pictures vanished. Forgotten was the fact that his position among the naturalists was already endangered by his peculiar conduct. What were pictures of rare birds compared with the life of a child? John knew there would not be time to do both things, for the rainy season was due to begin any day or hour.

"I'll go to the base hospital for the serum," he stated, and scarcely a noticeable moment had passed while the inward conflict raged.

"Oh, John, can you—will you?" said his uncle.

"Think of poor Betty up there without proper treatment," said Miss Miller, one of the workers, as tears welled in her eyes.

Preparations were hastily made. John entered the long building with his uncle. Aviation had no more than cast a shadow of coming progress over this jungle land. There were no air maps by which the young pilot might be guided into the inaccessible mountain regions. He must figure out the way by mountain peaks and rivers.

"The greatest difficulty is landing," he told his uncle, glancing up from the sketches he was making. "If I could only take someone along who knows the lay of the land."

"There's Agra—the boy who brought the message," suggested Dr. Heywood. "Besides being the fleetest of foot at the mission, he has traveled this part of India from one end to the other. Before we brought the Gospel to him he was a juggler's assistant."

"He was!" exclaimed John, his interest caught at once by the romance of such an experience. "It would be wonderful to take him. There's something that fascinates me about these Indian chaps. They have a quality of mind so different from ours. I should think you would have to understand that before Christianity can be presented to them in such a way that it appeals."

Dr. Heywood's face lighted at these words. "In the youth of the country is our hope of Christianizing India—and especially the boys. Only through them can we bring about changes in the living that so degrades women, and also eventually break up the caste system."

John was hastily sketching streams, and marking peaks as his uncle talked, but he heard every word and caught its sincere import. While the young pilot finished his preparations Dr. Heywood sent out for Agra and made known his request. At last the boy understood that he was needed to accompany the aviator. There was little on the impassive face to indicate the struggle that went on within, but John sensed what such a challenge must mean to a youth reared in an atmosphere of superstition and taboos. If there was fear it did not betray itself as the boy answered, "If my going is needed to save the missionary's child—I go."

Together the three talked over the route indicated on John's map. The markings familiar to the young pilot were not understood by the Indian boy, but he knew his India.

"If we reach the pass before the rains begin all is well and we may land in the dry river bed. If the rains come first and the river swells to a torrent I do not know—"

An expressive lift of the hand left that problem to the young pilot.

"Then all depends on reaching there before the rains," stated Dr. Heywood.

A group of curious workers followed the young men into the rice field. The Indian's face was hard set as he climbed into the rear seat of the cockpit. Then John explained to Agra the necessity of the safety belt as he was strapped in. Eager hands turned the propeller into action, and a few seconds later John taxied across the rice field and toward the nearby river bed.

Nothing momentous occurred in their flight to the base hospital. On landing within a few hundred yards of the big building, John was sudden-

ly oppressed with the terrific heat. Far in the upper air he had been unconscious of the shimmering heat enveloping the land below. Some attendants rose languidly as he drew near the screened porch. Even the urgency of his mission had little effect to stir them from the torpor with which the oppressive heat overcame them.

While Dr. Heywood's order was being filled, John requested food. After he and Agra had a hearty meal he filled his tank with gasoline from the supply kept for the doctor's cars.

In less then a half hour after his arrival at the base hospital he and Agra were on their way to the pass. There were still three hours of daylight. Straight into the east he winged his way. Green plains gave way to gently rising hills. As the afternoon advanced clouds lay in low banks against the horizon ahead. Uneasy forebodings took on the aspect of the inevitable. They were heading straight into a thickly clouded region. John kept the nose of his plane steadily rising. The altimeter crept up from two to three thousand feet. Clouds boiling before a light wind suddenly enveloped them in a dense fog. The cool moisture was like a gentle hand caressing his face.

The plane dropped nearer earth to avoid the clouds, only to find that rain was falling in torrents. Dry fields and empty stream beds were drinking up the flood of water thirstily. Perhaps the rain had not yet come to Murkji Pass. Another half hour passed. Hope faded. For endless miles now John had not been able to see the earth for dense clouds, which echoed and re-echoed with ominous thunder. There were only the instruments now and rough calculations to keep him to his course. Certainly no landing could be effected in such a donwpour. Was it not foolhardy to continue?

John glanced at his watch. Two hours had passed since leaving the base hospital! He glanced back at his companion, but Agra was gazing earthward. John now turned his eyes in that direction and saw a snow-clad peak break through the rift in the clouds. Agra turned toward the pilot and his lips formed the word, "Pass."

Something dynamic surged up in John Roak. Agra's eyes set calmly on their goal, in spite of the most adverse weather conditions, inspired him with courage. No, he would not turn back! Somehow, in some way he must deliver the antitoxin that would save Betty Anderson.

Clouds began to break into loosely tumbling masses. Through the rifts John studied the landscape. Far below lay two great, ragged ridges of mountains. Between them was the river bed in which they had hoped to land. But that low, level area was now filled with a raging, roaring torrent. On all that magnificent landscape there was no place where they could land.

John Roak clutched the sticks and set his jaws firmly. He dipped below the clouds and was relieved to see that rain was no longer falling. Flying as close to the river as he dared, he winged his way up the narrow valley. The roar of his motor echoed and re-echoed from the giant cliffs on each side.

Suddenly he felt Agra touching him on the back to call his attention. He followed the youth's hand, pointing into the valley. Outside some huts on the slope were a number of people. John's heart bounded in relief. The next moment despair overcame him. How terrible to be so near yet find it impossible to bring relief to the suffering child! Any other package might have been thrown down, but this little bundle held bottles and delicate instruments that would be easily shattered.

Suddenly the pilot realized that his passenger was climbing over into the seat behind him. There was desperate determination on the Indian youth's face as he looked at John. He lifted the flap of the pilot's helmet and yelled into his ear a plan as daring as any conceived by the most foolhardy stunt flyer. But John set his lips firmly and shook his head. There was no sense in the certain sacrifice of one life in hopes of saving another.

But the Indian youth argued that he had done similar things hundreds of times when working with the fakir. And slowly the idea became more plausible to John. Agra's suggestion brought absolutely the only ray of hope for the success of their undertaking. At last the young pilot slowly nodded his head in agreement. In a wide opening of the pass he turned and headed slowly south again while Agra made his preparations. He took a strong coil of rope from the cockpit, and climbed out on the right wing. Clinging there like a fly on a wall he secured the long rope. They were only a short distance from the houses now. Agra returned to the cockpit and wrapped the priceless medicine in his silk girdle.

More cautiously than ever now he returned to the long free-swinging rope. It was no difficult task with his experience to descend that rope with one hand and his bare toes. John dipped closer to the river, his gaze on the group of curious watchers. Now a man was running out from the crowd toward the plane. They had caught the meaning of that pendant rope with the human form dangling from it.

John could only surmise what took place as the machine roared dangerously low above the heads of the crowd. His left wing almost grazed the side of a house. Such a feat required expert flying, and John's whole soul was in the undertaking. The plane swept over the crowd. Glancing back, he saw a tall man bearing away the silk-wrapped bundle of medicine. His heart surged with relief! Their undertaking had been successful! Not until Agra was safely back in the seat behind him did John Roak awaken fully to a realization of what the Indian youth had risked for the sake of the missionary's child.

The young pilot remembered little afterwards of their return through the gathering dusk. Rain had not yet come to the western region, and he had little trouble landing in the spotlight which the base hospital kept burning for them.

The next morning John left his brave companion to return alone to Dr. Heywood's mission. And John had almost forgotten the pictures that had brought him into the jungle,

for another purpose now gripped his life. Agra's nobility in risking his life for the child had stirred him to the depths, and forward the turning point of his life.

Within a week he closed out his business with the research party and traveled by bullock cart to the jungle mission. "I've come to stay," he told his uncle, when Dr. Heywood greeted him in joyous surprise. "That is, if the board will let me. At least I can work here with you until we can communicate with them."

Then for the first time Dr. Heywood heard details of how the antitoxin was carried to Murkji Pass, for Agra had omitted any account of his own part in that undertaking. "We heard yesterday that Betty had safely passed the crisis, but we didn't know that our Agra had risked his own life to save her."

"And if he could risk his life for one of our people," said John, a wonderful new light shining in his eyes, "what a little thing it will be for me to give my life to bring light to his people!"

I WONDER

I wonder, oh, I wonder,
  How much of good there'd be
If all the good that's hidden now
  Were out where folks could see!
And wouldn't there be less that's mean,
  And more of charity?

I wonder, oh, I wonder,
  If folks would kinder be,
If all the pain and grief and woe
  Were out where they could see!
And wouldn't there be less of hate,
  And more of Sympathy?

I wonder, oh, I wonder,
  If other folks I see
Are quite so happy and serene
  As what they seem to be!
Or do they use their acts to screen
  Their inner selves from me?

I wonder, oh, I wonder,
  If you will not agree
That folks are not so weak and bad
  As what they seem to be!
Is there not good deep in their hearts,
  Besides the good we see?

—E. C. Baird

INSTITUTION NOTES

Our large family of boys enjoyed an excellent fish dinner which was served last Sunday.

Rev. R. S. Arrowood, pastor of the McKimmon Presbyterian Church, Concord, conducted the service in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon.

We regret to report that James, the youngest son of Superintendent Boger, is quite ill, and trust that he will soon be out again.

The concrete work on the bridge being built over a branch on the Duke land has been completed and Mr. Carriker and his carpenter shop boys are now finishing the wood work on same.

During the past week our farm forces have been plowing and sowing oats, and the Receiving Cottage boys have been preparing beds and planting early tomato seeds.

Mrs. Olivia K. Duckett, a member of our teaching staff, was called to Fountain Inn, S. C., last Sunday on account of the illness of her son-in-law, who is suffering from pneumonia.

We noticed an unusally large number of cars parked on the campus last Wednesday, the regular visiting day, and many of the boys enjoyed visits from friends and relatives.

Thirty-three boys have been paroled from the institution since the first of January, and are now at their homes, either working or attending school. They have our best wishes for success.

A group of boys under the direction of Messrs Hobby and Walker, have just finished pruning the peach trees in our young orchard. These young trees are now well developed and under favorable weather conditions we should have a large crop of peaches next summer.

Mr. George M. Clark, probation officer, of Durham, visited the institution last Saturday afternoon, bringing a new boy with him. Mr. Clark reported that in a recent conversation with Mrs. J. E. Watkins, of that city, he learned that her son, Cucell, has made a splendid record since being paroled a few years ago. While here, Cucell was a member of our printing class, and we are glad to learn that he is now employed as linotype operator in Mount Vernon, N. Y., at a salary of $50 per week. We are told that he is a member of the typographical union, a splendid worker and well-liked by his present employer. We congratulate this young man on the good record he has made since leaving us, and extend our best wishes for continued success.

We view the world with our own eyes, each of us, and we make from within us the world which we see.—Thackeray.

CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XIX CONCORD, N. C., FEBR[illegible], 1931. No. 7

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THE CURE FOR WORRY

In this rushing, grasping, selfish age we need often to read these great words of Jesus. They underlie His faith in God and His prayer life. These is nothing here that a reverent man of science need stumble over, but there is much to help his faith. The argument is: Don't worry, don't fret, don't make yourself the center of your little world. Put God's kingdom first. Go about your business seeking after truth, knocking on closed doors, asking for more light and trust in the God who looks after the birds and the flowers and loves little children. —Exchange.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. *J.* P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

HE WAS JUSTIFIED

A number of ladies in England who had just heard the famous George Whitefield for the first time, came to the Countess of Huntington, at whose house the eloquent minister lodged, complaining loudly of his manner of preaching the gospel. "Why only think, last night he said in his sermon that Christ was so free to pardon sinners that he would not refuse to receive even the devil's castaways! Did you ever hear of such a thing in all your life?"

"Well," said the Countess, "it sounds a little unusual; but perhaps Mr. Whitefield can explain it." She called him in, and told him of the charge.

"Yes," said the preacher, "I plead guilty to saying those very words." Then looking at Lady Huntington, he asked, "Did you notice the wretched looking woman who called at the door an hour ago?" "Yes." "Well, she came to say that she heard my statement last evening that Christ 'would receive even the devil's castaways.' She said that she was one of them, and she wanted to know if there was really hope for her. I was able to point the poor creature to Christ with the assurance of His grace. Now, ladies," added Mr. Whitefield, "I leave you to judge whether or not God has justified me in what I said last evening."—The Illustrator.

WE SALUTE THEM.

The King's Daughters, of Charlotte, have started out to do great things, they all along have been doing great things in a small way—ministering to the sick and suffering in their midst; but they have another work in their hearts, the making of a home for old ladies who have spent the hey-day of their lives in making others happy, but as they face the sunset of life there is not a sheltering arm to protect them.

The King's Daughters have an optimistic spirit, they have never failed in

any undertaking; they are recognized as a band of women, who denominationally have no bounds, but one creed, and united for service to humanity. They have been conspicuous for their good works ever since the organization of the State Branch in Greensboro, N. C., in 1887, with Miss Carter as the first State President.

The first outstanding public service rendered the State by the King's Daughters was the hearty cooperation given Dr. C. D. McIver in establishing the Greensboro Normal, now the great North Carolina College for Women. In Miss Carter's message to the State Branch she commended the women for the manner in which they lobbied at the Legislature, and told of Dr. McIver's high appreciation of their efforts. Could anything be finer? They established the first hospital in Greensboro, that functioned successfully for many years and in all of their great works they realized the support of the city's leading men.

All along the different epochs of history the King's Daughters have made their power felt. In the establishment of the Stonewall Jackson Training School they played a most important role, they lobbied when the representatives at the General Assembly thought the idea too advanced, they prayed, they worked incessantly for a home for wayward boys, and there was no letting up till results were realized.

To enumerate all of the works of the North Carolina Branch of the King's Daughters would prove a tremendous job; and to mention the part accomplished by circles and individuals would be "ad infinitum."

Now, the last report of a work about to be launched is the opening of an "Old Ladies Home" by the Charlotte King's Daughters. Some one asked, "Will it be done?" We forecast it will be accomplished, for the King's Daughters stand united in their purpose, and with the support and counsel of Associate Justice Heriot Clarkson and other strong citizenship of Charlotte behind them, it seems impossible for the venture not to be realized. We take our hat off to the Charlotte King's Daughters. They are noble women with high ideals of a Christian duty. The Uplift has an intimate acquaintance with the King's Daughters—we know their spirit.

* * * * * * * * * *

KINDLY COUNSEL.

We read with great interest the column, "Kindly Counsel," by Caroline Chatfield, in the Charlotte Observer. She handles the batch of letters that come to her attention with a facile pen, her answers imply that her store of

information comes not alone from travel, but by contact with the different phases of life and constant study.

Caroline Chatfield has not had the wide experience of Dorothy Dix, but in her writings we think we see a great hope, for she is versatile, and very clever to say the least.

In her comments on "provincialism" she handled the subject nicely, but if she entered into an argument with a "provincialist" we fear the fine little columnist would be purple in the face and get "no where" in her argument. For the person "who thinks what was good enough for 'dad' is good enough for me" is a hopeless subject, and to argue is a waste of time.

The statement, "old shoes and old clothes do not discount a person, but old ideas which will not stretch will make any man a laughing stock," is a fine thought to disseminate among the young people of the high school age, because in their rank and file there are many snobs, who classify according "to style with accessories," spending more time reviewing the "fads"—the abbreviation of for-a-day—then in acquiring a store of information that would serve to the end of time.

Have you ever listened in to a crowd of the high school age? If so, we wager the non-essentials, to the elimination of the essentials, the fundamentals of an education, were the topics discussed. This is just a peep into the school life, some of the results, but what could be done in a corrective way if the power were given? The spirit of the age, "everybody does it," is a shackle to individual progress, and it seems absolutely impossible to put the essentials first.

It is not plasant to admit that we are creatures of environment, that the spirit of individuality is fossilized—antiquated, and it will never be revived—"a pity, and pity 'tis true."

* * * \

with nature, but we believe it is impossible to live without some sentiment. The human mind will revert to the days of youth, and visualize scenes with the people of bygone days:

It is in February the god of Love holds his annual court—the festival of Valentine. The subjects of this ancient and popular little monarch take their cue from Love. As Valentine characters they have lived several centuries in the hearts of men and women, each year they assume a new and irresistible form. The spontaneity, the mirth and fantasy of the day and the occasion lend enchantment to the feelings of the old as well as the young. The mails are manipulated with manifold missives, bearing tender messages, with sweet and sour surprises. Apparently forgotten are the two original characters, Juno and Pan, for whom the Romans held the feast of Lupercalia. We have kept in our Valentine Day the spirit of this feast, but its custom of choosing our companions by lot; Juno, goddess of marriage—and Pan, god of laughter and dance and gay pranks, seem to have faded from the picture. But it is a good custom for reviving sentiment. If husbands will send their wives a tender expression of their love it will revive many happy memories of courting days and make happy households, and hearts throb with joy. It will certainly do no harm.

* * * * * * * * * *

MISS HARRIS' VIEWPOINT.

Miss Cora Annette Harris in addressing the Mecklenburg League of Women Voters went on record as favoring equal pay for teachers, both men and women, who are in the profession.

She thinks the proposed salary cut of teachers will wreck the educational system. She recommends, if the situation warrants a reduction, the "cutting out of non-essential departments, and lowering the salaries of the highly paid principals which she classed as entirely out of proportion with teachers' salaries."

Miss Harris diagnosed the school problem as one of experience, but we wish she had in her recommendation classified, as to her way of thinking, the non-essentials of the school system. We agree with the writer as to the discrepancy in salaries, and on the other hand we disagree, for the man or woman who carries the responsibility of principalship should be entitled to more pay, but have never understood why a teacher, if properly qualified, should not receive a stipulated schedule wage for services as a teacher of the school system—it matters not as to the grade taught. It is not a bad idea

at all, as suggested by Miss Harris, to have published the salary list of teachers—it is tax money and those using it are servants of the public and the tax payer should know how the money is spent.

* * * * * * * * * *

DR. LIVINGSTONE JOHNSON.

In a few well-chosen words Senator Josiah W. Bailey pays a most worthy tribute to a friend and brother, co-workers in the same vineyard, Dr. Livingstone Johnson, editor of the Biblical Recorder. This beautiful thought of appreciation appeared in the News and Observer:

> Strong in his convictions, he knew how as minister, denominational executive and editor to maintain these without controversy or dogmatism and in utter kindness for those who differed with him.
>
> He knew men, but himself was without guile. Void of offense, nevertheless he would not be imposed upon. If he seemed not to resist evil, it was because h knew a better way to over come it.
>
> His faith never faltered. The excitements of a moment gave place always to serene confidence. Christian assurance was the anchor of his life. Throughout a generation of intense problems and in a signal station he had no problems. He knew that all was well.

RAMBLING AROUND

With Old Hurrygraph

"A good thing to remember.
And a better thing to do;
Is work with the construction gang,
Not with the wreckin' crew."

—o—

They are talking of naming a liner after Cal Coolidge. Just suppose it should not choose to run.

—o—

Out in Wisconsin a man already has committed suicide from worry over his income tax. I dare say not many North Carolina editors need worry over that sort of trouble.

—o—

Prof. Einstein is over here howdying with Americans. But his theory of relativity hasn't anything on the Wickersham report, which is a Wickedsham.

—o—

One thing the matter with this country is, too many fellows without a home are going around with recipes for home brew.

—o—

When we have a spell of fine weather you often hear people say "we'll pay for this later." What consolation is that? That's what most of them do, anyway.

—o—

It takes backbone and jawbone to get along in this world. Too many are trying to make the trip on a wishbone.

—o—

It is stated that someone stole $250 out of the safe at Sing Sing prison the other day. It looks as if crooks are getting in prison these days, as well as running at large.

—o—

The prediction is being made that cheaper motor cars are sure to come. What interests me is, will they be sure to go.

—o—

A whole lot of people live within their means. And then there are a whole lot who live in their meanness.

—o—

Let me tell you something! You just watch the South lead this country back to prosperity. It's coming. It's on the way now.

—o—

If they find jobs for all of the unemployed in the cities, many men and women will go to work for the first time in their lives.

—o—

Every now and then someone remarks how much more difficult it is to be a good winner than to be a good loser, but usually when you look him up you find that it's somebody like Knute Rockne, Bobby Jones, or some fellow who has won a big pile doing the talking.

—o—

A genius, according to a speaker before the American Association for the Advancement of Science, is "a person whose mind grows faster than his bones." Presumably it follows that if we should exercise our minds a little more they might at least catch up with our bones. But, shucks! Who wants to take the risk of spraining his brain just to be a genius?

A Durham woman was raising a dust using the broom, sweeping the living room rug. Her husband was trying to keep out of the way of her broom, and coughing because of the dust, asked, "Why in the name of heaven don't you use that vacuum sweeper I gave you?" "Sh-h" replied the wife, "I want to hear that glorious symphony orchestra playing over the radio, and can't when the vacuum sweeper is going." "And that," moaned the husband, "is what art does for this home."

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Along with the pastime of wondering what becomes of the tax money we pay, it also is fascinating to wonder what becomes of the money you give your wife to buy gas for the car. What makes it so fascinating is that the answers are never the same. If it went for a new bridge lamp last week, next week it is likely to be for a new necktie for you. And you can't complain about that, you know.

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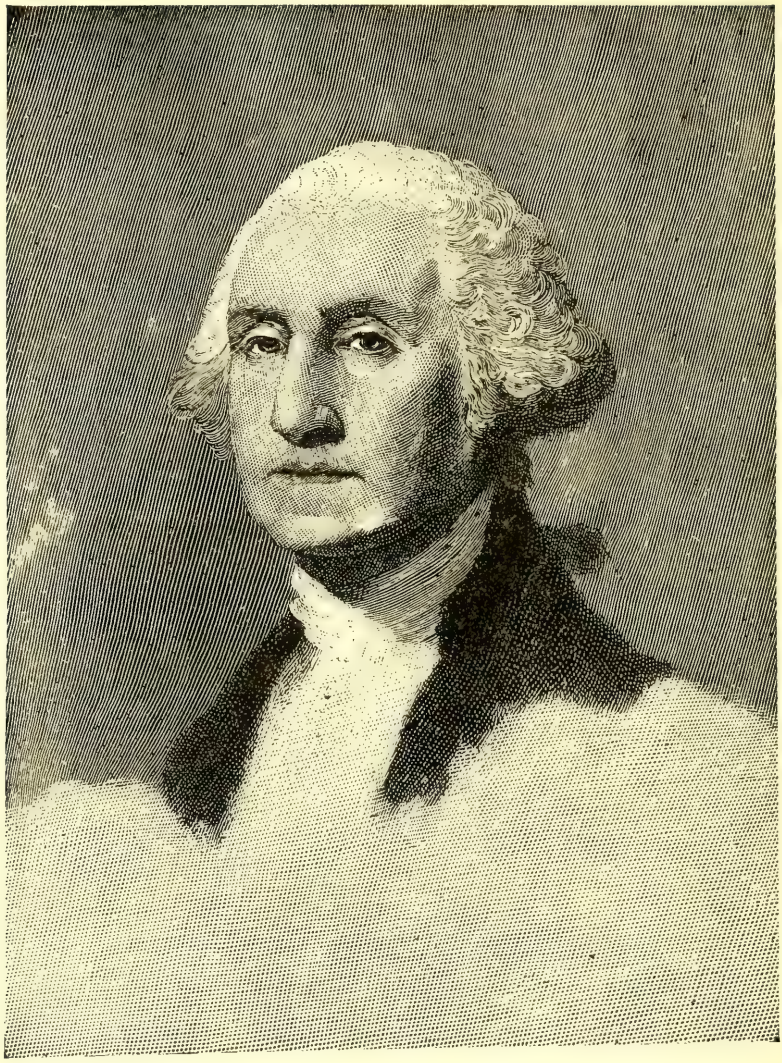
It has been proposed that the government float a $1,000,000,000 loan on government bonds to bring back prosperity, by giving employment to men on federal works. It is claimed that this billion dollars, so employed, will change an annual loss of twelve billion dollars into gain. If, so, it will be the first time that so comparatively small a sum ever changed so huge a loss into actual gain. It seems to be a popular notion that national prosperity can be brought back by borrowing money. Would it be a genuine and enduring prosperity? A man in a losing business might borrow $10,000 for a year enjoy a false prosperity because he had a bank account to draw on freely. But at the end of the year would he be better off or worse Why camouflage such scenes? If it is imperative that the government spend a billion dollars to tide over unemployed men until the depression passes, well and good. Nobody would deny needy men food, clothing and shelter. But let it be called what it really is—a temporary relief; and certainly not a proposal that would turn a $12,000,000,000 annual loss into a gain. Our statesmen seem to lose sight of the fundamental fact that economy and saving by individuals is the only way back to prosperity. And it is on its way.

HOW TO AVOID JAIL

"I have sentenced more than 1,000 men, women and boys to prison," Judge Leon McCord, of Montgomery, Ala., a leading conservationist, is quoted in a report to the American Game Protective Association, "and I have yet to find one real criminal who was taught in his youth to love the outdoors. Teach the boy to row a boat, to swim, to fish and to hunt, and when he comes to manhood he will be found on the jury and not before it."



The success of Washington as a business man, no less than as a soldier and statesman, was based upon character. The Father of His Country was no mysterious genius working in secret. He used no tricks, but won a great place in the world by being ready for every successive undertaking as it developed.—Selected.

WASHINGTON'S COURTSHIP

(Charlotte Observer)

So much has been written on the more spectacular phases of George Washington's life that it is sometimes difficult to appreciate the really human qualities of the man. One of the finest stories ever told of Washington is that of the courtship of Martha Custis and their subsequent marriage. In this story are revealed some of the best and most attractive qualities of America's greatest hero.

The firm, strong-willed leader of men who unflinchingly would face death on the battlefield found that he needed the companionship and helpful counsel of a woman. Fortunately, he met the sort of woman he wanted to preside in his home, and they were married on January 6, 1759.

A Notable Event

The story of George Washington's marriage to Martha Custis is told by the Division of Information and Publication of the George Washington Bicentennial Commission, in a statement intended to call attention to the 172nd anniversary of this notable event.

George Washington first met the Widow Custis at the home of Major Chamberlayne in May, 1758. The lady had then been a widow for about a year. She had married Colonel Daniel Parke Custis when she was 17 years old, and was left at his death eight years later, with two small children and a considerable fortune. Although it is said that Washington was formally presented to Mrs. Custis for the first time by Chamberlayne, it is almost certain that the famous soldier and the charming widow had at least heard of each other before that time.

Fate Takes A Hand

Fate must have taken a hand in the events of that day in May when Colonel Washington was detained at William's Ferry over the Pamunkey by his friend, Major Chamberlayne, who earnestly pressed upon the young man an invitation to stay his journey and enjoy the hospitality of the plantation. But Washington was hastening to Williamsburg where he intended to ask the governor in person for men and supplies for the frontier, which previous urgent letter had failed to obtain. Chamberlyane was insisted, however, and when it appeared that all his importunities must fail to alter the plans of the Colonel, he informed the latter that he was then entertaining the charming Mrs. Custis. This argument apparently, was potent enough to convince the young warrior where all other had been vain, and Washington consented to remain only long enough to partake of the meal which was then being prepared.

Bishop, the personal servant of Washington, who had served under Braddock, was instructed to hold the Colonel's horse in readiness for a speedy departure as soon as dinner was over. The old soldier knew very well his master's reputation for punctuality, and since the business at Williamsburg was important, he

fully expected that this wait would be a brief one. But the dinner hour passed, the sun sank lower into the west, and still Washington lingered. At last in the warm dusk of the May evening, the faithful Bishop received orders to stable the horses for the night and the journey postponed until the next day.

Budding Romance

There is something amusing in this scene of budding romance, although it is no wonder that Washington tarried. Martha Custis was beautiful, attractive and accomplished. She has been described as being short, slightly plump and of engaging personality. Certainly the Colonel's interest in the lady was matched by her own interest in the renowned soldier, and such mutual agreeableness was surely sufficient to crowd prosaic business into the background.

However, the governor had to be visited, so the next day found Washington on his way to Williamsburg. But as soon as the business which took him there was taken care of, the now fully-smitten colonel proceeded to the White House, the Custis home on the Pamunkey, where it appears Mrs. Custis expected him. When he left there he must have been in high spirits, for he took with him the lady's promise to marry him as soon as he should finish his military service on the Ohio.

Resigns From Army

Washington did not see his betrothed again for several months, for it was December before he returned from this expedition. His duties fulfilled, the Colonel resigned from the army and hastened plans for the wedding. It was during Washington's absence on the frontier that he wrote the only letter to Martha which alone remains of his prenuptial correspondence with her. This dignified and gravely tender note is dated Fort Cumberland, July 20, 1758:

"We have begun our march to the Ohio. A courier is starting for Williamsburg, and I embrace the opportunity to send a few words to one whose life is now inseparable from mine. Since that happy hour when we made our pledges to each other, my thoughts have been continually going to you as to another self. That All-powerful Providence may keep us both in safety, is the prayer of your faithful and ever affectionate friend;

G. WASHINGTON.

Notable Event

It still is uncertain whether the marriage occurred in Saint Peter's Church or at the bride's home, the White House. At any rate, the Reverend Mr. Mossom, rector of Saint Peter's officiated at the ceremony. Jared Sparks, one of Washington's earliest biographers, in the authority for the date of the wedding which he established as January 6. But no matter whether the wedding took place at the White House or in the church, it was a notable event and was attended by a great number of Virginia's prominent people. The governor himself was there with civil and military authorities, and many of the socially elite. Only a traditional account of the festivities on that occasion exists today, but certainly the celebration left nothing lacking.

Martha's wedding gown has been thus described by one writer: "..... a satin quilt, oevr which a heavy white silk, inter-woven with threads of silver, was looped back with white satin ribbons, richly brocaded in a leaf pattern. Her bodice was of plain satin, and the brocade was fastened on the bust with a stiff butterfly bow of the ribbon. Delicate lace finished the low, square neck. There were close elbow sleeves reveling a puff and frill of lace. Strings of pearls were woven in and out of her powdered hair. Her high-heeled slippers were of white satin, with brilliant buckles."

Beautiful Bride

The attractive appearance of the bride was equalled by that of the tall, well-built bridegroom. Always particular over his dress, Washington, on this occasion, was elegantly arrayed and, according to all accounts, was the most gallantly magnificent figure in all that assemblage.

At last Mount Vernon had a mistress, but months elasped after the wedding before the young bride saw her future home. Washington had just been elected to the House of Burgesses so the young couple remained in Williamsburg while that chamber remained in session until May. When Washington did return with his wife to his beautiful estate on the Potomac, the place became home to both of them for the remainder of their lives.

Washington's marriage was a singularly happy one. In Martha he found all those womanly qualities which were needed to supplement those of his own character. Who can measure the value of the encouragement she must have given him during the weary days of the Revolution? Certainly she was always a faithful and devoted wife, and the Father of his Country owed a great deal to her for the measure of success he attained. Among the anniversaires of the many important dates in the life of George Washington, this one of his wedding holds an elevent of human interest which no doubt is appreciated by all his countrymen.

From the Watchman-Examiner we quote:

"We take pleasure in passing on the following definition of evolution to be found in the writings of Herbert Spencer, who surely should be an authority on the subject: 'Evolution is an integration of matter and concomitant dissipation of motion, during which the matter passes from a relatively indefinite, incoherent homogeneity to a relatively definite homogeneity, during which the retained motion undergoes a parallel transformation.'"

Now surely after swallowing a mouthful of words like the above no one can plead guilty of ignorance of the subject. And what a satisfaction it is in times of financial embarrassment!

ALMOST A LOST ART

Reidsville Review

Because so many more people ride now than before the automobiles came into general use, people are frequently reminded that they do not walk enough. They are told that due to the increasing number of automobiles and other forms of rapid transportation, the use of legs has been lessened to such an extent that there appears to be some danger of forgetting their function in the process of locomotion.

Walking has numerous valuable functions, including exercise, diversion and assistance in health maintenance, according to a noted physician. Walking develops muscles, removes excess weight, improves digestion, stimulates circulation and increases lung capacity.

These are some of the advantages of walking that are advanced by its advocates, but we should not lose sight of the fact that walking is not a panacea for all ills to which man is heir

Walking has its disadvantages which may account for its seeming unpopularity. While its promises bodily development and improves health and may be properly classed as recreation, it is not strenuous and there is not the chance for excelling that other sports offer.

A man or a woman may walk over a golf course most of the day, but without the stimulus of the game would not walk a step; in fact, would use a motor car to go a block.

The vast marjority of people treat everyone better than themselves. Appraise them of this fact and they will freely admit it. They gamble with health--which means happiness—relying on their "good luck" in escaping the ills befalling those who refuse to heed the warning signs before it is too late.

Walking has advantages aside from the health standpoint. It takes people from the crowd; it offers opportunity for thinking; it is stimuliting and makes the mind more alert and the eye more observant, so that the beauties of nature may better be appreciated.

Although the New English Dictionary was completed less than a year ago the stupendous work is already out of date owing to the rapidity with which language changes. So large is the dictionary that as fast as one part is brought up-to-date another is obsolete. The "A" volume, published in 1884, is now in need of additions. The supplement which is being prepared has thirty pages of new words, beginning with the letter A. Even in this supplement of new words there are words that are already obsolete.—Exchange.

JUNIOR ORDER ORPHANS HOME SHOWS BIG GROWTH

(Lexington Dispatch)

Embodying an immense amount of work, including the expenditure of $105,000 within twelve months, the report of Superintendent W. M. Shuford, of the Junior Order Orphans home for the year ending Dec. 31, 1930, to be presented the National Board of Trustees of the Home in April, will record distinct progress in this modernly constructed and operated institution for the care of the children of deceased members of the order.

The report will show that the institution, which opened March 1, 1927, had at the conlusion of 1930 the total of thirty-two employees. During the year just passed, eighty-five children were admitted to the Home and two were dismissed, leaving the total number of children now there at 231, of which 116 are girls and 97 are boys. Ten states are represented among this membership.

Starting with nothing, the plant of the institution now consists of thirteen buildings, seven of which are constructed of brick. Water is at present derived from a deep well, but at an early date it is planned to connect with the city water supply.

The report shows that the children at the Home enjoyed exceptional health during the year. Careful attention is given the children by the members of the medical staff, headed by Dr. J. R. Terry. All of the children are given immunization for such diseases as small pox, diphtheria and typhoid fever through the the use of vaccine. Proper diet, in which milk plays a large part, is also attributed as an important factor in the good health of the Home people. In fact, during the past year, 9,074 gallons of milk, produced in the Home dairy, were consumed. Had this milk been purchased, it would have cost the home approximately $4,500. Large quantities of home grown vegetables, meat, and other products were also consumed. during the year.

Athletics play an important part in the life of the children at the school. There is now a full-time coach, Robert Bruton, who has charge of all athletics, and all of the children are required to engage in some kind of exercise. This exercise is, of course, based on the strength and age of the child. Scout troops for boys and girls are also among the Home activities. Football was played for the first time this year, while basketball and baseball are other sports in which teams are organized.

Educational facilities at the Home are keeping pace with other growth The school now has a faculty of five, a principal and four teachers, and work is given through the ninth grade. It is planed to add a grade each year until the eleven grades making up a high school in North Carolina are all included in the Home work. Each pupil is required to do four and one-half hours of school work each day for ten months

in the year Along with the educational work, girls in the home are instructed in sewing and general home economics, while the boys are given training in agriculture and mechanical work.

Practical training is given in many lines, as explained by the proposed trip to Raleigh during the first week in February, when a number of the children will be introduced to Gov. O. Max Gardner and will have the privilege of seeing the general assembly in action, thus receiving a concrete knowledge of actual state government.

The Home library is an important factor in the children's education and enjoyment. There are now over 1,600 volumes, including fiction, history, travel, not including a library of some 1,500 text books used in the school. The library is opened one day in the week, the children are allowed to take out any book and keep it in their rooms for an entire week, returning the volume on the next library day. Miss Anne Duke and Mrs. Allen Hege are in charge of the library, and during the three years the Home has been in operation, have established the remarkable record of losing only three volumes.

Religiously the Home has developed during the past year through the formation of the Junior Order Home Church, of which Dr. J. C. Leonard is the pastor. The church will be supported by what is known as "contributing" members, throughout the order in the United States. In addition to the Sunday there is a Christian Endeavor Society, with Bible reading and daily devotional services held in each class room. The Home church is non-denominational, and the children are not influenced in the choice of church at a latter date.

Financially, the Home has developed into one of Lexington's leading projects. As stated, during the year 1930, $105,000 was spent for maintenance' etc., at the Home. The greater part of this was probably spent locally. The total salaries to superintendent, matrons, teachers, physicians, and others paid during the year amounted to $30,213, and almost all of this amount was spent locally, as well as a large amount for supplies for the children, and other objects. The daily per capita maintenance at the Home amounted to 91 cents, which is two cents above the state average of 89 cents. However, the local Home is far better equipped than a number of such institutions, and engages in a greater number of activities that better trained children might result.

The Home is now valued at almost three-quarters of a million dollars, $725,795 to be exact. Thousands of visitors are drawn annually to the magnificent institution and without fail carry away an impression of the advancement of the ideal and the magnificent way in which the Home is progressing.

Citizens of Davidson County, especially those who worked and planned assiduously for the location of the Home here, should justly feel proud of their labor and of the steady progress indicated by superintendent Shuford's report to the board. That there will be a slacking in the effort for advancement is not feared by local people, for the Junior Order

Orphans Home, with its great appeal to humanity through the character of its work in caring for the small and helpless, will ever touch tenderly the hearts of all Juniordom as well as all citizens who love their fellow man, and this resulting sentiment will continue to provide adequately for the needs of the institution.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

George Washington, commander-in-chief of the Continental forces in the Revolutionary War and first President of the United States, was born in Westmoreland County, Virginia, the oldest son of Augustine Washington by his second wife, Mary Ball. Soon after his birth his parents removed to a farm near Fredericksburg. On the death of his father in 1743 George inherited the farm. Such formal schooling as he received was completed by the time he was sixteen, when he was commissioned as a public surveyor. George inherited the celebrated Mount Vernon property from his brother, Lawrence Washington, in 1752. His career as a Virginia planter was interrupted by the war with the French and Indians, in which Washington rendered distinguished service as an aide to the British General, Braddock. In 1759 he married Mrs. Martha Custis, a young and wealthy widow with two children. His capable management of their combined estates made him one of the wealthiest men in the Colonies at the outbreak of the Revolution. Chosen in 1775 to lead the American armies, it was largely through his generalship that the war for Independence was won. Washington was president of the Convention of 1787 which framed the Constitution, and was unanimously chosen first President of the Republic, taking oath of office April 30, 1789. After serving two terms he declined a third, and on September 19, 1796, issued his Farewell Address to the country he had been so largely instrumental in forming almost out of chaos.

THE HISTORY OF A NOBLE ORGANIZATION

(Charlotte News)

It is a happy circumstance that in such times of distress and stringency as have fallen upon the people of a large section of this country on account of the disastrous drought of last Summer, making it imperative that tens of thousands of the sufferers be financially assisted in their plight and destitution, there is such an agency as the American Red Cross to set its foot upon the field and take charge of relief measures.

After all, and in spite of the suggestion that the Government could set up its own machinery for administering whatever amount Congress might be disposed to put at the disposal of these people, the fact remains that the Red Cross is the indispensable agency that is already set up and that has the capacity by reason of its experience and its compact organization to attend to this errand.

The American Red Cross has a noble history of service, one that it is refreshing to think back at this time when it is being called into this new and important action. It was first incorporated with Clara Barton as president in 1881.

In the following year the United States ratified the International Red Cross (Geneva) convention of 1864. One of the provisions of that convention required each signatory to create a voluntary organization to carry out the humanitarian purposes of the convention. These humanitarian purposes were concerned only with suffering due to war, but eventually it was thought illogical to draw a line between war-time and peace-time suffering. In 1893, the American National Red Cross was reincorporated for the relief of suffering by war, pestilence, famine, flood, fire or other nation-wide disaster. Re-incorporation in 1900 was by act of Congress.

The present charter of the American National Red Cross was granted by act of Congress in 1905. Among its purposes, as set forth in the 1905 act, are to "act in matters of voluntary relief and in accord with the military and naval authorities as a medium of communication between the people of the United States of America and their Navy..... and to continue and carry on a system of National and international relief in time of peace and to apply the same in mitigating the sufferings caused by pestilence, famine, fire, floods, and other National calamities."

The act provides also that the American Red Cross shall submit its financial statement every year to the War Department, which shall audit it and transmit it to Congress. The governing body is to consist of eighteen members. Six are to be selected by the President of the United States — one to be chairman and one each to represent the Department of State, War, Navy, Treasury, and Justice. Six are selected by the 65 incorporators under the charter, who fill vacancies in their ranks Six are elected by the representatives of

the State Red Cross societies at their annual meeting. Members of the governing body serve for three years, except those selected by the President, who serve one year. Provision that the President of the Red Cross shall be the President of the United States is contained in the by-laws, not in the charter.

The end of the World War found the American Red Cross with a considerable unexpended surplus. On July 1, 1919, it amounted to over $51,000,000. This was steadily drawn upon in the following years until it amounted to only $14,625,000 last January 14. Of this surplus, 5,000,000 was carried as an emergency disaster relief fund, and has been diverted to the present drought need. Over two million dollars are held for the current year's budget, almost two million for service to disabled war veterans, and about one million for replacing the Red Cross' present frame office building in Washington and for other restricted purposes. The surplus left on January 14, 1931, was $4,658,000, which the Red Cross hoped to carry as an emergency fund, possibly to replace the $5,000,000 diverted to drought relief. In addition the American Red Cross has endowment funds of $11,253,000, only the income from which may be used for current purposes.

The Federal Government made appropriations for one-half the cost of the permanent Red Cross building in Washington, which, with its land, belongs to the Government. Although Congress has never made direct appropriations of money to the Red Crosss, direct Federal relief for disasters, through the Army and Navy and local bodies, has occasionally been administered in co-operation with the Red Cross' efforts.

OUR COFFEE APPETITE

It is estimated that the average consumption of coffee in America in 1930 was around nine pounds per person. This figure is arrived at through reports of the amount of coffee roasted and ground in this country.

It does not represent the sales at retail stores, but closely approximates them.

The amount ground and roasted will exceed 1,000,000,000 pounds this year. The retail value of the product at an average of 35 cents a pound would therefore be more than $350,000,000.

There are at least seven Latin-American countries which are dependent to some extent on the fate of coffee, but so long as the fragrant beverage continues to pass in such streams down American throats they have something to count upon. —Exchange.

THE VALENTINE BOUQUET

By Elsa Gorham Baker

Sue Edderly and Viola Kent stood gazing into the show window of Miss Annie's little stationary shop. It was the only place in the small country town where valentines were sold. This was late in the afternoon of Friday, Valentine's Day, and the two girls were on their way home from school.

"I see Miss Annie hasn't sold the bouquet yet," said Sue.

"No, and I'm surprised," replied Viola, "for it's so pretty."

The valentine in question was one which both girls had admired greatly ever since it was placed on view. From a little distance it seemed that the center of the window was occupied by a bouquet of pink and lavender sweet peas in a green vace. On a small white card apparently struck lightly in among the blossome could be read the words—TO MY VALENTINE. One had to come very close indeed before the illusion of reality vanished and it could be seen that the whole thing was but a flat piece of cardboard held upright by a brace.

"Look, Sue," said Viola, "that sweet pea in the center of the bouquet is almost exactly the color of your coat and hat."

And so it was—a soft, deep shade of old rose. Sue could be recognized as far off as she could be seen if she were wearing that coat and hat for no one else in town had any of the same shade. It was the girl's favorite color and very becoming it was, for Sue had big brown eyes and dark brown wavy hair. Viola was a blonde and as so often happen each girl most admired the other type of coloring.

"Yes, it's just like it," agree Sue, "but come on, if we don't star for home, our mothers will think w had to stay after school.'

About half a mile from the vil lage the girls passed a large whit house set well back from the roa on a little knoll. "Seems odd t think we're going there to a part tomorrow," said Viola, "a part for a girl we've never seen. I won der what Bernice will be like."

"She'll certainly be nice if she' anythting like her mother," Su said, enthusiastically. "Mrs. Hamp ton's lovely. Though we've only known her a month, mother says sh seems like an old friend."

"Bernice has been staying with her aunt, hasn't she?"

"Yes, until her school term ended. Her mother didn't like her to leave in the middle of it. I suppose she'll start in here Monday. Do you think she'll be in our class, Vi?"

"Yes, I think so—she's about our age. Wasn't it a fine idea Mrs. Hampton's, Sue, to have a party—a Valentine party it's going to be—so Bernice can get to know some of the young folks and not have to start at school with everyone strange? Mrs. Hampton says she's rather shy."

The Kents' cottage lay perhaps a quarter of a mile beyond the Hampton home. It, too, was white but small and set close to the road under the boughs of a huge oak. Here

Viola lived with her parents and three younger brothers and sisters. Half a mile farther along was the home of Mr. and Mrs. Edderly, Sue and an older brother.

The two girls were about to part at the Kents' gate when Viola who had been silent for a few minutes said, "I've been thinking about the valentine bouquet in Miss Annie's window. What do you say to our buying it and giving it to Bernice tomorrow? Don't you think she would like that.

"Oh yes, I'm sure she would," cried Sue. "I think that's a fine idea, Vi. It would show her that we had been thinking about her. But how can we get it? I have to help mother in the morning.

"Father' going to town before lunch. I'll go in with him and get it," Viola offered. "Let's mark it —'To Bernice from her friends, Sue and Viola'—and then she'll know we're glad to get acquainted with her."

And so it was that shortly before noon the next day Viola Kent hurried into the little stationery store. There was a worried look on her face. "Oh, Miss Annie," she exclaimed to the pleasant little old lady behind the counter, "the valentine bouquet is gone from your window! I do hope you haven't sold it."

"Well, I declare, if that isn't too bad," said Miss Annie, sympathetically. "That was sold just about fifteen minutes ago."

"Who bought it?" Viola asked, quickly.

"Why, I don't know. I wasn't in the store. My niece from the country came last night to stay a few days with me and she sold it. Molly," Miss Annie called, and a plump pink-cheeked young woman appeared from the room behind the store. "Who bought that bunch of sweet peas? You said it was a girl. Of course, you don't know her name, but what'd she look like?"

"Brown eyes and hair and about as tall as this girl here," said Molly promptly, "and she had on a hat and coat of a lovely shade of old rose."

"Sue Edderly!" exclaimed Miss Annie and Viola together and the latter added with relief, "That's all right, then,"

But as the girl left the store and walked down the street to the place where she was to meet her father, she felt a bit puzzled. Sue had said she would be busy in the morning. Why had she changed her plans and come in town and bought the valentine which she knew Viola was intending to buy? And just then something happened that was still more puzzling as Viola was explaining to her father a few minutes later.

"I was wondering why Sue was in town," she said, "when I looked up and saw her. She was quite a way ahead, but you can't mistake that old rose coat of hers. I hurried after her, calling to her, but just before I caught up she went into a store. I wasn't more than ten feet away, calling, "Sue! Sue! Wait a minute!" and she never even turned around. She must have heard me. I can't understand it. I'd have gone in the store after her only I knew you were waiting for me. Sue's my best friend and I'm sure she must have a good reason for acting so queer, but I'll certainly be glad to find out what it is."

Mrs. Hampton had invited Sue and Viola to come to the house half an hour before the rest of the young folks, to meet her daughter. She expected them to be Bernice's first, and perhaps best, friends, as they lived nearest. Most of the other young people who would be her classmates lived in the village or on the other side of it. Mrs. Hampton had found both the girls very likable and felt that if Bernice had a chance to become slightly acquainted with them before the others came, it would be pleasant all around.

Viola waited until the last moment before going in hopes that Sue would stop for her, not only for the pleasure of her company, but to get an explanation of her actions that morning. But she saw nothing of her, so went on alone, arriving at the Hampton's at precisely the hour mentioned.

Bernice opened the door for her. She proved to be slim and dark and with so charming a manner that Viola liked her instantly. "Come up to my room to leave your things," she said and the two girls climbed the stairs. Viola had previously seen the room Mrs. Hampton had prepared for her daughter—a most attractive one in green and ivory with touches of rose.

Hardly had the girls exchanged a dozen sentences when Bernice's mother called her. She excused herself and ran downstairs. Viola glanced around — the room now had little touches of occupancy which it lacked before. On a shelf near the head of the bed was a row of books and beside them—Viola stared in amazement — there stood the valentine bouquet! The girl stepped closer—on the card that said—TO MY VALENTINE—some words had been written. They were—"To Bernice from her best friend, Sue."

Viola could scarcely believe her eyes. No wonder, she thought, angrily, that Sue had wished to avoid her that morning if she were planning such an underhanded scheme for gaining the new girl's friendship. But her angry passed almost instantly, driven out by the pain of her wounded fleelings. That Sue, with whom she had been best friends ever since they could remember, should prefer another to her and that other a stranger! Tears rose to Viola's eyes. She felt in no mood to attend a party, but could think of no excuse for leaving.

These were the girl's first reactions, but second thought followed almost at once. She would not believe such things of her friend. There must be some other explanation of the facts, though it seemed impossible. Sue being Sue, she could not do a mean or understand thing. Of this Viola felt sure. She blinked the tears hastily from her eyes at the do a mean or underhand thing. Of Sue had arrived and she and Bernice were coming up.

"Let me show you," Bernice was saying as they entered the room. "Look," she added to Viola and opening the closet door, disclosed a coat and hat of the exact shade of those which Sue was wearing. The coat was cut on slightly different lines and the hat was a trifle wider in the brim, but from a little distance, no one could have told the two outfits apart.

"Well," laughed Sue, "some

folks in this town are going to be puzzled for a while. They've been recognizing me by my coat as far away as they could see me, but now it's not going to be quite so easy."

"I was puzzled myself this morning," said Bernice, "but I understand what the trouble was. I was in the village and several people spoke to me or started to and then looked at me so queerly and went on. One girl followed me for a little way, calling, 'Sue, wait a minute,' but I knew she had made a mistake, so I didn't even turn around. I see now that she took me for you."

"That was I," confessed Viola. "The first chance I got I was going to ask you, Sue, why you wouldn't speak to your friends." The other girls joined in her gay laugh. How light-hearted she felt in her relief! One puzzling fact had been explained—doubtless the other would be. And it was almost at once.

"Before we go down," said Bernice, "I want you to see my pretty valentine. She led them to the shelf on which the bouquet stood. Sue's first look of bewilderment as she saw the writing on the card disappeared as Bernice continued, "It's from Sue Lyons, the girl who is my best friend in the town where I've been living. She's coming to visit me this spring and I know you'll both like her. I think it's the prettiest valentine I ever had and so this morning when I saw one just like it in the window of a little store in the village, I bought it right away. It's going to be a prize in one of the games we'll play this afternoon. Let's go down now. The others will be here in about fifteen minutes and I want to ask you something about lessons. Mother thinks I'll be in all your classes."

The three girls seated themselves before the open fire and Mrs. Hampton smiled joyfully from the next room at the sound of their merry voices and frequent laughter.

"What good times we're going to have!" cried Sue. "Do you know, Bernice, I feel just as if I'd known you for a long time."

"That's the way I feel, too," said Viola.

"It seems just the same to me," declared Bernice. "I felt shy about meeting so many new boys and girls, but now that I know you two I shan't mind it a bit. Oh, I'm so happy!" she added, earnestly.

"So am I," said Sue.

"And I," added Viola. And her happiness was greatest of the three, for besides the joy of a new friend, was the delight of knowledge that her faith in her old one had been justified.

A man came up to a minister one day after the service in a frontier town, saying: "Parson, that there service and sermon was grand. I wouldn't have missed 'em for five dollars." When the minister suggested that he hand him the difference between the amount he had put in the collection plate and the figure he mentioned for missionary work, he stopped suddenly, looked at the preacher with his mouth wide open and then slowly pulled from his pocket $4.90, which he handed him without a word.—Selected.

BLACK WALNUT A SAFE TREE

American Walnut Manufasturers' Association

Some weeks ago reports came to this country from Europe of severe gales and heavy damages to shipping, as well as serious damage on the land. This damage extended to many of the ancient trees in England. In Cornwall, an elm over 13 feet in circumference, and a 400-year-old ash over five feet in diameter, were among the "casualties." It was reported that in most cases the trees brought down by the storms were elms. When this matter was brought before an English forestry expert, he replied, "The elm is what we call a treacherous tree. It will stand for eighty or one hundred years, apparently in perfect strength, with everyone having confidence in its security—then it breaks in a comparatively light wind."

This reminds us of the recent project of nut tree planting undertaken by the American Forestry Association in cooperation with boy scouts. The object of this plan is to encourage the planting of trees of greatest economic value. Black walnut, for instance, ranks high in this respect. It produces a highly desirable nut, the market for which cannot be filled. In confectionery, there is no other nut that rivals our own black walnut. It is highly and richly flavored. Therefore, there are much smaller quantities necessary to flavor candy or pastry. Moreover, it is a nut that holds its firmness and flavor when introduced into cooked materials.

We are all familiar with the usefulness of black walnut wood, which in cabinet making is more frequently known as American walnut. It is the one wood with the combination of necessary characteristics that make it the gunstock wood of the world. For furniture and interior woodwork, it is to be seen in finest productions of the master craftsman.

Accordingly, the native walnut is one of the best possible trees for planting in the United States. It will grow in all sections, except those of sterile soil and deficient moisture. Walnut grows best on land that will produce good corn. On such land it should be put out as a shade tree, highway tree, shelter belts for building or pastures, for odd spots where temporary floods might injure annual crops, or on spots which topography isolates from regular fields. The thought to be kept in mind is that there are untold millions of trees occupying land now in farming sections that are really "weed trees" and will never produce anything but cordwood or, at most, some low grade farm lumber or fence posts. Such trees should be gradually replaced with millions of nut trees that give an annual return in a nut crop, and when the tree is mature, produces one of the finest cabinet woods to be found anywhere in the world.

Besides all this, walnut is a safe tree to plant. It is safe because the wood is strong and resistant to decay. It is also safe because the walnut is a long-lived tree and because it is a deep-rooted tree. Some trees,

like the beech, have wide-spreading surface roots which kill out other vegetation. Walnut, because it is deep-rooted, permits blue grass to grow well, right up to the trunk of the tree. Black walnut is a safe tree to have around because its roots go down deep into the soil and because the trunk and limbs are strong and durable.

If you fear, cast all your cares on God; that anchor holds.—Tennyson.

TREE HEALTH-OFFICERS

By W. V. Garrett

Few tree lovers are aware of the fact that birds are the tree's best friends, and deprived of the assistance of these feathery creatures, tree life would be next to impossible.

There are myriads of insects-pests that annually damage trees to the extent of millions of dollars. There are sorces of different birds that feed upon these destructive insects and, as they remove these foes of tree-growth, give tree life a chance for expansion. Every single part of the tree, from the tip of the branch to the root, owes something to the little feathered scavengers that sing and work in its shade.

Cickadees and titmice have their hunting ground on the small branches of the tree, where they carefully inspect twigs and buds in their search for small insects and their eggs. Woodpeckers work on the larger limbs and trunk, where they detect the insects which hide beneath the aged bark. They are followed by creepers and nuthatchers, who inspect the crevices and holes left by the woodpecker, and millions of destructive insects fall prey to them. All the while, there is intense police work being done on the ground. Orioles and warbles turn over leaves and feed upon little enemies that are on their way to the roots of the tree. Beetles, weevils, caterpillars, ants, and many other pests are destroyed.

About one-third of the food of those birds mentioned, as well as many others, consists of insects that are tree-foes.

So, if you love trees, help to preserve bird-life. In summer you can supply bathing and drinking places for them; in autumn, you can use your influence to have protective hunting laws obeyed; in winter, you can provide food and shelter for them; and in spring, you can provide nesting material, put up and repair bird houses, and plant trees so that in the years to come there will be food, shelter, and nesting places for birds, and protection for the trees.

ONLY GOD CAN MAKE A TREE

By Antonia J. Stemple

One of the most beautiful trees of the many choice varieties which grow in the Southland of our country is the georgeous royal poinciana, aristocrat of them all royal indeed. Nothing more breath-takingly beautiful can be imagined than this regal tree. When in bloom the tree seems to have burst into flames, for it is a mass of magnificent blossome of huge size of the most brilliant and intense scarlet. The flowers are so large and profuse that the leaves are almost hidden from sight and the tree from a little distance looks as though it were covered with a living Oriental carpet of rich, glowing red splotched lightly with gold. Such a tree in full flower is not at all modest and cannot blush unseen for it is bound to attract delighted attention even a long way off It is striking and unforgettable from any point of view.

The royal poinciana is so radiantly lovely and so flamingly vivid and gorgorgeous that one can scarcely bear to take one's eyes off it. The sight of this tree in its spring-time robe brings to mind Joyce Kilmer's appreciative and immortal words:

"Poems are made by fools like me
But only God can make a tree."

The royal poinciana grows quite rapidly and is very graceful and symmetrical, with a flat, wide-spread top, like an umbrella, thus displaying the blossoms to the best advantage. It has feathery, lacy leaves, much like those of a delicate fern. The tree is a native of Madagascar and often grows to a height of forty feet with a crown twice that size. The blossoms form in immense clusters, a single cluster being not infrequently as large as a bushel basket.

Another of the South's beautiful flowering trees is the magnolia, the evergreen tree beloved of poets, and lovers. This tree is very beautiful even when not in bloom, for its leaves are thick, exceedingly glossy and of an intense, rich, dark green. It grows very tall and stately, yet sturdy. But its blossoms! Words are inadequate to describe the unearthly lovelines and stainless purity and whiteness of the magnolia's mammoth flowers. The petals are thick and waxy and in the heart are masses of pearly-pink stamens. The blossoms, when open, are as large as a saucer, often large as a tea-plate, and the perfume is enchantingly sweet. These immense, pure-white, spotless flowers growing singly amid the thick, glossy leaves, make the tree when in bloom a thing of ravishing loveliness, of which the eye never tires, while the perfume entrances the senses. The tree begins to blossom early and when only three or four feet high may display a half dozen blossoms as lovely as those on an older tree ten or more times as tall. So great is the beauty and appeal of the magnolia that it seems more fit to grow in heavenly gardens for the delight of the angels than for the delectation of ordinary mortals.

WHICH WILL YOU CHOOSE?

By John R. Scotford

Every boy and most girls look forward to the day when they must "go to work." The seemingly interminable succession of school days ultimately comes to an end, and both the "sweet girl graduates, and their brothers face the necessity of finding a job.

Youth is stirred by mingled emotions when it starts towards the employment office. The prospect of spending eight hours or more a day in one place and at one task is not alluring. From certain angles the office or the shop suggests the prison house. But on the other hand, the horizon grows rosy as pay-day approaches. For many people the chief reward of earning money is the pleasure of spending it.

Yet work may be something vastly more worthwhile than merely trading hours for dollars. Happy is the young person who finds his way into a calling which offers to him real inspiration. The people who really succeed in life enjoy the working day more than they do their hours of leisure. Some are like the Vermont storekeeper who never took a vacation because "business was too interesting!" As they grow older most men and women find their greatest pleasure, not in their holidays, but in their regular work.

The secret of both happiness and success lies in making one's way into a calling which harmonizes with one's interests and talents. We get on best when we work for the joy of the job as well as the hope of financial reward.

But how is a young man or a young woman to discover that congenial calling which will both bring in the dollars and fill the day with interesting experiences?

When youth sets out to look for work the first sight which greets its eyes is the familiar sign, "No Help Wanted!" All the good positions are taken. Every "standard calling" is terribly overcrowded. When we call the familiar roll, "Doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief," the invariable answer is, "Too many."

Possibly a little study of the men and women who have attained success may illuminate the situation for our young people. In this day and time it is not the general practitioner who shines in medicine, but the doctor who knows more about the toes, the nose, or the eyebrows than the other fellow. When we have an earache we do not want "just an ordinary doctor"; it with law and storekeeping and it with law stroekeeping and every-everything else. The main highways are all jammed with traffic. He who wishes a clear road before him must go a-pionerring.

Both to succeed and to be happy each one of us needs to discover some service that the world desires which we can render in a better way than anyone else. The financial rewards go to the man who can do something which the other fellow cannot. Anybody can mow a lawn, and so the wages of lawn-mowers are low. In all the United States there are probably not more than half-adozen surgeons who are really expert at the

delicate operation of mending cleft palates by bringing the bone together—and with them a common fee is ten per cent of your year's income. But even more important is the satisfaction of doing something different. Of two sisters, one is simply a good stenographer, while the other has taken prizes as a portrait painter. For the first, work is largely toil, while for the second, it is a delightful form of self-expression. Nothing ministers to one's pride more than consciousness that one possesses a distinctive skill of some sort.

Often quite ordinary men and women will attain success by taking some familiar calling and giving it a new turn. Such is my friend Gray, who was first a lawyer, then an expert on patent litigation, and who finally specialized on the patents covering automobile tires. Black started out as a plain doctor, but he now has a happy and profitable time straightening out mental kinks and thereby bringing peace to troubled souls.

What might be called the "cross-calling" are most alluring. Social workers abound, and so do trained nurses, but Mrs. Brown has combined the traininig of both and supervises the social work of a large hospital. There are plenty of men who can fly and of photographers there is no end, but the few men who combine both callings enjoy both their work and their pay.

Every young person feels in his heart that he is different from everybody else. If this be so, each of us should be able to render society a different type of service. We do not relish being dressed up in a uniform and marched along with a crowd of others as a mere cog in a vast machine. Rather does some deep instinct urge us to seek a niche in life which is peculiarly our own. Behind this attitude lies the belief that God has a distinct place for each one of us in His eternal scheme of things.

To undertake to describe the various callings which are open to the young people of today is utterly impossible. Even to list them would be a stupendous task. In the articles which are to follow we shall merely take a few sample occupations and show how a young person may enter them and then work his way to a distinctive and worthwhile position in life. The purpose is not to find a job for ever reader, but to illustrate the attractions and the disadvantages which every calling offers, and to point out the way in which each individual must realize his abilities, select his own sphere of activity and then work out his own salvation.

We know Washington as well as it is possible to know any man. We know him better than the people who lived in the same house with him; and we find him human—a man to whom we pay the tribute of affection.

—Elbert Hubbard.

HONOR ROLL FOR JANUARY

(NOTE) The teacher in Room No. 6 having been called to her home on ccount of illness in the family, we were unable to secure the names of the oys in that grade which should have been placed on the honor roll.

Room No. 1

—A—

Bill Barkley, John Bowers, Willard ohnson, Graham Bost, Fern Dun- p, and Franklin Parrish.

—B—

Henry Cottle, Phil Gibson, and urnie Lassiter.

Room No. 2

—B—

Ernest Carter, and Raymond Hin- n.

Room No. 3

—A—

Shirley Earnhardt, Raleigh Styles, oarce Richardson, Perry Quinn, W. Rabon, and Hal Chamberlain.

—B—

Ben Woody, Fulton Hare, and omas Hicks.

Room No. 4

—A—

Theodore Crabtree, Vernon Jerni- n, Alva Littleton, Clerence Lyrely, by Marshburn, Charles Nelson, e Roughton, Glenn Page, George oemaker, Henry Smallwood, Lee cker, Lester Whitaker, and Earl yes.

—B—

Hiram Boughman, James Chapman, yne Coble, Robert Hill, Garland Mangum, J. R. Morrow, Herman Nunnery, Carl Story, Lytt Talley, Norman Watkins, Tom Clemmons and Herman Barrett.

Room No. 5

—A—

Robert Branch, Mack Broome, James Chappell, Pink Chester, Herschell Crews, Verlin Cutshall, Charles B. Hodgin, Homer Smith, David White, James Clemmons, John Flannery, Bovee Greene, Worth Johnson, and Ben Merritt.

—B—

Robert Clark, John Durham, Russell Ferris, Grady Kennedy, Harrison Owen, Gordon Parker, Pedro Poteat, Ray Terris, Lee West, Edgar Lee White, Richard Farrow, Woodrow Gaskins, Jack Webster, James Camden, and James Jones.

Room No. 7

—A—

Cayton Waters, William Mills, Robert Futrel, Robert Taylor, Jesse McLaughlin, John Evans, James Irby, B. T. Ransome, Floyd Causey, Louis Hanner, John Kelly, Carver Boone, Lloyd Pleasant, Will Shoaf, Bobbie Poole, Paul Eason, and Ralph Bradley.

The head and the heart are not more vitally connected than thought nd virtue.—William Ellery Channing.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Our school principal reports that 141 boys were promoted last week.

—o—

Rev. T. W. Fogleman, pastor of McGill Street Baptist Church, Concord, conducted the service in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon. He made an interesting talk on "Opportunity," which we all thoroughly enjoyed.

—o—

For several days past the boys on the outside forces have been hauling gravel and otherwise improving the road running through Jackson Park.

—o—

Mr. Moore, a Concord nurseryman, recently gave us six nandinas. These beautiful shrubs will add greatly to the appearance of the campus, and we wish to thank Mr. Moore for his kindness in donating same.

—o—

Although there is quite a bit of sickness in the community, we are glad to report that with the exception of a few cases of mumps and tonsillitis, our large family of boys is enjoying the best of health at this time.

—o—

David Teague, who was paroled in August, 1927, now works for the Belmont Knitting Products Co. Belmont, N. C. He has worked in this hosiery mill ever since leaving the school.

—o—

We are reminded that spring is just around the corner as we notice Mr. Walker and his boys working on the flower beds in various parts of the campus, making preparations for another array of beautiful flowers.

During the few warm days we recently enjoyed, we noticed that quite a few shrubs on the west side of the Administration Building were putting out green leaves. We rather think that, like the fabled worm, they will soon get caught—not by the early bird, but by old Jack Frost.

—o—

Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Fletcher, of Grafton, West Virginia, made a brief stop at the Training School last Saturday afternoon en route to Columbia, S. C., where they are spending a few days. Mr. Fletcher is superintendent of the West Virginia Boys Industrial School, located at Grafton. We were very glad to have them with us and hope they will be able to visit us again soon, at which time we trust their stay will be longer.

—o—

While several of our teams were engaged in hauling gravel to Jackson Park, extra precaution was taken to protect our boys who were riding on the wagons. Mr. Hobby was placed on the highway to see that no wagon entered the highway when an automobile was approaching. It being pretty cold in the early morning, a fire was built there for his comfort. Some of the speeding motorists seeing him glance at his watch as they approached, became quite apprehensive, thinking he had been stationed there for the purpose of checking up on the "speed kings" as they go roaring past the school, utterly disregarding the warning signs near each entrance to the grounds.

U. N. C.
CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XIX CONCORD, N. C., FEBRUARY 21, 1931. No. 8

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REAL THRIFT

Really worthwhile thrift saves the little things. Day by day these little savings pile up and multiply until eventually their total is enormous. Thus economy becomes a routine procedure and produces a frame of mind in which every reaction is antagonostic to waste.—Mase H. Smaltz.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. *J.* P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

THE ONLY CHURCH

A really great church is one that is pleasing God, honoring Jesus Christ and serving humanity, said Dr. Ernest Neal Orr in his sermon at the Tabernacle A. R. P. church, Charlotte, recently.

"Such a church is not made by a fine building, a large enrollment, a strategic location, members of education, wealth or prominence," he continued.

One of the first steps in the building of a great church, said Dr. Orr, is placing Jesus in the center and worshipping Him as the head of the church. Many churches today are giving first place to music, programs, social service and reforms, the speaker declared.

Separating from the world is another mark of the truly great church, he said, "Jesus calls us from the world of sin to the world of high and holy living," according to the speaker.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

The celebration of the 200th anniversary of George Washington's birthday, February 22, 1932, will not only catch the attention of the people of the national capital, but the affair will be nation-wide in its scope with an appropriate program. The object of having his birth observed is to keep his memory and deeds perpetually fresh in the minds of the people of this great country, of which he is called the father,—doubtless the most august name in our history, and one of the grandest in the history of the world. The name Washington belongs to America and not to any particular section, and

as ages roll on, mankind will see naught but the lustre of his virtues and the greatness of his service.

* * * * * * * * * * *

THE BOY SCOUTS.

At the 21st anniversary "jamboree" of the American Boy Scouts, the Rt. Rev. E. A. Penick, bishop coadjutor of the diocese of the Episcopal church, in North Carolina, spoke to over 1,200 people at the Armory-Auditorium, Charlotte, on the evening of the 13th.

His theme was the characteristics of scouts from a layman's viewpoint. He admonished the 600 Scouts present, and by-the-way, the thought incorporated is wholesome advice for any one, "not to drift with the wind. Attainment represents effort. If you get anywhere you must sail in the teeth of the wind. We all want freedom, but that freedom must have a restraining cord, just as a kite must have a cord. The kite of scouting has three restraining cords, as seen by laymen. They are: thoughtfulness, self-reliance and the faculty of being undaunted by difficulty. There is no use in achieving unless our achievements lead somewhere. Most daring achievements made in this world are by youth."

The entire program staged was one of pleasure and profit, showing that the 20th century is the age wherein the value of youth is recognized and emphasized.

"The ideals for which the Boy Scouts stand—character, patriotism, public service, outdoor life—are well known. These ideals are not only professed but practiced. Scouts do not become racketeers and gangsters. They become strong, alert, active, good citizens. Millions of young men are better, more useful Americans today because of their membership in this organization."

* * * * * * * * * * *

HERE I STAND.....

The question before the Legislature this week is the proposal to consolidate counties, and the plan continues to meet with approval. In addition to recommending the consolidation of 23 counties into 11, the Brookings institute of Washington, suggests that the state give consideration to the feasibility of consolidating 12 others. This plan is not only practical but advisable for in this day of good roads and automobiles the distance between

any two points is measured by time and not miles, making it possible to merege overhead expense of several counties without the least inconvenience to officials. Consolidation in nearly every instance means the strong helping the weak—the spirit that should prevail until conditions look like normalcy.

We think Governor Gardner is probably fighting his greatest problem right now, a battle for a more "economical government", thereby showing a greater interest in the people at large than in the individual cause. It is the easiest thing in the world to spend money other than your own, but it takes a wise and strong executive to inaugurate an economic program in adjusting the affairs of the State, because the pinch will be felt in spots.

It costs something to do right under all circumstances. The price is often either money, friends or position, but "to-do-right" at all hazards seems to be the ambition of our chief executive—a high sense of duty, regardless of those who oppose the reform measures.

* * * * * * * * * *

VERY DANGEROUS.

It is not only the swelling buds of the trees, the early Spring flowers blooming, despite the cold, snappy breezes early morning and late in the evening, and the chirping of the birds in some protected ledge around the house-top that makes one sense Spring is fast approaching, but merry voices of youngsters as they throng the streets indulging in the early sport of the season—skating. These youngsters, including boys and girls, add good cheer to any community, in fact their presence is an antidote for the blues, but at the same time in watching this riot of youth in innocent sport there is grave apprehension for safety as the skaters aimlessly dart back and forth across the streets regardless of the automobile traffic.

It will be more than marvelous if the season of skating passes without an accident of some nature occuring, and then comes the question, "who is to blame?" The scene at every residential street corner, a merry crowd of skaters, is an expression of youth, in short it is a demand that some reservation be made in every city where the children can congregate without being subjected to danger by automobiles...Skating is healthful exercise and there should be a safety zone where the young folks could enjoy the sport to their heart's content and parents have not the least apprehension as to the welfare of their children...The 20th, century is recognized as the age of youth, child welfare programs, have been broadcasted over the nation, but sometimes one

loose connection in the great work, like zoing off certain distracts for skating, brings sorrow to countless homes also involving others in an unavoidable tragedy...It is imperative that there should be certain blocks zoned for skating, or the children should not be permitted to skate in the middle of the throughfares where traffic is often congested.

* * * * * * * * * *

THE FRIEND OF THE NEEDY.

This resume taken from "Charity and Children" emphasizes the well-spent life of a simple and unpretentious man whose ultimate aim was not to make a living to the exclusion of saving a life. The story also proves that the spirit of Christ reigns in the hearts of all alike regardless of that line of demarcation—nationality—being nothing more than an imaginary line. There are similar characters to this one, Nathan Straus, in North Carolina, but it will require time to add lustre to their works. But, "honor to whom honor is due" will eventually come:

> Nathan Straus, a "merchant prince," of New York, and one of the greatest philanthropists in the world, died at his home in New York, at the age of eighty-two, on January 11th. His funeral was held on Tuesday, the 13th, and was an occasion of perfect simplicity and dignity that characterized his career. He was a great merchant but not a rich man. His family said that he spent twice or three times his income for the past ten years. In the winter of 1893-94 he opened what is believed to have been the first emergency relief station. Out of his own fortune he distributed cards calling for coal, bread and other necessities. These cards called for five cents apiece. He did not believe in pauperizing the people but insisted that they must earn the five cents first. After $75,000 of his own money had been spent in this way, J. P. Morgan called Straus into his office and gave him $50,000 for this work with the understanding that his donation would be anonymous. He was indeed the friend of the needy and the poor of New York City will greatly miss this friend in need who was a friend indeed. There were no flowers at his funeral as he said flowers at a funeral should be spent for a better purpose. He leaves three children and they have a precious heritage in the life of this good man. He was a Jew but not a Shylock. He made a great deal of money but spent it for the good of others.

* * * * * * * * * *

WHICH IS PREFERABLE?

Which counts the most—to see a home filled with good books, magazines and music or a raft of fashion sheets? There was a delightful lady who was visiting in a home where there was an abundance of good literature but not

a fashion book could be found in this lovely home of refinement and culture. The visiting lady in a sweet manner, not the least offensive, asked of the lady of the house, "don't you ever have a fashion book of any kind here?" The reply was, "No, it takes too much time to keep up with the styles, so we never indulge in literature of that kind." "Well," replied the elderly lady, "I find all kinds of reading matter but can not find a fashion sheet."

One might infer from this conversation that the people of this cultured home were antiquated in taste as to dress, but quite to the contrary, they were well dressed, but not ultra in taste, but on the other hand were splendidly informed as to the best literature, knew history, and conversant as to current events. They were delightful people to commune with—you saw them before seeing their dress. The moral is: youth passes, styles change, but knowledge with a store of information will last and aid in rendering a service to the end of time.

* * * * * * * * * *

PUSH! PUSH!

The highest paid editor in the world states that it is against the unwritten law on the Pacific coast to complain, carry an umbrella or carry an overcoat, because it is the land of "everything can be done." He thinks nature recognizes no depression for the "Sunkist" cooperative organization of orange growers will ship 70,000 cars this year compared with 50,000 last year, and 30 years ago the shipment amounted to 1,800.

He further states the potato-chip queen, a Mrs. Schudder, fries 100 tons of potatoes in a month, and she thinks that if the grouchers would put as much energy in their business as is used in complaining there would be no room for complaint.

By-the-way, it is the man or woman who puts his or her brain to work as well as the motivating power who forges to the front. At Ivey's, Charlotte, this Christmas there was on sale a puzzle, made by the proprietor himself and the thing sold like hot-cakes, so to speak.

It was an experiment upon the part of the man with a mind of a genuis, and one of the clerks said there were as many as two gross sold in less than an hour. Stop bemoaning your fate, and have the grit and determination to do something. Stagnation really and truly means death. The fellow who makes as small a thing as a mouse trap that can be successfully utilized there will be found a beaten path to his door—it matters not where he lives.

RAMBLING AROUND

With Old Hurrygraph

"Not what we have, but what we
use
Not what we see, but what we
choose;
These are the things that mar
or bless
The sum of human happiness."

—o—

We are told in Holy Writ to "agree with our adversary while in the way." That's all right. But what makes me so doggoned mad is that he won't get out of the way when I agree with him.

—o—

"Men never is but always to be blessed." Haven't you noticed that just about the time you recover from the Christmas bills, the local stores start filling their windows with Easter scenery and there's another relapse.

—o—

That Harvard student who threw a grapefruit at Rudy Vallee and missed, certainly has a poor aim in life. I don't blame the university for turning him out.

—o—

The perspective on life and its living is a very important thing in this world of ours Some people worry over the passing of time. Its passage is the thing time is made of. It is well to note time But the important thing is, in which direction are you going. Time is the thing to teach us to number our days, and apply our hearts unto wisdom.

—o—

I cannot refrain from believing that everything appears upside down, and changes almost overwhelm me. Here it is people are starving while our congress squabbles over how we shall help them; congressmen are paying $67,,000 a year to have their speeches printed; the state wants to take over the management of our roads, and, perhaps, our schools, county and city affairs; and here it is with only one more week of February, and according to all the regulations of the groundhog—and all other kinds of hogs who know how to run things—we ought to be wading in snow, and facing blizzards that freeze the ears every time you step out on the street. Instead of that we are having delightful weather, better than any mortal man can make even if he is always complaining about it. The grass is peeping up bright and green, buds on the trees are swelling and coming to the front with more alacrity than the swells around the soda fountains. 'Tis spring! And it has sprung on us so soon. I'm inclined to think that I'll not be surprised at anything any more. Not even if the Mississippi turns around and empties into Hudson bay, or the Atlantic dries up and folks go scooting across the bottom of the ocean in automobiles next summer The only thing that would shock me would be a bootlegger going bankrupt.

—o—

The latest news comes in that the Russians are dumping their wheat all over Europe and at a very low price, to under cut their competitors. Mr. Legge and his farm board have a much better plan; Uncle Sam gets a good price for his wheat because he

buys it himself. It's like this: You want to sell your auto for five hundred bucks, but nobody would give you more than a hundred for it. All right, you sell your auto to yourself for five hundred. You've made four hundred dollars and you've still got the old bus. D'y see? Neither do I exactly, but it sounds pretty good.

—o—

I have heard of a man so stingy he has never given anything to anyone except the mumps.

—o—

A beauty expert says that men will get so tired of women using cosmetics, that they will turn in relief to milkmaids. What's the use? Do not milkmaids handle cold cream?

—o—

It is reported that some one broke into Professor Einstein's house some time ago, but they stole relatively nothing.

—o—

Some of the more venturesome of our citizenry are seriously talking about making a garden. They are counting their neighbor's chickens to see if it will be a paying proposition when it comes to the scratch.

—o—

The hit-and-run driver, says Governor Roosevelt, of New York, is "the lowest type of human animal" and deserves no sympathy at the hands of the law. But has the hit-and-run driver risen high enough in the biological scale to be called an animal at all, not to mention a human animal? It is doubtful whether he would be admissible to any museum of natural history so far established in civilized countries. The states may have to fit up a special institution to accommodate such specimens of him as are brought in for exhibition and treatment.

—o—

Oh, pshaw! Somebody is always taking the joy out of life. Here Smedley's court martial is called off and we can't have the fun of seeing the seven or eight admirals in their gold braid and their big swords and long ostrich plumes in their hats, and everything, sitting in state at one end of a big room with society dressed up in all its grand rags crowding the place to suffocation. Our navy has been cut down to next to nothing and our admirals having no big battleships to walk around on we never get a chance to see 'em except at a court martial, and now that's out. This country simply dosn't deserve to have admirals.

IT'S A POOR JOKE

"When some woman blushes with embarrassment.
"When some heart carries away an ache.
"When something sacred is made to appear common.
"When a man's weakness provides the cause for laughter.
"When a little child is brought to tears.
"When everyone can't join in the laughter."

—Cass Lake Times

WASHINGTON'S VISIT TO NORTH CAROLINA

By Col. Fred A. Olds

Some years ago the writer was at Gatesville, at the United States Hotel, and was very gravely assured that George Washington had spent a night there, in the the tour of the State he made in 1791; in fact "Washington's Room" was shown, on the second floor; at the moment occupied by the County Superintendent of Public Instruction. At three or four other places the writer has been shown places "where Washington had slept," some "where he ate" and at least two "chairs he sat in."

Now where did Washington stop on that journey from his home, Mt. Vernon, near Alexandria, Virginia, to Georgia? At Halifax, where he spent Saturday night, April 16, the following day and night; on the 18th dined at Slaughter's hotel, and spent the night at Tarboro; on the 19th dined at Greenville and slept at Allen's hotel; on the 20th breakfasted at Col. Allen's and dined at New Bern; there stayed until the 22nd; on the 22nd dined at Trenton and slept at Shrine's hotel; on the 23rd dined at Foy's hotel and slept at Sage's hotel; on the 24th arrived at Wilmington at 2 o'clock and remaining there until the morning of the 26th, breakfasted at Ben Smith's hotel and spending the night at Russ' hotel; on the 27th breakfasted at William Gause's hotel, and crossed the line into South Carolina at 12:30 o'clock.

General Washington went to South Carolina and came back into North Carolina in the piedmont region, his trip southward being through the coastal plain. May 28th he reached Charlotte at 3 o'clock, dined there and spent the night; on the 29th he dined at Col. Smith's inn and slept at Major Phifer's inn; on the 30th reached Salisbury for breakfast, dined and slept there; on the 31st breakfasted at Young's hotel on the Yadkin and at 3 o'clock reached Salem, where he remained until June 2nd, when he and Gov. Martin went to Guilford Court House battlefield and dined there; on the 3rd of June breakfasted at Troublesome Iron Works and slept at Gatewood's hotel, on the Dan river; on the 4th crossed the line into Virginia.

Often on this journey he was up and away as early as 4 o'clock A. M.

When you do not keep faith with your own conscience you make yourself unworthy of any man's confidence.—Selected.

A WASHINGTON LETTER OF 1788

By Col. Fred A. Olds

A letter, all in the handwriting of George Washington to Richard Dobbs Spaight, Senior, of New Bern, N. C., is one of the latest accessions to the great and growing collection in the North Carolina Hall of History. For a long time this letter was lost sight of. Spaight served as an aide-de-camp to General Richard Caswell in the Revolution and in 1783 was a member of the Continental Congress.

This letter is a matter which lay very close to the heart of Gen. Washington, namely the ratification by all the States of the Constitution of the United States. July 21, 1788, tne North Carolina State Convention met, in St. Matthew's Church at Hillsboro. There were present 268 members, out of the total 280. The question was the ratification without any amendments of the Federal Constitution and those who proposed that there should be amendments before such ratification. Willie Jones (pronounced like Wyley) was the leader of the latter factoin or group. He had originally been entirely against adoption but when Virginia ratified he saw the new Government would surely be formed so sought to secure amendments before North Carolina agreed to fall in line.

Governor Samuel Johnston a powerful "Federalist" was elected president of the body, in which were the ablest men in the State. Spaight (had Washington's letter) William R. Davie, James Irdell were also ardent for ratification, Davie and Spaighe having had a part in the framing of the first Federal Constitution. However, the' Antis" won by a vote of 184 against ratification to 84 in favor of it. So the tremendous question went over to the year 1789, for the Convention adjourned August 4th.

By June 1, 1788, nine other States had ratified the Constitution, which by its provisions was thus made effective. In August, 1789, the North Carolina State election was held and it gave the Anti-Federals a heavy blow. Willie Jones could not see the "handwriting on the wall," however, and had the nerve to announce his "plan," this being to "stay out of the Union five or six years." The Legislature met at Fayetteville November 2, 1789, and the State Convention met November 16, with 272 present. Many persons were members of both Legislature and Convention, so the Legislature took a recess during the Convention's session and November 17, it ratified by a vote of 195 to 77, the Constitution and its twelve amendments, which Congress submitted. The Convention adjourned November 22, and North Carolina was again a "member of the Union" but had no part in the election of the first President, George Washington, April 6, 1789, or in the first session of the new Congress, which began that day.

This Washington letter is deposited in the Hall of History by Col. Charles L. Bryan of New Bern, a member of the noted Stanly, Bryan and Spaight families. It was mail-

ed at Alexandria, Virginia, May 25, 1788, and was received at the New Bern postoffice June 13. It was "franked" (that is carried free) by Washington, who always spelled his name "Geo." and not "George."

TRUE PURPOSE OF LIVING

"I live for those that love me
For those who know me true
For heaven that smiles above me
And waits my coming, too.

For the cause that needs assistance,
For the wrongs that need resistance,
For the future in the distance,
For the good that I can do."

—Author Unknown.

THREE GREAT ONES

By Reynold E. Blight

If one were required to name the three greatest characters in American history, the three names that would spring to mind are Washington, Lincoln, Lee.

Washington has been idolized for a century and a half and is even now becoming somewhat of a mythical figure. The efforts of a few misguided muck-rakers to spot up with mud the white robe with which popular acclaim has invested him succeeded only in making them ridiculous. The mud wouldn't stick. His bitterest critics were forced to admit the actere aiiifa gfaagtafafemmomminio greatness and nobility of his character.

Lincoln is closer to us and the echoes of the fierce political and social controversies that beat around him have died down only recently. Out of the mist and the murk of passion and hatred the gigantic figure of the Emancipator looms as a superman. He made mistakes. He was the victim of foible and eccentricity. But he was a genius, not only of intellect but of heart and idealism. Men revere Washington: they love Lincoln.

Against the cold superiority of Washington and the warm humanity of Lincoln stands the pure knightliness of Robert E. Lee. We are far enough away from the heated antagonisms of the Civil War to see both Lincoln and Lee without the rancors and prejudices of that unhappy time, and to recognize the supreme qualities of both as the common heritages of the nation.

Fortunate is that country that can hold before its youth for emulation three such heroic characters as Washington, Lincoln, Lee.

BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA OBSERVE ANNIVERSARY DAY

(Charlotte Observer)

Boy Scouts of America commemorate the twenty-first anniversary of scouting in this country today. During this time the movement has spread until there are now scout troops in practically every village and hamlet in the nation. In Charlotte as elsewhere the anniversary date will be remembered if not featured. In this territory the scout movement has enjoyed special impetus and success.

Boy Scout Sponsors

Assuredly no other organization has done as much for the welfare and up-lift of youth as has this movement that from its inception has been sponsored by the leading men of the world. Such names as William Howard Taft, Theodore Roosevelt, Woodrow Wilson, Calvin Coolidge and Herbert Hoover as honorary presidents of the scouts are sufficient guarantee of the importance and intrinsic worth of this association.

The Boy Scouts of America advocates service to the boy as its keynote. This makes for real service in character building through the dual methods of insistence on very high standards for the boy to meet; and, just as important, by insistence on a high standard of leadership for the boy. It is an admitted fact that the man who deals with boys is handling one of the most difficult, fluid and changeable problems in he world.

The normal boy is of an exceedingly gregarious nature—the gang instinct is born in him. He is going to seek companionship, either good or bad. And his future largely depends on his early associates. The adolescent years are difficult and dangerous—the time when he needs wise leadership and contact with those whom he can trust and respect. He needs occupation for his inquisitive mind and too rapidly growing body, and something for his idle, restless hands to do. These wants and needs are bountifully supplied by the Boy Scout system, rules and regulations of which are so beneficient, so comprehensive, so thoroughly understanding of boy nature that it places this association in the forefront of any movement of like sort ever launched for the benefit of the boys of the world.

Citizenship Training

The main objective of the scout movement is moral citizenship training—non-political, non-sectarian and non-military. The movement had its inception among the troops of the Boer war in South Africa. To Lieutenant-General Sir Robert S. Baden-Powell belongs the credit of establishing this organization that has spread like a magic carpet over fifty-seven countries of the world; an organization which includes every race, color and creed. This unity of interest promotes a feeling of brotherhood among the younger generation that perhaps could not have been accomplished in any other manner.

.....When serving with my regiment during 1893-94," said Sir Baden-Powell, "I realized that the ordinary peace training for service in the field was not sufficiently practi-

cable. I therefore established classes for scouting and camping with view of developing character as well as efficency, since this was lacking in lads coming into the army from the ordinary school . . . the experience taught that if the training appealed to them, boys would learn rapidly and also taught that they were capable of assuming responsibilities to a far greater degree than one would believe possible. . . . The human side was appealed to, and the men placed on their honor to a very large degree in carring out their duties."

These soldiers had to contend with an enemy accustomed to the methods of gorilla warfare, experts in wood lore and woodcraft—being from birth used to backwoods surgery, tracking, trailing, out-of-door cooking. Their sixth sense was keenly developed to enable them to orientate themselves in the open. In order to meet this situation Sir Baden-Powell conceived the idea of dividing his troops into small groups and placing them in charge of a native trooper. These groups were sent out for six weeks to forage for themselves. They were not given any supplies except such as could be carried upon the person—no cooking utensils or matches, in fact little but their axes and knives.

Experimental Training

This experimental training proved highly beneficial. The men learned among other things the art of self-preservation; learned to cross streams too wide to swim and also infested with crocodiles; to procure food; build fires by friction or other means; how to cook over the fires without the accustomed untensils, and how to insure pure drinking water. They also were taught the art of backswoods surgery and how to transport and swim with the injured. These things they did with such aid as only nature afforded them.

Upon his return to England Sir Baden-Powell told of his experience, which so impressed his listeners that they thought it would be a fine system to try out on the boys of the country—particularly the ones reared in the confines of large cities. In 1907 Sir Baden-Powell installed a trial camp for scout training at Brownsea Island, where he took boys from school to experiment on. This result exceeded his expectations and persuaded him to carry on the idea. To the wood and camp craft and nature lore was added a moral code of ethics. It was a surprise that such a fine quality of leaders was developed from the youth who had practically been picked at random from the London streets for this experiment.

Thus scouting came into existence. By 1910 the Boy Scout movement had grown to such dimensions, numbering 123,980, that Sir Baden-Powell resigned from the army in order to head the organization. Honor was made the high ideal for boys; the scout law on which the movement was hinged was taken from the old code of the knights.

The troop was purposedly kept small in numbers in order that the scoutmaster should have close personal knowledge of each of his boys, this being deemed the best way to develop the individual character. The patrol system adopted from that of the constabulary for the same reason. An extensive system of badges was instituted as in the army and constabulary for excellence in various branches of work. As the chief aim

of the movement was to make good citizens, it was not considered necessary to introduce military tactics.

Movement In England

The scout movement was in full swing in England when in 1908—or '09, W. D. Boyce, of Chicago, visited London. Going from his hotel to a business engagement he lost his way in the fog. Asking a young boy for direction he was pleased at the offer of the boy to take him to the place of appointment. Upon reaching there Mr. Boyce thanked the boy and offered him money for his kindness: But to his surprise the boy courteously refused the pay, saying that as a Biy Scout he was only doing his daily kind act, for which he did not expect, in fact could not accept, remuneration.

This aroused keen interest in Mr. Boyce. He questioned an acquaintance and learned of the scout movement; was told that Sir Baden-Powell was the head of it. His acquaintance secured an interview for the American with the scout executive. Mr. Boyce got all possible oral information from Sir Baden-Powell who also furnished him with a supply of necessary informative data and literature.

Highly enthusiastic over a movement that could instill such courtesy and real kindness as shown by the little unknown London scout, Mr. Boyce soon after arrival in New York called a meeting of representative men into conference and laid the facts before them. An invitation was extended to Sir Baden-Powell to come over and lend them the benefit of his experience in establishing the Boy Scout system. At a meeting held in 1910 these men decided to organize the first executive committee of Boy Scouts of America, which was incorporated under the laws of the District of Columbia, February 8, 1920, by W. D. Boyce, Edward S. Stewart and Stanley Willis. Men of national reputation and experience in work for boys were invited to associate themselves with the movement as members of a national council which through an executive board was given full power and authority to direct the organization.

Honorary President

President Taft consented to serve as honorary president of the scouts and Colonel Theodore Roosevelt as honorary vice-president and also as chief scout citizen. Gifford Pinchot accepted the post of chief scout woodsman, for which his past experience as head United States forester admirably fitted him. Ernest Thompson Seton (author) was elected as chief scout. Several other men of national reputation accepted positions and membership on the national council.

In 1917 the scouts really showed the world their sterling qualities The boys located 20,000,000 board feet of lumber, mostly of black walnut, for the government. They searched out and gathered 100 car loads of fruit pits used in making carbon for gas masks. They sold the grand total of 2,350,977 Liberty Bonds, amounting to something in excess of $147,000,000, and in addition to this they sold $43,403,698 of War Savings Stamps! They also distributed literature, assisted in every other possible manner and planted gardens that they might help feed home people and thus leave more for the men at the front.

When in 1918 a terrible scourage of influenza swept the land and peo-

ple were demoralized with panic, the brave little scouts organized a nation-wide service to help battle with the epidemic. In 1919 after the war and its misfortunes had begun to subside into bitter memories, the scouts affiliated themselves with the department of labor in its Americanization program.

In the entire history of the scouts there has been no event that has so thrilled and inspired the boys as the International Jamborees. These are held every four years. The first one was held in Liverpool, England, in 1920. Our government showed its appreciation of the boy scouts by sending them across in an army transport. There were 301 American scouts and their leaders represented at the Jamboree, and eight boys were there from Charlotte. In 1924 the Jamboree went to Denmark, and in 1929 the high mark of the celebrations was reached when 50,000 boys representing seventy-three nationalities assembled at the World Jamboree held in Arrow Park, England. Thirteen hundred American scouts and their leaders participated.

Baden-Powell's Visit

In 1926 the Boy Scouts had the priviledge of welcoming to America Sir Baden-Powell, the father of the scout movement, holding the honored position of chief scout of the world. He was extensively entertained, and among other honors accorded him, he was presented with the Silver Buffalo for distinguished service to all boyhood.

In 1927 the scouting program was extended to the country town, hamlet and cross-roads through methods adapted to rural needs. Following quickly in line of order the New York office added to Charlotte Council the following counties— Mecklenburg, Union, Anson, Stanly, Scotland, Richmond and Cabarrus. Farm patrols were formed and so inclusive was this program that where there is only one single boy he may join and became a Lone Scout.

In Charlotte District there are 59 troops with 1282 scouts of record, 52 scoutmasters and 29 assistant scoutmasters. There are four colored troops with scoutmasters and assistants. The Charlotte council is proud to claim 31 Eagle Scouts—four of whom have Bronze Palms and one is distinguished by having a Gold Palm. When a scout has passed through required stages of the program, the whole field of merit badges for personal achievement in special subjects is before him. Every scout will find something to interest him in these subjects which gives him a chance to develop his hobbies and do specialized work.

Troop No. 1 was the first Boy Scout troop organized in Charlotte. This troop was under the auspices of the Holy Comforter church, the Rev. Mr. Osborn and the late Will Reynolds being responsible for its inception. This church realized the vast importance of an established order of some kind to work for the welfare of its boys. In a short while troop No. 2 was organized, with Clyde Walsh as scout master. This troop met at the Young Men's Christian Association. Mr. Walsh was a native of Charlotte, who afterwards became an ordained minister. He was at the head of this troop for three or four years.

Charlotte business men quickly became aware of the potential value

offered by this movement to the boys of the city and began to offer assistance in every manner. To make this movement a success they needed men of ability as leaders. In 1914 Mr. Sheldon, Young Men's Christian Association boys' secretary and enthuiast about the scouts, advertized for a scout master. This was answered by James E. Steere, who was offered the position and accepted it, saying his qualifications for the place was a love for boys and the great outdoors. Mr. Steere was born in Charlotte.

Steere's Ability

The ability of Mr. Steere as a master worker with boys was recorganized by his being appointed scout commissioner in 1915. During this period he organized 12 troops The Scout movement having grown to huge proportions the latter part of 1916, Mr. Steere requested the New York national office to send a field man to Charlotte to raise funds to organize a first class council. This finacial campaign materialized in 1927, being under the supervision of Stanly Harris, national field director. Funds were made available for granting of a first class charter to Charlotte. Will Reynolds Jesse Oldham and Fred Glover, members of the old council, were active in perfecting the movement. Some members of the old council are still active in the work, two being Jesse Oldham and Frank Wilkes.

Mr. Steere's office is located in the Latonia building. No one needs to be told that this is a Scout office—a glance around the rooms proclaims the nature of the place. On the walls are hung many plaques of wood carved in symbolic figures and heads—some done by scouts, many by Mr. Steere, who is past master in that line of work. On a pedestal is a bust of Sitting Buli, carved from plaster of Paris by Mr. Steere with his knife. On other pedestals and perches sit hawks and other spices of birds, captured and preserved by the Scouts. In one corner lies a tent and drum waiting to be sent to the warehouse. Two tiny Totem poles guard the doorway between the offices, and over them is an attractive little bird house. Mr. Steere and his boys give many similar ones to farmers in their territory for bird homes. There are pictures and posters done by Mr. Steere—the posters being ones used in illustrated lectures to his boys, showing methods of using knives and axes, of how to make fires and how to trail and track,with illustrations of the footprints of various wild animals. These posters also show the different tribes of Indians, and the proper way to make shelter and beds in the open.

Boy Scout Camp

One of the most attractive features of Boy Scout life is the operation of the camps that are usually in service for at least 10 weeks in the summer. The Charlotte Scouts are peculiarly fortunate in their permanent camp, which is located 17 miles from the city right on the banks of the Catawba river, on the York road, near Buster Boyd bridge. Here it is possible for them to get all the requirements of outdoor life—swimming, boating, life saving, water safety, hiking, tracking, map making, and building shelters, beds and fires in the open. Here they also study trees, wild flowers, rocks, bird

and reptile life, and are taught wood craft, camp craft, junior engineering and outdoor cooking.

The camp is built to accommodate 100 boys, with a recreational lodge for rainy day activities, especially constructed handicraft lodge for training in wood, metal and leather crafts. The dining hall has a seating capacity of 100; the camp maintains an expert cook who serves abundant meals. The sleeping huts are open type, 14 by 16 feet, and are built to accommodate eight boys. The camp is rigidly inspected by county authorities as well as by the Scout medical adviser, and nothing is overlooked in the way of health requirements for the campers

The camp faces Catawba lake, one of the largest inland lakes in the south. High rolling hills makes the camp site most ideal and desirable, drainage good, cool air and beautiful views. This site has been presented to the Charlotte council by the Duke Power company. The camp is conducted by the Charlotte Area Boy Scout Council under personal direction of the camp committee and Scout executive. The Charlotte area includes the seven counties recently added to the Charlotte council.

Conspicuous Service

The Charlotte Scouts rendered conspicuous service during the reunion of the Confederate Veterans in the city in 1929—they were detailed for duty to cover the entire 24 hours, and their service was invaluable to the strangers—especially those who faced the sunset period of life. During the recent drive to obtain groceries for the needy, Scouts were stationed at each store where there was a box placed to receive food, and they helped to distribute the articles. Some of the Scouts are now engaged in cutting, hauling and delivering wood to the poor. Wherever there is need for helpful service a scout will be found—carring out their motto "Be Prepared."

The uniform is a part of the romance of scouting: It is a symbol of the ideal conduct and outdoor activity for which the movement stands. It has the picturesque touch which helps the Scout to identify himself with the great traditions of outdoorsmen—pionees, explorer, scout and cowboy, which underlies the psychology of scouting and boy nature. The uniform also establishes a wholesome respect for all law and order, thus meeting one of the pressing needs of today, for Ccouts in uniform are like the Crusaders of old—filled with chivalry and desire to help others.

The next reformer, we have a notion, will be he who informs us what to do with the time that we have on our hands on account of the time-saving devices.—Charlotte News.

GIVE YOUNG PEOPLE A CHANCE

The Adult Student

Biography and incidents of noble deeds can be made a wonderful aid in the formation of children's ideals. The world is full of them, but many of us do not fully appreciate their value and for that reason fail to make use of them. All history is full of incidents whose tendency is to lift us to a higher plane of living.

We need not go to royalty to find examples of heroism. Many plain men and women, and even little children, are exhibiting nobility daily. Scarcely is there a wrecked train but some grimy railroad man exhibits a heroic self-forgetfulnes which put to shame the boasts of chivalry. Children are natural born hero worshippers. Is it not better to set before them noble heroes around whom a pure imagination may twine than leave them to bow at unworthy shrines? It is certain that imagination will be busy; so it is well to keep it supplied with good material upon which to work.

The example of Peter Cooper is one worthy of emulation, and the story of his life can be used very effectively in influencing boys in the formation of ideals and standards. They never seem to tire of him, and the story when well told bears frequent repetition. We will recall that when he was a boy earning only fifty cents a week he determined that if God ever gave him wealth he would use it in helping young men and women prepare themselves for earning a good honest living. For five years he earned no more, but his purpose grew only stronger with the waiting. Joined with it was the determination to do everything he did just as well as he possibly could—a lesson of invaluable worth for every boy and girl.

In the course of time Peter Cooper began making glue in small quantities, and from the first he determined to make the very best glue that ever had been made. He did, and people wanted it. Wealth flowed in upon him, but, unlike many other well-intentioned people, he did not forget his boyish vow. He founded Copper Institute in New York at a cost of two million dollars and lived to see over forty thousand young men and women pass through its portals to self-sustaining manhood and womanhood.

At that time it meant a great deal more to womanhood than to manhood, for his great heart was easily touched with the deeper needs of girls, whose higher education had up to that time received very little attention. Through life Peter Cooper's motto was, "Give the girls a chance,' and he did.

Other men have given millions to found institutions, but few, like him, have so accompanied their money with the Macedonian gift; he gave himself. Better than all the teachings of all the learned professors his munificence furnished for the pupils was the gift of himself to them; the daily presence of that simple, loving old man among them. His never-flagging interest, not only in their work, but in themselves, did more to mold their characters and their lives

than all the teaching he brought within their reach.

No one ever better exemplified one beautiful qualification for knighthood—reverence for women—than did Peter Cooper. Even when over ninety, when he could feebly walk along the corridors, sitting down often to rest, if a woman approached to speak to him, were she only the charwoman who scrubbed the floors, he would rise and stand with uncovered head crowned with its glory of snow-white hair while she spoke to him.

The entire period of Peter Cooper's early life was one of great anxiety and hard labor, as his father was not successful in undertakings and had a large family to provide for. He attended school only half of each day for a single year, and beyond the knowledge thus gained his acquisitions are entirely unknown; yet in spite of all handicaps, his high ideals his strong faith in God, his indomitable will, and his undaunted courage, born on desperation, enabled him to overcome all difficulties and mount to the highest round of the ladder of success, not only in the eyes of the world, but also in the sight of God. Who could do more?

THE WORLD'S POPULATION

The population of the world continues to grow and grow and grow. The recent national disputation known as the census has led to widespread currency of the suspicion that the United States has now pretty close to 123,000,000 people. This seems to include a surprisingly large proportion of the population of North America, last estimated at 138,000,000 people. That figure will now have to be revised, however, because Canada has some 9,000,000 people and Mexico close to 16,000,000. In South America the estimate is 61,000,000; in Asia, 950,000,000; In Europe 480,000,000, and in Australia something over 10,000,000. "Other countries and regions" are credited with an additional 167,000,000, and even the Eskimos in the Artic are counted—33,000.

One of the few countries to remain put, in square miles, is England; the United Kingdom, specifically. And England's population is not growing by leaps or bounds. In fact British actuaries believe that the kingdom will soon reach a general stability of population, varying not much below or above 42,000,000, with the falling birth and death rates equalizing each other. The population of the United States is not expected to reach this stationary position for some time. Professor E. M. East, of Harvard, believes that a stationary population of 200,000,000 will be reached "before 2000 A. D." The population of the world, now placed at 1,900,000,000, is expected to double itself if the present rate of increase—five-eights of 1 per cent per year—keeps up, in 110 years.

—New York Times.

HOW SAVINGS BANKS BEGAN

By Everett Spring

The bank is an ancient institution. Its origin dates from before the Christian era. It attained a high state of development among the Greeks and Romans. Through all the ages, down to comparatively recent times, the bank was designed more as an aid to commercial transactions than to promote saving. It was used by the business man and not, to any extent, by people of small incomes.

There was no institution for the receipt of the smaller savings of the poor until the savings bank was established. Its evolution presents an interesting story.

The germ of the idea was suggested by Daniel Defoe as far back as 1697, but it was not until the eighteenth century that it began to assume concrete form. The earliest establishment of a savings bank in Europe was at Brunswick, in 1765; it was followed in 1778 by that at Hamburg, which still exists; in 1786 by one at Oldenburg; in 1790 by one at Loire; in 1792 by that at Basel; in 1794 by one at Geneva, which had but a short existence; and in 1796 by one at Kiel in Holstein.

In Great Britain, in 1797, Jeremy Bentham revived Defoe's suggestion under the name of "Frugality Banks," and in 1799 the Rev. Joseph Smith put it in action at Wendover. This was followed in 1801 by the addition of a savings bank to the friendly society which Mrs. Priscilla Wakefield had established in 1798.

Savings banks were shortly after established in London, Bath, Edinburgh, Southampton, and many other places. By 1817 they had become so numerous that they attracted the attention of the leisalture and Acts of Parliament were passed for their management and control.

Henry Duncan, a minister, who presided over the Scotch parish of Ruthwell, while not the first to agitate the systematic savings plan, was probably the pioneer in establishing a rude sort of bank. He was educated for trade and passed from the counting house to the pulpit. In his community people were struggling for a bare existence.

"We must teach these people to save," he one day said to his friend, Dr. Chalmers, an eminent Ssot.

How to teach the people to save was the great problem before him. No attempt had been made to encourage thrift; no machinery for conserving money had reached the mass of the population. The modest savings that sacrifice dragged from daily needs were always accessible and went at the first pinch of need or at the first impulse.

The way to encourage poverty is to relieve it. That fact was realized even then, so the problem confronting Dr. Duncan was how to dry up or destroy that which caused poverty.

The Crux of the Savings Movement

After considerable reflection and study he arrived at the conclusion that the first step was systematic saving and the provision of a secure place, somewhat inaccessible, for the deposit of savings. In this inspiration lay the whole crux of the savings bank movement.

"Why not get some receptacle and make these people put their surplus in it?" he asked. "Then they will not be in such a hurry to take it out."

So the parson installed an iron box in his cottage and went forth to preach the gospel of saving and the safeguarding of what was saved.

Strange as it seem, the idea was at first rejected in a canny Scotch district. These shrewd parishioners did not question the efficacy of the savings proposition, but they did doubt the security of the proposed bank.

To overcome this Duncan had three locks made for the box. He distributed the keys among three men. Thus the box could not be opened save in the presence of the trio.

That iron box, set up in an obscure Scotch cottage, was the first real savings bank, the cornerstone of a monument that has become a vast agency for progress.

While Dr. Duncan was not the first to agitate the systematic savings plan, he was, probably, the pioneer in establishing a rude sort of bank. The Germans, always prudent, had tried to put the same idea into effect toward the end of the eighteenth century by setting up an institution in Hamburg for the encouragement of thrift among seamen, servants, and day laborers. In France, old-time sanctuary of economy, there had been advocated a similar plan at on early date.

The Church Helped

Almost contemporaneously with Duncan's time there was started in England a frugality bank, which was a humble forerunner of modern co-operative institutions. It is worthy of obervation that in most of the early Anglo-Saxon saving projects the church had a large influence.

To England's credit let it be said that she gave the savings bank statutory recognition regulation.

Whatever its exact origin, the fact remains that the savings bank idea, once started, developed rapidly. Today the sun never sets in its activities, for in every part of the world there is a definite organized medium for promoting thrift and conserving the fruits thereof.

The average person does not often realize the actual enormous extent of this structure reared on the small savings of the people. There is no promp of glamor of the spectacular about it; none of the thrill of financial empire making. Yet these citadels of savings are among the impregnable buttresses of world money.

The savings bank began in this country as a sort of philanthropic trust, founded with no idea of profits for stockholders (for there was none), but managed by trustees, whose sole purpose was to encourage the habit of saving and to provide a special security for the deposits. This is the mutual bank.

Hence it came about that the State took a hand in the regulation of the savings bank and framed laws providing for a special supervision of its business and a definite restrictiin on its investments.

State Supervision to Protect Depositors

Then there is the stock savings bank which is like other commercial banks in that it has stockholders and conducts its business with the idea of making dividends for them. The majority of these banks are in the western and southern states.

The savings bank laws are somewhat diversified. In some states,

notably in those commonwealths where the movement began in this country, they are most drastic. The most rigid are in Massachusetts and in New York, where the legal investments for the institution provide an admirable guide for small investors who want to be extremely conservative. In New York, for example, the savings banks are limited to only three kinds of investments in the employment of their funds—government bonds and the bonds of cities, towns, counties, and state, real estate mortgages, and railroad bonds of the very highest type.

The bald statistics of the nickel and dime savers of the United States stand out with impressive force.

On July 1, 1930, there was on deposit in the mutual savings banks of the country $9,145,891,859, which is the largest amount in their history. This represents the savvings of 12,272,966 depositors.

This amount includes figures for a few savings departments of trust companies and guaranty savings banks, located in states where it is not customary to give banking reports separate totals for deposots in mutual savings banks.

The millions of depositors would more than populate the cities of New York and Chicago; they represent a multitude equal to the combined population of Alabama, California, Indiana and Massachusetts, and that is more people than resided in the whole United States in 1820, the date of the first definite organization of the savings bank movement in this country.

This hoard of over nine billion is equal to about one fourth of all the deposits of the national and state banks; it is nearly twice the total traffic revenue of all American railroads. At every turn is found amazing evidence of the magnitude and power of the savings bank.

What might be termed the geography of distribution of the mutual savings bank presents some interesting features. They are located in seventeen states, as follows: Massachusetts, 197; New York, 143; Connecticut, 80; New Hampshire, 45; Maine, 42; New Jersey, 26; Vermont, 20; Maryland, 17; Rhode Island, 15; Pennsylvania, 10; Minnesota, 9; Wisconsin, 7; Indiana, 5; Ohio, 3; Delaware, 2; and California and West Virginia, one each.

New Englanders Like Them

No mutual savings bank exists south of Maryland and directly across to California. The great bulk are in the New England States. The important industrial states of Pennsylvania and Ohio have only ten and three, respectively. None exists in Illinois, and only eight are west of the Mississippi River.

In the southern states the stock savings bank predominates. There is no complete compilation of data on stock savings banks in the United States, as in most cases stock savings bank reports are included with state bank reports.

New York State alone has more depositors in strictly mutual savings banks than reside in the State of New Jersey, and the total amount of their deposits, July 1, 1930, amounted to $4,564,214,949. Massachusetts, in proportion to population, does even better than New York, for it has more than 2,500,000 depositors, with deposits amounting to $2,094,983,437.

Grouped according to geographical division, there were on July 1, 1930, in mutual savings banks located in

the New England States, deposits amounting to $3,299,651,201; in the eastern states of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware and Maryland, $500,783,383; in the middle western divisions which includes only the states of Ohio, Indiana, Wisconsin and Minnesota, $230,076,359, and in the Pacific coast state of California, $36,254,311.

There is a wide disparity between the several states in the average account. California stands first with an average of $1,145.24; New York, second, with $837.84; Rhode Island, third, with $870; Ohio, fourth, with $793.28; Vermont fifth, with $752.24. While in the other states where savings accounts exist the average account is between $733.44 in Indiana, and $330.37 in Minnesota. The average for the United States was $745.21, July 1, 1930.

As the great bulk of the mutual savings banks are in the east, it is a natural conclusion that the largest banks are located there. In New York some of the banks are of colossal size, and their deposits equal some of their commercial contemporaries. The biggest of all of them has more than $150,000,000 on its pass books. A few others have passed the one hundred million mark.

These banks come in contact with all classes of people. Several are obliged to print their instructions in more than six languages in order to take care of their cosmopolitan clientele. Reversing traditions of early times, these banks not only solicit partronage but do a banking business by mail.

Germans the Greatest Savers

This estimate of our savings banks should include a short survey of our neighbors in other countries where the savings idea is as firmly rooted as it is with us.

Germany leads the world with her army of savers. Approximately forty per cent of the inhibatants if that country have savings in public or corporate savings banks; yet the total deposits of these depositors are considerably less than in the United States.

Japan has over 25,000,000 depositors in postal and private savings banks. Great Britian has approximately 20,000,000, with about the same per cent of her population as savers as has Japan. Russia, which at one time stiod fourth in volume of deposits, is in a situation that precludes the obtaining of figures showing her present standing.

The United States leads the world in the average deposits account.

If all the money in the mutual, stock and postal savings banks in the world was equally distributed among the inhabitants of the globe, every man, woman and child would have about $15.

Of the total amount of world savings, the inhabitants of the United States possess more than one quarter.

The net result of any comparison between our savings banks and those of foreign countries show that while we show a minority in numbers, as compared with some countries, the average individual deposit over here is four times greater than that of any other land.

That the savings bank idea has penetrated the consciousness of our people is shown by the encouraging fact that despite the terrific tax made on their resources by the advanced cost of living, and the cost of a great war, the army of savers is constant-

ly increasing.

As in most foreign lands where saving is a tradition, various first aids to the savings banks have cropped up in the United States. Foremost among them is the postal savings system, which originated with England in 1861, and which has now been adopted by the great majority of the civilized nations of the world.

Among the countries maintaining such depositories are Austria, Belgium, Egypt, France, Hungary, Italy, Japan, the Netherlands, Spain, Sweden, the United States Kingdom, and the British colonies of Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, and India. In Germany a system of municipal banks of long standing serves practically the same purpose.

The Postal Savings Bank

The regular savings bank officials warmly encouraged and commended the postal savings bank from the start. Instead of regarding it as a competitor they wisely saw that it was merely a feeder to them.

It has helped to keep within the confines of our country the money saved by foreigners which went back to their countries because they could get the government stamp on their savings.

It has stimulated to loyalty and patriotism those who deposit in postal banks because of the fact that they associate their own financial safety and welfare with the stability and honor of their government, a condition not measurable in dollars and cents.

The growth of the postal savings banks in the United States has been little short of marvelous. Established in January, 1911, with forty-eight depositors, these banks have shown steady gains every month since that time. From $60,101 at the end of the first month the deposits have risen to $167,901,632, February 28, 1916. During the month of February alone the increase was $2,840,717.

It has been estimated that before the introduction of the postal savings bank, sixty-five per cent of the total amount of money in the United States was in the pockets of the people or in various hiding places, an average of nearly $22 per capita of population. To a great extent these banks have called out these private hoards, and they have been returned to circulation through the regular banks of the country form postal bank deposits.

Small Depositors Encouraged

Prior to the establishment of the savings bank, the regular national and state banks gave but little attention to the accounts of small depositors. The great majority of these banks would take no deposits below twenty-five or fifty dollars, and many nickel and dime savers while trying to accumulate that amount often broke into it for one reason or another, and finally gave up the idea of having a bank account at all.

The savings bank which took small savings deposits was popular from the start, because it supplied what the people desired. It was not very long after the savings bank demonstrated the success of its plan that the national and state banks, as well as the loan and trust companies established savings deposits departments.

Now small savings accounts in commercial banks are a permanent feature, and the deposits are greater than the deposits in strictly mutual and stock savings banks.

Banking institutions of some form

exist in nearly every town of any importance in the United States, and as a rule they have demonstrated stability, strength and soundness of management. They have savings departments and pay interest on savings as well as the larger city bank. These home bankss are being more and more used by the people of the towns where located, for the reason that they are local, and a safe place in which to put money.

The lesson of thrift that the growth of banks teaches is the real stimulus to personal betterment. The betterment. The betterment resulting from such a cause is not limited to pecuniary advantage, but includes improved standards of living, character, and morals.

MESSENGER BOY

By Lillian Trowbridge Harp

"Ah, modern Mercury! Whither goest thou so swiftly?" queried Harlan Holberg somewhat jeeringly from a shop doorway as Nicky strode by with an envelope in his hand.

"To Hawthorne Apartments!" answered Nicky without slacking speed.

"Very important!" continued Harlan in his mocking tones as he strove to overtake Nicky. "No less than a million dollar message judging from your speed."

"Every message is important to somebody or it wouldn't be sent," retorted Nicky, who did not encourage companions when on duty.

Nicky had developed into a pretty good walker since becoming a messenger boy on his graduation in February. Harlan, who had also left school then and held a dozen different jobs, could not keep up with him. He had either to break into a dog-trot or remain several paces behind. He chose the latter—probably considering the dog-trot too much exertion—and continued to follow at Nicky's heels, talking all the while.

"Say, you're foolish to hop around like this," he panted. "Not enough money in it. A week was enough for me—I quit this morning!"

"Yes, I knew all along the only thing you liked about the job was your uniform," observed Nicky dryly.

"They expect too much," declared Harlan ignoring the sarcasm. "I'm going after something big! What do you ever expect to get out of this, anyway?"

"Oh, a lot of good exercise, a little spending money besides enough put by to pay my carfare to find work in the country this summer—and, I hope, a good recommendation when I find it best to seek another job!" answered Nicky over his shoulder as he dashed into Hawthorne Apartments to try his luck at finding Miss Grace Nelson.

This same telegram had been returned once from this building as nondeliverable due to lack of proper address. On the back were figures indicating the time and the messenger

who was first sent out with it. The numbers told Nicky that Harlan had been the very one who failed to deliver it. There was no apartment number in the address—Harlan evidently could not be bothered to search much.

Nicky studied the bell board and found no name that looked like Nelson. And the elevator boy knew of no Miss Nelson in the building. After a search of ten minutes he found the superintendent who said there were no tenants by the name of Nelson. There might be some one visiting there by the name, but that was all he could do about it.

Nicky wasn't satisfied. Names were more likely to be written wrongly than addresses. Surely this telegram was for some one in this building who might be terribly dissapointed in not receiving it. He began looking at the names on the mail boxes. Perhaps even a visitor's name would be there. He scanned every name he saw. No name of Nelson or anything that even resembled it! Nicky turned despairingly toward the door with his first failure. Then—he caught sight of another section of mail boxes on the other side of the elevator at the far end of the corridor. He rushed towards it hopefully. And there, beneath the name Milburn, was Grace Nelson's name! In a second he was in the elevator and on his way up to the Milburn apartment.

Miss Nelson herself opened the door and with an anxious look on her face asked him to wait in case an answer were required. Then she read aloud the following message.

"Arriving home 3:30. Have Spotty well groomed for Pet Show." Uncle and Aunt.

"Oh!" she shrieked as she finished. "Spotty's lost! Oh, what shall I do? What shall I do?"

Nicky felt he must wait until the lady calmed herself to see if she wanted to answer. Apparently "Spotty" was a valuable dog as well as much loved. Nicky had lost a dog once. He could sympathize.

"Where did you lose him?" he queried quite concerned "What does he look like?"

"He got away from me on the street! We've searched the whole neighborhood. He's spotted," explained the girl incoherently. "He's probably in a tree somewhere—He looks so fierce—someone may shoot him! Oh, poor Spotty wouldn't hurt anybody!"

In a tree somewhere? Why, that was a queer way for a dog to act! The lady must certainly be quite beside herself to talk like that.

"I'll watch for him, Miss Nelson," consoled Nicky when, realizing no answer was to be sent, he turned to go.

"Thank you, Messenger Boy!" said Miss Nelson gratefully.

Outside Nicky found Harlan still waiting for him. Seemingly Harlan hadn't said all of his say

"Well did you deliver the million dollar message?" he asked

"Yes—I found Miss Grace Nelson," answered Nicky significantly.

"You did?" gasped Harlan, hanging his head and giving away the fact that he remembered the message he had failed to deliver. "Oh, I couldn't be all over the place!" he added.

"Miss Nelson's lost a spotted dog," continued Nicky. "Keep a look out for it. She's so upset about it—she

even thinks it is in a tree some where—''

''Ho! Ho! A dog roosting in a tree!'' laughed Harlan at the absurdity. ''Any reward offered?''

''I heard of none—but I'm sure her gratitude—''

''Gratitude Shucks!'' scoffed Harlan. ''I'm going after big things—I'm going to get a hair-cut and groom myself for this! See?'' he added opening a newspaper for Nicky to see.

As Nicky hurried along he read, ''Explorer and naturalist will interview boys interested in working their way this summer on a camping trip through the Canadian Rockies.''

''Isn't that better?'' asked Harlan excitedly.

''Well, good luck!'' wished Nicky noting that Harlan had carefully concealed the address—as if afraid of being double-crossed.

He resented Harlan's evident distrust but kept his thoughts to himself as Harlan tagged along with him to lunch.

''For goodness sake!'' ejaculated his companion a little later staring upward, wildeyed and growing pale. ''What on earth is that?''

They were passing a vacant lot which in this newly developed section of the city was quite useless because of its walls of jutting rock. Nicky's eyes roved to the top of the rock upon which Harlan's eyes were fixed.

''Why—why, it's a cat!'' he commented, a little alarmed too.

''Cat? Yes—a jungle cat!'' agreed Harlan with chattering teeth ''Come along! I don't want any escaped tigers or leopards chewing on me! I've got to apply for a job.''

Harlan was almost half a block away but Nicky, always quite brave, had had a thought. This cat, which was larger than a house cat but much smaller than a tiger, was certainly an ocelet. It was surely somebody's pet, for oceelts didn't run wild in a crowded city, he knew. And somebody was unhappy over its loss just as Miss Nelson was over her dog. Nicky determined to capture it and try to find the owner.

He had heard the ocelot was a harmless pet but it required all of his lunch time to capture it. Seemingly, it wanted to be friends, yet timidly slunk away out of reach. Finally some fresh meat did the trick—the jungle cat was hungry. Nicky then took it to the office and began inquiring and reading lost and found columns in every newspaper available. But it was not until the afternoon papers came out that he was rewarded with a clue. Somebody in Apartment 501 at 1540 Grand Avenue had lost an ocelet. Nicky was on the way to that address with the ocelet just as quickly as duties would permit.

''Why! Hawthorne Apartments!'' he ejaculated on arriving at 1540 Grand Avenue—having never connected the building with its street number.

Apartment 501—why that was Miss Nelson! Had she lost a whole menagerie? Still, thought Nicky, she hadn't said ''Spotty'' was a big dog—she said what he was!

''Oh, you found 501's ocelot!'' exclaimed the elevator boy.

''Yes, Miss Nelson's pet,'' informed Nicky. ''But say, why couldn't you tell me her apartment number

this morning?''

''I'm new on the job. I knew 501 lost an ocelot but I hadn't learned the name,'' explained the boy.

When Nicky was ushered into the apartment he received another shock.

''Oh, you captured pretty kitty and came to apply for the job too, did you?'' sneered Harlan from a corner of the room. ''Well, I beat you here, anyway!''

''Why, Harlan!'' gasped Nicky astounded. ''I didn't know—why, I never even saw that address— Had even forgotten—''

''Oh, Spotty! Spotty!'' interrupted Miss Nelson jubilantly, catching sight of the ocelot.

The next instant Harlan was called into another room to be interviewed. Miss Nelson was so overjoyed she dragged both Nicky and the ocelot into the interviewing room.

''Your record doesn't sound as if you are much of a sticker,'' Mr. Milburn's voice was saying to Harlan as they entered the room. ''I'm afraid I must have assurance that the boy I take will be faithful. I'm sorry. Next! Your name, young man?'' he added turning to Nicky.

''Look, Uncle!'' exclaimed Miss Nelson before Nicky could answer. ''Here's Spotty! This messenger boy found him!''

''And you did not come to apply for the job?'' asked the man.

''No, sir,'' answered Nicky.

''Why not?'' queried the man, seeming unware Harlan lingered.

''I have a job—Harlan is my friend—I'm sure he'll prove worthy,'' stammered Nicky, knowing by Harlan's dejection he had learned a lesson.

''How long have you held a messenger job?'' asked the man, apparently dismissing Harlan from his mind for all time.

''Ever since I graduated in February, sir.''

''Ever think of doing anything else?''

''Yes, I intend to go back to school. But first I expect to spend the summer working in the country. I promised to stay on the job until then—''

''Any preference as to which part of the country you spend the summer working in?'' interrupted the man.

''No, Mr. Milburn.''

''Then prepare to spend it in the Canadian Rockies!'' suggested the explorer. ''And now, thanks to you, Spotty goes to the pet show.''

Harlan had slipped away when he saw Mr. Milburn's growing admiration for Nicky. Nicky found him waiting outside—but he was a very different Harlan!

''Well—it sort of seems that the little things prove to be stepping stones to the bigger!'' he commented resignedly. ''I shall never ignore them again. Wish I could get on back at the office again.''

''Come along—I'll vouch for you!'' offered Nicky enthusiastically. ''Perhaps they'll let you fill my place.''

''Thanks, Nick!'' returned Harlan gratefully. ''If they do I'll stick and I'll make them change their opinion of me!''

''Love will take care of politeness.''

INSTITUTION NOTES

Dr. W. J. Boger, of Newton, visited his brother, Superintendent C. E. Boger, last Monday.

—o—

Mr. Talbert and a group of boys unloaded two car loads of coal near our siding a few days ago.

—o—

The cold weather last Saturday made it necessary for the boys to go to their cottages instead of spending the afternoon at the ball grounds.

—o—

We are glad to report that David Siegel, who left the Training School about three years ago, is now working in a knitting mill at Mt. Holly, and is getting along nicely.

—o—

As we go about the campus we notice quite a few boys engaged in flying kites and shooting marbles, which is just another sign that Spring is not so far away.

—o—

Mr. Conrad Van Hyning, of the City and County Welfare Departments, and Mr. K. W. Davis, of the City Welfare Department, both of Winston-Salem, visited the school last Monday.

—o—

Dr. P. E. Monroe, pastor of St. James Lutheran Church, Concord, conducted the service in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon, and made a brief but very interesting and helpful talk on "Faith, Hope and Charity."

After spending the usual two weeks in the Receiving Cottage, ten boys were sent out to the other cottages last Monday morning. Four boys were received and placed in the Receiving Cottage the same day.

—o—

Luther Fulp, of the King's Daughters' cottage, was permitted to go to his home in Winston-Salem last Monday. J. C. Teague, of the same cottage, who was granted a few days' leave of absence to visit home folks at Taylorsville, returned to the school last Monday morning.

—o—

Jason Moody, formerly a student at the Training School, visited us last Saturday afternoon. Since being paroled he has made an excellent record. The fact that he has been employed by the Southern Railway Company for the past fifteen years is sufficient evidence that he is making good.

—o—

Byron Ford, one of our old boys, called on friends at the institution last Saturday. For the past twenty months he has been in the U. S. Marine Corps, and is now stationed at Quantico Bay, Va. Byron informs us that he has made the Quantico All-Marine baseball team and expects to start training for the coming season, about April 1st. We were all glad to see him and to learn that he is doing so well, and extend our best wishes for continued success.

"Lasting happiness is found only in constructive work."

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THE UPLIFT

VOL. XIX CONCORD, N. C., FEBRUARY 28, 1931. No. 9

Too often where distress and want abide
We turn and pass upon the other side.
As we meet and touch each day
The many travelers on our way,
Let every such brief contact be
A glorious helpful ministry.

—Susan Colridge.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

IF GOD ANSWERED ALL OUR PRAYERS

An aged hermit planted an olive tree near his cave; and then, thinking it might want water, he prayed to God to send rain. So the rain came down and watered his olive tree. Then he thought a little warm sun would do it good; so he prayed for warmth and sunshine, and the sun shone, and it was very hot. Then, as the sapling looked somewhat feeble, the hermit thought, "What it now wants is a little frost to brace it." Accordingly he prayed for frost, and that night the hoar-frost covered the ground. But the olive tree somehow did not seem to thrive, so he thought that possibly a warm southerly wind might help it on; and he prayed that the south wind might blow upon the tree, and the hot south wind blew, and the olive tree died! Some days after, he was visiting a brother hermit and he noticed that he had a remarkably fine olive tree. "Why, brother," he said, "how do you manage to get your olive tree to thrive so well?" "I don't know that I did anything specially to it, but I just planted it, and God blessed it, and it grew." "Ah, brother, I planted an olive tree, and when I thought it wanted water I prayed God to give it rain, and he sent rain; and when I thought it wanted sun I prayed for it, and the sun shone; and when I thought it wanted bracing I prayed for frost, and the frost came. God sent me everything that I prayed for, as I thought it wanted it, but my tree died!" "And I," replied the other. "just simply prayed that God would take care of my tree, and then left it in his hands to arrange the how and the when, because I felt sure he knew what was best for my tree better than I did!"

This is a parable of what would happen if God answered all our prayers.

—N. C. Christian Advocate.

WEAR COTTON—FASHION FESTIVAL.

The civic bodies of Gastonia are using every influence in a social and business manner to make the "Wear Cotton Campaign Festival" to be staged in

that city, March 6-7, a far-reaching success. Why not? "King Cotton" reigns supreme in spite of the fact women have discarded cotton material from their wardrobes; but it is obliged to come within its own. There are some of us who recall the days when women and young girls donned their cotton dresses, made attractive and becoming after the styles of the day, with a satisfied feeling of being suitably dressed for any occasion. Those were 'care-free days" when a young miss made her selection of pink, blue, green or any becoming shade of cotton print, buying at the same time a pattern, afterwards returning home, bubbling with anticipation of the creations of style she was expecting to realize by her own efforts. In fact during these economic, busy, but happy days, there was a greater opportunity for developing individual taste than today where every article is machine made. The only way to escape the standardized styles and colors in vogue is to have means sufficient to buy at an elite store,—if this is impossible to a certain extent there is a uniformity of styles that can not be denied.

But, let the dresses be home-made or machine-made, it matters not, the Uplift hopes this movement will stimulate interest and our women, especially the southern women will wear more clothes made of cotton material. There is economy in wearing cotton goods, besides cotton is a product of the South and the prosperity of the country depends to a great extent upon consumption of cotton fabrices.

"A high spot of the festival will be the cotton fashion show to be staged at the high school auditorium Friday night. Members of prominent Gastonia families will take part in the tableaux, which is to show attractive creation for society made from manufactured cotton goods."

* * * * * * * * * *

A PERIOD OF TRAGEDIES.

It is certain that during the years of 1928-31 historians will have much subject matter to write about, such as sensational disturbances, major tragedies in life and business along with some new developments in the world finance. There have been many questions during this season, locally and nationally, that have commanded the best thought of mankind in adjusting, or bringing about solutions of problems before irrepairable damage occurs. But, in the face of all efforts to overcome certain conditions many apalling tragedies have been enacted, casting a gloom over homes that will take generations to obliterate. The whole state of affairs shows the frailty of mankind, enticed by the lure of money and social position to risk all during the

period of inflated prices, and not strong enough to cope with conditions when failure or the crash comes .

Life is delighted when sailing is smooth, but when reverses come, such as the whole country has passed through, it is proof that "man can not live by bread alone"—the grace of God can only give strength sufficient to meet all emergencies. There is too much emphasis laid upon the material things to the oblivion of the spiritual life.

In the words of one of the oldest Christian ministers of the Gospel in the state of Virginia, we heartily agree. He said in substance, the country is suffering more today in the homes, schools and society from a lack of spiritual deflation than from a business depression, and that the mental attitude can only be overcome by a wave of spirituality covering the entire country before faith in the affairs of life can be restored.

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WHAT IS ECONOMY?

Think of it! This country has 22,731 moving picture theatres, almost as many as in all of Europe. In some instances these entertainments are educational, therefore some good does accrue. But, have you thought that in these stringent days it takes loads of money to maintain these places of entertainment? There are many inconsistencies practiced, especially by some of the most ardent "calamity wailers." Besides the theatre, a place to take your small change, statistics show that the country has 25,000,000 automobiles, another money absorber, and they are on the increase. The sum and substance of the whole matter is people are going to have the thing they want, and there is no way in the world to make them see the necessity of buying the essntials.

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The subject most generally discussed is "economy," but more talked than practiced.

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MAKE THE BEST OF OPPORTUNITIES.

We think Abe Lincoln is accredited with saying, "God loved the common people because He made so many of them," or words to that effect. We do not emphasize "honest Abe " as a model example of life, especially to the oblivion of other outstanding citizens, but we agree with him in this, because life bears him out in this statement. They, the common, just plain-to-good-

ness folks, but honest and clean, make up the masses and are essentials in every phase of life, let it be what it may. This middle class are not stupid, they are right down bright, well informed and interesting because they are interested in general conditions, or things that contribute to life. Have you ever stopped and talked with one you do not consider the equal of your social set? If so, we wager their earnestness, their viewpoints on matters in common, and their splendid information was an occasion for surprise, as well as an inspiration to use to better advantage opportunities offered.

Just last week while taking a short trip, the train was crowded (glad to say) and a nice, plain young girl politely offered to share her seat. Yes, she looked plain, she looked as if she were real poor, but her courteous manner was attractive and that was worth more than a lavishly robed young miss with unattractive manners.

She was a South Carolinian living in Baltimore, and was going home to spend Christmas. Why in Baltimore? In reply to the question, it was learned she was taking training in a hospital for incurables. She was there she said, because there is no opening in the South for girls who have not had the advantages of a higher education. She had spent two years in the high school, was an orphan, nineteen years of age, without a home, but, thank goodness, with a vision sfficient to place herself where she could burgeon out her own life, making an honest living with hope of advancement. She talked intelligently about her work, seemed happy and hopeful. She showed pictures of the hospital, the head nurse and some of the patients. She dwelt upon her studies, the practice and theory of her work, and the joy she realized in helping those who could never be well. During that thirty minutes' conversation we learned more about life, and conditions, than we could have ever learned from a typical society girl. With $30 per month and expenses, she managed to live comfortably and save some. A strict economist one will agree. How many girls, was the thought, with splendid homes, fine clothes, good schools to attend, could, if reverses were to come, make their own way?

The one ambition of this young miss was to be sufficiently qualified to accept a position as traveling companion, and by this means have the opportunity of seeing the country and knowing people. To "know thyself" is wisdom, in this case the young girl knew her limitations, and reached out for the things she thought she could do well. There is a lesson to learn here—it is better to know a few things well than to have a smattering of many.

THE FIRST MODERN SERVICE CLUB.

This month 26 years ago the Rotary Club was founded by Paul B. Harris, an attorney of Chicago. The founder and today president emeritus, met with three of his friends, unfolded his plans for a club of business and professional men. The object of the organization was to encourage "shop-talk" and business fellowship. Within a few weeks there were a score of members and the first of the modern ' service" clubs came into existence. The Rotary Club started slowly but surely till today the Rotarians are found in more than 60 countries, encircling the entire globe.

The aniversary day, Feb. 23 1905,—the place Chicago—will be observed in Vienna, the very heart of Europe, with a representation from 3,500 clubs from cities and towns all over the world. The event is known as annual convention of the Rotary International with a membership of about 155,000.

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NATURAL GAS

Accepting the following as absolutely correct information, let us hope that North Carolina will be "one of the five states this year" piped for the distribution of natural gas. It will mean economy in every way to domestic life aside from giving more work to the unemployed. This is taken from the Asheville Cetizen:

"Natural gas is now distributed in all but sixteen States. These States are: Oregon, Nevada, Vermont, Minnesota, Wisconsin, New Jersey, Florida, Virginia, Maine, North Carolina, South Carolina, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Delaware, New Hampshire and Rhode Island. According to the Business Week, "this year will see natural gas in five of these States if present plans are carried out on schedule."

The rapidity with which the natural gas industry is expanding is amazing. Natural gas is produced in the Gulf fields at a cost of from two to three cents per thousand cubic feet. That is why the producers can afford to build pipe lines hundreds of miles long for its distribution."

RAMBLING AROUND

With Old Hurrygraph

"To each is given a bag of tools,
A shapeless mass and a book of Rules
And each must fashion ere life has flown
A stumbling block or a stepping stone."

—o—

They are talking about putting a new face on the quarter of a dollar. What I'd like to do is put my hands on them.

—o—

The way some people go through life howling, it would seem that the country is going to the dogs for a fact.

—o—

Prof Einstein says that he does not understand we Americans. I guess that comes from the fact that we do not understand him.

—o—

Some one is telling it that dollar bills go further now than they used to do. That may be so. They seem to gor so far that they are a long time coming back.

—o—

Will Rogers, famous for his dry humor, has made quite a success on his tour for drought sufferers. That is humor that pays.

—o—

North Carolina has the reputation of having a great deal of flexible sand stone. It would seem that she would use some of it for sidewalk curbing to accommodate the parkers of cars.

—o—

How a man wears his hat is, perhaps, nobody's business but his own, but I do want him to do it with dignity, anyhow. A man may be utterly destroyed if he appears in a juvenile hat, no matter how his brow may bulge. Let the hat suit the man, always.

—o—

The country is definitely in the hands of a Congress devoted to commissions and bureaus whose chief purpose is to spend money, not to save it. There are many indications of decadence in government caused by continuance of the creation of new bodies that provide political jobs. Is there no way of escape?

—o—

The weather is the most talked of thing in the world. It has been ever since the time of the great flood, and yet there has been nothing done about it. Theres rain, for instance. When we do not get it people kick like steers; and when it does come they do not want it, and want to know when it will stop.

—o—

Sis Oliver Lodge says we retain memory and our affections after death. Well, love and recollection are the best things we have here.

—o—

Men are to be congratulated when they reach the age of threescore years. Nature has been kind to them to let them escape from the multitude of diseases that carry off the great majority who reach that age. But there is one thing I dislike about it, in spite of the deference and consideration shown a man when his

hair whitens, and other marks the years have put upon his physical appearance. It is the steady, never-ceasing passing of his friends—the men he has known for many years who have at last bowed to the destructive influence of time anddisease. Quite recently I have been bereft of several very close friends. As I look back over the years from my early manhood, it seems, as I recall them in Orange and Culpeper, Va. and Oxford, Winston-Salem, Goldsboro, Charlotte, Lenoir, and Durham, and throughout North Carolina. I have more of my friends sleeping their last sleep in the cemeteries of these places than I have living. I read of one who died while laughing, without knowing what was happening to him. To die laughing is a rare experience. Never heard of it before. To laugh at some funny remark, turn one's cheek to the pillow, and be gone in the twinkle of an eye, must be an easy death, but it brings laughter and tears closer together than anything I have ever known. We who live long pay for it by the sorrows we meet when our friends, one by one, leave us.

—o—

The Garrett Biblical Institute says too many men want to be ministers, and they are going to cut down the number of applications. This reminds me of what Dr. Frank Crane once said at a Methodist conference. He said a strapping young farmer without much of an education came before a conference and said he had been called to preach and wanted a church right away. When asked why he thought he was called to the ministry, replied that on several occasions he had looked up at the sky at night and there he saw three great white letters, reaching from the ground to the center of the sky, reading G P C. He knew is was a message to him and that it meant "Go Preach Christ!" The conference thought it over until finally an old minister got up and said that while he didn't doubt the young man's seeing these letters in the sky, he had misinterpreted the meaning. "What those letters meant to this big, husky young man," said the old preacher, "was, "Go Plow Corn."

YOUTH

"Youth has golden wings and eyes
Touched by the radiance from the skies.
Youth has courage and no ears
For foolish threats and haunting fears.
Youth has joy, and in its quest
Flinches not to face each test.
Youth has promise and can take
Clay, and from it beauty make.
Youth has vision, and would prove
The Infinite majesty of Love."

—Marjorie Stickney.

OUTMODED STATUTES

(Asheville Citizen)

In the State of New York it is against the law to compel a woman to marry against her will. It is against the law to mix water with wine and sell it as pure wine. It is against the law for a small boy to enter an agricultural fair ground without paying an entrance fee. It is against the law to go fishing on Sunday. It is against the law to purchase land from an Indian without legislative approval. It is against the law to challenge another to a duel. It is against the law to exhibit a tightrope dancer or any juggling preformance. It is against the law to throw a peanut shell into a corner sewer. And so on and so on!

In other words, the New York Statute books, like the statute books of every other State, are cluttered up with acts passed many years ago and out of date or forgotten or ignored. The City Club of New York City insists that these outmoded laws should be repealed. New Jersey it is pointed out, has written 1248 such laws off its books and is proposing the repeal of 715 additional statutes as being useless or foolish.

There may have been good reasons for the enactment of many of these out of date or unenforced statutes at the time they were adopted. Conditions change. Statutes frequently become laughable but stay on the books. It is like the old story of the sentry at the czar's Winter Palace who paced up and down the little path in a corner of the gardens. A visitor asked the czar why the sentry was there. The czar said he did not know but that he would ask the captain of the guards. The captain of the guards answered that a sentry had always been put there as long as he could remember. But why? The captain did not know. A long investigation was made. It was found that many years before a former empress had instructed that a sentry be placed at this spot to protect a blooming flower which had caught her fancy. Nobody had ever rescinded the order and so a guard had been kept there constantly from that time forward.

Sometimes these outmoded and toothless laws had plenty of bite when they were new. A case in point is the oath which is required of office-holders in South Carolina, under which they swear that they have not participated in a duel since a certain date in the eighties and will not engage in a duel, either as principal or second, during their term of office. This oath marked the culmination of a great battle for the abolition of dueling forty-odd years ago. It survives now only as a relic of the victory which the anti-duelists at last achieved.

Our integrity is never worth so much as when we have parted with our all to keep it.—Colton.

THE GREAT CITIES WE KNOW, BUT WHAT OF THE VILLAGES?

North Carolina Christian Advocate

Conspicuous on the world's map are Rome, London, Paris, Berlin, New York, Chicago, but who can locate Eisleben, Epworth, Bridges Creek, Blantyre, Hodgenville, or Brass Town? Yet these unnoticed villages have a place in the sun.

"And thou, Eisleben, art not the lleast among the cities of Germany, for out of thee shall come a prince" —"the monk that shook the world."

Epworth, hid away in the moors of northern England, can hardly be found upon a map of the British Isles. The tourists do not search out that obscure town which gave the world John and Charles Wesley and thereby won the crown of immortality.

The "Father of his Country" came from Bridges Creek, and while the very name of the place is unknown to the average American, the name of Washington has no peer in our national history.

Blantyre we do not know, but David Livingstone we and the world will hold in everlasting remembrance. Hodgenville, Ky., is where "Honest Abe" first saw the light, and Brass Town is a wide place in a road of Clay County, N. C., and the birthplace of George R. Truett, the peerless preacher and leader of the Southern Baptist Church.

Great men as a rule come from the back districts, from the "sticks" and out of the despised small town. The cry through all generations has been, 'Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" The answer is, "Very little except the world's saviours."

HOME CONSERVATION

No human institution seems to be so much threatened as the home Married women in industry, and otherwise exemplifying the new freedom, certainly have made things different. Many of our bright young people, too, appear to regard home as the place to sleep and occasionally to frequent when there is nothing else to do, or nowhere else to go. Without denying that grave dangers threaten the life of the modern home and with full recognition of the fact that our young women seem to be creating some of the problems, we can still believe that the present generation is not lacking in that fundamental instinct which produced the oldest of man's institutions, the home. Here again, the conscious cultivation and continued expression of the impulse to make and to love a home is highly desireable in the complex hurried life of our day.

The religious life of our own, and of every other age, depends, and has depended upon its women. That is not as it should be, of course, but we face facts, —Selected.

SUNDAY LEADS IN AUTOMOBILE ACCIDENTS

(Asheville Citizen)

Streets and highways are safer on Tuesday than on any other day of the week. They are most unsafe on on Sunday. Statistics compiled by the Travelers' Insurance Company, of Hartford, shows that out of a total of 835,250 automobile accidents in this country last year, 152,851 occurred on Sunday, 140,322 on Saturday, Mondays and Fridays being the next worst days, the number dropping to 106,912 on Wednesday and Thursday and to 104,106 on Tuesday.

Of the 36,806 cars involved in fatal automoble accidents last year 33,531 were driven by persons with more than a year's experience behind the wheel. Of the 1,191,011 cars in non-fatal accidents in 1930, 93 per cent were driven by persons who had been driving for at least twelve months. Most of the accidents occurred with road conditions ideal and weather conditions did not appear to effect the frequency of accidents. In nine out of every ten mishaps there was nothing the matter with the car.

Too-fast driving was responsible for one-fifth of all automobile accidents due to improper driving. The other two improper driving offenses which led in getting automobilists into difficulties were driving on the wrong side of the road and failure to grant right of way.

About 15,000 pedestrians were killed in the United States by motor vehicles last year. The Travelers' Insurance Company statisticians say that 7,000 of these pedestrians met death primarily through their own fault, 2,300 pedestrians were killed because of the actions of drivers, while in the death of more than 5,000 other pedestrians the responsibility rested jointly on the pedestrian and the drivers.

One-fourth of all automobile accidents in which pedestrians were involved occurred as a result of pedestrians crossing the streets between intersections and one-fifth resulted from children playing in the street.

The Travelers' Insurance Company has published the most thorough study we have seen of automobile accidents. The publication is entitled "Worse Than War!" Whereas, it is pointed out, only 50,510 members of the American expeditionary forces were killed in action or died of wounds during eighteen months of the World War, 50,900 persons were killed in automobile accidents in the past eighteen months.

The statistics show when, where and how these accidents occurred but the company closes with a question mark. "Why," it asks, "were more killed in 1930 than in 1929, when gasoline consumption, and hence automobile mileage, was reduced from 13,934,330,000 gallons to 12,600,000,000 gallons?"

A BOOK AND A SHIP

(Christian Evangelist)

"One dollar! One dollar! And I have only sixty cents," said a ragged boy as he stood on the corner near a secondhand book shop. "They all want too much for a geography. Let me see—I have been to one, two, three, four places, and there is only one more. Well, I'll try that, for I just have to have a geography to see where father is going in his boat."

Near to the twelve-year-old boy stood an interested man. He had been following the boy ever since he had heard the book dealer tell him that he could not buy the book for sixty cents. So now the man went after him into the book store and listened to his polite request for a geography that should not cost more than sixty cents.

"Yes, indeed," answered the salesman. "I can give you a good one for sixty cents, or I can give you one that is a little more worn, but still a good book for less than sixty cents. Which will you have?

"If the old one is alright to study from, I will take that, and then I can buy something to read with the rest of the money," said the boy.

"You like to read, then? said the salesman.

"Better than almost anything else," answered the boy. "I wish I could go to school, but I can't, so I am going to have a book like the other boys and study it myself."

"What is your name?" asked the man who had been following him. "I have been watching you and I want to help you to have the new book if you would like it. Here is a dollar. Get whatever you like in this store with it. You will make a name for yourself some day, boy. I am sure of it."

"Thank you, sir," said the boy with a shy grin. "I hope so. My name is William Hartley, and I live down near the bridge."

"What would you like to have with your extra money?" said the dealer in books. You can buy two, or perhaps more."

"I should like some book that mother would like to read—some book that would rest her when she is tired; then I will take some other book that the boys study in school. I shall be rich with so many things."

When he left the store a little later he had under his arm a geography, a history, a book for his mother, and some materials with which to work on his lessons. As happy as a king, he ran home to show his treasures.

The years passed by, and the boy grew to be a man. One day a terrible storm swept over the sea and caught a boat which was making for the port. It tore her sails; it swept her decks; and in a short time she had sprung a leak.

"We shall soon sink," said the men running for the life boats. "Let's get away as soon as we can."

While they were working to unfasten them the Captain called "Back to your posts, men! As long as we are above the water there is hope to save the ship and make port. Why be cowards? I am sure that we shall make shore if we try. Come, be good sailors and stick to your ship. All together! Let's go!"

Assured by the calm manner and the smile of the captain, the men went back to their work, and slowly but surely the boat made its way to land. Every man was safe, but the boat sank after reaching the dock.

One of the passengers, who had realized the great danger and had marveled at the courage and perseverance of the captain, waited after the rest had gone away to thank the man who had saved his life and to compliment him on the way he handled the boat.

"I think you do not know me," said the captain with a broad smile. "I have waited to see you for years and to repay part of the debt that I owe you. Perhaps this has been a good chance to do so. Many years ago you bought a geography for me; that was the beginning of better days."

"William Hartley!" said the man. "I should say I did remember you and your visit to five stores in order to get the book that you wanted. Captain William Hartley now instead of little Bill, as you were then. Now I understand why we reached land safely. You are still trying again, aren't you, Captain? And this time you perseverance has saved your life and mine. Thank you sir."

"You are welcome," said the captain. "I am glad to have paid my debt."

PRAISES CABARRUS

The Cabarrus county health department is held up by Dr. G. M. Cooper, of the state board of health, as possessing a well-balanced health program.

Referring to Cabarrus county health workers, Dr. Cooper, director of the bureau of health education, in his bulletin says:

They have a complete school health program. The children are systematically examined. Following the examination this year dental assistance was secured from the state board of health on a 50-50 basis. The state board of health supplied a dentist for three months, they supplied funds for an additional three months' work. Result: information about oral hygiene spread all over the county and some two thousand children actually treated.

For a selected number of undernourished, under-privileged children, nursing and other care was provided for several weeks in a preventorium.

For a large number of children needing operations for tonsil removal a state board clinic was secured and followed by a special arrangement with the local physicians and specialists whereby a large number of children were treated.

An adequate milk program has been carried through, assuring a safe milk supply for the public.

ON BEING RIGHT

Young Folks

It does cost something to do the right thing under all circumstances. It sometimes costs us our friends. It may keep money from coming into pockets. It may cause us to lose our positions. The like has been heard of many a time. There are moments when we see clearly how in departing from the truth and in lowering our ideals we would be profited in a material way. No one would dare say that worldly gain may not come to him, at least for a time, who carries water on both shoulders and seeks the favor of everybody regardless of principle. The thought of such advantage socially, politically, financially, has led multitudes of people from the straight and narrow way.

On the contrary, however, we are sure to suffer the rebuke of our own consciences and of our best friends. Our country has never wanted for individuals who pledged themselves to the right, no matter what the cost of it was. That old, historic illustration comes to mind. Henry Clay thought he ought to introduce a certain measure into Congress, but before doing so, he felt he should confer with one of his friends. This friend, when the matter had been thoroughly laid before him, said to Clay, "If you do that, it will kill your chances for the presidency." "But," said Clay, "is the measure right?" "Yes, it is right." "Then I would rather be right than president," anwered the statesman. We may forget everything else Clay said or did, but we can never cease to remember and honor him for his adherence to the principle that there is nothing higher than doing the thing that is right.

VERY DANGEROUS.

ONLY

Only a seed, but it chanced to fall
In the cleft of a city wall,
And, taking root, grew bravely up
Till a tiny blossom crowned its top.

Only a thought, but the work it wrought
Could never by tongue or pen be taught,
For it ran through a life like a thread of gold
And the life bore fruit a hundred-fold.

Only a word, but 'twas spoken in love
With a whispered prayer to the Lord above,
And the angels in heaven rejoiced once more,
For a new-born soul entered in by the door.

—Church Chimes.

LEONARDO DE VINCI

(Selected)

Leonardo De Vinci is considered the greatest of all painters, also highly distinguished as a sculptor, a wonderful architect, and one of the most highly skilled of civil or military engineers. He was a scientific inventor and a man of universal genius. He excelled in all accomplishments, knew the laws of friction, described the camara obscura, and understood the nature of colored shadows and aerial prespective.

When but a small boy his father placed him in the studio of Andrea Vircobio a celebrated painter and sculptor, to learn the arts of design. He developed so swiftly that in a few years he surpassed the teacher. When devoting his attention to painting he would put his entire undivided time on his work. It is said that he would go for several days without taking a bite to eat or an hour of sleep. While walking amongst the crowds on the streets he would observe almost every person and if he found one with a face more outstanding than the rest, this one would be followed until he had evry detail of the person's face im- every detail of the mind, then returning home he would gather together his paints and paint upon his canvas the picture on his mind.

At one time a friend of Leonardo's father, a general in the army, had a valuable shield made from precious wood, on the outer surface of which he wished to have a picture painted. He asked if Leonardo would accept the task. Leonardo accepted, considering this a great privilege from so prominent a soldier, and soon set to work. Immediately he went forth into the fields and the forests and collected every type of grotesque creature he could find. In his collection were included the bat, the newt, the tarantula, the snake, and the salamander. He confined himself to his room and many days he spent in studying the queer qualities of these creatures. Then he began his painting. The animals he had collected began to die, some to decay, an ominous odor filled the room, still Leonardo worked on constantly without food or sleep. Five full days and nights he labored; on the sixth the painting was completed. A masterpiece of imagination. In the painting were all the different qualities of the queer animals. The body was the shape of the slamander, with the wings of the bat and the head of the snake with eyes and tongue flashing fire and lightning. On the body were scales that shone bright with the amalgamated colors of the rainbow. The feet were small and were covered with the talons of the eagle, sharp, curved, and glistening.

At the completion of the work, Leonardo called his father to view the result of his labors. At the sight of the painted creature Leonardo's father fled from the room, thinking the painting to be a living beast, a monster risen from the underworld. This is an example of how realistic his paintings were. When the general carried this shield to war. it is said that the enemy would flee at sight of the painting, thinking it to be alive.

There are other fields of accomp-

lishments in which Leonardo proved equally famous. He was the architect and the supervising engineer of the dome in St. Peter's church in Rome.

Leonardo died at Claux in France on the second day of May in the year of 1519. He had many pupils that took up his work but none were near so accomplished as Leonardo, and so they failed to gain much prominence.

THE MAN AND THE MACHINE

A hundred men and boys stood about the edge of the big pit in which one steam shovel was digging out the bed of the new Federal building to be erected in Spartanburg. The monster laboring below was displacing labor, relieving human brawn, from the strain that would have been placed upon it, were men called upon, as in former days, to dig out this basement with pick and shovel. Among those who looked on were men and boys out of work, no doubt, some of whom might willingly have accepted employment removing the dirt with the old hand tools. The machine with coal and water and a guiding hand was doing the work of a hundred men.

Out of Montgomery, Alabama, comes a story that the authorities of that city awarding municipal contracts involving excavations have stipulated that machines cannot be employed and that men must be given employment instead. If it comes to a contest between the man and the machine, the man will win, strange as that may seem, in the age gone machine mad.

"You must watch your step," said a contractor a few days ago, "in fixing a minimum wage. Just a few cents a day will send the men and the mules away and bring in the machine outfits." —Spartanburg Herald.

A STORY THAT IS WORTH TELLING

Boys' Industrial School Journal

One bleak and dreary night last March there came to the railing in station house No. — a little fellow about 16 years of age. He told a pitiful story of want and destitution, and asked the privilege of remaining in the station house all night. Permission being given, the little fellow was assigned a cell, given food and left to himself. During the night a big, rough but great-hearted officer went the rounds of the station and found the little fellow bending low over a New Testament he said his mother had given him.

Something in the attitude of the boy attracted the better nature of the officer, who thought that the little fellow was friendless and alone, and he began questioning him. He discovered that the boy's father and mother were dead, that he was a wanderer on the face of the earth. The next morning with his heart full of sympathy, the officer took the little boy to a number of places and tried to find work for him. At last, in a big factory, where a number of men were employed, though there was really no need of him he was given work. The men in the factory gathered together clothes and shoes to make him comfortable, while the employer took him to a boarding house and guaranteed his board. Three days after the little fellow was given the situation he was taken ill. Think of it! A stranger, unknown and unknowing, in a big city. The attention of the employer was attracted to the boy, and calling him to his side he asked what was the matter. Upon being told, Mr. Employer ordered out a carriage and sent the boy to the emergency hospital, where he engaged a bed for him out of his own pocket. Mr. Employer did more: he ordered the service of a physician, guaranteeing the bill. The boy grew worse, and one evening, just as the shadows were softly falling over the earth, the greater shadow came into the ward and the spirit of the boy passed from the shadow out into the light of, let us hope, a newer brighter and better morning. When Mr Employer heard that the boy was dead he called on a certain undertaker in the city, ordered a casket and had the same charged to his account. Then he went to the office of a cemetery and purchased a quiet little grave, paying for it himself, and when the sad services were all ended, in the grave the unknown and friendless boy was placed.

The months passed by. The other day Mr. Employer said to Mr. Undertaker: "Why don't you send your bill for the funeral of the boy?" Then Mr. Undertaker made reply: "You did your share for the boy when you gave him work, the place in the hospital, paid the doctor's bill and bought the grave; my share was the funeral expenses, and I have ordered my bookkeeper to cross the account from the books."

Sometimes we talk relative to the coldness, the harshness and the hardness of city life. We speak of the indifference with which the poor and unfortunate are treated. Our own hearts get calloused and cold. But stories like these, facts like these,

revive our faith in human nature. We know that in the midst of the strenuous city life there are many warm hearts beating responsive to the cry of destitution and want.

Mr. Employer is unknown to the preacher. So also is the undertaker. He has met neither one of them. He does not know whether they are of the church, churchy, or not. But this he does know, that this little act of disinterested sympathy and love is of the spirit of Him whose every word was love and whose every act was knidness. These acts were the acts of a Christian.

In a great city, in the midst of the crowd, men were apt to lose sight of finer instincts and feelings. We are apt to become brutal, thinking we are surrounded by brutes. Acts like these, unheralded, unnoticed and unsung, show that some men at least are not brutes; that even in the hardest-hearted and roughest there are springs of humanity flowing, bringing a blessing and a benediction wherever they go.

Mr. Officer, Mr. Employer, Mr. Undertaker may not find their names emblazoned on great scrolls that shall perpetuate their deeds through many generations, but in the Book of Life their names are doubtless recorded along with Abou Ben Adhem's as among "those that love their fellowmen."

PAUL LAWRENCE DUNBAR

The greatest negro poet of our country. Dunbar's father and mother were slaves but he was born in Dayton, Ohio. His father picked up the trade of a plasterer, and when he had taught himself to read, loved chiefly to read history. His mother had a special love for poetry. And in spite of their poverty they saw to it that their son should have the advantages of a public school education. Both before and after he began to write poetry he was an elevator boy. Later he worked as a journalist in New York. He died in 1906. His best works are written in negro dialect—this one of "The Banjo" is characteristic:

I jes lets down
A banjo string or two
Into the deepest of my heart
An' draws up chunes for you.
Slowly dey comes swingin' up
A' quiv'rin' through and through
Till wid a rush of tinglin' notes
Dey reaches light — and you!

AN ISLAND OF BEGINNINGS

By Lucy Meacham Thruston

On Saturday, September 27, 1930, a material bridge of piles and stringers of fir decking and rail and wheel guards, a bridge 14,920 feet long, was opened across Currituck Sound. The bridge connects the mainland of North Carolina with Kitty Hawk in Dare County, and Dare County is on the coast, a strip of sand and dunes which the natives call The Banks. Here, on one of the giant dunes, known as Kill Devil Hill, the Wright brothers made the first successful air flight. The bridge recently opened is the Wright Memorial Bridge. So a material link is established with what will be acknowledged as one of the world's famous spots of achievement.

But there is a link with this locality which comes only with thought and with the realization that nearby is one of the most famous spots in American history. The Banks run down along the Carolina coast, cut here and there with openings from the sea, through which the ocean floods into the sounds of Albemarle and Pamlico, making islands of this sandy fringe. Through one of these openings came the expedition which brought the first English settlers into the New World. They found the semi-tropical island of Roanoke and settled there, built a fort and houses, planted seeds brought out from England, and here Virginia Dare, the first English child born in the New World, came into a life about which many traditions have been woven and which belongs forever to the realm of mystery. One of the New World's fascinating stories is that of the second ship which came out from England with settlers to join them. It was driven back by gales off this storm-swept coast. The third ship entered the sound to find the island deserted. It sent its boats into the land waters, to lie off the woods and sound bugle calls, hoping for response and receiving none. Nor has the faintest response to any call as to the fate of these earliest settlers ever been received.

Did the friendly Indians take the settlers off in order to save them from unfriendly ones? Did unfriendly Indians destroy the settlement? The Indians themselves wove the tradition that Virginia Dare had been turned into a white fawn. Good luck came to the fortunate one who should see her white flanks flashing through the dark woods.

So it was on land hereabout that the first English settlement was made in the country that Lord Howard has just pronounced "the greatest empire the world has known."

It was on the dunes not far from Roanoke that the Wright brothers made the first successful air flight. One of the Wright brothers is still living, and what has air-flight not accomplished? Communication by air service from tip to tip of South America, on to New York, to Canada, from Berlin to Buenos Aires—mail, passengers, freight. This is but the beginning, as that Roanoke settlement was the beginning of English occupancy of the New World.

Those early beginning are full of charm, yet interest in today is greater. Today the Wright Memorial

Bridge is opened so that Kill Devil Hill may become a popular shrine. On Kill Devil Hill is to be erected a monument to the Wright brothers—as soon as Kill Devil Hill can be made to stand still. The moving about of these great dunes is unbelievable, but at Kill Devil Hill sands are being anchored. The hill is ninety-five feet high and covers several acres. Its anchorage must be secured by vegetation. Skepties vowed nothing would grow in drifting sand, that winds would blow out any seeds planted, hot summer sun destroy anything which should send out a shoot. Anchoring this mass of sand became a government job. A barb wire fence was built about the hill to keep off beach cattle, wild hogs and wild ponies. The great hill was covered with woods mold, which in turn was covered with brush. Colatria seed was obtained from Porto Rico, marram from Australia; native wire grass and bitter tanic were planted. This was begun two years ago. Today the hill is a mass of verdure. Myrtle, polk, dandelions, yopons, flourish upon it. The name, by the way, is said to have been derived from the fact that New England traders came down the coast and dispensed at this point a particularly vicious brand of rum made from West Indian molasses, and from the fact that so many deaths and accidents were thereby caused. Certainly another name would be more attractive if less picuresque.

EMPLOYMENT OF WOMEN

It may be surprising to some to be told that for nearly one hundred years after the Declaration of Independence no women were employed by the government, but such is the fact according to a recent statement by the president of the Civil Service Commission.

The first law permiting the employment of women as clerks in Federal government offices was passed in 1870...Today more than 28,000 women are employed in such offices in Washington alone, while nearly 60,000 more are employed outside of the capital city.

Women are being appointed to such government positions as bacteriologist, biologist, botanist, chemist, economist, educationist, patent examiner, pharmacologist, physicist, statistician, zoologist and technologists of various kinds. As is well known many women held postmasterships.

The employment of women in private business has shown a steady increase also, the number of women wage-earners being nearly ten million.

Whether this increasing activity of women in industry, business and the professions is an indication of an improved civilization depends upon the viewpoint. However that may be, women have shown their ability to engage successfully in nearly every vocation under the sun, and they will continue to do so can not be doubted.—Reidsville Review.

THE KINGBIRD MAKES WAR

By Alvin M. Peterson

The common kingbird is widely known because of its fearless disposition. It is perhaps the prettiest of our common flycatchers, having dark gray and black upperparts and white underparts. The ends of its tail feathers are brightened with white, giving it a white band across the end of the tail, adding to its appearance and making its indentification easy.

The kingbird is an expert flycatcher. It is often to be found perched on the tops of fence posts, tall weeds and the branches of trees when looking for a bite to eat. It has sharp eyes and has little trouble seeing insects a hundred feet distant. When it catches sight of an insect, it darts swiftly after it, catches it with a snap of the bill and then likely as not returns to the perch from which it started.

Sometimes a kingbird takes after an insect able to fly and dodge well. Then one sees some wonderful flying. The kingbird turns sharply, darts this way and that, always keeping near its intended prey, and nearly always succeeds in catching it. Sometimes an insect flies straight upward, but this the kingbird also can do, so straight toward the zenith go the pursued and pursuer. When high in the air, a snap and a quick turn proclaims the bird the victor.

This bold daring fellow builds a bulky nest of weeds, grass, twigs, rags, feathers and string on the branches of trees, usually far from the ground. Some nests, however, are built near the ground. The writer once found a nest on a tree which had fallen into a large stream. On the prostrate trunk the birds had built a nest but three feet above the dark swirling water. Mr. H. K. Job, in his book, "The Sport of Bird study," has a picture of a kingbirds' nest on the top of a fence post, an unusual but happy location—at least from the bird photographer's point of view.

It is when nesting that kingbirds prove most warlike. Though they pay but little attention to small birds, they frequently wage war on hawks and crows. And they do not like to have human visitors. They are sure to meet at a distance and to fly from perch to perch and to scold, chatter and dispute every foot of the way. But they never attack you, only protesting against the intrusion with sharp notes of alarm.

But let a hawk or a crow appear in sight and both birds at once take up the chase. They fly straight for their large enemy, scolding and screeching at the tops of their voices. Reaching it, they take turns flying above it and darting for its head and back. The larger bird cries out, lifts and flaps its wings and tries its best to dodge and ward off the blow. Not until the enemy gets far enough off to suit them do the kingbirds give up the chase. Kingbirds often alight on the backs of hawks and crows, for brief periods of time, where they take a ride and torment the enemy at will.

After putting a hawk, or two or three crows, to flight, the kingbirds

proceed to celebrate their victory. They fly toward each other, turn sharply, dart this way and that, loop-the-loop perhaps screech and chatter. Kingbirds are sometimes known as tryant flycatchers but they do not deserve the name. A bird which heroically defends its nest against birds many times its size deserves rather to be known by its real name, kingbird.

DOGS IN THE ARCTIC

By W. J. Banks

The dog is a necessity to both native Eskimo and the white traveler in the far nothern regions. Though in some places the reindeer is domesticated, this is not so in others, including Arctic Canada, and there the faithful dog is the only beast of burden. The success of any exploration journey rests as much upon the strength and courage of the dogs as upon the men. Very little would be known of the northern lands which a ship cannot directly reach if it were not for the valiant heart of men's best four-footed friend. Nor could the Eskimo race have well survived so long without his help.

The pure Eskimo dog is a comparatively small animal, weighing as a rule not more than sixty or seventy pounds. The Eskimos like small dogs because they do not eat so much. But many white travelers, who must transport a camping outfit and other material of considerable weight, prefer larger dogs. They claim that the smaller dogs required to pull a given load will eat more than the fewer big dogs which will be able to pull the same sized load. Besides, the larger dogs are able to travel through deeper snow without floundering. The Eskimo dog will work with great spirit as long as he is in perfect condition, but should he be on short rations for a time he will soon cease to give his best efforts. On the other hand, a "white man's dog" will concontinue to pull with all his might on the sled though he be in a weakened condition. The Eskimo dog's fur, however, is good and well suited to winter travel. His feet, too, are thougher and less likely to be injured by the rough sharp ice, than are those of other breeds. A good dog for Arctic work is one which is half St. Bernard and half Eskimo. He combines the weight and courage of the former with the tough feet and sound fur of the latter.

The treachery and ferocity of northern dogs, as well as the cruelty with which, it has claimed, they must be treated, has been somewhat exaggerated. The Eskimo dogs have, no doubt, some wolfblood in their veins, and can scarcely be compared in temperament with our house-pets, nor do the natives usually make the chums of their dogs that we do. But many of the dogs are quite tame and dependable—unless there is food around. Food is generally hard enough to get

in quantity in the Arctic, and the dogs are not fed any more than is necessary, usually receiving one moderate meal per day. And as they work hard their appetite is naturally always very keen. Many whites make great friends of their favorite dogs, especially if these be not purely Eskimo, and the experienced Arctic traveler uses the whip very little, for good dogs, as we have said, will pull their hardest until all their strength is gone. The belief that the dogs must be constantly tied to something in order to keep them apart is obviously a mistaken one. In the summer, when there is no snow or ice to carry sleds, the dogs are used by native and white alike as pack animals, trotting free of any restraint. Here again the big dog has the advantage, for not only can he carry a much larger pack without tiring, but he can wade larger streams and pass greater obstacles without harming his load than can the little fellow.

The weight per dog which can be hauled by sled and the distance that can be traveled in a given time depends upon many factors. Even under fairly trying conditions good dogs have been known to pull well over two hundred pounds apiece at an average rate of some four miles per hour for a good long day. This would be impossible, of course, under certain conditions. If the ice is rough and full of ridges, or the snow soft enough to let dogs and runners sink too deeply; if the dogs are in ill-health, or weak from lack of food, if the weather is rough and a strong headwind blowing, all such conditions naturally hold back the expedition.

Extremely cold weather is not good for sledding. At 50 or 60 degrees below zero the individual snow crystals are so hard and sharp that the friction of the sled-runners on the ground is greately increased. Rough, sharp ice is very hard on the dogs, for their feet are soon cut and bleeding. Little shoes made of canvas are often used but wear out in a very short time. Shin shoes are also used, but the temptation to eat these is too great and the dogs have to be watched continually to prevent them from doing so. In very cold weather the flanks of the dogs sometimes become frostbitten and if this is repeated nasty sores may develop. Going to the other extreme, the dogs are much bothered by the heat and the mosquitoes in the summer. At some seasons travel over ice means wading or even swimming through pools of thaw water, sometimes at the same time breaking through a thin layer of new ice on the surface. Truly, the trials of the Arctic dog are sore and his tribulations many; he deserves all the credit that anyone can give him.

The meat of various game animals and fish provide the staple food for men and dog alike in the Arctic. Seal caribou, Polar bear and ovibos, or Polar cattle (commonly and rather misleadingly called musk-ox) are the commonest sources of food in the Canadian Arctic. Walrus, wolf, fox, fish, wild fowl and birds of various sorts are also used when available. Like men, dogs are very conservative when it comes to diet and think good only those foods to which they have been accustomed. Some dogs bought in the Mackenzie River district and

used to eating fish, moose, caribou and rabbit, refused for days, on reaching the sea, to eat seal. They would not taste, but only smell it. When it became putrid, however, they would eat it. Evidently all putrid matter smells alike, and they were used to that smell. Other dogs, which had eaten seal only, preferred almost to starve to death rather than eat, respectively, fresh wolf, caribou and goose. However, there was no difficulty in getting dogs, that had been brought up around ships or towns where diet was varied, to eat a strange sort of food. One new kind, more or less would not matter to them.

Arctic dogs are very fond of fat and must be fed a certain amount to be kept in health. But as fat at certain seasons is hard to get in quantity and is used in camp for fuel and other purposes, the dogs' appetite for it is seldom appeased entirely. One of the favorite dogs of the Stefansson expedition which was conducted for the Canadian Government during the years of the Great War, was named Sapsuk. Sapsuk came to grief because his craving for fat caused him to swallow a greasy dishrag which had been carelessly left around the camp. The result was fatal. Sapsuk finding the rag more deadly than the Polar bear, with which he had had a very painful encounter some days previously.

The reason that Sapsuk was seriously injured by the bear was that he had never learned how to hunt bears properly. He was trotting along behind the sled one day, having been released because of sore feet. A bear suddenly appeared and before anyone could stop him, Sapsuk was rushing joyously up to him, evidently considering the big fellow to be a prospective meal rather than a dangerous enemy. Other dogs who knew how to hunt bears were hastily released, but before these could arrive on the scene, Sapsuk was lying helplessly on the ice. Good bear dogs are able to "hold" a bear until the hunter puts an end to him. They surround him at a safe distance, and while he is looking the other way one dog dashes up and bites him on the ankle. By the time the bear turns around this dog is sitting some distance away and wearing an innocent expression. Then another dog sneaks up and bites him. It is easy enough for a hunter to finish a bear off with a rifle. But before the Eskimos had rifles—few are still without them—the bear would have to be dispatched by stabbing with an improvised spear or with bow and arrows.

To the Eskimo the dog is even more valuable as an aid in hunting than as a pack or draft animal. If natives are without guns they have very few dogs—usually about two to a family—for they would find it difficult to obtain food for many more. Eskimos do not travel a great deal in the winter and do not need many dogs for that purpose. But with rifles the people are able to kill more caribou to feed more dogs which, in turn, help them to follow and kill more caribou—a sort of unending circle which has a stimulating effect upon the dog population, but a bad one on that of the caribou.

Besides bear and caribou hunting, dogs are useful in seal hunting. Each seal keeps several air holes open

through the ice in order that he may come up and breathe through them. But these holes are very small at the top and usually covered up with snow, so that a man might look for days without locating one. But the sharp nose of Mr. Dog soon finds plenty of holes. The hunter removes most of the snow over the hole, but not all of it, for that would alarm the seal. A light ivory sliver is inserted and when the owner of the hole comes up to breathe this indicator will more. The hunter then drives his weapon down beside it to put an end to the career of Mr. Seal. Often a dead seal is hitched to a dog and he is sent home dragging the seal with great enthusiasm, for he knows that at the end of the journey there will be a good feed for him.

It is the dog, indeed, who is the real hero of Arctic life.

DISTANCE

Miles do not make the distance
  'Tis something diff'rent still
That measures out the pathway
  Across the vale and hill.
The self-same journey often
  Seems painful, hard, and long,
And other times is wended
  As in a breath of song.

Long always is the pathway
  And frowning is the goal,
And rough the stones and many
  Trod with a weary soul.
But easy is the journey,
  Of lovely scenes a part,
And all too quickly ended,
  Trod with a merry heart.

—Clarence E. Flynn

A VILLAGE WELCOME

(Home Department Magazine)

"I've heard some interesting news about the new people who are moving into Mr. Hunt's cottage on Fox street," announced Mrs. Morris, as she arrived a little late at the meeting of the missionary society.

The others looked up with varying degrees of intesest.

"And what was that?" asked the president, Mrs. Stowell .

' Why, it's rather a rare thing," explained Mrs. Morris. "It seems that the family consists of just two, a little old lady and her granddaughter. The sad part is that the grandmother is a cripple, and hasn't been out of her chair for thirty years. The girl who is a mere slip, takes care or her and will probably go to high school."

"Crippled for thirty years" echoed one woman, and everyone felt a touch of sympathy for the two strangers coming among them.

"I have been thinking about it," since I heard that from Mr. Hunt," went on Mrs. Morris, hardly stopping to thread her needle. "And I was wondering if we couldn't make them feel welcome here in Willowby, right at once? You know it is rather hard to come into the midst of strangers, and it will be especially so in this case. A cripple and a young girl."

"I think that is a very beautiful suggestion, Mrs. Morris," said the president. "We shall certainly carry it out. Now, what shall we do to make them feel at home among us? Something really fine and helpful!"

"I know!" cried timid Mrs. Denton who hardly ever raised her voice in meeting. "Let's open the cottage up and make it spick and span and as near homelike as it can be, without having the furniture installed in it. Empty houses are always dusty and dull, you know, even under such good care as Mr. Hunt's." Mrs. Denton sat back, surprised at her own long speech, but very much animated and interested.

"That will be excellent," agreed Mrs. Morris, much gratified at the success of her proposal.

"And we will place flowers in the different rooms and tend those growing in the yard," offered Miss Shaw, the milliner.

'We could even prepare a dainty lunch, if we knew about what time they would arrive," said Mrs. Harper. Everyone was becoming more and more enthusiastic.

"We shall do all those things," said Mrs. Stowell. "And of course we shall all be friendly in words as well as in deeds. But I like the deed part better, myself. Let us see now; Mrs. Harper, you live across the street, and Mrs. Shaw lives close by. You two had best act as a kind of committee on the premises to welcome the newcomers and explain to them. All of us will take part in making the house ready."

"And I'll learn from Mr. Hunt just when they are moving in," promised Mrs. Morris.

The next morning was set as the time for the house and yard freshening up, and at an early hour a good dozen women were on the job. By noon the small cottage had received the most thorough scouring since its building, and the workers looked on shining surfaces with pleased hearts.

"It is a pretty little place, and I hope Mrs. Landley will be happy here," said Mrs. Morris, who had obtained the name from the landlord. "I can just imagine her sitting in this bay window with her knitting."

The Landleys, Jean and her grandmother, were moving in on the next afternoon, and all the morning the members of the missionary society flitted in and out of the cottage. When they left there were flowers in the open windows, and an ample repast was spread for the newcomers' evening meal.

"Here they come," said Mrs. Harper about one o'clock to Mrs. Shaw, who was waiting on her porch. "Let's let them look about a bit, and then we will go over and say hello."

A big car came to a stop before the cottage, and a hired chauffeur leaped out and drew from the back seat a wheelchair, into which he placed a tired but gracious little woman, with the help of a slender young girl. Jean, for it was of course she, brought out a few bundles from the car and paid the man.

"Here we are, grandma, in our new place" she said, trying to smile bravely, but the watching women knew how the task of setting up a new home frightened her.

"Jean, what's that in the window! And look how fine and fresh everything looks," cried Mr. Landley, becoming quite excited.

"Flowers, grandma! Why it looks as though someone wanted to give us a welcome—and a right royal one, too."

Jean wheeled her grandmother into the house, where both must have been further delighted by their discoveries. When Mrs. Harper and Miss Shaw came over they found both newcomers in a state of the greatest pleasure. Explanation followed, interrupted by the Landley's expressions of genuine gratitude.

"I thought I would have to sweep up the house, and I brought along a broom and things in the car for that purpose," said Jean. "The furniture will be here in a couple of hours, giving me time to make a start. And now!"

And later she followed her newmade friends out onto the porch. "I can never tell you what this means to grandmother and myself," she said earnestly. "The fact is that we left a large city to come here, because grandmother was so lonely. We hoped that in a smaller city we would find some truly friendly neighbors. And we surely have! I wonder what put it in your hearts to give us this beautiful welcome? I think it must have been the Father himself."

There was even more joy in the hearts of those who had prepared for the comfort of the newcomers than in the tender responsive souls of their beneficiaries. The neighbor who helps is more blessed than those who receive, as much happiness as there may be, and is, in being the recipient of kindness unsought and unexpected.

"By putting the best construction on what you see and hear you will develop the best in yourself."

INSTITUTION NOTES

Superintendent Boger attended a conference of heads of institutions for juvenile delinquents held in New York City last week. He reported a very successful and interesting meeting.

—o—

Last week one of our cows was killed for the purpose of providing meat for our Sunday dinner, and for several days thereafter we heard a number of our folks commenting on the excellent quality of same.

—o—

Our outside forces have finished sowing 75 acres with lespedeza seed. This crop was quite a success last year, even under rather unfavorable weather conditions, and we hope it will be much better this season.

—o—

Elise, small daughter of Superintendent Boger, had the misfortune to injure her arm severely last Friday. While playing in her home she thrust her arm through a glass door, sustaining several painful cuts,. She was taken to the Concord Hospital, where twenty stitches were required n treating the wounds. We are glad to report that she is getting along nicely.

—o—

Several years ago Mr. Fisher secured an old box-wood bush and set out more than a thousand slips off same. They were carefully nursed long and have now grown to be quite large. Some of them have been et out along the border of the lawn nd driveway near the Administration Building, making a beautiful addition to this section of the campus. This work is only half completed, as there is still a large quantity to be transplanted.

—o—

Last Sunday afternoon we assembled on the campus where we enjoyed a concert by the Franklin Mill Concert Band. This organization, under the direction of Mr. Paul Owensby, has developed wonderfully in the past two years, and is recognized as one of the best bands in this section of the state. We are very grateful to Mr. Owensby and his group of musicians for this delightful entertainment and trust they will visit us often.

—o—

Through the efforts of Ritchie Hardware Co., of Concord, representatives of the International Harvester Co., of Charlotte, staged a tractor demonstration at the Training School last week. It was very interesting to watch these latest model 'iron mules'' in action.

—o—

Granville L. Morris, one of our old boys, called on friends and acquaintances at the school one day last week. Since leaving here he has served nineteen months in the United States Marine Corps, and was honorably discharged about the first of the month, on account of the dependency of his father, who is incapacitated on account of an injured leg. In looking over his discharge we noted the following: Character—very good. Sea service—U. S. S. "Rochester," October 1, 1929 to December 6, 1930. Foreign service—Coco Solo, C. Z., December 16, 1930 to January 21,

1931. Military efficiency—Very good. Obedience—Very good. Sobriety—Excellent. In addition to this fine record, Lester is the proud owner of a medal denoting that he had qualified as a sharpshooter while in the service. He is now at his home in Charlotte, and we trust that he may continue this splendid record.

—o—

Mr. A. C. Sheldon, Boy's Work Secretary of the Charlotte Y. M. C. A., conducted the service in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon: He was accompained by Hon. Wade H. Williams, Judge of the Domestic Relations and the Juvenile Court, of Charlotte; Mr. H. S. Patterson, of the Veterans Bureau; Mr. E. H. Bell and Miss Sarah Bell, all of Charlotte. After the opening exercises, Mr. Sheldon introduced Judge Williams as the speaker of the afternoon who delivered a very interesting resume of Dr. Henry Van Dyke's story, "The Other Wise Man." Mr. Bell, one of Charlotte's outstanding singers, then rendered two selections, Miss Bell accompanying at the piano. In addition to being very good accompainst Miss Bell also demonstrated her ability as a soloist rendering a very delightful piano number. Perhaps not many of our readers are aware that Judge Williams spent two years at the Jackson Training School, acting as assistant superintendent in the very beginning of the life of the institution, under the administration of Mr. Walter Thompson, its first superintion. The judge was greatly interested in recalling old scenes, noting improvements and renewing old acquaintance with those who were here nearly twenty years ago. In the course of his remarks he said there were three old landmarks here that stood out in his memory—the King's Daughters' Cottage, the old oak tree and Mr. Fisher, our present assistant superintendent. He was also interested in going over the old farm, often remarking "Right here is where I often labored in these large hollows," and seemed pleased as he noticed certain changes in our agricultural operations, and was amazed at the present condition of the fields, so very poor when he was employed here. Mr. Patterson expressed his pleasure as he noted the general appearance of the Training School boys, commenting especially on their conduct during the church service.

Tests made recently with a number of Boy Scouts showed that only a few of them knew the correct manner of sliding down a rope, pole wire, twisted sheets, or other means of escape from a burning building. As boys may be expected to be the most agile of people in general, this indicates that the average person would soon find himself in trouble if he attemped to escape in this way.

The correct method is to stand upright, put one leg over the rope, give it a single turn, put the rope in the crook of the elbow and hold the forearm in such a position that the rope remains in place. In this way neither the hands nor any other part of the unprotected skin touch the rough rope.

—Boyland.

CAROLINA ROOM
Carolina Collection
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THE UPLIFT

VOL. XIX CONCORD, N. C., MARCH 7, 1931. No. 10

LOOK FOR THE LAUGH

Look for the laugh! You'll find it
There's one in the dullest day:
It leaves new strength behind it
And it goes on its merry way.

Look for the laugh! It's magic
To a patience sorely tired:
The problems may look tragic
But it must have a funny side.

Look for the laugh! And let it
Save you the wear and tear:
It is a splendid habit! Get it!
Look for the laugh! It's there!

Selected—

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

THE LOSS IS YOURS

Each wasted chance for good
Is your own loss,
Each song you failed to sing
Is your own loss.
You may refuse to serve,
Another will step forth,
And when the work's all done
The loss is yours.

Each soul you fail to save
Is your own loss.
Each heart you fail to cheer
Is your own loss.
Some one will nobly rise
And do that which is right,
The joy will then be his,
The loss is yours.

Each worship you neglect
Is your own loss.
Each offering you withhold
Is your own loss.
Loyal souls will meet the needs
Of God's blest work. Behold
They'll give and worship God,
The loss is yours.

Each unkind word you speak
Is your own loss.
Each heart you cause to bleed
Is your own loss.
Others will bless and save,
Others will help and pray,
And at the Judgment day,
The loss is yours.

—L. M. Zimmerman.

THINGS WORTHWHILE

Mrs. Jane S. McKimmon, State agent of the State College, seldom, if ever gives out a statement for publication without telling facts and figures that stimulate and create interest in affairs that stand for the betterment of homes. With a fine intellect, splendidly trained, she understands the economic ques-

tions of today and can without hestitation give suggestions, if put into practice, would relieve the high tension of living conditions.

She emphasizes the garden spot where fresh vegatables can be grown to supply the home, if nothing more, and then canning sufficient amount of fruits and vegatables for winter consumption, if done would save cash, besides giving mental and physical recreation that would rebound for good. There would not be a demand for such an extensive and expensive program of athletics in the public school system, if the young people would become more interested in such activities as gardening, either of vegatables or flowers, or in other interests that would give out door exercise. Farm life is the real life—it gives a broader and more sympathetic understanding into the growth of things that make life.

It is high time that we train a practical people that will prove an asset to any community. Read what Mrs. McKimmon has to say—she discriminates between the essentials and non-essentials:

> It takes 2,184 pounds of vegetables, fresh, canned and stored, to feed a family of five for one year, and that is certainly not over much for one farm to produce. But does all of North Carolina do it? No, not by 50 per cent of what is necessary for her three million people.
>
> It isn't a hardship for a woman to do some of the gardening herself and most of us love it. If the man of the family will have the ploughing done and the soil put into condition, a woman can do much of the planting, cultivating, and gathering of vegetables. If she does. I will guarantee that she will not need the beauty parlor specialist to reduce her too generous proporions. Wielding the garden hoe or running up and down the rows with a small plough will do it most successfully for her.

Mrs. Mckinnon could have well added more (out door exercise) would bring the coloring to the cheeks—that too would reduce the cosmetic bills that in the aggregate are much more than a casual estimate reveals. We are of the opinion that no one person can stabalize conditions, bring things back to normalcy, it is going to take the united efforts of the masses.

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"ADEQUATE LIBRARIES FOR ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS NECESSARY".

There is a timely article in this issue of the Uplift from the pen of superintendent of Cabarrus county schools, S. G. Hawfield. The subject matter stresses the importance of adequate libraries for the elementary department of the public school system of the state.

He states concisely that it is easy to get the enthusiatic support as to the

needs of a library for high schools and colleges, but, Supt. Hawfield thinks, there is a "conspicuous indifference" on the part of the public to the same cause for the elementary grades.

This view point entertained by the public is entirely erroneous, and comes about from a lack of information as to the best methods of educating the child, in short it is due to a lack of appreciation of the fundamentals, for a higher education. This trend of mind can only be changed by broadcasting educational propaganda to the contrary, and it will take years to wipe out such fossilized ideas.

In fact the expression "it is far easier to get a primary teacher than a high school teacher," is not uncommon, but to those who believe the best is not good for the little child trust the day will soon dawn when there will be no discrimination between the elementary and high school equipments upon the part of the public. In fact, if any concessions are to be made, the elementary grades should receive the first consideration, because in the words of the superintendent "the habits and attitudes formed in these grades are basic to all that follows, and they will naturally follow their training later in life."

The selection of the very best teachers for the elementary grades is most important, and no teacher can do effective work without equipment. The little elementary children, from every walk of life, adore their teachers with a faith that is untained by contact, and it is imperative their first impressions be from a standard of the highest ideals.

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THE HORN HONKER

To this timely article taken from the Enterprise, we add, neither should the auto—horn be used as a plaything for children. This scene was enacted a few days ago on a congested street of one of our biggest cities: In a machine parked near the curbing was a man holding a young child, say about four or five years old, and just as a young woman stepped from the side walk in front of the car the child honked the horn loud and long. The effect upon the pedestrian was startling, the young woman heat a hasty retreat, and by moving backwards she sat down quite gracefully with no ill effects, but there could have been. The sum and substance of the subject is the horn should be used as intended—as a signal to prevent accidents:

There may be a few nuisances that it is impossible to get rid of, but

the chronic horn-honker is not one of them. There surely must be a way to eliminate him, since there is no difference of opinion as to whether or not he constitutes a nuisance. The horn was put on the auto for a good purpose. When preparing to pass a car on the road, when children are playing on ahead in the street or highway, or when a pedestrian, failing to note the car's approach, steps into its path—then is the time to use the horn. And those are about the only occasions on which it is necessary. To use it to summons someone from house or store, or to use it in a traffic congesion, constitutes a nuisance and a danger. It is apt to confuse a pedestrian, or a new driver who is trying to get out of a traffic tangle without injury to himself or someone else. Be considerate, and you'll be safe. And that is especially applicable to the horn-honker.

* * * * * * * * * * *

SPEND WITH CARE

Under the new 50 per. cent bonus law there are 61.417 veterans in the state who are entitled to loans, if all avail themselves of the privilege, and it seems that there are a goodly number who will apply for the maximum compensation loan reporting a dire need for funds.

The new law entitles the holders of the certificates to borrow on them up to 50 per cent of their value—by this means, if the loan is general, there will be distributed throughout the state about $30.500.000.

The report goes out to the effect that the first check issued to a war veteran was used in paying for the hospitalization for the veteran's little son. If possible for all money to be used advantageously the loan would be for the good of humanity, if dissipated, the pinch will be felt in the course of time, Eleven southern states furnished nearly six houndred thousand soldiers, and according to the 50 per cent loan the amount of money to be distributed all through these states will amount to nearly one hundred and fifty million dol lars. That is a lot of money and let us hope it will be used to the best advantage.

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A QUESTIONNAIRE

What song would you like to hear as you drift out into eternity? This nation wide questionnaire was conducted in a music magazine—the following notables sent in answers:

The great band master John Phillip Sousa, chose "Stars and Stripes Forever;" the economist, Roger Babson expressed himself as satisfied with either

of Sousa's marches, no discrimination as to movment, presto or largo; The evangelist, Billy Sunday, prefers, "In The Sweet By And By," a favorite of many evangelist; Speaker of the House, Nicholas Longworth, Beethoven's Symphony; the former heavy weight champion, Gene Tunney, funeral march from "Wagner's Gotterdaemnerung" and Rudy Vallee, crooner, "Rinsky's-Korsakov's Scheherazade."

This range of taste is suggestive of either study, environment or inheritance, but possibly if each were to await the time of shuffling off the "mortal coil" the song of Simeon chanted to the deep and full tones of the "Nunc Dimittis" would be comforting.

* * * * * * * * * *

AN INTERNATIONAL FIGURE

Yes, Melba is dead. She was recognized as Patti's gratest successor. People the world over have heard her sing "Home Sweet Home," "Comin' Thro' The Rye" and Tosti's "Goodbye."

She made her American debut in 1893, at the Metropolitan, afterwards making a career as a prima donna of fiction. Her voice pure and springlike, lasted her well through middle age because she knew how to use it—a God given gift, she guarded with care and intelligence.

She was born in Australia, known as Nellie Porter Mitchell, daughter of a rigid Scottish contractor, who thwarted all of her early efforts to have a musical career, but in spite of all opposition she climbed to the height of her ambition in the musical world. After a most glorious career for forty years, death claimed her last week—her passing was by an unknown disease that baffled the most skilled surgeons of the entire country
death claimer her last week—her passing was by an unknown disease that baf-

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A TRAGIC DEATH

The entire personnel of the Jackson Training School was shocked and pained to hear of the untimely and sudden tragedy that took from our midst Mr. Reuben Kiser. He was once an employee of the Training School and proved faithful to every duty, and a loyal friend after severing his official connection. with the institution.

He leaves his wife and eight little children to mourn his sad demise. The school extends heartfelt sympathy to members of the home.

RAMBLING AROUND

With Old Hurrygraph

"Oh, every heart has its sorrow,
And every heart has its pain;
But a day is always coming
When the birds go north again."

—o—

I see it is stated that fashion has decreed orange-colored berets for men. They'll have to catch me first before they get one on me, although I am an Orange county product.

—o—

A long tongue has cut short many and many a fine friendship. The moral in this is, don't let your tongue grow too long.

—o—

I have heard it said of a man that "he had a heart of gold and head of mahogany." This is a combination that does not harmonize with humanity.

—o—

One of my Lenten sacrifices is foregoing listening to Rudy Vallee on the radio.

—o—

Most any alibi is suitable for a small boy in trouble. A boy was seen by his mother wading in the mud off the sidewalk on his way home from school the other day. He explained that a little girl was attacking him with an umbrella every time he got on the talk, and he didn't want a knot on his head "like the one Amos 'n Andy had."

—o—

A scientist is telling the courting world that in fifty years kissing will be a thing of the past. According to my way of thinking it is a thing of the past five minutes or less after it is performed.

A speeder recently made his car go 245 miles an hour. That may be pleasure, but I am inclined to think that it is flirting with death. When a car goes over 35 miles an hour, I am perfectly willing to get out at the next crossroads.

—o—

I see it mentioned in the papers that a machine has been invented that will measure the increase in the size in the growth of a moth's whiskers. Such a machine will be of value in measuring some of the incomes for tax purposes.

—o—

There has been a lot of check and double check in this State and elsewhere, following recent bank failures. It is quite disconcerting to get checks back marked, "No funds," but when they come back marked, "No bank," it is disastrous.

—o—

A man in Chicago has sued for divorce on the grounds that he had to kiss his mother-in-law. Time and again I have thought the poor, worked-to-a-frazzle mother-in-law joke was dead, and then it bobs up fresh as life and twice as natural. Is there no hope?

—o—

The actor who years ago played dear, sweet, darling little Lord Fauntleroy has been arrested for stabbing a woman with a knife. Ah, how sweet little Lord Fauntleroy was with his velveteen suit and the big sash tied around his waist, and his long curls and the loving way he called his mamma "dearest." Every time I saw him in the old days when the

women all around me were weeping scalding tears and saying, "Isn't he sweet," I used to just yearn to take him across my knee and spank him an hour by the watch. Maybe it would have been better if I had.

—o—

It is high time that this country found out if Smedley Butler said anything "in absolute confidence," which was not "to be told outside of this room" at his banquet speech in South Bend, Ind., recently. People to whom a thing has been told in absolute confidence and strictly enjoined not to tell it usually begin broadcasting within a couple of hours, or a day or two, at most.

—o—

It cannot be denied that happiness may be increased, and unhappiness decreased, by taking thought, for each of these conditions is "a state of man and mind." Somewhere in the great Guide to Happiness, the Bible, is a statement that "as a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." Whether this applies to all men I am not prepared to say, but the inference is that it does. So, happiness may be cultivated, and also unhappiness. I have found that contemplation of the blessings I enjoy makes me thankful for them, and brings me near to happiness, while centering my thoughts on my misfortunes and troubles has the opposite result. Discontent is easily aroused. And so, perhaps, is content when one goes about cultivating it in the right way. As W. G. Sibley—a man I greatly admire—says. Optimism puts a man in good spirits. Pessimism depresses him. The first makes him cheerful, the last makes him miserable. When we compare our condition with what it might be, and put the emphasis on the desireable things we have, we may find much to be grateful for and to yield us comfort. It is a good thing to be alive, in good health, to have a job, a roof to protect us, and a reason to look forward to a pleasant future. When we have these we ought to be happy. Good behavior is the finest happiness insurance—good behavior in the home and on the job, willing to earn the happiness we want. We are all inclined to expect happiness from increasing possessions. Very well, if with them we meet honestly the obligations they impose on us. But the man who dwells on gloomy things and the reverses that may come in the future, will never be happy.

"Go, break to the needy sweet charity's bread,
For giving is living," the angels said.
"And must I be giving again and again?"
My peevish and pitiless answer ran.
"Oh, no," said the angel, his glance pierced me through,
Just give till the Master stops giving to you."

IMPORTANCE OF ADEQUATE LIBRARY FACILTIES FOR ELEMENTARY GRADES

By S. S. Hawfield, Supt. Public Schools—Cabarrus County

As a rule it is comparatively easy to inlist the enthusiastic support of the public in the need of a well equipped libraries for high schools and colleges. Too often, however, there is a conspicuous indifference to the need for adequate libraries for the elementary department of our public schools. That this policy lacks in consistency, is readily apparent, when one realizes that the habits and attitudes developed in the grades are basic to all that follows later. Let us recognize that if we train the children in their early school life to make extensive use of the library facilities, they will naturally follow their training later in life.

In order to comprehend clearly the place of a well equipped library in the grades, it is first necessary to establish the general aims and objective of instruction in the grades. There is probably common agreement that it is the function of instruction here to provide for command of the fundamental processes, such as reading, writing, arithmetical computations, and oral written expression. However, there is much that is required of public schools that is over and beyond this. Dr. Ellwood P. Cubberley in his writings states is thus:

"The real purpose in education is to train young people how to analyze a problem and find out things for themselves; to form in them good working habits; to show them how to concentrate attention and to study effectively and independently; to teach them how to gather facts and marshall them and to form a conclusion; and to awaken in them motives for work beyond what the school requires."

Every one admires grately the pupil who is able in a question and answer situation to answer perfectly fact questions, but how much more does everyone exalt the pupil who can go beyond the general requirements and by doing a piece of research work, discover for himself and the class additional information. How he rejoices in the opportunity to present his findings to the group! What is happening in the life of a pupil who goes through this process? First, he is learning to not be content with the knowledge that is found in a single text, and he is thereby cultivating the attitude of doing research work. Second, he is learning to stand before the group and make an intelligent report of his findings, thereby developing the ability to think while standing before an audience. Third, he is developing the spirit of self-reliance and initiative.

A canvass of the high school and the adult population in almost any community generally reveals the fact that few people read extensively. We wonder why. The most powerful reason, no doubt, is that there was little opportunity for developing a taste for good literature in early childhood. Every elementary school needs an abundance of good literature and reference books. The teachers should be urged to direct

the reading of their pupils from day to day. This means every teacher in the school should be familiar with the books in the library. Wherever she finds a pupil who has a taste for reading books, she should be able to guide this pupil, and wherever it is found that a pupil has no developed taste for good literature, the teacher should be able to tactfully arouse such an interest. Too much importance cannot be attached to the need of adequate library facilities for the elementary grades.

THE HOOVER CABINET OF 1931

State—Henry Lewis Stimson of New York.
Treasury—Andrew William Mellon of Pennsylvania.
War—Patrick Jay Hurley of Oalahoma.
Justice—William DeWitt Mitchell of Minnesota.
Post Office—Walter Folger Brown of Ohio.
Navy—Charles Francis Adams of Massachusetts.
Interior—Ray Lyman Wilber of California.
Agriculture—Arthur Mastick Hyde of Missouri.
Commerce—Robert Patterson Lamont of Illinois.
Labor—William Nuckles Doak of Virginia.
U. S. Ambassadors today (all appointed by President Hoover):
Cuba—Harry Frank Guggenheim.
France—Walter Evans Edge.
Germany—Frederic Moseley Sackett.
Great Britain—Charles Gates Dawes.
Italy—John Work Garrett.
Japan—William Cameron Forbes.
Mexico—Joshua Reuben Clark Jr.
Peru—Fred Morris Dearing.
Poland—John North Willys.
Spain—Irwin Boyle Laughlin.
Miscellaneous appointments by President Hoover:
Chief Justice of U. S.—Charles Evans Hughs.
Associate Justice of the Supreme Court—Owen Josephus Roberts.
Tariff Commission Chairman—Henry Prather Fletcher.
Solicitor General of the U. S.—Thomas Day Thacher.
Civil Service Commission President—Thomas Edward Campbell.
Chief of Staff, U. S. A.—General Douglas MacArthur.
Chief of Naval Operations—Admiral William Veazil Pratt.
Governor of the Federal Reserve Board—Eugene Meyer Jr.

CHILD WELFARE IS OF STATE-WIDE INTEREST

By Mrs. W. T. Bost, Commissioner of Public Welfare

When the General Assembly of North Carolina adjourns sine die there will be much concern on the part of large groups of citizens as to how the children of the State have fared, Wide interest in measures concerned with the welfare of children has been grately stimulated as a result of the White House Conference on Child Health and Protection, held in Washington last November. The ultimate goal of that Conference, as so aptly described, was the adoption of this new mechanical civilization to the many sided needs of the new generation.

Never before has there been so much interest manifested in a program of child welfare. Many feel that conservation and development of child life should be the State's supreme concern. In his message to the Legislature our Governor came out strongly in favor of raising the educational requirements for children in industry between the ages of 14 and 16 years from completion of the 4th grade to completion of the 6th grade. He would also prohibit night work for women under 18 years of age in industry and he favors giving equal educational opportunity to all children of North Carolina through an eight months school term if it can be provided at a less expense than that of the present system

The North Carolina Merchants Association at its last annual convention at Whightsville Beach in June went on record as endorsing the establishments of an 8 hour day and a 48 hour week for children under 16 years; the requirement that children between 14 and 16 years complete the 6th grade before leaving school to go to work; and forbidding the employment of children in certain dangerous occupations. The Cotton Manufactures Association of the State commends the principle of prohibiting the employment of any person under the age of 18 years in any industry now enumerated in our labor laws between the hours 9 p. m. and 6 a. m. though there are those who favor exemption of certain occupations.

Most of these measures are on the program of the Legislative Council of North Carolina Women. The 8 hour day and attainment as well as age for children under 16 years of age were advocated by the North Carolina Conference for Social Service as far back as 1914, and have been sponsored by the Legislative Council since 1924, which shows they are well seasoned. These measures are on the legislative program of the N. C. Parent-Teachers Association.

Proponents of these measures declare tha economically they are sound since no additional outlay of money is needed and the sixth grade attainment clause as proposed will aid in the enforcement of our present compulsory school law. They say they are timely in view of the fact that unemployment of men and women and overproduction are two of North Carolina's most serious problems.

"Give the work to the adult," is the urge. "Release the young child for school or shorten his working day."

Even the least redically inclined folk must admit that the measures are conservative for these goals have already been attained in one or more respects in from 38 to 47 states. It may be interesting also to note that the standards of protection for employed children advocated by the National Association of Manufacturers are still higher in some respects than our laws would be with these goals added. Then again the argument is brought forth that the physical mental, social, and psychological welfare of the child calls for their enactment. "The, result of long hours close confinement, and especially night work required by young people during the period of adolescence, must ever be impaired health and fewer years of productive labor," one of the health officials of the state has declared.

From another angle is manifested considerable interest in child welfare through strong advocacy of the Mothers' Aid fund. Cooperating with the State Board of Charities and Public Welfare in their efforts to secure a fund sufficient to meet the needs of all worthy, eligible mothers who would keep their homes intact and their children with them are the American Legion and Auxiliary of North Carolina through their Child Welfare Department; the Legislative Council of North Carolina Women, several of the church groups, the North Carolina Conference for Social Service, the North Carolina Orphanage Association and various other bodies.

During the past biennial period more than 600 worthy mothers have been enabled, through aid received from the State, to keep their homes from being broken up. Otherwise those children would have been separated, sent to institutions or forster homes and been denied a mother's care. The Governor and Advisory Budget Commission have recommended an additional $5,000 for boarding home care in a total fund of $55,000 recommended for each year of the biennial period. The boarding home fund is designated to take care of a group of so-called "unplaceable" children who are State wards for whom no provision has heretofore been made.

An effort will be made to have the State take over the North Carolina Industrial School for Negro Girls at Efland. Thus would be completed a four square program for taking care of the State's delinquent youth.

The General Assembly will be asked to continue appropriations to the Orthopedic Hospital at Gastonia for children and orthopedic clinics, to the North Carolina School for Deaf at Morgaton, the State Schools for the Deaf and Blind in Raleigh, the correctional institutions, etc. Again I recall that one of the splendid things that grew out of the White House Conference was recognition of the fact that the physically, mentally and socially handicapped child is no longer to be regarded as a liability, but as a potential asset. Such children possess aptitudes and abilities which, if developed through a constructive program, will enable them to carry wholly or in part their own social and economic weight.

The action of the State Legislature in session this year in dealing

with measures relating to the welfare of youth of the country will serve as a sort of barometer in measuring the good that is to come out of the White House Conference. We believe that the clock has been set forward for American children and we believe that the legislation enacted in these 32 states this year will reflect the progressive spirit of that Conference. North Carolina, we predict, will be in the foreground of those states to pass laws concerned with the distinctly human values of our State government, and particularly those relating to the welfare of the child.

MARCH

In these March days when neighbors meet,
They scarce have time to kindly greet.
The first word when they come together:
"Well, did you ever see such weather?"
And if the weather should lose out,
What would the people talk about?
And, anyway, it's all first-rate
If we can but appreciate.
"Variety is the spice of life,"
And even March is not all strife—

It moans and laughs and scowls and smiles,
And charms our souls with mystic wiles.
Since people are of different minds,
The weather man must give all kinds,
For some are young and some are old,
Some are warm and some are cold,
And some who like to grumble, though
Be it sunshine or be it snow.
Three months from now, on bended knees,
We'll beg a whiff of March's breeze.
Why not enjoy it while 'tis here?
It only comes just once a year.—Selected.

GEESE AS HOE HANDS

By B. L. Moss, in Progressive Farmer

Four years' experience with geese as hoe hands in cotton fields, 1927, 1928, 1929 and 1930, has convinced me beyond doubt that they are both valuable and dependable for this work. So much so, that with them I have been able to increase by an average of 50 per cent the acreage worked per family and per plow, with a corresponding increase in yields per family unit.

Unquestionably, one of the weaknesses of cotton growing in the Central South and Southeast has been, and is, the small acreage per worker, with consequent low returns and low living standards for the average family. In large part, this is of course due to the "lay" of our lands, so to speak. That is, so much of our land is rolling or hilly, and so cut up into small fields, that the use of cultivators and other machinery as used in Texas and Oklahoma has been difficult or well-nigh impossible. The result has been seen in yields of five to ten bales of cotton per family unit. Such a farmer has indeed a hard time competing with the grower in West Texas or Oklahoma, who, with an equal labor force, handles 80 to 100 acres, getting 20 to 30 bales, on an average.

Geese, two-mule cultivators, and liberal fertilization, I am certain, afford us a sure means of successfully competing with growers in the Southwest. We cannot expect to handle as large acreage as they can, but geese and cultivators will enable us very materially to increase the acreage per family unit, and the wise use of fertilizers will enable us to grately increase per acre yields. By the employment of these means, I personally have no fear of competition from Western growers, and feel that I can stay in the game as long as they.

We who grow cotton know that hoeing is the biggest single labor item in making the crop. We know, also, that crabgrass is the great arch enemy in our cotton fields. Well, crabgrass is meat for the lowly gosse and on an average one per acre will keep it in subjection.

It may interest Progressive Farmer and Southern Ruralist readers to know that on my farms we are now using 500 to 700 head of geese, practically every tenant using them. I have each man own the geese he uses, and he keeps them and looks after them the year round. Where crabgrass as exceptionally bad, and in a wet season, two geese per acre may be necessary to hold it in subjection; under average conditions, one goose per acre is enough; and where geese have been run in previous years and little or no grass has made seed, one goose to two acres will do the work.

In farming with geese, the first essential, naturally, is getting the geese. This we do by sending a man with a truck on a 25, 50 or 75-mile tour, as may be necessary, picking up the geese where he can. Prices in previous years have run from $1.00 to $1.50 a head, but seem to be lower this season. Each tenant furnished geese in this way is charged with

them, to be paid for in the fall. He feeds them, and gets the value of the increase. In other words, they are his.

The next essential is a goose-tight fence, for geese are found not only of crabgrass, but of nearly every field crop that grows, except cotton and strawberries, neither of which they will eat. Most of our goose-tight fences are made of 32-inch woven net wire at the bottom, with out or two strands of barb wire above. This will hold them unless they begin flying, in which case the best thing to do is to clip closely the feathers of one wing.

In fencing fields, it is best to include only one man's cotton crop in the inclosure, so that the geese will not have to roam too far, and so they will work only in the cotton of the owner. However, this is not always practicable, and in some cases we must have two or three men's crops in one enclosure. When this is the case, each tenant should feed and water his geese at some point in his particular crop, so they will work where they should.

We find it quite important in building fences to exclude from the fields everything except cultivated land. Water holes, branches, creeks, thickets, and brier patches should be left out or cleaned up, for geese like to stay in such places during the warm May and June days to the neglect of their work in the cotton fields. For shade, a brush arbor at their watering place is sufficient. Plenty of water should be provided. For this purpose, a five-gallon lard can or an old-fashioned washpot, sunk in the ground to within a few inches of the top, is useful. It is well to cover the top of this vessel with net wire fencing, so that the geese may drink from it but not bathe in it. A water hole is not at all necessary for them to play in, and when they have such a place, they are sure to spend too much time around it.

How much and what sort of feed do geese need, is a question often asked. For grown geese, shelled corn is probably the best of all feeds, and they are very fond of it. Under our conditions, I find that about three ounces of corn each day, along with what grass and other pickings they can get, will keep them in good condition. This figures about a bushel of corn per year per goose, which is low pay for such an excellent hoe hand. In May and June, when geese are doing their best work in the fields, they should have their corn each night, as some grain seems to be needed for them to work best, no matter how much grass they are getting. After the crop is made, from August on until November, we feed them little or none.

Leave drink alone, absolutely!..He who drinks is deliberately disqualifying himself for advancement...Personally I refuse to take such a risk I do not drink.—William H. Taft.

A TORCH FLICKERS OUT

(Greensboro Daily News)

The torch which Joseph Pulitzer raised on high has flickered out.

The New York World, after floundering on the financial rocks for the past five years, is no more. Many reasons may be advanced for failure of what was long conceded to be the outstanding exponent of independence in American journalism. True, in more recent years it had no such man as the great editor who established it, Frank Cobb or Don Seitz at the helm. But it has ever stood for justice, for liberalism as differentiated from radicalism. There have been larger papers; there have been papers which carried more news. But in the exhibition of craftmanship, the manifestation of humanism, the encouragement of individual ability, and the condemnation of hypocrisy and corruption, it has been without peer.

And now, as reward for its long period of yoeman service, its battle against Tammany, its exposition of liberalism, its singing of democracy, its campaign against the Ku Klux Klan and its other exposes in the name of justice, the World loses its identity. The great Morning World is to be discontinued and the Evening World has been merged with the more sprightly Telegram of a chain organization, which for all its merits, must necessarily bury identity and miss the torch which its founder passed down for those who proved incapable of carring on.

There can be not doubt that New York and the nation need a newspaper such as Mr. Pulitzer epitomized in a box that ever adorned the top of the World's editorial column: "An institution that should always fight for progress and reform, never tolerate injustice or corruption, always fight demagogues of all parties never belong to any party, always oppose privileged classes and public plunderers, never lack sympathy with the poor, always remain devoted to the public welfare, never be satisfied with merely printing news, always be drastically independent, never be afraid to attack wrong, whether by predatory plutocracy or predatory poverty." The employes of the World ever sought to maintain that standard. Their loyalty was never more strikingly shown them by their efforts to carry on. The esprit de corps was shared by members of the profession generally as evidenced by the spontaneity with which they rallied to the movement, all too futile to preserve the entity of the Pulitzer institution.

The New York World—perhaps it did neglect the utilitarian side—richly deserves to be more than a tradition or a memory. The dream-child of Joseph Pulitzer, its creator unable to direct it from the grave, is no more; but its idealism leaves a gleam which newspapermen acuated by high motives, a spirit of justice, a vein of liberalism and the courage of independence will ever follow in the public service. The World is dead; long live the World.

THE LESSON OF THE MIRROR

By Caroline Young

Nelle Wayne stared unseeingly from the car window as the long rows of stores and shops sped by. So engrossed was she by her thoughts that she did not notice a woman who paused tentatively and glanced at the vacant seat beside Nelle.

Becoming aware at last of the fact that someone was there, she glanced around, but by that time the woman, her arms full of parcels, was moving toward another seat. Nelle gave a sigh of relief.

"I'm glad she didn't ask to sit here," ran her thoughts. 'I just don't want to be bothered by some tiresome person sharing my seat. I want to be alone."

But that was not what Nelle really wanted. She was already too much alone—and too lonely! Homesick and desperately solitary in a great city! Nelle was a failure; she knew it now for certain. All her life she had been lonely, or at least all of her life that she could remember. She had been shunted back and forth among elderly relatives, for she was an orphan.

Aunt Marcia—that was the last relative who had charge of Nelle, had gone on a long visit to a brother in the West, and Nelle had come to the city to earn her own way. She was nineteen.

Her work was not so bad. She kept books in a queer little old antique shop, but she was lonely there, too. She was the only employee, and all day the proprietor pottered about among his stock, humming softly to himself.

"It's just no use," reflected Nelle as the car turned on Twenty-fifth Street. "I can't be any different, and nobody cares to be nice to me. I believe everybody in this whole great city has friends and acquaintance except me. And those with whom I do have a passing acquaintance don't seem to care about me. I am an extra, I guess, and it would be better for me if I had never been born."

At Parmlee Avenue she left the car and started for her rooming-house, which was some two blocks from the car line. A little boy was flying a kite near the walk as she passed. The kite ascended to a great height, and the child's eyes were full of pride and delight as he glanced at Nelle in an anticipatory manner.

But Nelle did not gaze up at the kite and exclaim over the little boy's skill. She did not even smile at him, as did most of the passersby. She did not seem to notice him at all, and he began pulling his kite down, the eager expression in his eyes giving way to a business-like interest in his task.

"Heh, heh! Where did you get your string, I'd like to know? You ought to have seen me fly a kite when I was a young lad—but I never had so much string."

Nelle half turned as the high-pitched voice of an aged man uttered these words. She observed without giving particular heed to the occurrence that a white-beard old gentleman had paused near the child, and was watching the decent of the kite.

"I didn't have a very long string, either, but a nice man gave me a great, long one this afternoon. He was an awful nice man—"

Nelle hurried on. The child with his kite, and the old man with his apparent interest in the youthful pastime held no meaning for her.

A carefree little boy who had nothing to do all day but fly kites play with marbles, and a feeble, white haired old man, probably in his dotage, were nothing to her nor she to them.

As she stepped upon the porch of the rooming-house, a huge collie raised his head and peered at her with great hazel eyes. Nell had never seen the dog before, and it did not even occur to her to wonder whose it was. She did not go over to the corner to pat the dog on the head, because she did not think of it. She had not owned a dog in her childhood, and none of the elderly relatives had harbored dogs.

The collie's alert ears dropped, and Nelle went on into the house. In the hall she met a young man in khaki working clothes. He had a bottle of milk in one hand and a tin can in the other, and he glanced toward Nelle with somewhat of a mournful expression in his eyes.

But Nelle did not observe that he had looked at her. He was nothing to her, of course. She hardly saw him as she hastened straight to her room and opened the door.

She switched on the light, for her little room was never anything but dark. It was quite a nice room, but rooming-house in the city are not usually arranged to have good natural lighting in all rooms. Aunt Marcia would have called Nelle's room a "stuffy little hole."

"Here," Nelle remarked to herself bitterly, as she gazed about the room, "is where I must spend this evening, and tomorrow evening, and the next, and the next, for nobody knows how many years. All all alone! A cheerful prospect lies before me!"

Nelle cried a little—not much. She had wept for loneliness so many times that she got mostly out of the habit of it. It was so useless; she had found that out each time she had been transferred to the custody of a different relative.

Nelle had bought the evening paper, and having nothing else to do, she read it in a disinterested, detached manner. It seemed almost unreal to her as she went rapidly through the columns. Why all this excitement because some rich woman had made a big donation to the Children's Home? And the society column — who cared if Miss Bess Dillon had a gorgeous dinner party?

"Rot! Foolishness!" muttered Nelle as last, tossing the sheet aside. "I don't care what people do, and they don't care what I do! As long as I have a job and can get along, I'll just go my way and manage my own affairs and not pay any attention to anybody else. No one pays any attention to me."

There was a hard and bitter look on Nelle's young face next morning as she entered the cafeteria where she usually ate her breakfast. She stopped to straighten her hat at the full-lenght mirror just within the door, and something about the face that gazed back at her caused her to turn hurriedly away. It was certainly not an attractive face not-

remarked in high good humor as he seated himself. "I reckon you don't mind."

"Of course not," murmured Nelle politely.

"Did you see me act a dunce in front of that looking-glass?" he inquired as he put on his spectacles. "You see I'm kind of near-sighted, and I'll declare if I didn't think that an old fellow was coming to the door just as I got in. And when I grinned at him, he grinned back for all he was worth! Heh! heh!"

And Nelle was startled to find herself laughing heartily with the funny old man. It was strange how good the hot waffles tasted, after that moment of merriment. The coffee was delicious, and Nelle did not mind that the old man poured his into the saucer, drinking it with noisy relish. A woman at the next table smiled. The day before, Nelle would have resented the smile, thinking that the woman was making fun, but this morning she merely smiled back, and was amazed to see the woman wink distinctly in a friendly fashion as if to say: "Isn't he an old darling."

Nelle hummed one of Aunt Marcias' familiar old tunes as she entered the queer old antique shop, and the proprietor looked pleasanter than she had ever seen him look before.

"Miss Wayne, come here and see the highboy I annexed this morning," he said. "It's a period piece, and a beauty."

"Indeed it is handsome," agreed Nelle, trying for the first time to understand her employer's interest in what she had heretofore considered shabby old furniture. "The wood is beautifully marked."

withstanding that it was youthful and soft and potentially pretty. That bitter expression spoiled it altogether.

The place was crowded, but Nelle found a table all to herself. She hoped no one would ask to share it, but the vacant places were being filled up rapidly.

The door opened to admit another patron, and there was a sharp tap-tap of a cane. An old man with a white beard was entering the room.

"Good morning sir! Are you going out?" He had paused almost in the doorway and was holding the door open politely as he gazed in a friendly way ahead.

Nelle started at him wonderingly as he smiled broadly and continued to hold the door open.

"Whom is he talking to?" she thought to herself. "There isn't a soul near him!"

A puzzled look superseded the old man's smile, and he seemed bewildered. He lifted his cane and twirled, all the while gazing fixedly into—the mirror just within the door!

"Why, the silly old thing!" Nelle exclaimed inwardly. "He thinks it's another old man, and he's just looking at himself in the mirror! He certainly is childish. Where have I seen him before, I wonder? Oh, yes! He was watching that little boy fly the kite yesterday."

The old man had at last comprehended the situation, and with a furtive glance about the room to see if anyone had noticed his error, he closed the door, and with a twinkling grimace into the mirror, walked straight toward Nelle's table.

"I guess I'll sit here and eat breakfast with you, young lady," he

Later in the day, her employer left the shop to transact some business, and Nelle had to leave her desk to wait upon a customer, a prettily dressed young lady with a rich blue suede purse.

"I want something for my mother, who is wild about antiques. I don't know much about such things, and I hope you will help me." She was sweet and pleasant in manner, and Nelle promised to do her best.

"It is so nice to have you here," remarked the girl, after she had decided upon a little tabouret. "Lots of people think Mr. Dorr isn't as—well, you know, sociable and friendly as he might be. I know it's because he's just busy and engrossed in his work, but of course I'd rather have someone like you to help me find things."

She reached in her blue purse and drew out a check book. Nelle glanced at the name on the check which the girl extended to her, Mr. Dorr had instructed her always to do, and thanked the customer in a gracious manner.

"So that was Bess Dillon, the girl who gave the gorgeous dinner party! She is a lovely girl, and I like her. I wonder why she said such nice things to me, though? I didn't suppose I was a very good clerk, but I'm surely going to try to live up to her opinion.

Evening came once more, and Nelle was again on her way home. A tired school-girl with a half-dozen books strapped together, hesitated as she came to the vacant seat beside Nelle, and Nelle smiled as she bade her sit down.

She learned in the brief fifteen minutes that the girl was her companion, that she attended high school and worked downtown to pay her expenses. She had not lived in the city long, either, and when she rose to depart, she said to Nelle:

"I'm so glad to have met you. I don't know very many people here, and it's nice to have someone act friendly."

"Well, I guess I'm not quite the only lonely one," thought Nelle.

When Nelle left the car and walked toward her rooming-house, she saw the little boy again playing near the walk. He was not flying a kite today, but was rolling marbles.

'Hello!" Nelle greeted his smilingly. Did you get your kite down?"

"Oh, yes, I got it, all right," said the boy with a shy little laugh.

"I was afraid it would get tangled up with the moon," said Nelle as she continued her journey.

She was still smiling when she arrived home and found that the collie was lying in the corner of the porch.

And then, because Nelle had learned a great deal that day, she realized that the dog was lonely, too. The eager hazel eyes were fixed upon hers, and the white, pointed ears with their tan-gold spots stood upright.

"Nice doggie,' began Nelle. "Whose nice doggie are you? Are you hungry? Oh, how did you get your pretty white nose cut like that?"

The dog rose and laid his beautiful head fawningly against her dress. He wore no collar, but a name plate was attached to a strong fishcord, exactly like the little boy's kitestring.

The door opened and the khaki clad young man emerged with milk bottle and tin can.

"Oh, is he your dog?" inquired Nelle, stroking the collie's back.

"Yes!" cried the young man eagerly "I guess I oughtn't to try to keep him here, but I'd be so lonesome without him I shouldn't know what to do—and he wouldn't, either!"

"Stop!" exclaimed Nelle, as the young man prepared to poor the milk into the tin can. "You mustn't feed him milk out of that sharp-edged can! I'll bet that's how he got his nose cut."

"I'm afraid it is," admited the young man, "but I haven't anything else to use."

"Just you wait a minute," said Nelle "I'll get a dish—it is a pretty blue one, too."

Aunt Marcia and various other elderly relatives had made donations to Nelle. They had done their best in every way. If Nelle had not had as gay a childhood as some girls, it was simply because the relatives had not understood what she wanted. Nelle came back to the waiting feast with a blue willow vegetable bowl. It matched the plates and cups which Aunt Marcia had given her, but Nelle knew Aunt Marcia wouldn't mind the collie's using the blue bowl, if the situation were explained.

After that ,Nelle, the young man, and the collie became acquainted very fast. Nelle learned that the young man was working with a construction gang and that he was going to college in the autumn to take an engineering course.

"But I don't know what I'll do with the pup," he remarked. "I'm afraid it will be harder to keep him in college than it is in a rooming-house, and that's hard enough."

"I'll keep him for you," said Nelle partly in jest and more in earnest. "Maybe he'll like the rooming-house buy that time."

After the young man had changed from his working clothes into his best suit, he and Nelle took the dog for a stroll. By chance their journey led them to the cafeteria where Nelle had eaten breakfast, and the dog paused and sniffed hungrily.

"I believe he wants a bone," suggested Nelle. "Let's go in and see if we can't get him one."

As the door swung open, the collie started to dash into the shop. He was held back by the restraining hand of his master, but not before he had glimpsed the mirror just within the door.

"Woof! Woof!" he greeted his reflection joyful.

"Bark and the world barks with you," laughed Nelle, but though her laugh was merry, her eyes were serious. "That is a wonderful mirror."

"The best service a book can render you is, not to impart truth, but to make you think it out for yourself."

A MAN'S PART

By L. L. Wightman

Wayne Jessup whirled about in the office chair, and leaped to his feet with an angry gesture.

"Do you mean to tell me that Ivan Ketch came on over the mountain with that truck after I gave him orders not to do so?"

"I don't know what his orders were," the mechanic replied, "but I do know he just drove the truck into the garage, and he sent me here to check his return."

The irate manager of the Jessup Transport Company paced the floor rapidly. "Send him in here immediately," he snapped the order savagely. "I'll see if he is going to disobey my orders."

Three minutes later young Ivan Ketch stepped into the office, carefully closing the door behind him. Jessup awaited him with a cold glare.

"So you came through contrary to orders, eh?"

"Yes, I did," Ivan replied. 'I deemed it best to do so under the circumstances."

"It's time you learned that orders come ahead of circumstances," Jessup stormed. "There was no reason why you should have come over the mountain in that storm after I told you not to."

"There was a reason," Ivan corrected the manager. "I knew the storm would pile the drifts in the mountains, and if I didn't get through tonight, I might be tired up for a week. Knowing I could get here, I came on, and the truck is safe in the garage. All the damage done is to my blistered hands, caused by some shoveling of snow."

If Wayne Jessup had been a man of sound judgment, he would have dropped the matter there, but feeling the importance of his position with his father's company, he could not resist this opportunity of showing his superiority over a mere driver.

"Damage or no damage," he snapped out, "you are supposed to obey orders, and I want you to understand that."

Ivan Ketch was usually mild-natured, but there is a limit to what such a nature will stand. To have a young upstart, whose only business was to sit in the office all day, upbraid because he dared use his own judgment was almost too much. There was fire in his eyes as he replied to the manager.

"And I want you to understand that when I am out on the road I intend to use my own judgment in emergency cases. I'm not a puppet to be ordered about as you see fit. As long as I am working for the interests of the company. I don't why I should be called down like this.

Wayne Jessup paused before Ivan and shook his finger in his face. "You're more than called down," he shouted. 'You're fired for disobeying orders."

Ivan stood speechless for a moment, finding it difficult to restrain his anger. This attitude by the manager was unreasonable and it grated on his sense of right. Nevertheless he checked the hot retort which sprang to his lips, and replied in a

careless, indifferent manner.

"Very well. According to our contract, that gives me one week's notice."

And with this he wheeled and left the office. There was absolutely no use of arguing or even discussing the situation with the manager. Ivan really had no desire to stay with the company under its present management. He had hoped that Wayne Jessup would make a splendid manager, having sufficient ability for the position, but the position of authority had spoiled him and it was becoming exceedingly hard for him to treat the men as human beings.

"To bad to see the business going down after Wayne's father has labored so hard to build it up," Ivan muttered as he left the garage and wended his way homeward. "If something could happen to bring Wayne down to earth, it would be a splendid thing. His father would turn over in his grave if he knew how things were going."

It was just two hours later that Ivan received a telephone call to report at the office on an emergency call. He groweled beneath his breath as he hastened to answer the call, wondering what was in the air now besides the steadily falling snow. Just in from a hard trip, he was in no humor for anything now. Stamping the snow from his feet, he flung the office door open and stepped inside.

"'Well?'" He waited Wayne's explanation of the call.

"The Wakeman bus has not arrived, being three hours overdue. Looks like trouble somewhere. Another one of those bull-headed drivers who doesn't use too much judgment. He should have known better than to leave Wakeman."

'But what do you want of me?'" Ivan inquired.

"We have been asked to locate the bus if we can. You are the only driver available, so I want you to take the truck out. I'm going with you."

Ivan looked surprised. "You mean we are going up the mountain road in this storm?"

"We are going to start in that direction, so that we can say we made the effort," Wayne replied, "but I don't intend to go very far. If that driver is stuck, he can get out the best he can."

"But you know the temperature is dropping rapidly, and the passengers may freeze if forced to spend the night in the mountains."

"That's their hard luck," Wayne snapped. "You get the truck as directed without any more argument."

Ivan took a little extra time to toss a few things in the body of the truck, among them being some shovels. With the motor roaring loudly, he swung through the main street and out into the country, Wayne Jessup by his side.

The night was clear, the storm having ceased, but the wind was picking up steadily. The farther they went toward the mountains, the more difficult their progress became. Only once did Ivan stop and buck the drifts to get through, but he knew what was in store for them when they reached Redwood Pass. He was not mistaken in his anticipations. The moment they entered the pass, the truck struck a huge drift and stopped. Three times Ivan backed up and

plowed into it, but to no avail. There was no way through but to shovel.

"Back up and turn around if you can," commanded Wayne.

"Guess I'll shovel first," Ivan replied, climbing from the cab. "I think we can make it yet."

"I said for you to turn around," Wayne shouted, but Ivan was already after a shovel.

He was just about to grasp one when he saw the truck backing up. With a quick leap he sprang to the cab, and threw open the door.

"What's the idea?" he demanded of the manager, who now occupied the driver's seat.

"I'm going back," Wayne replied. "You can stay and shovel if you desire to."

Boiling over with rage at this attitude which the manager assumed, Ivan reached forth and laid his hand on the manager's wrist. "Just take your hands off that wheel and keep them off,"—there was a deadly menace in the tone of voice he used. "We're not going back and leave people up here to perish in the cold. I know about where to look for that bus, and we're going on. Do you understand that?"

Wayne Jessup was not the man to take defiance of his orders in a light manner. To have one of his drivers defy him in this manner was the worst thing which could happen to his egotism. "Who do you think you are to stand there and—," he never finished the sentence. A powerful hand grasped him by the collar, and a powerful arm dragged him from the seat and dropped him into a big snow drift.

'That's about enough from you," a cool, steady voice said. "Now you grab a shovel and start work. Here—take this one.'

Wayne Jessup saw the shoved land at his feet. With a burst of anger he threw the shovel away from him. The next moment his head was nearly snapped from his sholders as two powerful arms shook him as a terrier shakes a rat. His feet left the earth and he made several rapid spins in the air, landing in the snow along-side the shovel.

"I've told you for the last time to take the shovel and get busy," a voice rang in his dizzy senses. "You may be boss in the office, but I'm boss right now, and you'll play a man's part tonight if you never do again. Snap into it right lively, and do it NOW."

Wayne Jessup quailed before the figure which towered over him. There was a tone in that command which would not brook disobedience, and automatically the manager grasped the shovel and began work.

The wind whipped through the pass with terrific blasts, making the efforts of the men seem puny indeed. Blinding clouds of snow swept by them, filling the tracks they were clearing.

"It's no use," the manager granted, his breath coming in gasps as a result of his labors. "We can't do it."

"Get in the cab," shouted Ivan. There was a roar of the motor as he sent the truck crashing into the drift. Ahead—back—ahead—back! Foot by foot they gained until they were blocked again.

"Shovel!" commander Ivan.

Thirty minutes of hard work followed. Once more the motor roared and with a leap the truck plowed

through to more open road. Ivan glanced at the slouching figure beside him, and a wave of pity swept over him. Hands blistered by the strenuous shoveling, muscles aching until each move brought a groan, completely exhausted by the unusual exertion, the manager presented a dejected figure. No longer was he the lordly boss who gloated over his driver. He was whipped, and whipped completely.

"We'll have some more of it about a mile farther on," Ivan informed him, "but it won't be as bad as that We've got through the worst of it."

Something like a muttered groan was his only reply. The moon had risen and now lighted the heaven and earth. Scurrying clouds, whirling snow, and white-clad landscape was the scene on all sides. The truck plowed on, rounded the last curve before their next drift, and came upon the bus. The driver of the bus was already struggling through the deep snow to meet the two advancing figures.

"Broke down completely," he informed them when he reached them," and it's a good thing you got here. That wind is bitter cold and the passengers are suffering from it. It would sure be fatal to some of them before morning with not a stick of wood for fuel."

"You'll find wood in the back of the truck," Ivan said. "I threw it in there before I started, thinking it might be needed. Build a fire on the lee side of the truck and we'll thaw the passengers out before we start back for town."

Ivan and Wayne continued on to the bus to inform the passengers of their rescue and help them to the fire. As Wayne entered the bus, a gasp escaped him.

"Mother!" he exclaimed. "And Loretta! How does this happen?"

Four arms encircled him as mother and sister greeted him. Ivan had the other passengers on their way before these women finished their explanation, and he was introduced to Wayne's mother and sister.

"We would have perished before morning," the mother declared. "I am so glad Wayne came after me. It was just like my boy to do that, wasn't it? By trying so hard to save others, he saved his mother and sister. Don't you feel proud of him?"

Ivan looked at Wayne, and their eyes met for an instant. "He sure did a man's work tonight," Ivan replied, 'and I'm sure he dosn't regret what it has cost him."

If ever a look of gratitude was conveyed by an expression of eyes, it flashed from Wayne to Ivan at this concealing of a coward's part. Later when the thoroughly warmed passengers were packed in the truck, Wayne found an opportunity to speak to Ivan alone.

"Thanks," was all he could say, his voice chocked with emotion.

"That's all right," Ivan replied, "I'm mum. But if you like playing a man's part, I trust that you will continue it."

Wayne was silent on the return trip, his mind completely contened on what would have resulted if Ivan Ketch had obeyed his orders that night. The longer he thought, the smaller he grew in comparison to the driver. The next morning he called Ivan into the office.

"I've called you here to inform you that I am appointing you man-

ager of this company for an indefinite period,'' he informed the surprised driver. ''You have earned the position.''

Ivan's mouth opened in surprise. ''But—you?''

''I'm taking your place on the truck. I'm buckling into a man's job. Less egotism and pride, and more callouses and practical common sense are some of the things involved. I've come down to earth as a result of last night's experience. Moreover, I want to be the man my mother thinks I am.''

''You don't need to appoint me manager to do that,'' Ivan replied. ''Let me suggest that you make me assistant manager, and we can work this matter out together. That will give you opportunity to get outside the office as much as you desire. Playing a man's part comes from within a man to begin with, so you are on the right track, and I'm sure you will win.''

YOUTH AND AGE

I met a poor old man today:
Some twenty years he'd lived, they say,
But all the beauty and the worth
For him has faded from the earth.
He said with an embittered smile
That nothing more was worth the while.
What to him were tomorrow's ways,
Whose heart was in the yesterdays?

I met a bright young man today.
His brow was lined. His hair was gray.
Full threescore years his eyes had seen,
And yet they were alert and keen.
For him, now moving toward the West,
Life had no less of verve and zest.
The song of joy was on his tongue,
Such spirits are forever young.

—Clarence E. Flynn

HONOR ROLL FOR FEBRUARY

Room No 1

—A—

John Powers, Linwood Dorman, James Davis, David Fountain, Edward Hedrick, Willard Johnson, Graham Bost, Henry Ford Cottle, Fred Crabtree, Phil Gibson, and Dewey Cecil.

—B—

Bill Barkley, Ferrel Connon, Goldstine Dark, John Garrett, Raymond Hinson, James Modlin, Thomas McKee, A. J. Allen, Richard Bailey, Robert Batts, Fern Dunlap, Francis Hart, Burnie Lassiter, Franklin Parrish, Morris Talbert, and Simon Wade.

Room No 2

—A—

James Bundy, Cecil Bailey, Earnest Carter, Howard Fralix, Harry Hill, Dan Monroe, James Medlin, Buck Winkler, Charlie McMillan, Clyde Kivett, June Starling, and Walter Sistar.

—B—

Joe Baughcum, Fred Conner, Garland Moore, Clinton Whitehurst, Wilson Williams, Wendell Haddock, Reid Jackson, Louis Mason, Constanina Meena, Russell Smith, James Talbert, and Sim Sanford.

Room No 3

—A—

Perry Quinn, Henry Smallwood, Thomas Hicks, Charles Marrow, Russell Moore, and Harvey Causey.

—B—

Pinkey Wren, H. W. Rabon, James Battle, and Edward Logan.

Room No 4

—A—

Hiram Boughman, Marshell Hartsell, Garland Hicks, Jim Killam, Alva Littleton, Garland Mangum, and Lytt Talley.

—B—

James Chappell, Zeddie Ellis, Boyce Green, Walter Scott, and Charles Smathers.

Room No 5

—A—

William Rathbone, Linwood Butler, Harvard Winn, David White, Junior Hoyle, Lloyd Wrenn, James Jones, John Flannery, William Handford, Russell Ferris, and Charles Reid Hodgin.

—B—

Lawrence Thompson, James Marsh, Paul Sadler, Parlie Boone, Grady Kennedy, Lee West, Harrison Owen, Haywood Journigan, Howard Faulk, and Pink Chester.

Room No 6

—A—

Alva Griffin, James Allison, J. P. Williamson, James Wall, Tom McCausley, Kester Sutton, William Roberts, Herbert Grant, and John York.

—B—

Melvin Gautier, Vaughan Combs, Idus Wilkin, Lawrence Young, Starling Crews, Bill Pennell, Russell Dorsett, David Avery, Charles Bowman, and Charles Everette.

Room No 7

—A—

Lloyd Causey, Lee Pearce, John Kelley, Lewis Hanner, B. T. Ransome, Jesse McLaughlin, James Kye, Ralph Bradley, Robert Futrel, and William Mills.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Messrs Hudson and Hobby with their group of boys have finished spraying our ten-acre orchard with oil spray.

—o—

For the first time in quite a while we are glad to report that we are free from mumps among our boys at this time.

—o—

Luby Porter, who was paroled recently and it now at his home in Clinton, called on friends at the school last Tuesday.

—o—

There were very few visitors on the campus last Wednesday, the regular visiting day, on account of the snowy weather.

—o—

Thirteen new boys who having spent the usual two weeks in the Receiving Cottage, were transferred to the other cottage homes last Monday.

—o—

The boys are eagerly looking forward to the coming of Easter, when we usually enjoy special services, colored Easter eggs and other festivities of the season.

—o—

Rev. Paul Hardin, Jr. pastor of Forest Hill M. E. Church, Concord, conducted the service in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon, and talked to the boys in his usual interesting manner.

—o—

Mr. Rothgeb, State Engineer, of Raleigh, who visited the Training School last week, for the purpose of inspecting our boilers and the heating system, expressed himself as being well pleassed with that part of our equipment.

—o—

Mr. Shelton, a traveling entertainer, staged a very enjoyable program in the auditorium last Tuesday night. His feats of magic and ventriloquism were very interesting and provided an evening of amusement for our boys that will not soon be forgotten.

—o—

Quite a bit of extra job work has been keeping the boys in the printing department pretty busy during the last week. We have printed and [illegible] bakery order blanks, 10,000 store room order blanks, 500 Uplift letter heads, besides doing a special numbering job.

—o—

Mr. Walker and his group of young florists have just replanted the vacant spots in the privet hedge along the national highway. These replacements were made with plants as large as the ones already growing there and adds greatly to the appearance of the well-trimmed hedge.

—o—

Due to the fact that the heavy snowfall made outside work impossible, the regular weekly motion picture show was held on Wednesday afternoon, thus providing excellent amusement for our boys on what would otherwise have been a very dull afternoon.

—o—

The carpenter shop boys, under the supervision of Mr. Carriker, have been busy putting the last coat of paint on the exterior woodwork of the Cannon Memorial Building. Some of the boys are becoming quite expert

in "pulling the brush" and have done a nice piece of work on this job.

—o—

Upon arising last Wednesday morning we were greeted by the second large snowfall of the season. A covering of eight inches of snow made a beautiful picture as we gazed out over the campus. This was a source of great delight to our smaller boys and most of them were soon engaged in throwing snowballs and making snow men.

—o—

Mr. and Mrs. J. Frank Hart of Monroe, visited their son, Francis, a few weeks ago. While here they generously donated sufficient funds to purchase shades for the Boys' Dining room in Cottage 7. We wish to take this means of expressing our sincere thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Hart, and assure them that their gift is highly appreciated by the residents of Cottage 7.

CHEAPER LIGHT

A lot of people pause now and then to kick about our light bill, not stopping to compare the cost of light now with that of earlier days. In 1817 George Washington's birthday was celebrated at Philadelphia with a great ball. To illuminate the ballroom torches were applied to 2,000 wax candles, which produced 1,000 candlepower for five hours. The cost of that illumination was $150. Today by throwing a switch, the modern ballroom can obtain the same amount of light for fifty cents—one three hundreths of the cost 113 years ago. Isn't there a bare possibility that we have come to take modern improvements so much as a matter of fact that we forget to be thankful for them? There is an old proverb to the effect that we never miss the water until the well runs dry. Maybe in the matter of light we will never be able to fully appreciate our present ones until something comes along to take them away from us, or to force us to go back to the grease candles of our forefather's day.

—Reidsville Review.

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XIX CONCORD, N. C., MARCH 14, 1[illegible] No. 11

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PRAYER AND PRAISE

Every mason in the quarry,
Every builder on the shore;
Every woodsman in the forest,
Every boatman at the oar;
Sawing wood or drawing water,
Splitting stone or cleaving sod;
All the dusty ranks of labor
In the regiment of God.
March together toward His temple;
Do the work His hands prepare.
Faithful toil is holy service,
Honest work is praise and prayer.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

LIFE'S STEWARDSHIP

If I have strength, I owe the service of the strong;
If melody I have, I owe the world a song.
If I can stand when all around my post are falling;
If I can run with speed when needy hearts are calling,
And if my torch can light the dark of any night,
Then, I must pay the debt I owe with living light.

If heaven's grace has dowered me with some rare gift;
If I can lift some load no other's strength can lift;
If I can heal some wound no other hand can heal;
If some great truth the speaking skies to me reveal,
Then, I must go, a broken and a wounded thing,
If to a wounded world my gifts no healing bring.

For any gift God gives to me I cannot pay;
Gifts are most mine when I most give them all away.
God's gifts are like His flowers which show their right to stay
By giving all of their bloom and fragrance away;
Riches are not in gold or land, estates or marts,
The only wealth worth having is found in human hearts.

—Author Unknown

AN EXPERIMENT

New thoughts, new ideas or fine information are always accepted with a degree of great satisfaction, because to keep abreast of the times gives thought to greater things than personal achievements. An egotistical person may attract for awhile, but in the course of conversation this type of

person soon becomes boring and is shunned, but an altruistic person is always engaging because there is profit by contact. The person who looks to the future with the hope of improving conditions never fails to get the attention of an individual or an audience.

Just a few days ago we were delighted and edified while in conversation with Mr. F. H. Claridge, assistant forester, with department of Conservation and Development, while at the Jackson Training School, in interest of planting about 350 Asiatic Chestnut trees, on an acre of ground belonging to the Jackson Training School plant. This same experiment, Mr. Claridge said, was being tried at the State Hospital, Goldsboro, Duke University and State College forest.

It has been a matter of great concern and comment to know that the native chestnut trees of western North Carolina are fast dying out, caused by a blight that has baffled tree scientists the nation wide.

The Asiatic chestnut tree is 'blight-resistant' and is planted with the hope to have a tree of same value to take place of our native chestnut before entirely gone. From the active interest on the part of the foresters of the department of conservation and development, planting the Asiatic chestnut, one conjectures there is more concern as to the future of our native chestnut, caused by the insidious blight, than the general public realizes. This orchard of one acre, at the Jackson Training School, with its Asiatic chestnut trees will be watched with interest. It takes seven or eight years before the fruit of the trees can be enjoyed most abundantly. There are some connected with the school who are interested but will not be present to see if the experiment is a success or not.

The objection of the Training School is to build for the future—by precept and example—not only in citizenship but in the material things.

* * * * * * * * * *

MORE CHARITY NEEDED

Not a sadder refrain has ever been uttered than the words of Gatlin Roberts, one of the eighteen men indicted for bank failure, Asheville, than the words "my soul is sensitive and has been wounded upto death." This expression has been read state wide with the tenderest and sweetest sympathy for the man who in his moments of absolute despair took his own life.

It is too bad that such tragedies have to be recorded in annals of history of North Carolina. The whole scene is pathos, and too many of

them enacted especially during this epoch of financial depression. We are charitable enough to say that some of the men, connected with these big business enterprises, who fail, are fallible and could not see far enough ahead to avoid the pitfalls.

It is impossible to "know that Roberts was not guilty," but the argument in his favor is there was no occasion for the letter he wrote to the people he loved, the citizens of Asheville, it was an expression of his gentle spirit just before entering eternity. Besides, he arose to the height of noble manhood in defending two co-workers, saying "they are clean and good men, who have done nothing wrong"—and like a martyr he died without bringing accusation against any one. "'Tis human to err, to forgive is divine." If under all conditions the Golden Rule was observed, at least till all doubt was removed, there would be more charity practiced, consequently fewer tragedies to record. There are people, with souls so highly sensitive, to have their motives impunged causes pain that not only stings, but crushes soul and body beyond hope. Words rashly spoken have wounded the spirit of many innocent ones and thrown them into the great unknown. It is wisdom to think with deliberation before reaching conclusions, and then count "more than ten" before giving out any view points.

* * * * * * * * * *

THE VALUE OF RAILROADS

The reading of the article in this issue of the Uplift captioned, "imagine the country without railroads" gives a finer appreciation of the part the railroads have played in the progress and development of our country, destined to become the most influential upon earth. It is an accepted fact that the coming of a railroad to an undeveloped community has proven in every instance to be the forerunner of advanced civilization. That fact could be easily emphasized by giving as concrete examples, isolated communities 30 years ago, that have been converted into wide awake communities, with bustling, busy cities, by the building of railroads, making it possible for thousands to become independent, substantial citizens that otherwise would have eked out a miserable existence.

We often fail to appreciate the value of developments in our midst from the fact we are poorly informed, therefore, for that reason we are giving some figures and facts as taken from the Southern News Bulletin, showing the great part the Southern plays in the commercial and industrial life of the South: The Southern Railway system employs 60,000 men and women; has a

$90,000,000 annual pay roll; has 8,300 miles of main track; has 1,300 miles of double track; has 3,300 miles of yard and side track; has 2,250 locomotives; has 78,000 freight cars; has $800,000,000 invested in tracks, yards, shops, buildings, locomotives, cars and other property; serves 2,900 communities in twelve states and the District of Columbia with a population of 40,000,000 people; moves 20,000 loaded freight cars per day; runs 425 passengers trains per day; deposits $800,000 per day in Southern banks; pays out $247,000 per day for wages; pays out $35,000 per day for taxes; contributes $4,000,000 per year to the schools of the South through taxes paid to states, counties, cities and other civil divisions.

This debt due the railroads can never be paid in dollars and cents, but by a clear understanding as to the role the Southern system has taken in blazing the way for a greater South.

* * * * * * * * * *

A HORRIBLE TRAGEDY

The fire that started in Duplin county stackade from an unknown origin, burning eleven prisoners before they could be led safely out, is a horrible affair, and one that will call for the strictest investigation. This fire with its terrible toll by burning eleven prisoners alive no doubt will prove an impetus that will give the State great concern as to the condition of the central State prison in Raleigh. They are prisoners it is true, but should be protected from every suggestion of a casualty that could be avoided by a "stitch in time."

There is no time to discuss economy when the life of human beings is involved, so it is hoped a short-sighted policy of economy will not be adopted by the State, and North Carolina have a prison fire some day similar to that of Columbus, O., last year which took many lives. The Asheville Citizen states:

> The Central Prison at Raleigh is described by the Governor as "unsafe, costly, unsanitary and wholly inadequate." It has been condemned in vigorous language by Governor Gardner's three immediate predecessors. Years ago Governor Bickett declared that "it represents an inexcusable waste." Others have described it as a fire trap. Governor Gardner's insistence that the State should erect a "modern but inexpensive building at the Cary Farm to serve as a centralized unit in our prison system" brings before the Legislature one of the obligations now demanding fulfillment.

Later: Just as forecasted—the fire in prison camp, Duplin county, precipitated the hasty action of members of the General Assembly to provide a

modern fireproof central prison at Carey, near Raleigh. In this new plant proper equipment will be installed to provide employment for idle prisoners. Superintendent Pou's one consuming thought is to keep these prisoners busy, he knows the psychology of a busy mind.

* * * * * * * * * * *

SNOW OF 1931

Much to the surprise of every one on the morning of March the 4th, the whole earth was covered with snow. About eight o'clock the evening prior the moon was shining, before retiring rain was coming down gently, suggestive of the approaching Spring, but within a few hours a striking change in temperature took place and the misty rain turned into a whirling snow. At early dawn the scene was beautiful to behold—the whole earth covered with the fleecy flakes, and the trees festooned with a downy whiteness that challenged any artist to reproduce with paint and brush. It was indeed a white world that greeted an awakening people. It was the prettiest snow of the season.

The snow continued to fall during the early hours of the morning and at first it was forecasted that the storm would possibly rival the "Big Snow" of March 1927, but by eleven o'clock the sun begun to shine and the carpet whiteness passed just about as suddenly as it came. The entire day was one of varying temperature, sunshine, clouds, and later in the day another "skiff" of snow that made pedestrians take to warmer quarters.

* * * * * * * * * * *

SENATOR SIMMONS

Senator F. M. Simmons, recognized as the "giant of the white supremacy" by the people of his native state, after 30 years of colorful service in Congress characterized by battles fought, some won and some lost, doffed his senatorial cap to his worthy successor, Senator Josiah Bailey, last Wednesday, March 4th.

This 77 year old veteran can review his long career of public activities with a degree of satisfaction, feeling that he has rendered a valiant service to the country as a whole. His work in every capacity gives him a place in history that will never be forgotten. May he, in his retired life, realize that sweet peace that comes to every one, who has given his best efforts for his fellowman and the sake of his country.

YORKTOWN SESQUICENTENNIAL BEGINS WASHINGTON BICENTENNIAL

Roxboro Courier

One of the important celebrations which will precede the commemoration of the Two Hundredth Anniversary of George Washington's birth in 1932, will be the Yorktown Sesquicentennial, to be observed in October, 1931, in honor of the 150th anniversary of the surrender of Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown, Va. The sesquicentennial celebration of the British capitulation which virtually ended the Revolutionary War will be an auspicious event in its own right, but since the man who made the victory at Yorktown possible in 1781 is also the one whose birthday is being commemorated next year, the two celebrations are closely associated. The observance of the surrender of Cornwallis therefore may be looked upon as a forerunner of the ten months nation-wide George Washington Bicentennial

When the British troops, commanded by Lord Cornwallis, marched out of Yorktown and laid down their arms after enduring a severe bombardment from the French and American batteries, the Revolutionary War was, to all intents and purposes, over. The American victory over Cornwallis was most decisive, and although there was some desultory fighting after the British capitulation, the Yorktown triumph really ended the war. This important event with its far reaching effects was the result of the foresight, courage and perseverance of George Washington, and to him more than any other man belongs the credit for the American triumph.

Representative S. O. Bland of Virginia, secretary of the United States Yorktown Sesquicentennial Commission, said in a speech before the House of Representatives:

"The crowning event of Washington's military career was the victory which he won at Yorktown. It is proper that the commemoration of Washington's final military achievements which established this Nation shall be of such proportions as to correspond with the celebrations which will commemorate his birth."

For this reason the Congress of the United States created a national commission to prepare a plan and program in commemoration of the seige at Yorktown, and the surrender of Lord Cornwallis. This commission consists of the following members:

From the Senate, Claude A. Swanson, Virginia, Chairman; David A. Reed, of Pennsylvania; Hiram Bingham, of Connecticut; John G. Townsend, of Delaware, and Robert F. Wagner, of New York. From the House of Representatives, Charles R. Crisp of Georgia, vice chairman; Robert L. Bacon, of New York; Roy G. Fitzgerald, of Ohio; George R. Stobbs, of Massachusetts; and Joseph W. Byrns, of Tennessee. Representative Schuyler Otis Bland of Virginia is secretary of the commission.

The program as outlined by this commission will include, in addition

to other provisions to be made later, the making of historical sites; the issuance of special commemorative postage stamps; the preparation of the grounds in the vicinity of Yorktown, and the invitation of all states in the union to participate in the exercises.

The commemorative program will be a four-day event to be held at Yorktown. The feature will be an address by the President of the United States, which will take place on the opening day of the exercises. Among those who will be present on the occasion will be distinguished officials of this and other governments, descendants of those who participated in the seige and many thousands of visitors from all parts of the United States.

With the Yorktown Sesquicentennial Celebration only a few months away the plans for the event are rapidly reaching a conclusion. Like the George Washington Bicentennial Celebration this commemoration is not to be in the form of an exposition. It will not celebrate what Americans can do now, but what our fathers did, to make possible the United States of the Twentieth Century. Its purposes are entirely patriotic and will be in keeping with the event it signifies.

THE ZEST OF LIFE

Let me but live my life from year to year,
  With forward face and unreluctant soul.
  Not hastening to, nor turning from the goal;
Not mourning for the things that disappear
In the dim past, nor holding back in fear
  From what the future veils; but with a whole
  And happy heart, that pays its toll
To youth and age, and travels on with cheer.
So let the way wind up the hill or down,
  Through rough or smooth, the journey will be joy;
  Still seeking what I sought when but a boy,
New friendship, high adventure, and a crown,
  I shall grow old, but never lose life's zest,
  Because the road's last turn will be the best.

—Henry Van Dyke.

OUR NATIONAL ANTHEM

(Lenior News-Topic)

The other day that stirring composition, "The Star Spangled Banner," became the national anthem of the United States. Sounds strange, doesn't it? For these many years you have been believing that "The Star Spangled Banner" was already the national anthem, but you were mistaken. It was only generally regarded as much. But last week Congress, in its last minute rush, passed a bill making it the national song.

From that bloody morning in 1814 at Fort McHenry when the troops of colonial America repulsed the British, Francis S. Key's inspirational piece has been the anthem that led brave soldiers into the heat of battle and led them out again to a victorious reward, but its significance was merely by adoption of the American public. Periodically since that time there have been various attempts to make it or some other song the national anthem but somehow "The Star Spangled Banner" remained first in the thoughts of patriotic America. Its inspiration would never die altrough its tune is ferocious to any but the trained voice.

And possibly that is for the better. If we had a national anthem that could be hummed from every street corner and whistled from every passing vehicle it would have become cheap and tiresome long before this. "The Star Spangled Banner" has lived because the difficult arrangement has reserved it for the ears of the public rather than the voice of the public.

ENROLLMENT AT DUKE

The total enrollment this year at Duke University, including the women's college, medical school, law school, and all specials in any department, is 2,305 students. Of this grand total, says the Chronicle, 1,730 are men students, and all excpet about 100 boys in the engineering school and a few who are living out in town are residing on the new campus. There are 1,314 men in the undergraduate school, while the graduate school represents the next largest figure, having 138 students. Closely following is the school of religion with its 131 ministerial candidates. The law profession has been chosen by 77 men who are now in the Duke law school, while the newly organized school of medicine has 66 students. There are also among the men four special students who do not come under any of the above groupings. The greatest increase in enrollment is in evidence on the women's campus, as there are approximately 225 more girls registered than there were last year. This is due, of, course, to the fact that the girls now occupy their own campus.

SENATOR BAILEY HEARS THE CARDINAL SING

(Morganton News-Herald)

Possibly not all North Corolinians realize that last November when they elected a new man to fill one of the State's two seats in the United States Senate they chose one whose outlook is not confined to a small sphere of activities and interests in life. As intently as he has applied himself to the legal profession and to politics, these have not occupied him to the exclusion of other things. In the following timely article, contributed by Senator-elect J. W. Bailey to the current issue of the Progressive Farmer, we are given an introduction to a nature-lover and at the same time feel the contact with a brilliant mind.—Editor News-Herald.

THE CALL OF THE CARDINAL — By Josiah W. Bailey

February 15-20: When the cardinal's high and joyous call breaks the winter's silence in February, I think of Shelley's line.—"And Spring shall blow her clarion o'er the dreaming earth!"—and go to work on my hooks, lines, and rods, and am cheered to the heart. The winter is not over and gone, but I have token that spring is on the way, that the pageant of color and music, of beauty and fragrance, has begun.

Already the first-breath-of-spring is distilling perfume delicious chalices, and one may discover a dandelion in the grass like a star breaking through clouds. The white-throat trills a wistful winter song. The Japanese quince is about to flame forth, a veritable burning bush, before which one might well take off his shoes. One may catch sight of an adventurous bee. Wrens and bluebirds are calling. Frogs are piping in full chorus in the lowlands.

March 1-10: Tomorrow white butterfles will be dancing upon the kindly air. There is green along the willow boughs hard by swelling streams. And now the robins come in flocks and silent, shortly to pair off and sing their love songs before the break of day and far into the dusk. The dove is sounding his wooing call through the forest. There are violets. One may hope to find the elusive arbutus of remote hillsides. The peach and pear trees blossom, and plums give forth fragrance. On the ridge and along the borders the redbud reminds us. Now crocus and lilacs, pansies, hyacinths, jonquils, and buttercups, tulips, iris, and daffodils.

March 10-25: Suddenly the sassafras and silver maples will be tipped with old gold, and the swamp maples with scarlet. Soon the white oaks will be clad in silver and gray, and the tasseling red oaks and elms in garnet. The aspen also is decked in tassels. New green is on the lawn and the pine tops, studded with gold. Winter lingers in the birches and beeches. The crab apple burgeons and blossoms and intoxicates the moist air. The mockingbird is sing-

ing. The bluebirds is nesting. There are lilies in the meadow and laurel on the hillsides, and azaleas in the thickets. We hear the field sparrow's evensong of praise, an simple and true as the prayer of a little child.

March 25-April 10: Wistaria, woven moonlight, drapery of fairyland, casts a magic spell in yards and gardens. The forests break out in floods of white—it is the dogwood making glad for the return of the sun. Down in the valleys there is woodbine in red, and the amorous jasmine in pure gold filling the air with poignant fragrance. Apple trees take us captive in delicate but irresistible bonds, and the cherry puts on a veil—the bride of the year. The paulonia blows ten thousand purple trumpets.

New-turned furrows apparel the land in color, and the very earth is odorous. The negro plowboy comes over the hill at nightfall yodeling a harmony of peace and content, the original of which is lost in African centuries.

April 1-15: The vireo comes, then the Carolina chickadee. The silent kingbird is once again building his nest above the water, ever watchful of the circling fish hawk. The pewee sounds his plaintive note. The heron takes his eastward flight at dawn and into the sunset's rosy depths at dusk. Blackbirds are chattering in the rushes. The family of warblers arrives. Over the ponds purple martins are dipping. Bob White is signaling to his nesting mate that all is well, else challenging any rival to pitched battle. The bass makes a mighty stir in the shallows. The dolorous whippoorwill is calling under the April moon.

April 20-May 1: The catbird comes with gentle song and at last the scarlet tanager with summer in his throat. The fields are sweet with clover blooms. The blackberry is out in white. The wild locust is festooned here in pure white, and yonder in mauve. Honeysuckle on every roadside breathe forth sweetness and delight. The tall poplars lift aloft their golden nectared cups. The trees are once again in full leaf. And now the roses, gorgeous and in infinite variety—and fairest of them the wild rose, sweet and fragile, an idyl in bloom.

What with these and myriads of others—worm and insects taking wing, beetle and cricket, billowy clouds and bluer skies, purple horizons, lingering sunsets, long twilights incense-breathing morns, sunshine and shadows, blasts and breezes, showers and storms, thunders and silence, and the bow once again in the sky—what shall be said?

All is astir upon the earth, in the air above and the waters beneath. It is the pageant awakening, of return, of revival, of procreation and creation. "Lo, the winter is past, the rain is over, and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; and the time of singing birds is come!"

And the cardinal is prophet, harbinger, and herald thereof, appropriately clad and fittinglly equipped in voice and in spirit. He foreknew it all in February, by signs familiar only to him and duly authenticated; and when others would not give voice to hope, he proclaimed it in courage and joy. The forerunner of the pageant, he will participate in all its progress. He will mate

and build his nest, rear his young and see them go their destined ways; day by day he will flash through every vista, calling and singing from morn till night; he will see the trees bring forth their fruit in season, and the corn in serried socks beneath the harvest moon; he will see the leaves take their passing colors; he will see his feathered fellows go; he will see the roses fall and all the flowers dying, and then be last to say farewell in "his melodious sigh!"

OPPORTUNITY

They do me wrong who say I come no more
  When once I knock and fail to find you in;
For every day I stand outside your door
  And bid you wake, and rise to fight and win.

Wail not for precious chances passed away!
  Weep not for golden ages on the wane.
Each night I burn the records of the day—
  At sunrise every soul is born again!

Dost thou behold thy lost youth all aghast?
  Dost reel from retribution's blow?
Then turn from blotted archives of the past
  And find the future's pages white as snow.

Art thou a mourner? Rouse thee from thy spell;
  Art thou a sinner? Sins may be forgiven;
Each morning gives thee wings to fly from hell,
  Each night a star to guide thy feet to heaven.

Laugh like a boy at splendors that have sped,
  To vanished joys be blind and deaf and dumb;
My judgments seal the dead past with the dead,
  But never bind a moment yet to come.

Though deep in mire, wring not your hands and weep;
  I lend my arm all who say, "I can!"
No shame-faced outcast ever sank so deep,
  But yet might rise again and be a man!

—Walter Malone.

COUNTRY WITHOUT RAILROAD

Parkway Transcript

A correspondent of the Boston Globe, in discussing a recent railroad incident in this vicinity, makes the bold declaration that "the people could get along without the railroads, but the railroads could not get along without the people."

That statement cannot go unchallenged. Because it is manifestly untrue. Where would this country be today but for its network of railroads, which have linked up markets with production as fast as development necessitated either? What is it which has been the advance guard of every pioneer achievement of note in the whole history of American progress What has preceded enterprise wherever that commendable trait has shown its head? The people or the railroad?

When the master mind of the late James J. Hill visioned an empire in the great northwest, with what did he go about achieving his purpose? Did "Jim" Hill harness up a steam shovel, a catterpillar truck or a mule train to span the continent from the Mississippi river to the Pacific? He built a railroad! And every milestone of "Jim" Hill's railroad has blossomed out with a potential city amid the wheat fields of the great northwest.

When the covered wagon and the pony express had reached the limit of frontier resourcefulness, and mankind found itself beleagured on the great American desert, did this country proceed to build ox carts and accept a princely gift of elephants from the King of Siam? We built a railroad!

And ere the echo had died away of the driving of the last golden spike at Promontory which welded the east and west coasts of America with bands of steel, the course of empire had started which was destined to make this nation the most influential people on the earth.

Always the coming of the railroad has been the harbinger of advanced civilization in America. It has peopled our broad acres, built our marvellous cities, carried our gigantic commerce, started the wheels in illimitable mills, fed an ever increasing populace, and contributed more to the prosperity of this nation than any other one known agency.

The debt which this country owes to its numerous railroads, the marvel of the civilized world, can never be reckoned in dollars and cents. In times of national crisis they have carried our regiments, provisioned and accoutred our armies, transported our mails, delivered express and freight, and in no case have they ever fallen down on the job. We could spare a lot of present day encumbrances on the body civic, but the railroads—never.

And now just a personal touch to this engrossing subject. The writer confesses to a profound respect, a consuming love, for that vast body of men commonly known as "railroad men." We have come to know them as a most reliable, dependable, faithful and loyal body of American citizens. We have found communities largely peopled by railroad men to be remarkably prosperous, orderly and inviting. We have found

their homes, churches and schools, and all civic institutions, well sustained, and we have found an atmosphere of neighborliness that is the challenge of brotherhood anywhere.

Fortunate that community whose citizenship is largely made up of railroad men. They own their homes, pay their bills, and form a most substantial, influential unit of the community.

THY NEIGHBOR

Who is thy neighbor? He whom thou
  Hast power to aid or bless;
Whose aching heart or burning brow
  Thy soothing hand may press.

Thy neighbor? 'Tis the fainting poor
  Whose eye with want is dim;
Oh, enter thou his humble door
  With aid and peace for him.

Thy neighbor? He who drinks the cup
  When sorrow drowns the brim;
With words of high sustaining hope
  Go thou and comfort him.

Thy neighbor? 'Tis the weary slave,
  Fettered in mind and limb;
He hath no hope this side the grave;
  Go thou and ransom him.

Thy neighbor? Pass no mourner by;
  Perhaps thou canst redeem
A breaking heart from misery;
  Go share thy lot with him.

—Author Unknown.

THE FIRST MAPLE SUGAR

By Augustus W. Dougherty

An ancient fable relates that, once upon a time, in the long ago, there lived a cunning little Indian lad named Samoset, who, solely by chance, became the first person in America to make pure maple sugar.

The old legend says that little Samoset, who was barely ten years of age, was an expert markman with bow and arrow, and greately enjoyed both fishing and hunting. One bright March day, while out in the forest with his bow and arrows, he happened by chance to spy a red squirrel sitting high up in a tall maple. Eagerly raising his bow, he took careful aim at the crouching rodent and was just about ready to release the bowstring when, to his utter astonishment, the quizzical little animal raised its prim head and commenced to chatter a protest.

"Oh, Samoset! Please don't shoot me," pleaded the quivering squirrel with fear. "I have such a nice message for you. And if you'll drop your bow and arrow this minute I'll tell you what it is. You don't know it, I guess, but this very tree has a lot of sap in it that's good to eat—very good.

The amazed Indian boy threw down his bow and arrow and ran to the tree. With his every ready hatchet he chopped a gash in the trunk near the ground and the sap began to slowly ooze out. He tasted the clear fluid and found it surprisingly sweet and good.

Little Samoset then ran to his mother's wigwam as fast as his nimble feet would carry him. Snatching up a crude kettle, he hurried back and hung it up where it would catch the dripping juice. By and by, when the kettle was filled with sap, he hung it over a fire which he had built. And while lying down to watch it boil he fell asleep.

Hours later Samoset awoke to find the fire had died out, and the sap had all settled into a hard brown mass in the bottom of the vessel. The little fellow carried the kettle with the solid cake in the bottom and gave it to his mother; he insisted that she taste it and see for herself just how good it really was

The legend declares that this was the first sugar ever made from pure maple sap. And ever afterwards, at each spring season, the Indians gathered sap from maple trees and made quantities of brown maple sugar.

Regardless of fables, legend and early traditions, we have ample reason for believing that the American Indians were the first people to recognize the true value of maple sap, and that they taught the first white settlers how to make sugar from it. In those primitive times they would collect the sap in large birch-bark vessels and leave it out in the forest over night to freeze. When morning came they would rashly throw out the ice, which of course took with it a liberal portion of the sweet and fragrant water; then they evaporated the remainder of the sugar water by dropping hot rocks into the vessels.

The red men assigned a certain period on their spring calendar which they named the "sugar-making

moon.'' And, among certain tribes of the American Indians, collecting the sap from sugar trees, and the making of maple sugar at each early spring season, was for long faithful observed as one of their annual religious celebrations.

In early times in this country the settlers of New England were very busy people during sugar-making period. Day and night many of them labored in gathering buckets of maple juice and boiling down the fluid to syrup and sugar, in order to secure full year's supply of the highly esteemed table delicacy.

In the early spring months, when there were warm days and frosty nights, the workers would tap hundreds of trees and catch the flowing sap in buckets, tubs, and even troughs. After having strained the vast collection of juice, they boiled it in huge kettles over a hot fire, and refined it in much the same manner as the ordinary cane sugar is now made. When the sap has been boiled down until most of the water in it had passed off in steam, the remaining portion was maple syrup. By further boiling until the contents became thick, and then cooled, it turned into the finest of maple sugar.

Much maple sugar and syrup is yet made from the sweet juice of sugar maple trees, which still flourish in most of our northern states and in Canada. Sugar making always begins with the upward flow of the crude sap, in February or March, and continues until the buds of the sugar trees begin to swell. After that time the sap changes in character and flows much less freely. Trees about thirty years old are most productive; although some sugar maples that are known to have stood for near a century, are yet yielding a considerable flow of sap at each late winter season.

''Tapping'' the first trees in spring is an interesting process. The operator bores a slanting hole about half an inch in diameter to a depth of two or three inches at a convenient height in the trunk of the tree. Into the tap-hole a metal tubular spout is tightly driven, and immediately below is suspended a bucket. The larger trees are tapped in two or more places in order to secure the sap from all sides. Then when the morning sunshine warms up the earth, the sap, which is as clear as the purest spring water, trickles into each bucket at a rate of some three or four gallons in twenty-four hours. Next comes the boiling and evepoiating processes which make both syrup and the sugar. The syrup comes to us in metal cans, while we buy the sugar in the various shapes of the pots and cups in which it was allowed to cool.

A single maple will yield from two to six pounds of sugar in a season, though the average yield per tree is usually a trifle less than three pounds. One gallon of pure maple syrup should weigh at least eleven pounds, and contains sixty-five per cent sugar and thirty-five per cent water. The yearly output of the United States has been estimated at about thirty-five million pounds.

The common sugar maple, whose bontanic name is Acer saccharum, ranks among the finest of our American forest trees. It is both useful and quite ornamental, always producing a dense foliage, with leaves from three to five inches long and of even grater bredth, which in autumn take

on the most gorgeous colors. Its heavy, hard, strong, tough and close-grained wood, which is a light brown color tinged with red, is capable of a fine polish. Sugar maple wood is much used in interior finishings of buildings, in making furniture, handles of tools, shoelasts, saddle-trees, and flooring; and is often employed in certain parts of ship-building; beside it has a high fuel value. The accidental varieties, such as the curled and bird's-eye maple, which are much rarer, are very highly esteemed and are of special value for the making of fine cabinets.

COMMANDMENTS

To do a little less,
And do it better;
To play a little more,
And find life sweeter;
To neighbor with the folks,
The flowers about us,
And find adventure in
Our little scope;
All this will bring
Content with busy-ness,
A heart to sing
From healthy happiness,
And to us, toilers,
Love and strength and hope.

TRIED BY TEST

By J. Mervyn Hungerford

The clang of a gong, a rush of feet, a lilt of girlish laughter and Radford High swung into action after the Christmas holidays, back for a two week's feverish preparation for the mid-summer examinations.

From the superintendent's office just before school had dismissed for these particular holidays, word had come that no one would be exempt from the January test. This had caused great consternation, especially in the two upper classes.

"Well, Bess Marley, what in the world has come over you?" bubbled Lola Vance as they, together with Nan Leland, three of the school's brightest girls—the three inseparables, as they were laughingly called—scrambl- into Lola's topless and much chalk-scribbled jitney at the close of the day's session.

"She looks like the last rose of summer," laughed Nan, "only she isn't blooming alone, for we are all in the same boat for sure, with these old exams coming on."

"That is just it," replied Bess, soberly. "I'm afraid my drawing account in the bank of knowledge isn't in very good condition this year."

"We should worry!" exclaimed the irrepressible Lola. "Where there's a will there's a way. But, come on, let's cut out this glum stuff and have some fun."

A few quick swerves toward the curb with an instant's stop at each swerve, and the car was full of laughing, bright-eyed girls, which foretold a rollicking time for the next hour or two.

Bess was a few minutes late for the evening meal, yet so customary had this become that only a quizzical glance from father and a kindly one from mother marked anything as unusual. Ten-year-old Grace ate on in silence, but Glen, having just completed his "rabbit" probation period at high and doubtless feeling the growing importance of his opinions, eyed his handsome young sister furtively for some time, resentment rising in his flashing brown eyes.

"Guess you've been out chasing all over town in that old 'hoopy' again?" he finally blurted out.

"When did you become my guardian, Professor Glen?" retorted Bess, airily.

"I should think you would stay at home some of the time and study your lessons. With all these examinations coming, I don't see how you can gad around so much," replied the boy, warmly.

"Perhaps I do not have to dig so hard as some folks, trying to solve a few little, simple problems in algebra," said Bess, and the wicked little stab brought a flush to her brother's face.

How could she help it? The fact that she could get her lessons much quicker than Glen, and if she could get them in half the time, why shouldn't she have the other half?

"Sometimes," the quite voice of her father broke through her medi-

tations, "a little knowledge gained, at the cost of much effort, is of far greater value than much knowledge obtained through little effort."

"But, Father," questioned Bess, "Why I ask, should such a statement be true?"

"Ask some Solomon more wise than I," laughed Mr. Marley. "The fact still remains, however, that in the course of human lives and events, the old adage holds true, that the things we treasure most are those which have cost us the most effort the most labor or the most pain to acquire.

"I sure believe that, Pop," eagerly cried Glen. "I know that in manual training, when you have an extra hard problem to work out and construct, and when you get it completed in good shape, there's something swells up inside of you that makes you feel different from when you finish some easy little job," and his glowing face showed that he realized just what this feeling was.

"That is the personal reward one receives for a difficult task well done," continued Mr. Marley, "and I am often led to believe that strong effort, though failing to accomplish its aim, is more a victory than weak effort that succeeds."

"Perhaps father is right," thought Bess as the dishes were being cleared away, "although I cannot see how extremely hard work can mean so much if it does not accomplish something." And thus her mind began to grope for this new philosophy of life, little dreaming of the great influence it could exert upon a spirit just entering the area of human experience.

"Mother, do you think I spend too much time out with the girls?" she questioned, coming back to the more tangible affairs that made up her existence.

But Mrs. Marley had, in her girlhood days, experienced much of the unpleasant side of life. A large family and hard times, together with such small matters as lack of books and clothes, and the urgent need of help that even small hands could render, brought up memories that were far from pleasing. Had she not said many times and in her heart resolved even more, that her children should have many of the opportunities, and at least some of the pleasure, of which she had been deprived?

"No, my dear," and the fond mother love glowed in her eyes as she looked into the sweet face before her," as long as you do not neglect your studies and have creditable standing in your classes, I am glad for my daughter to enjoy herself with her friends."

It was, therefore, with considerable satisfaction that Bess settled to her books for the evening, for there was a moving picture party on tomorrow night and still another party before the week-end. She must be careful, then, to make the most of the flying minutes now.

She thought of her school. She was one of the most popular girls in the class. Her grades were always good; in fact, she was nearly always exempt. Could she but keep her present standing, there was the glorious prospect ahead of high class honors in her senior year!

She thought of her home. Looking about the room, her heart swelled with joy. Mother, engaged with

some Parent-Teachers' Association work; father, busy with the evening paper, and Glen, dear old Glen, digging away as usual in a hand-to-hand encounter with his algebra, while Grace quietly toiled away on her home work. What a wonderful home she had! How proud her family would be if she could carry off class honors!

"Come along, kids; let's ramble on," called Lola a few days later "Mother is away this afternoon, and we are going down to our house to make fudge and pop corn! Now, how does that strike you?"

"Lead on, fair maid," chorused the other two, and the little, belabled car sprang forward to wind its twisting way through the traffic of the street.

No time was lost in the spacious Vance kitchen, and the candy making was soon under way. Pans clattered, spoons rattled, and above all came the chatter of their eager young voices.

"And just think, girls, tomorrow old Lady Exam steps out in her stiff collar and white shirt-waist to take our measure," giggled Nan as she measured sugar into a pan.

"Won't she find a merry reception committee waitinf for her?" Bess shot back as she struggled with the nuts. "I've been doing some cramming since school took up the first, and it all seems to come back so easy. I was sure scared at first about the test, but I'm telling the world that I am going to sit on top and let her roll."

"My! you must be feeling gay," said Lola. "I do not expect to head the list, but really expect to give a good account of myself."

"That is what we are all going to do," offered Nan.

"About the only thing I do not feel sure about is my Latin," acknowledged Bess, "but if the verbs do not get in my way too thickly, I shall probably be able to wade through."

"Those measly, old verbs are the least of my worries," said Lola with a wide grin, and it was really hard for Bess and Nan to repress a slight feeling of envy, for the entire class well knew what a "wiz" Lola was when it came to Latin.

"I am better at fudge than Latin, any day," declared Nan with a shake of her curly head as she poured a pan of the creamy mixture out to cool.

"Well, any time you get hung up on a Latin snag," and Lola just couldn't keep the chuckle out of her voice, "you can always fall back on your old side partner."

They laughed and talked of the coming tests; they jested and jollied about the thousand and one things dear to a young girl's heart until the arrival of Mrs. Vance, and the hurrying twilight rushed Nan and Bess alway to their own homes.

The day had arrived. The first two tests were finished, and, by comparing notes at the noon hour, the girls decided they would "get by." This was an expression they had come to use habitually, and, to say the least, it was very expressive. Even though some weeks had been exceedingly full of social and other various activities, Bess and her two friends were able to keep their daily recitations up to standard. Many times a few minutes of concentrated study just before the class period

turned the trick. At other times Lola's uncanny Latin translation and two attentive listeners saved hours of dull vocabularies.

"Yes, this junior year has been a glorious one so far," soliloquized Bess that afternoon as she entered the Latin room; "the happy companionship of Lola and Nan, how we have stood by and helped each other with our lessons, and, above all, the good grades we have stacked up to our credit."

She was even generous enough to think of her brother Glen, and to hope thaa he would be able to burrow through his algebra test with at least a passing grade. Poor Glen, he was a hard worker and surely did deserve all his hard-earned grades.

The room became quiet, except for the uneasy shuffle of some student who was evidently having troubles of his own. In front of her sat Lola, the "wiz," writing away at top speed. Bess settled down and glanced over the array of questions, but saw nothing to cause alarm.

She began to write rapidly. As she wrote, however, some unseen hand seemed to hold her back, to be hindering her efforts. It worred her. The self-assurance that usually characterized her recitations and carried her through to many good marks, deserted her. The questions were not difficult, yet it required supreme efforts to assemble her answers. Hastily looking back over them failed to calm her uneasiness, and, although she believed her paper fairly good so far, she could not call forth her old feeling of confidence.

Now for the last and remaining question—a paragraph of translation. Bess read it, she read it again more slowly, and for the third time she carefully considered it. It sounded familiar, but so just out of reach, so elusive; if she could but get a start on the key words, she would be all right, she told herself.

Suddenly came the thought of her brother trudging along through his problems. Had she struggled with this translation as Glen had struggled with his algebra, would she not be able to translate it now? What was it her father had said about the value of much effort and little effort? But had she ever translated this particular paragraph? Swiftly her mind flashed back over the days and events, until dimly, at first, and then brighter as a screen is gradually illuminated, it stood out in her memory in ghastly vividness.

A gay round of pleasures had somehow overshadowed this particular lesson, and it had been neglected until almost the last hour. It was then that gay little Lola stepped in with her wonderful aptitude in tranlation, and under her tutorship in a short time Bess and Nan could repeat the translation very creditably indeed. She even recalled that in class Miss Barnes had called on her to translate, and her ready response had received words of commendation—words that now burned like hot coals on her very soul.

If she failed on this question, what a blight on her record! What would Miss Barnes' her mother, her father, say? Oh, could she but get a start, just something to work from! "Where there's a will there's a way," Bess seemed to hear Lola repeating, and as she thought of this loyal and stanch little friend, she glanced at the figure in front of her.

Lola had just finished her paper, and leaning back in her seat, was reading over her translation.

Again Bess returned to her task. A sudden thrill raced through her body. It seemed as if some unseen hand were juggling those Latin phrase into good English words—ah! the magic words she had been so vainly trying to recall! Had she seen those words on Lola's neatly written page? And had she degraded into a cheat on examination day? No, a thousand times no! And as she argued with herself the rest of the translations unfolded and she could almost hear herself giving this same traslation in class. Then she realized that her wonderful memory had once more come to her rescue, and she hurriedly wrote out the transcript.

Stopping at the bulletin board after leaving the room her attention was attracted ta a notice which was followed by a list of twenty-five or thirty names. She read:

"That this mid-winter examinaaion may be a true and honest indication of the knowledge gained by each individual student, we hereby agree and promise neither to give nor recieve any help of any kind during its progress.

"We also challenge every other student in Radford High to play the game square.

R. H. I. Club."

Breathlessy she scanned the names. Some of the finest boys in school! The best students, the most considerate, the most gentlemanly—why, that list contained the pick of the fellows in Radford High! And down close to the end of a well-known scribble, "Glen Marley!" What did it all metn? What did R. H. I. stand for, anyway? She knew thaa Glen belonged to some sort of a club at school, but never had give it any particular attention. She hurried home. No time or inclination for joy-riding today. Yet, before she reached the door, her very shoes on the sidewalk seemed to be jeering at her, "Memory, but not knowledge!"

That night she cornered Glen.

"What is the R. H. I. Club? Whaa does it stand for? What does it do?" Her questions confused him, for he was one of the club's younger members.

"Well, it's like this, sir," he finally began: "R. H. I. C. stands for Radford High Inspiration Club. I thought you knew all about it, because we meet every week. The idea is to try and get every boy that goes to high school to be just the best student he can, and make the best grades he can. in fact, we don't believe in just 'getting by,' or even in just making good grades, but in making the most of our opportunities and of ourselves," finishing somewhat out of breath with such a long speech extolling the virtues of his beloved club.

"Oh, I see," stammered Bess, taken aback by this sudden unfolding of ideas and ideals of the Inspiraaion Club by its young exponent. "What are some of the things you do?" she questioned further.

"Well, some of the boys coached Billy Brooks after he had been out of school on account of the mumps, until he caught up with his classes again. Ned Logan—he's the senior who is such a debater," explained Glen—"has been helping some of us

fellows who are just starting, and Fred Marsh—say, he can just eat up algebra alive—has been giving me some boosts, and he dosn't simply tell me what to do, but he tells me some of the whys about it, and say,'' he exulted, ''I am beginning to see through it better.''

When Bess went to bed it was not to immediate slumber. What a wonderful thing Glen's club was! But why did Glen need to have someone else help him? Wasn't he her only brother and couldn't she have given him lifts over the hard places? Yes, she admitted, except for the fact that she had been too busy having a good time, or, rather, what she thought was a good time. Then this idea of helping the other fellow be and do the best he could! Why, that was fine! She followed this with another thought: Why had Lola and Nan and she given each other help? The unwelcome truth leaped at her—it was for the sake of a good recitation or a good grade, and not once had there been the inspiration of high, personal ideals. She crawled farther down under the bed clothes.

But that could not still her awakening thoughts. How about this cheating on examinations? What really was cheating? Like the wafting of a magic wand she recalled the incident of the translation test, the manner in which this translation had been achieved some weeks before, and suddenly, like rolling back a great curtain that covered hidden mysteries, Bess understood.

A telephone call at Miss Barnes' home before school time nexa morning surprised the young woman. ''Yes, this is Miss Barnes. Why, I can see you right away, Bess. Come right on,'' and her puzzled look had not vanished when Bess was at the door.

''Miss Barnes,'' she faltered, ''I have just discovered that I am a cheat. I cheated yesterday in the test, and I have been dishonest all this year,'' the dry sobs struggling in her throat.

''Why, Bess,'' soothed Miss Barnes' ''I do not understand. I do not see how you cheated in yesterday's aest, although I did wonder that your paper and Lola's were so very much alike.''

Partly in anguish and partly in relief, Bess sobbed out the details of the entire miserable story as it now appeared to her, using her gift of memory and the intellect of others with which to secure high grades, while her own intelligence had been left behind in the doubtful company of lost opportunities and faults in which she had become entangled.

''And just to think,'' she concluded, ''neither Father's wise counsel nor my little brother's brave example could save me from this crowning disgrace.''

''Oftentimes,'' smiled the teacher, "it takes a hard knock to awaken us fully to the wonderful opportunities that surround us, but I do not consider that your yesterday's paper will be unfair in the least.''

"I feel just as guilty,'' declared Bess, ''as if I had copied that translation from Lola's paper, and if you will give me another test sometime soon, I promise it will be my own work. I never realized just what we were doing, or rather not doing, until I fully understood the appeal and purpose of the Radford High In-

spiration Club."

Thus, with that wonderful courage, inspiration and understanding in her heart, Bess stepped out to meet the remaining days of her life in school.—

THE TALKER

He talked away at break of day,
He talked when he had naught to say.
He talked at home and in the shop,
He talked and simply would not stop.

He talked of politics and crime,
He talked and wasted precious time.
He talked of money and the probs,
He talked of gossips, neighbors, snobs.

He talked as long as one would stay,
He talked his wearied friends away.
He talked for merely talking's sake,
He talked nor any hint would take.

He talked of much he did not know,
He talked for ostentatious show.
He talked and firmly held the floor,
He talked while one walked out the door.

He talked to ventilate his mind,
He talked a tiresome, steady grind.
He talked of health and made it worse,
He talked and made his talk a curse.

He talked of trifles, things inane,
He talked to drive his friends insane.
He talked right on the whole day long,
He talked though he was in the wrong.

He talked nor would he silence keep,
He talked and mumbled in his sleep.
He talked ahead, he caught his breath,
He talked at last himself to death!—Selected

THE BIRD THAT SOLD ITS WINGS

A. D. Belden, in "Stories of the King."

A little boy named Robert once came home from Sunday school looking very glum.

"I wish I had a fortune," he said. "I'd give anything for a fortune." Just then his mother came in and overheard what he said.

"Bobby, my boy," she said, "would you give anything for a fortune? Ah, Bobby," said his mother, "I don't thing you could ever have heard the story of how the skylark sold his wings."

"Oh, Mother, do tell me," said Bobby. And his mother began:

"Once there lived a skylark who was the finest of his race. One day as he flew over a wood he looked down, and there, traveling over the wide road that ran through it, was the strangest little coach ever seen. It was painted black with yellow stripes, and was drawn by six horses as black as pitch. But what interested him most was the fact that he saw striking out of the windows of the coach the tails of some worms, and so he flew down to see what this thing might be, as he drew nearer he heard the coachman calling out: "Three fine, fat, juicy worms for two feathers. Who'll buy?'

"'That's cheap enough,' the skylark thought. 'I'd give anything for worms, especially big ones.' So he nibbled first at one wing and then at the other, and pulled a feather out of each, bought the worms and hurried away into a dark corner to eat them all by himself.

"Next day he saw the coach again and had another treat. And the next day, too, and the day after that, and the day after that. In fact, he grew fonder and fonder of worms. But oh! his wings. Soon he lost a sunward race in which he had always been first. Then he was only able to fly just above the trees, then not even as high as that. At last he could not fly at all, but could only hop about in the undergrowth and he could sing no more because of the darkness and chilliness of the wood from which he could not escape.

"When things got as bad as this, he thought upon a good plan for making them better. He worked hard hunting worms and got a large heap of them by the roadside, and when the coach came along he cried to the coachman: 'Please sir, I have here a lot of worms: how many feathers will you give me for them?' And, would you believe it, that hard-hearted coachman simply answered: 'My business is worms for feathers, not feathers for worms,' and he whipped up his horses and drove away. The poor, foolish little skylark rolled over and died as the result of broken wings and a broken heart.

"When he was found, and the other skylarks saw what had happened they buried him in the wood by the roadside, and over his grave they placed a warning to all other birds, never, never to sell one feather of their wings for worms, or for anything else.

"And, Bobby," his mother continued, "Jesus said, What shall it

profit a man if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?''

Bobby had been following his mother's words carefully. He looked at her when she ceased speaking.

''Mother,'' he said earnestly, ''I think after all I would not give anything for a fortune.''

WASTING TALENT

The tragedy of life is the waste of talent, talent that is stifled because men and women with personality never get waked up so they can use it. They go through life walking machines, doing only what they are told to do by others. They remain slaves because they have never tapped the spring of original intelligent creative work, never realized the power which is in every one of them.—John Mantle Clapp.

CONSOLIDATION OF COUNTIES

(News Letter)

In North Carolina, as in most of the states of the Union, the division of the states into counties was made at a time when physical conditions were radically different from those now obtaining. At that time means of communication were developed and the task of traveling from one point to another was frequently a matter of considerable difficulty. There was every reason, therefore, that the areas for local government should be relatively small. Since then, and especially during the last few years, the road system has been greatly improved and the introduction of the use of the automobile has greatly facilitated movement. It must be evident from this that there no longer exists the same need for the divisions of the state into as many districts as are now represented by the one hundred counties. That a very material economy in the expense of local government could thus be effected by lessening the number of ares must be evident. To quote from the report of the County Government Advisory Commission, 1930:

Unquestionably, the expense of maintaining many departments and activities of county government may be eliminated by consolidation of counties. It is believed possible that in many instances, operations of two or more counties could be carried on at practically the same overhead expense as may now be borne by one Mechanical devices for recording deeds and similar documents, bookkeeping and tax recording machines are a means of economy and efficiency, the initial cost of which would not justify the investment for smaller counties.''

It is our recommendation, therefore, that a careful study be made of

this question of county consilidation, and to this end we are listing below certain specific instances in which, as a result of our study of the situation, it is believed that such a consolidation could be made with advantage. It is more than likely, however, that there are other cases in respect to which conditions would warrant a similar action.

1. Consolidate Cherokee and Clay counties with Murphy as county seat.

2. Consolidate Graham and Swain counties, with Bryson City as county seat.

3. Consolidate Mitchell and Avery counties, with Spruce Pine as county seat.

4. Consolidate Henderson and Polk counties, with Hendersonville as county seat.

5. Consolidate Alexander and Iredell counties, with Statesville as the county seat.

6. Consolidate Stokes and Forsyth counties, with Winston-Salem as the county seat.

7. Consolidate Caswell and Person counties, with Roxboro as the county seat

8. Consolidate Hoke and Cumberland counties, with Fayetteville as the county seat.

9. Consolidate Wilson and Greene counties, with Wilson as the county seat.

10. Consolidate Chowan and Perquimans counties, with Edenton as the county seat.

11. Consolidate Pasquotank, Camden, and Currituck counties, with Elizabeth City as the county seat.

THE MAYFLOWER BLOOMS AGAIN

At last a use has been found for the Mayflower yacht, rejected by the President and unsuccessfully offered to private citizens for purchase. It is to be put into commission again by the Navy Department and sent to the Caribbean for survey duty early next year. This will be the second time the nationally famous vessel has been stationed in the Caribbean, for it served there as a gunboat during the Spanish-American war.

Theodore Roosevelt was the first executive to commandeer the Mayflower as a presidential yacht. For 27 years the vessel held its proud position. Then President Hoover, who had little taste for sailing, decided to dispose of the ship, and it was exiled to the Philadelphia navy yard. It was offered for sale on four different occasions, but the Navy Department rejected all bids because they were too low. In April, 1930, the vessel was classified as "not for sale" and placed on a decommissioned status. Recommissioning work will be accomplished by February, 1931, and the Mayflower will steam forth into familiar waters with her pennant up once more. —Selected.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Mrs and Mrs. William Sherrill, and little daughter of Concord, visited the school Tuesday afternoon.

—o—

Mr. W. M. Crooks, a member of our teaching staff, went to Charlotte last Tuesday for the purpose of having his eyes treated.

—o—

For several weeks past we have been enjoying excellent beef dinners on Sunday. Last Sunday we all enjoyed some fine sausage.

—o—

Mr. Hobby and his youthful tonsorial artists have been improving the appearance of our boys by cutting and trimming hair.

—o—

Several contractors have been spending some time at the school, taking measurements and submitting bids for putting new floors in Cottage No. Four.

—o—

The carpenter shop boys under the supervision of Mr. Carriker, have finished treating the composition floors in the Administration Building.

—o—

Rev. T. W. Fogleman, pastor of McGill Street Baptist Church, Concord, conducted the regular afternoon service in our auditorium last Sunday.

Mr. J. H. Chamberlain and Rev. Mann, of Mooresville, spent last Sunday afternoon at the school. Rev. Mann will conduct the service here on the fifth Sunday in March.

—o—

Clarence Whitten, who was paroled in January 1929, called on us the other day. For the past two years he has been in the Third Cavalry, U. S. Army, and is now stationed at Fort Myer, Virginia.

—o—

The tractor boys have been very much excited for the past ten days over the use of a caterpillar type tractor, brought out by Ritchie Hardware Co., of Concord, for demonstration purposes.

—o—

Mrs. J. Guy Hudson, matron in charge of cottage No. Four, was taken to the Presbyterian Hospital, Charlotte, last Tuesday night. Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Teague are substituting at the cottage during her absence.

—o—

Reid Jackson, one of the youngsters of Rockingham, Cottage, whose arm was broken while playing about two weeks ago, is rapidly recovering and his arm will soon be taken from the splints.

—o—

Our outside forces took advantage of the groundhog weather during the past four weeks and spent consider-

able time in putting gravel on the roads running through our farm land and about the campus, making them passable during the wet weather. We now have good roads that touch each section of our farm land, easily accessible by autos, and will make a pleasant drive when the crops are growing.

—o—

Although the groundhog saw his shadow on February 2nd, which is generally taken as a sign that we are to have six more weeks of winter weather, we thought he was mistaken, and proceeded with our sowing, planting and other spring preparations. Then the groundhog maintained his reputation as a weather prophet and some real winter weather followed. Snow and freezing weather destroyed the young plants, already up and we are now woundering if we will be able to reap anything from our early planting.

A TEACHER'S INFLUENCE

What is more significant in the life of a child than the influence of his teachers. How many citizens of today can name their teachers of yesterday? Do you cherish with equal delight the memory of each of them? What were their qualities and characteristics that made the deepest impressions on you?..If you were to live your life over and be permitted to choose your own teachers, which of them would you prefer to eliminate?

The school as an institution exists for the purpose of making conditions favorable for children to receive instruction from teachers. All its resources and energy should be directed toward that end. Any situation or condition that does not tend to make the work of the class room teachers more effective is subversive and should be corrected immdeiately. This fact makes the selection of teachers the most significant duty of school officials.

Do you know personally the teacher of your child? Does that teacher have the character and capacity to give your child desirable educational direction? —Selected.

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XIX CONCORD, N. C., MARCH 21 [illegible] No. 12

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A GOOD PRESCRIPTION

Don't worry. Don't hurry. "Too-swift" arrives as tardily as "Too-slow." Sleep and rest abundantly. Spend less nervous energy each day than you make. Be cheerful. "A light heart lives long." Think only healthful thoughts. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he. "Seek peace and pursue it." "Work like a man, but don't be worked to death." Avoid passion and excitement; a moment's anger may be fatal. Associate with healthy people; health is contagious as well as disease. Don't carry the whole world on your shoulders, far less the universe; trust the good Lord. Never despair. "Lost hope is a fatal disease." Trust the Master, and go forward.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* . MRS. *J.* P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

ABOUT LEADERSHIP

If you are good for nothing it is highly probable that the world will know it before you are fifty years of age. If you can really do things in any line of work your age will not hurt you. A while ago the Sherman Corporation, a firm of managing engineers of New York, took up the study of the executive management of 100 large corporations. Two men out of a group of 100 were between thirty and forty, thirteen of the men were between forty and fifty, thirty-four were between fifty and sixty, while thirty-five were between sixty and seventy; fourteen men were between seventy and eighty; two were more than eighty years of age. This is no particular encouragement to ordinary old age, but it is tremendously cheering to the man who is growing white, and who at the same time has industry, ability and enthusiasm. A great deal of fun is made at the expense of the United States Senate, but after all it is our highest legislative body. It is composed for the most part of old men. So is the Supreme Court. Do not bother about your age. Just give yourself unremittingly to your task. Make yourself indispensable."

—Watchman-Examiner.

FIRE AT THE JACKSON TRAINING SCHOOL.

The Jackson Training School has lately had the sad misfortune of experiencing two fires consecutively—an occasion of deep sorrow to Superintendent Boger and officers of the institution. It was one of those unavoidable but sad misfortunes that come when least expected. Each time the fire started in the third story of the cottages burned, soon after the dinner hour when there seemed to be the least probability of any thing of the kind occurring. All of the officers, teachers and boys repair to their respective posts of duty

soon after the noon hour. The grounds and cottages at that hour are virtually deserted, so to speak.

As soon as the alarm of fire was given the boys and officers fought heroically to keep the fire under control until the Concord firemen could reach the distressing scene. Not too much praise can be given the Concord firemen who answered the distress call very quickly, and did all in their power to confine the flame to the one building. They succeeded admirably in conserving the walls of the two cottages that can be used in rebuilding. The loss was covered by insurance, and as soon as the fire subsided and excitement was over Superintendent Boger had the contractors on the ground going over the damaged buildings, making every necessary plan for rebuilding.

During the excitement the boys were orderly and aided in every manner, under the direction of the officers, to keep the fire from spreading.

The chairman of the Board of Trustees, Hon. L. T. Hartsell, when the news of the disaster reached him, made his way to the school. He was deeply moved, one could readily see, and the only comment heard from him was that "it was one of those unavoidable calamities that come in the life of every one." His manner, though, was expressive of deep concern for the welfare of the boys of the school.

Shortly after the news of the fire sifted through the community crowds of people assembled on the school grounds showing great concern and sympathy for the school in its loss. Distressing as the whole scene may seem, there is one thing to be thankful for, there was not the loss of a human soul to be accounted for. We tried to take comfort by feeling that "nothing is so bad that it could not be worse."

Superintendent Boger in spite of the double misfortune, that was an occasion of deep sorrow, held up bravely under the trying circumstances, and as soon as could be expected after the excitement, pulled himself together and began to make plans for the care of the boys who made their homes in the cottages damaged by fire.

* * * * * * * * * * *

THE PRINCE OF MERCHANTS

The veteran merchant of Charlotte, Mr. J. B. Ivey, has succeeded. Often the question is asked "why do some have such phenomenal success and other people make absolute failures?"

Let us review Mr. Ivey's life and the true secret of success is revealed. He started in a small way, and by his undivided attention to details, little things, and courteous attention to his customers he has climbed the ladder

to his goal, slowly but surely. We say slowly for the reason it has taken fifty years of Mr. Ivey's life, from the day he started as a merchant in a log house, at a cross roads in Cleveland county, to reach the height of his attainments in the mercantile field, the honored head of one of the largest and most up-to-date department stores in the state of North Carolina. Besides, in the midst of his busy life, for there were no idle moments, he found time to give splendid attention to the activities of the church of his faith, Methodist, in every department of its work and is recognized as an honored member and a very liberal contributor.

Think of it, at the age of 20 he was a Sunday school superintendent. He, too, blazed his way without a college degree, but instead of the degree he possesses that which makes manhood—the spirit of thrift, the love of his fellowman and regard for the church that stands for true worship, believing in the efficacy of prayer.

We felicitate Mr. Ivey in his wonderful achievement during his short life of 68 years, and extend to him an invitation in the name of the Jackson Training School to visit us and give the boys an inspirational talk, showing that America is the country of unbounded opportunities.

* * * * * * * * * *

POOR JUDGMENT

This article was headed "good judgment". We think it a misnomer, so term it "poor judgment". The fellow who follows the course prescribed in the following is sure to meet with failure, for a "rolling stone never gathers moss."

> "We know a man whose judgment is not very good. He has too many new ideas. He has read a certain magazine which for years has been telling of great successes made by men who have discovered and brought forward something new. And this has influenced him so much that he has come to think that the only avenue leading to success is by some entirely different way or of some new thing. He overlooks the fact that the very great majority of successful people are those who are doing the same old thing but are concentrating on it and doing it well and at minimum cost."

* * * * * * * * * *

GOOD ADVICE

This concise selection entitled "How to Fail" is fine. It carries a thought that is rather stimulating, especially to those who at times need a little boosting by word or thought.

In the life of every one, unless it is a "Smart-Alec," a spiritual, a mental and physical tonic are required to meet some emergencies. Read this and profit:

HOW TO FAIL—Be afraid, Complain, Be secretive, Be a snob, Exaggerate, Forget old friends, Forget the bridge that carried you over, Be sarcastic, Be a glutton, Be conceited, Scorn advice, Procrastinate, Be indifferent, Praise no one, Be a pessimist, Repeat rumors, Ridicule others, Break promises, Refuse to learn, Travel the ruts, Keep late hours, Neglect your health, Evade responsibility, Be a chronic grouch, Work without a plan, Always have an excuse, Do as little as possible, Be a chronic borrower, Think that you will fail, Give your temper full play, Spend more than you make, Blame your errors on others, Take honor that belongs to another.

The best way to meet with success is to be honest with yourself and then you cannot be false to anyone. Truth will rise though crushed to the earth.

* * * * * * * * * *

GREATNESS

Gretness is not the result of doing sensational things, or magnificent things within the scope of a short time. To be truly great one has to build wisely, slowly and surely, let it be the building of character or wealth of a material nature. It is the slow prosaic process of evolution from little things and small beginnings; it is the result of devotion to the necessary and all too frequent humdrum affairs of life. In short, the safest way and quickest way to be the peer of any one is to obliterate self, do that which is for the good of any business and unconsciously the truly great character will be reflected according to work accomplished. One of the requisites of success or greatness is humbleness of spirit. It is best to be seen through "the deeds you do, the thoughts you think and the work you pursue."

CHANGING RULES

There is considerable inconvenience to motorists on account of the varying traffic rules in different cities and States as shown by this article taken from an exchange, having a wide circulation:

"Motorists tell us that perhaps the chief annoyance to travel is the uncertain and varying traffic rules and regulations obtaining in different cities, and occasionally in the same city. In the first place they do not know just where they will find the lights, and they have to come almost to a full stop before they can know whether there are any lights or not. In the second place they are not always sure what the lights mean, for the directions are sometimes either wanting or indistinct.

Unformity in traffic regulations would add to the comfort of motoring and lessen the danger risks. But each State and city seems to be more or less a law unto itself, so that when one gets out of one's neighborhood, one is beset by uncertainties.''

The state of New Jersey last General Assembly passed a state wide traffic law, that is highly commented upon by tourists.

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DO IT TODAY

The National Observer prints a short poem under the above title, which puts into verse the oft expressed sentiment that it is better to give your flowers to the living. A sheaf of expensive flowers placed upon a casket means nothing to the deceased, but a few cheerful words would have meant much to him during his life.

The flowers of Courtesy and Appreciation are far more valuable and valued than all of the funeral wreaths in the world. The Recording Angel will note in ink of vivid hue those little deeds and kind words which are given to the living, but it's very doubtful whether the flowers hastily purchased and sent to the bier of a friend will mean much in the last day. A tear of sympathy is worth more than the costliest of wreaths.—Square and Compass. The poem follows:

'Tis better to give a tiny flower
  To those who can see and know;
Than to place a sheaf of roses rare
  On their bier, to make a show.

'Tis better to say one loving word,
  To those who can hear what is said;
Than to make a speech of eulogy
  After your friends are dead.

'Tis better to say or give one thing,
  Or to do one tiny deed;
Than to plan to do great ones, some day
  For those who are now in need.

'Tis better to do a thing today,
  Than to wait for future years;
Tomorrow may be a day too late,
  And bring but regret and tears.

—Author Unknown.

COTTON GOODS IN STYLE

(The Marshville Home)

With the price of cotton below cost of production and with the prosperity of the South largely dependent upon cotton, a movement has been started to create a greater demand for cotton goods. On the success of the movement The Gastonia Gazette says:

The cotton movement is gaining momentum every day. Replies from letters sent out a day or two ago to many newspapers in the South and Southwest by the Gazette indicate that the "Wear Cotton" movement is meeting with universal approval.

And it is right that this should be so. If the South does not push cotton and cotton goods, who, pray, will do it for us? It is high time that we were getting cotton-minded. Every civic agency in the country ought to line up with this cotton movement and help put it over.

Not only should more cotton goods be worn by men and women, but there should be more uses for cotton and cotton goods. The new uses section of various agencies investigating this phase of the more cotton movement have hardly touched bottom. This is one phase of the cotton movement that needs special emphasis. This particular article has to deal more particularly with the "wear more" cotton movement.

Within the past few years, due largely to a lack of organization and proper advertising, the cotton growers and the cotton manufacturers have allowed various substitutes of less merit to displace cotton in the style books of the world. When cotton went out of style the women of this and other countries stopped wearing cotton. This in turn caused the cotton textile manufacturers to curtail their operations and the mills, under a necessarily reduced operating schedule, bought less cotton from the southern cotton growers. The result has been an inevitable surplus of cotton and a drastic decline in prices. Hence the cotton farmers, the mill owners, the cotton mill operatives, and, in fact, the whole South have suffered because cotton was not in style and because our southern people were not wearing clothing and dress goods made from cotton.

Today, however, the pendulum has swung back. Cotton is again in style. The Cotton-Textile Institute, an organization composed of a majority of the progressive cotton manufacturers of America, has spent large sums of money in the past two years in developing new and attractive cotton fabrics and in advertising them. In addition to this, the Durene Association of America, supported by appropriations made by spinners and mercerizers of long staple cotton yarns, has been very active in developing new fabrics and in showing just how attractive they can be made. Durene is simply a non-trade mark name for products made from long staple cotton and mercerized according to a high standard of specifications.

Paris is featuring cotton this season as never before. The French people, although they do not produce a single pound of cotton within their

own country, are nevertheless the greatest friends of the cotton growers today. They recognize the inherent beauty and serviceability of our great product and lead the world in featuring cotton dresses. Following the lead of Paris, prominent dress manufacturers and department stores in America are also featuring cotton.

Cotton has thus come to public attention as never before. It has been modernized. There are beautiful new weaves, new textures, new designs, new colors, and even a new "feel" in this inimitable fabric. There are new piques, new knitted fabrics, new crepes, both heavy and sheer, all types of embroidered and eyeletted fabrics, shadowy prints, dimities, cotton nets and laces, and of course there are the plain broadcloths, chambrys, and velveteens which have been popular over a period of years.

So with cotton again in style recognized as the most durable of all our textile fabrics, certainly the well-dressed woman should wear cotton exclusively. With a heavy demand thus developing in the South for cotton goods of all kinds, together with a general demand for an increase in cotton from other sections in this country and abroad, coupled with the growing use of cotton products in various ways, a tremendous impetus would be given to the return of cotton, with a consequent economic prosperity in the South.

HORRORS OF NEXT WAR

Speaking before a large audience in London recently, Arthur Henderson, British foreign secretary, warned that the next great war if it ever should come, will involve the wholesale killing of civilian populations as well as military forces.

He declared that the war would be largely fought by aircraft using poison gases, from which none in the attacked areas could escape. He also said that it has been found impossible to humanize warfare, for once it is started no power can control it, and that the only way to stop such barbarities is to stop war itself.

Mr. Henderson's speech was in the nature of a plea for the mobilizing of public opinion throughout the world against war, in preparation for the forthcoming international disarmament conference to be held next year.

There is not the slightest doubt that a future war of large proportions would be attended by indescribable horrors. The engines of destruction which civilization has developed might conceivably be employed to destroy civilization itself, after the manner of Frankenstein's monster.

Whether the nations can produce statesmen able to prevent such a calamity is the most important question now facing the world.—Exchange.

IVEY HAS SEEN GREAT CHANGES IN 50 YEARS

(Charlotte News)

This week marks for J. B. Ivey a half century in business. The remarkable changes those fifty years have brought in the station and methods of this merchant follow on a miniature scale the phenomenal changes in the life of North Carolina.

Fifty years ago J. B. Ivey was offered $75 a year and his board to clerk in a cross-roads general merchandise store where there was no local sale for fowl and eggs and vegetables, where much of the trading was by barter, where his sleep in the little room behind the conglomeration of articles was often disturbed by carousers pounding on the door, asking for another chew of tobacco.

Fifty years ago Charlotte had a population of 7,094 and Wilmington was the biggest city in the state with the swollen population figures of 17,000. Fifty years ago free schools were available to children of completely proverty-stricken families for only six weeks in a year and the average pay of the school teacher was $28.18 a month. Fifty years ago North Carolina, which is now appropriating $25,000,000 for education, spent a total of $324,000 for education and built schoolhouses at an average cost of $158.

Fifty years ago J. B. Ivey found his only social outlet in church activities, and before he was twenty was a Sunday School superintendent. Fifty years ago families gathered from all over the county to attend church services, and the only other form of social life was an occasional play at the school house.

Fifty years ago North Carolina had 1,654 government distilleries and as many moonshiners, and saloons spread over the land. A farm laborer with wife and four children could expect to make no more than $15 a month and could not provide necessities for the brood. A farmer made a bale of cotton to four acres, and scratched only the surface with the old-fashioned plough.

Pungent details which bring up the very aroma of the changes effected during the period flash quickly to J. B. Ivey's mind. In an interview recently he recalled many of them with amusement and some with a slight sigh of nostalgia.

The snow-haired executive who at at 66 looked back today upon his first job as clerk, chuckled as he spoke of his first training in one valuable lesson. "Every merchant needs to be mighty close. He has to be positively stingy. But he must never give that appearance. He must give the appearance of being utterly liberal. Well, when I took that first job at the age of 16, I knew I would have to save. I saved $12 out of that first year's salary of $75. These dollars were my nest egg. Every year thereafter I saved. My training in the home of my parents—my father was a Methodist minister—and there in the country store with Captain Hoyle meant much to me."

Mr. Ivey's clerking life began in Belwood, a wide part of the roads

that crossed about 13 miles north of Shelby. Not a family other than the storekeeper's lived in the vicinity. A church was located near and not far away a government distillery.

To this distillery the store sold all corn for which other articles had been bartered. But after Mr. Ivey became partner, he would not sell to the distillery. He had nothing to do with liquor and does not know the taste of it. In the interim he worked a while at Newton and Hickory, and after he left the store, which became Hoyle and Ivey, he managed a company store at the Henrietta Mills in Rutherford County. Then he came to Charlotte, where prospects of growth looked better than in any other city of the State.

FRIENDS

If nobody smiled and nobody cheered
And nobody helped us along,
If each every minute looked after himself,
And good things all went to the strong;
If nobody cared just a little for you
And nobody thought of me,
And we all stood along the battle of life—
What a dreary old world this would be.

Life is sweet just because of the friends we have made
And the thing which in common we share;
We want to live on, not because of ourselves,
But because of the people who care;
It's giving and doing for somebody else—
On that all Life's splendor depends;
And the joy if this world when it's all added up,
Is found in the making of friends.

—Selected.

ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH

By Maude Gardner

Of all the landmarks in the historic city of Charleston on the South Carolina coast, none is more interesting, more beloved, or more carefully preserved and cherished than beautiful old St. Michael's the venerable church structure that stands at Broad and Meeting streets, in the very heart of this noted southern town.

No other church in America has a more interesting history than this dignified stately edifice, older than this republic of ours, for it was dedicated February 1, 1761, and has withstood the ravages of war, cyclones and earthquakes, and yet survives as sturdy and staunch and beautiful as the day it was completed, with the mellowness of age added to its attractiveness.

In June, 1751, the Assembly of Charles Town, as the town was then known, passed an Act creating the Parish of St. Michael's and immediately thereafter began the erection of the now historic structure on the site of St. Phillip's, the mother church, whose location was changed to another spot a block or two away when a new building took the place of the original wooden one.

Nine years were spent in the building of St. Michael's, the bricks being brought from England for the purpose, and the first known service to be held in the church was a meeting of Masons who celebrated the Feast of St. John, the Evangelist, on December 27, 1758, while the building was still in the process of construction, the first formal service being held more than two years later. In the nearly one hundred and seventy years of its existence, St. Michael's has had but fourteen rectors, and only in one case has a rector left and returned.

The lofty steeple, which contains the famous chime of bells, has played an important part in the life of the old city by the sea. In the early days not only did it serve as a lighthouse at night, sending out from its tall spire rays of warning to ships at sea, but it served as a fire lookout for many, many years. In the churchyard was kept a fire engine and buckets, and in the event of a fire, discovered by a watchman who kept vigil in the high tower, the bell would be tolled and the approximate direction of the fire signified to the volunteer firemen by a red lantern fastened to the end of a pole. This method was in use until about fifty years ago, when the city installed its present fire alarm system

St. Michael's chime of bells is known far and wide. Brought from England with the clock in 1764, for nearly a score of years their sweet tones had called the people to worship; they had rung out the curfew and had tolled for passing souls. But when Charleston fell into British hands during the Revolutionary struggle, the eight bells were seized as spoils of war and when the English left the old city in 1782, they carried the beloved chimes with them across the Atlantic.

The people of the city were plunged into deepest grief, for those bells were dear to the heart of every native Charlestonian, and considerable correspondence followed between the

two countries relative to their return. In the meantime, however, a former merchant of Charleston, then living in England, learned of the whereabouts of the chime of bells, whose tones had once been so familiar, and he immediately bought them and shipped them back to his native city.

For many months the old city had listened in vain for the sound of "the sweetest chimes in all the land," and it was a day of great rejoicing when the bells were replaced in the steeple and the dear familiar chimes rang out once more.

When the war between the States came on in 1861, the bells were taken down from St. Michael's steeple and carried to Columbia, the capital, for safe keeping in the State House grounds. But when the city was burned, the bells were so melted that they were practically useless. But at the end of the four years' strife, the fragments, which had been carefully hoarded, again made the journey across the sea to be recast in the same molds as the original ones. When Charleston's earthquake came in 1886, the bells were again injured and restored at great expense.

The churchyard of St. Michael's is also of great historic interest, for many famous men of their time are buried in this quiet, old-fashioned spot, enclosed by a high brick wall. Among these are John Rutledge, the great South Carolina leader; Robert Y. Hayne, whose debates in Congress with Daniel Webster have gone down in American history; James Louis Petigru, the noted jurist and orator, and Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, author of the famous phrase: "Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute."

In St. Michael's churchyard is perhaps the most unique memorial to be found in all the world. When a young English settler's wife died, and he had no money for a headstone, he took his greatest earthly possession, a solid oak bedstead, rudely carved the inscription: "Mary Ann Luyten, wife of Will Luyten, died September 9, 1770, in the 27th year of her age," and set it up over his loved one's grave. This quaint marker, which attracts the attention of all visitors to this noted old cemetery, still stands in a good state of preservation. A strong wire netting has been placed about it for protection.

Many noted men have worshipped in old St. Michael's. George Washington, while on his famous southern journey in 1791, attended services there on May 8th of that year. More than a half century later, General Robert E. Lee sat in the same pew on one occasion. Marquis de Lafayette, America's great French friend; Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, Theodore Roosevelt and other men of national prominence have been among the number of the old church's distinguished visitors.

Few sanctuaries are more widely noted than St. Michael's, and the historic old edifice is annually visited by hundreds of tourists, many of whom make a special trip to this interesting city for the purpose of seeing this stately building.

"Don't do things by halves. If it be right, do it boldly; if it be wrong, leave it undone"

WEALTH STILL FLOWS FROM THE PROMISED LAND

By Harry K. Hobart

Between the Dead Sea and Jerusalem, the caravans of commerce rumble over the rock-ribbed slopes these days, passing through Jericho just as caravans passed in days long ago, when the land was reputed to be flowing in milk and honey. Without commerce or life, the area around the Dead Sea has lingered for centuries in the grip of the curse of uselessness. The sultans of Turkey held it as private property, guarding its waters from the stir of whirring ship propellers and the hand of man. Today, under the leadership and enterprise of the Jew, returned to his native land, and American capital, the blight which fell upon the land three thousand years ago has at last been lifted and a semblance of prosperity has returned.

During the World War the Germans held the world at bay with Stassfurt potash! Prices of potash went up a thousand per cent. Armies of men and animals bled for potash in those terrible days, and this was literally so, for General Allenby fought for and guarded the Dead Sea, and ordered it analyzed. This is what the analyzing chemists found.

Gallon for gallon, these bitter waters were changed with more wealth than any sea on earth! One third of the precipitate was salt and the rest in round numbers would figure up something like this: In the Dead Sea are two billion tons of potassium chloride; 980,000,000 tons of magnesium bromide; 11,900,000,000 tons of sodium chloride; twenty-two billion tons of magnesium chloride, and six billion tons of calcium chloride. No wonder that General Allenby exclaimed, "This Dead Sea is our Eldorado!"

Twelve hundred billion dollars! A sum three hundred times greater than Britains's total war debt to the United States lies in this basin, sunk as in a coffin, more than 1,292 feet below sea level. By a stroke of nature, it was chiseled out of the earth. Long before Joshua's trumpets blared and Roman hordes stormed the temple, a crustal readjustment of the earth ripped the rocks in twain, and made a basin to be filled by the River Jordan, that beloved biblical river which has flowed on through the centuries, now red with blood, now white with sand.

The British Government has granted a concession which has been signed by crown agents and an international corporation. The government granted this company permission to exploit the dissolved treasure by any means it may see fit, making only one stipulation, the production of eighty per cent pure potassium chloride at the end of the tenth year of exploitation must have reached a total of 10,000 tons and by the eleventh year and from there on after should total 50,000 tons a year.

This contract was signed on January 1st, 1930, so the work of development is still in the experimental stage, but production is actual. The principal site is on the north shore,

thirteen miles from Jerusalem as the crow flies, twenty-five miles by mountain road, and the Mediterranean is forty-five miles away. From thence, the Suez Canal, door to world markets, lies just around the corner. Of course, the British government has not waited twelve years to exploit this treasure because it wanted to, but the land of Palestine had to be colonized and reclaimed first. All this has been no small undertaking for the British government, but it seems now that the colonization of Palestine by the Jews is a well established fact and there are now sufficient people as well as sufficient developments of territory, such as new roads, etc., to make the exploitation of the Dead Sea treasure feasible.

The Dead Sea occupies the lower end of a great fault line, extending from Mt. Hermon south to the Gulf of Akabah, on the Red Sea. For 170 miles the fault runs below the Mediterranean. At about 1,300 feet below sea level, the Jordan discharges its mineral treasures into the Dead Sea.

Forty-seven miles long and ten miles wide, the sun evaporates about six million tons of water daily from the Dead Sea's surface. This surprising evaporation surpasses the Jordan's inflow, and if it were not for minor streams, the lifeless sea might have dried up centuries ago. But because of the accumulating precipitation and the growing delta of the Jordan, the Dead Sea is actually rising. Since the last survey, in 1883, it has risen twenty feet, and eight feet since 1900. Its greatest depth is 1,310 feet; hence the Dead Sea floor is 2,602 feet below actual sea level. A sudden change in climate might cause it to overflow its banks or shrink to a shallow pool.

Aside from natural forces, however, man governs the fate of the Dead Sea. Great quantities of water will shortly be drawn off to the evaporation vats on the one hand and, on the other hand, power dams and irrigation schemes will diminish the discharges of the Jordan. The only hope of maintaining a constant level of water lies in the proposal of a German engineer to connect the Mediterranean with the upper Jordan by tunnel and canal. This would serve not only to replenish the Dead Sea, but also provide for a hydroelectric plant to generate one million horsepower, enough to turn the industrial wheels of Turkey and Palestine combined. The effective waterfall between the Mediterranean and the upper Jordan is 900 feet.

Engineers and economists will be glad when the almost chemically pure potash of the Dead Sea is thrown on the market. The world will no longer have to pay the high prices for that mineral which it is now paling, and it will not have to depend upon Germany for its supply. Also, the new potash will be produced at a much cheaper cost. The farmer in California and Illinois will thus be able to buy his soil food more liberally.

At Stassfurt, German labor works in a mine 1,500 feet below the surface, swinging picks and digging out a mineral ore called carnallite, and its refining necessitates many smoking factories and other unsightly structures. Over forty thousand people are employed in these mines and a capital investment of 100,000,000 dollars. All this to produce potash.

But in the Holy Land, a power-house 93,000,000 miles away does the work. The sun is all the power needed, together with skilled engineers to supervise and construct big evaporation vats. A few attendants can handle the inflow and pump the liquid from one vat to the other. When the sun has done its work, and evaporated the water away, there remain in the vats thick layers of glittering crystals. A steam shovel rolls up and shovels this white wealth away. It needs no refining.

Waters charged or saturated with solid substances have a definite order of precipitation. The sun can carry off only pure water vapor; the substances held in suspension and solution come down in orderly succession. That is why the water has to be drained from one vat to another and so on, until each substances has been left in a vat by itself. It is this process which takes the place of refining. From the Dead Sea water the order of precipitation is as follows:

First, gypsum comes down. This is a white mineral, abundant all over the world, and has little export value. After gypsum comes the common salt, crystallizing in cubes. Now the brine or "mother liquid" is run into a second vat; there the double salts of magnesium and potassium chloride precipitate. Mangnesium sulphate comes down in the third vat. The concentrated mother liquid is now run into a special tank where bromide is extracted at a cost far below that possible at Stassfurt, or at American plants in Michigan and West Virginia.

The bulkiest product, of course, is common salt, seven tons of it to every ton of potash. But the salt is of such purity that it can be used in the manufacture of soda ash, chlorine and hydrochloride acid. To separate the potassium chloride from the mangnesium chloride, it is necessary to dissolve the carnallite crystals in hot water. When cooled, the potassium crystals precipitate first.

For the production of bromine at the Dead Sea, electrical power is necessary. An unlimited supply will soon be available at a low rate, when the new power dam on the Jordan near Erish, the modern name of Jericho, is completed.

Already a sizeable city has grown up over the ruins of ancient Jericho or Eriha, as the Arabs call it. Since the Jewish influx into their native land it is quite a common sight to see Jews and Arabs working together side by side and when this giant project here described gets underway, the land will actually flow again with milk and honey.

Cooperating with Governor Gardner's plan to carry the live-at-home program to the schools of North Carolina, Dean Schaub mailed 100,000 farm feed and food supply budget sheets to 750 rural high schools in early February. These sheets will show each school child in the 750 schools how much food it takes for the average farm family in one year and how much feed is needed for the live stock on the place.—Extension Farm News.

WIND, FRIEND AND FOE OF SHIP, NOW ILLUMINATES LIGHTHOUSE

By Anthony Wayne

Windmills used to be as common a sight on the national skyline as radio aerials are today in rural sections. Then came the gasoline engine which served to pump the water. Now, however, the windmill has found a new purpose in providing a constant light for the isolated lighthouses set far out on jutting points away from power lines and modern conveniences common even in country districts.

At Point Lookout, in Maryland, one of the oldest lighthouses in the United States has been equiped with one of the new windmills which by a unique system generates the power that charges the storage batteries and in turn gives the warning light for navigation purposes. In the daytime the pilot can see the giant windmill and chart his course accordingly.

There is a strong contrast between the original light equipment of Point Lookout and the ultra modern one. A century ago this light was furnished by simple lamps burning sperm oil and fitted with crude reflectors, while the present electric lamp, fed by the ever turning windmill is placed at the precise focus of a very accurately ground and polished glass lens.

The old light station, a combined dwelling and lighthouse, has seen a full hundred years of service with nothing but minor repairs and well deserves the change. The modern quarters will now have electricity furnished by the same windmill method and will be as well equipped for the keeper and his family as the city home.

Uncle Sam has given much study to the use of winds as a source of power for lighthouses. Since the first and foremost demand is for safety the Lighthouse Service of the Department of Commerce has been most cautious.

First the lighthouse at Arecibo, Porto Rico, was experimented with, and equipped with a windmill and generating machinery. This was done after exhaustive tests and trials had been made for a number of years. Then equipment for using the wind was placed at Kalae, in the Hawaiian Islands.

This wind-electric equipment consists of a windmill, generator, storage batteries, the necessary wiring, and lamp. The absolute reliability required of aids to navigation such as Point Lookout Light necessitated the placing of additional machines, even an oil-burning lamp, should the electric current fail at any time due to storms or other causes. A still further safeguard is an extra set of storage batteries, either set being capable of supplying the right amount of current.

Point Lookout Light station is different, however, from those in Hawaii and Porto Rico for the winds are most constant in the tropics. But because of its location at the junction of the Potomac River and the Chesapeake Bay, it is expected that lively breezes will always keep the wheel turning.

Another new use of the old-fashioned windmill has been the placing of air mail markers. High up on Porcupine Mountain, in Utah, a windmill keeps a light burning for the flyers cross the Rockies and must depend upon the beacons to guide them in thick weather.

It appears to be a fact that no invention of man is ever absolutely discarded. A new invention is used and increases possibility of service, but there is still a need for the older form in some way. The -windmill illustrates this fact, in its recent use for navigation aids for both ship and airman.

"There is no surer way of injuring your own character than by trying to destroy another's good name."

PETER THE RANGER

By George H. Hall

"Sssh! What was that?" whispered Nathan Van Brunt cautiously.

"Well, what was it?" demanded his companion, Peter Livingstone, after a few minutes of expectant listening. "I don't hear anything."

"I'm not sure that I did either," confessed Nathan. "Still, I thought I heard something like a footstep out toward the woods."

Silent and alert, both boys listened for any further sound that might indicate the approach of danger to the stockade. It was a trying ordeal for two boys not over eighteen, this duty as sentinel through the long, cold winter night. But boys in the early pioneer days were accustomed to hardship and danger. This was not the first time that they had assumed duties usually assigned to older men. And just now there were no older men available, except the very old ones, for the entire force of able-bodied men had been obliged to make a four day's journey to Albany for supplies. Thus the entire reponsibility of guarding the little group of settlers who were gathered for safety within the stockade had fallen on the younger men like Peter and Nathan.

As the minutes passed there came no further sound. "I must have imagined it," Nathan at last admitted. "This deadly silence is geting on my nerves. I believ it is worse than the Indians themselves."

"It certainly is trying, Nat," replied Peter. "While I don't think there is really any danger of attack, still I wish my Uncle Roger the Ranger were here."

"So do I," agreed Nathan. "Isn't it strange that he has not come back? He was expected to return in three days. It was only because they felt so sure that he would be back soon

that the men felt it safe to leave us to go to Albany. I am afraid the Indians have captured him."

"I don't believe so," replied Peter hopefully. "Uncle Roger it too good a woodsman to be caught napping. He may have been delayed at his camp at the head of the lake. He will surely get here by tomorrow."

To be able to talk made the watching easier. The hours did not seem so long as the boys, now assured that no danger was near, chatted on until a dull grey light in the eastern sky announced the coming of a new day. At last they breathed more freely. Another night of danger passed.

Then, suddenly, they were again silent and alert. What was that? This time there could be no doubt that something was moving outside the stockade. Was it an enemy or only a prowling animal? Soon came a sound of scratching at the stockade gate. Both boys cocked their muskets and waited.

"Indians?" Nathan silently framed the question.

Peter nodded. The sound was certainly like that of some one trying to force the lock from the outside. Then another sound. "Bow-wow-wow." Peter lowered his gun with a sigh of relief. "Jock!" he exclaimed. "I could never mistake that bark."

"Then the ranger must be coming," Nathan declared. "If he has come through the forest safely there cannot be any Indians about."

Quickly the boys unbarred the big gate and the collie sprang inside. "Where's your master?" Peter bent over the big dog and caressed him fondly.

"I can't see anything of the ranger," announced Nathan as he peered out across the snow into the depths of the forest.

"He surely can't be far behind," affirmed Peter, still busy in patting the dog who had long been a favorite among the settlers. "Why, look here, Nat," he exclaimed suddenly, "Jock has brought us a message." As he spoke he unwound from the dog's collar a piece of clean, fresh birch bark. The boys scanned it carefully It was indeed a message. Scratched upon the white surface, evidently with a bit of charcoal, were the words, "Have broken leg. At the camp, Help!" Although unsigned there could be no doubt of the sender. Roger the Ranger was in trouble. What should they do? Clearly this was a problem for older heads to solve.

Fortunately the stockade was awakening to another day. Already Richard Lovelace and Gerardus Brockhalls were approaching the cabins. They came to relieve Peter and Nathan, to act as guards and as lookouts for the day. "We'll see what my grandfather advises," decided Peter as he led the way to the cabin occupied by the Livingstones. Grandfather Livingstone was already astir and had a cheery fire blazing on the hearth. Peter showed him the piece of bark with its message and told him how Jock had brought it. "Someone must go to the camp at once," he declared. The old man shook his head. "There is no one here that can go," he said sadly. "By tomorrow the men will be back and we can send a relief party."

"But that won't do," cried Peter impatiently. "Someone should go today. Uncle Roger may be suffering. Perhaps he is starving. We

must send help at once."

"That is what we should do, my boy," his grandfather admitted, "but it is impossible. What with our old age, lameness and rheumatism, there isn't a man left in this settlement that could make the trip."

"Then I'll go!" declared Peter stoutly. "It's only six miles each way. I'll take my toboggan and have Uncle Roger back here before tonight."

"But you are not old neough or strong enough," the old man demurred. "I couldn't let you try it."

"What does the boy want to do now?" It was Peter's mother who spoke. So intent had the men been in their discussion that she had drawn near to the group without being heard. Grandpa Livingstone read her the message from the ranger. "And Peter wants to go to the camp for him," he concluded.

"Oh, Peter, I am afraid," protested his mother.

"I'll go with him," volunteered Nathan.

"No, I'll go alone." Peter was assuming command of the situation. In his mind he well knew that a lone traveler would go more swiftly, and, if the Indians should attack, it would be better if only one of the little band of settlers should be captured. "Please say yes, Mother," Peter pleaded. "Uncle Roger has done so much for us."

Mrs. Livingstone hesitated. "I do hate to have you take the risk, Peter dear, but I can't find it in my heart to say no."

So it was settled. A hot breakfast, a hurried leave taking, and Peter, on snowshoes and dragging the light toboggan, strode bravely out from the stockade. Six miles of trudging, up hill and down dale, through forest and across open country, lay before him. He should, he felt sure, be able to reach the ranger's camp well before noon. The six-mile return trip, with the heavy old man in tow, would of necessity, be slower. Still, if nothing happened to cause delay, he would surely be back in the shelter of the fort before dark. But would anything happen? The thought of Indians was ever uppermost in his mind as mile after mile of the trying journey was covered.

At last, when in sight of the ranger's camp, he paused for a minute's rest. Behind him, stretching far across the opening, lay the clear, bright surface of the snow, unbroken save by the single track of his snowshoes and the trail of the toboggan From where he stood Peter could trace these tracks backward for nearly a mile until they lost themselves in the depth of the forest. Then he stared in dismay at the sight that met his gaze. "Indians!" he gasped. "One, two, three, four, five, six." In single file they emerged from the woods into the opening. There could be no doubt that they were following the tell-tale tracks.

For a minute Peter was paralyzed. Thoughts of the cruelty and death which had so often overtaken the pioneers at the hands of the redskins rushed through his mind. Was he, too, to meet with such a fate? What could he and a helpless old man do to protect themselves against this outnumebring body of savages? Then fear lent wings to his feet and he dashed madly up the hill toward the ranger's camp on the summit.

How he gained the camp, what he said to the ranger lying lame and

helpless on a pile of furs in one corner, Peter could never recall. He could only remember with what determination his uncle insisted that he, Peter, should seek safety for himself in instant flight.

"And leave you here alone, Uncle Roger! I could never do that," Peter protested. "We will fight it out together!"

"No, my boy," the old ranger declared firmly. "Better that one of us should fall into their hands than both of us to do so. You are young and should try to save yourself. Do as I say. Jump off the Indian's Leap. It is only one chance in a hundred, but the snow is soft at the base of the cliff and you may be able to slip away before the savages can come around by the head of the lake and get you."

The Indina's Leap! Vividly Peter pistured the precipice just beyond the camp. One hundred and fifty feet sheer drop to the edge of the lake. Legend told that years ago an Indian brave had made the leap and had escaped from his enemies. Yes, Peter believed he might also do it successfully, but to do so would mean deserting the old man who had been like a second father to him as he could remember. He could not do that. But what should he do? The Indians would be here within less than a quarter of an hour. Old Roger was becoming impatient. "Hurry, boy," he urged, "it's your only chance."

But Peter was thinking fast. There must be some way in which they both could be saved. Then he appeared to have accepted the old ranger's advice. "All right, Uncle Roger," he agreed. "But you must hide behind this pile of furs."

"It won't do any good to hide," the ranger protested. "They will find me in a minute. I had better meet them in the open like a man."

"Unless you hide I won't go," insisted the boy. "You pray for our safety and I will do all I can to help.

Yielding to Peter's insistence, the old man permitted himself to be half carried to the corner where he was covered with a pile of furs which represented his winter's work with the traps. Then, without further words, Peter quickly strapped on his snowshoes and started toward the brow of the precipice. He must hurry! Quick action alone would enable him to accomplish what he had in mind.

It was not more than two or three minutes later that Peter silently snuggled down behind the pile of furs beside his uncle. "What does this mean?" demanded the trapper as the boy quickly concealed himself.

"Sssh" was the only reply. It was too late for explanations. From outside the camp came the steady pad, pad of the Indian's snowshoes on the soft snow. Through a tiny opening between two of the skins Peter could see the open door of the cabin. A moment later and the form of an Indian, in full war attire, was framed in the doorway.

Peter held his breath. Would the Indians come in and find them? But the Indian, together with his followers who had now come up, appeared to be puzzled. In their own strange language they talked rapidly with many a grunt and gesture. Oh, thought Peter, if I could only understand what they are saying. Then he saw that one of the party had started off toward the edge of

the cliff. As Peter watched him his heart pounded rapidly. Would the ruse work? The seconds passed like hours as he waited for whatever would happen next. At the edge of the leap the Indian paused and looked searchingly down toward the bottom. Then he shouted lustily back to his companions while with a wide sweep of the arm he pointed in the direction of the head of the lake.

Peter breathed a sigh of relief. Yes! His ruse had worked! The Indians were already moving off at a rapid pace. By the time he could crawl from his hiding place and reach the open door the last of the band had passed from sight.

"Hurrah! We're saved!" shouted the boy joyously. "Now we must hurry, Uncle Roger. I'm going to run you down to the stockade on my toboggan. It will take the Indians an hour and a half, at least, to go around to the foot of the Leap and get back on our trail again. With that start we will surely make the fort before they can overtake us."

"But why should they go around to the foot of the cliff?" demanded the old ranger in perplexity.

"I will explain that later. Our job now is to get started." Half-leading, half-carrying the crippled man, Peter succeeded finally in getting him to the toboggan where he was covered with furs and made as comfortable as possible. While Peter was fastening on his snowshoes the quick eye of his uncle was studying the signs in the snow. The Indian's tracks were easy to pick out, but he stared in bewilderment at the tracks leading from the door of the cabin to the edge of the cliff where they stopped abrutly. There were no return tracks. "How is this, Peter? There are two sets of tracks from the cabin to the cliff. I do not quite understand it."

"Yes, Uncle Roger," explained Peter, as he grasped the ropes of the toboggan and sturdily started on the long six-mile tramp. "One set, the ones that sink deeply into the snow, are the tracks I made going out. They are deep for I was carrying two of the heaviest logs I could find on your wood pile. It makes them look as if they had been made by a man of about your weight."

"Good!" exclaimed the trapper. "And what then?"

"At the foot of the cliff are two big holes in the snow. They were made by the logs which I threw over, but they look as if they were made by two men jumping down."

"And the Indians think they are our bodies, that's great!" The old trapper seemed to forget the pain of the broken leg in his appreciation of the boy's strategy. "But who made the second set of tracks? How did you you get back? I don't see any return tracks."

"That was easy.,, There was a justifiable light of triumph in Peter's eyes. "I made the other tracks coming back only, you see, I fastened my shoes on backward, The redskins thought I was going when really I was coming back. And it work ed!"

"Yes, it surely worked," laughed his uncle. "Peter, you have certainly qualified as a real woodsman."

Pride in rescuing the ranger; happiness at having eluded the Indians; the determination to complete his adventure successfully; all these combined to encourage and hearten the boy as he started rapidly on the long trek back to the fort. He felt that

his task was as good as accomplished. A few short hours and he and the ranger would be within the safety of the stockade.

But as the hours dragged on, Peter's heart began to sink. The toil and monotony were beginning to tell. How heavy the snowshoes felt to his tired feet. How his back ached from the unnatural stride made nesessary by the broad shoes. How hard the heavily laden toboggan seemed to pull. The trip that had started so hopefully had settled into a torturing grind. At a word of encouragement from his uncle the boy's spirits would rise for a time, only to slump back again as aching muscles and empty stomach asserted themselves. At each step it seemed to Peter that he could go no further. But what else could he do? He must go on.

At last, in a familiar clearing, Peter took his bearings. As nearly as he could estimate he was still a mile and a half from home. Could he make it? It seemed hours before he reached the farther side of this clearing and realized that he had reduced the distance to the fort only a quarter of a mile. Still over a mile to go and he was tired, so tired. He must rest. Then a glance at the west told him that this would not do. The sun was getting low and he must complete the journey before dark. A few more strides and he came to a stop. He simply could not go farther. His head was swimming and his eyes were nearly closed with fatigue. He stumbled, then sprang alert with suddenly revived energy as a gun shot rang out only a short distance ahead.

Bang, bang, again It was a signal. Help was coming. A minute later and a party of the settlers, headed by his father, burst into sight through the woods.

"We're saved, Uncle Roger!" shouted Peter. Then, as he felt his father's strong arms around him, he nearly swooned. He hardly heard the words which his father was speaking. "I thank the Lord, my boy, that you have come through safely. We had such serious reports about the Indians that we hurried back earlier than we expected."

"And got here just in time," put in Roger from his bed on the toboggan. "Peter didn't know it, but the Indians have been on our trail for the last halfhour. I could see them. But Peter won out. He's a real ranger now."

The tired boy was placed on another toboggan which the rescuers had brought along. Too tired to say a word, he sank down onto the warm furs with a feeling of rest and thankfulness such as he had never felt before. His weary eyes closed. As he sank into well earned slumber there came faintly to his ears the voice of his friend, Nathan, "Hurrah for Peter the Ranger."

Junior and Sophomore forestry students at State College set 45,000 pine trees in the Hill demonstration forest in February as a part of the reforestation project being studied this year. The seedling pines were secured from the State nursery.—Extension Farm News.

CHILDREN FIRST

(Journal of Education)

In the face of danger or disaster on a sinking ship we would strike down anyone who attempted to save himself at the expense of a child. Children come first not only on sinking ships but in our hearts, our homes, our schools, and our churches. They are first. The race can save itself—can lift itself higher—only as children are lifted up. In this unique period of depression with its extreme want on the one side and its extreme fortunes on the other, many schools are carried down to disaster—their doors closed—their funds cut off. Boards of education and other public officials are often hard pressed financially but they cannot afford to give up the idea of children first. To do justice by the child it is necessary to do justice by the child's teacher. Teachers have never had full justice. Their salaries have always been low when compared with their training and their heavy responsibilities. They have never been able to maintain the standard of living which the character of their work calls for. We have never given to our American rural communities the leadership of a stable, well-paid, well-trained teaching profession. To reduce teachers' salaries now would be to weaken our first and last line of defense and to cripple the very institution—the common school—to which we must look for the training in skill and in character to enable us to rise above present conditions. Teachers know this but they do not always make it plain to other citizens of the community. This is the time when the schools need to keep close to the homes; when every teacher needs to realize that he must interpret his service in terms of its human significance and values if he is to save the schools and protect the rights of the children.

There is nothing magical about leadership, but there are certain penalties attached to it. Men with conscience and judgment plus courage to act and willingness to take penalties of responsibility are the stuff out of which leaders are made.

Ninety-nine out of a hundred men are unwilling to pay the price of leadership, are unwilling to assume responsibility.

The road to leadership is not particularly comfortable. You travel it heavily laden. While the nine-to-five o'clock worker is lolling at ease you are toiling upward in the night. Forever you are picking up packs that no one else would notice if you left them behind. Laboriously you extend your frontiers. A really big man is never a dodger.

—Owen D. Young.

PEARLS AND SMILES

(Child's Gem)

There was a scowl on May's face, a scowl so deep you had to look twice to see that her eyes were blue and her face really pretty. "I don't want to wear this woolen dress," she complained; "it's too scratchy. And these old, heavy stockings, they scratch, too."

Aunt Lila looked up from her sewing and smiled.

"I guess if you were an oyster, we'd have plenty of pearls to wear in our rings and pins, wouldn't we?" she asked.

May looked at her aunt in surprise.

"What do you mean?" she questioned, climbing into the sewing chair and cuddling close to her aunt. "Are you going to tell me a story? And is it about oysters?"

"Yes, it is about oysters," answered Aunt Lila, "and the oyster is like a little girl I know; he doesn't like anything to scratch his tender skin, and that is why we have pearls."

May's eyes were growing wider all the while.

"It's this way," Aunt Lila went on. "Inside the oyster's outer shell he has a very tender skin that doesn't like to be scratched or irritated any more than your skin likes it. But sometimes a tiny grain of sand works its way inside the oyster, and this tiny grain scratches and makes the oyster feel as uncomfortable as your woolens make wou feel. But the oyster doesn't scowl or fret. He goes to work forming a liquid which surrounds the grain of sand so it can't scratch any more. By and by this liquid hardens, and after a few years, sometimes many years, a perfect pearl is formed. And so we have pearls because the oyster dosen't like to have his tender skin scratched or irritated."

"But, Aunt Lila," interrupted May, "I can't make pearls just because my woolens scratch. What can I do?"

"That's just it," answered Aunt Lila. "Of course you can't make pearls, but you can smile, can't you? Just smile at the scratchy woolens, smile so hard that you forget they scratch. Smiles, you know, are precious—precious as pearls."

May clapped her hands for joy, and the scowl was gone

"Anyhow, I'm going to try," she answered. "If the oyster can forget his scratches by making pearls, then I'll forget mine by making smiles."

OUR DAILY BREAD

Back of the loaf is the snowy flour,
And back of the flour the mill;
And back of the mill is the wheat, and the shower,
And the sun, and the Father's will..

—Maltbie D. Babcock.

TRAFFIC SCHOOLING

(Asheville Citizen)

Minneapolis has recently established a traffic school with the object of teaching motorists the traffic laws. Also they are to learn how to become better drivers and how to look out for themselves and their cars in the midst of heavy city traffic. This school is being operated by the city of Minneapolis and mainly by the police department. Thus it might well be called a "reformatory," as well as a school.

The method of conducting this traffic school is interesting. Ofenders against minor traffic laws are not fined or imprisoned. Instead they are sent to the school. For two hours each night, five nights a week, they must attend classes. Testimony to the success of the plan is furnished by the fact that out of the several thousand who have attended the classes, only three or four have ever been sent for a second time.

Judge Levi M. Hall of the Minsneapolis traffic court gives an optimistic account of the plan in the United States Daily. He says,—

"In this school the subjects that are discussed cover traffic laws, the mechanical operation of automobiles, the relation of the public to the safety movement, and other kindred subjects. The result has been that only three or four repeaters have been among the 1,000 sent there.

"These young men after attendance at this school have a different attitude towards traffic conditions. They see the traffic problem in an entirely different light. They have been instructed in an educational way in a manner such as could not have been realized by the imposition of fines, because in most of such cases, somebody else pays the fine and that is the end of it."

The Minneapolis plan seems worthy of adoption in many other places. Probably a very large proportion of our traffic accidents are due altogether to ignorance or carelessness of automobile drivers. It is stated that some 35,000 persons a year are killed in motor car collisions. Also many more are injured and much property is damaged. This is not a record for the United States to be proud of. Our casualties during the World War were not so great. The American Automobile Associaton reports that there are 26,500,000 motor cars in use in the United States and 32,000,000 car drivers. Of the latter a large proportion have never received any careful training in car driving or as to traffic laws. Also not many of our states make proper provision as to the training of automobile drivers.

In other words, ignorance and carelessness are at the bottom of our appalling proportion of motor accidents. The only way to combat this condition successfully is to arouse public opinion. As long as the public is easygoing and complacent, accidents will continue to increase, as has been the case for some years past. But if the people demand better driving, this will be secured.

There should be strict traffic regulations with penalties attached, and these should be strictly enforced. But careful training of present and prospective car drivers will be even more productive of good results.

BUT NOT HAPPINESS

"Our gold will buy us many things—
Antiques, old lace and marriage rings;
'Twill build us houses by the road
And take from us a heavy load;
But when I searched in every mart
I could not find a happy heart:
The price of these is love, not gold,
Great love for others, I was told."

GOODY TWO SHOES

By Grace Gaylord

Tony, the banana man, pushed his cart up and down the street all day. Sometimes, if he stayed too long in one place, a policeman who didn't like "dagoes" would come toward him with a cross look, and then Tony would pick up the handles of his cart and fairly run down the street and around a corner until he was out of sight of the cross policeman.

But every day at eleven o'clock Tony was pretty sure to draw his cart up by the school building when the children were having their recess, and then the pennies and nickels fairly flew into Tony's hand as he passed out the yellow beauties.

That was the way Maysie came to know him, for she loved bananas, and mother let her buy one every day for her recess luncheon, it was so much better for her than candy. That was the way, too, that Maysie came to know Charlotta when she met her one September day by her father's cart just after school.

"My leetle-a girl," Tony said proudly. "Two more leetle-a girls and a bambino—fine boy," Tony went on. "So I sell the banan to buy bread for them."

"Oh, my," said Maysie shyly, and then she smiled at Charlotta and Charlotta smiled at her, and they were friends.

"Don't you go to school?" asked Maysie.

Charlotta nodded. "But not this week," she said, looking down at her bare feet.

"Sell mucha banan—buy shoes," said Tony.

Oh, my," whispered Maysie to herself, "she can't go to school because she hasn't any shoes. And I have three pairs. I'm sure mother would give her one pair. Will you come down the street just a few

blocks to see my mother?'' she begged, and when Tony nodded she took Charlotta's brown hand in hers and they hurried on, Tony following.

Mother was a little bit surprised when she saw Maysie's new friend, but she smiled and sat down to listen to Maysie's eager story. ''And can't I give her one pair of my shoes?'' she ended.

Mother shook her head. ''I think there will be some better ones for her at the store,'' she said—''stout little shoes that won't wear out quickly.''

So the next trip was to the shoe store, and there two pairs of stockings and a pair of shoes and some rubbers that fitted Charlotta were bought. When they reached the street mother put the precious package in Charlotta's arms and said, ''Now when your little feet are washed, you can put on the shoes.''

Charlotta nodded and her father bowed low to the ''kind lady.''

''Now I go to school tomorrow,'' said Charlotta.

''And you must come and see me, too,'' cried Maysie. ''I want to see how you look.''

Maysie skipped happily along beside mother. ''Charlotta will be my Goody Two Shoes, won't she?'' she said, and mother nodded assent.

MASONRY'S DARK DAYS

Viewing the present prosperity and popularity of Free Masonry it is difficult to realize that in America 100 years ago the order was almost annihilated because of popular sentiment against it.

The fierce opposition to Masonry in that day was caused by the disappearance of one William Morgan, who had published what purported to be a revelation of the Masonic secrets. Morgan was never heard from after being spirited away from Canadaigua, N. Y. in September, 1826, presumably by over-zealous Masons, without authority or approval of the more responsible members of the order. His real fate is unknown.

Although the various grand and subordinate lodges generally condemned Morgan's abduction and offered rewards for the perpetrators of the outrage, public sentiment was stirred against all Masons by politicians who took advantage of the situation for their own benefit. Several Masons were convicted of complicity in the abduction of Morgan and served jail sentences, while others were acquitted.

There was formed a strong anti-Masonic movement which spread rapidly. Mass meetings were held and resolutions denouncing all Masons were passed. Churches required pastors and members to renounce Masonry under pain of expulsion, and every conceivable means was employed to crush the order and nearly succeeded, as most of the Masons abandoned their lodges to escape persecution.

This anti-Masonic crusade continued for nearly twenty years, but gradually abated, and from 1845 on Masonry revived and again began to spread rapidly. Since then it has become one of the most powerful and beneficent influences in America, enjoying practically universal respect and esteem.—Exchange.

VARIOUS KINDS OF SYRUP

By Robert Sparks Walker

Among the many kinds of syrups that the family has to choose from today, there is a common kind known as sorghum which is very popular. It is so named from the plant from which it is made. Sorghum belongs to a genus of grasses to which also belongs Johnson grass, broom corn, kaffir corn, and some other well-known grasses. Syrup from sorghum is made in the same manner that sugar is made until it reaches the boiling stage. The stalks are stripped of the leaves, and heads removed, and the juice is squeezed out by a set of rollers. The juice is boiled in open pans during which time the impurities are skimmed off before it is emptied into barrels or tin cans.

The syrup that is offered the consumer under the name of molasses is made from sugar cane, and is simply the uncrystallized part of sugar. Molasses is usually of a dark color, while sorgham may have a number of shades, which are largely determined by the variety of sorghum grown, and the color of the soil on which it grows. The color of the land often imparts a certain tint to the color of the finished syrup.

There is also another product known as glucose, which is the principal ingredient for many brands of syrup. In a crystallized state, it may often be seen on raisins figs, etc.

Of the product known as corn syrup, starch syrup, and by many other names, the chief ingredient is glucose made of corn. There is an erroneous notion abroad in the land that corn syrup is made from the stalks of corn much in the same manner as sorghum and sugar are made. But corn syrup is made from the grains of corn. In making glucose, the grains of corn are first softened for a few days in water, and then given another treatment which causes the germs to float. The germs are then skimmed off and that part of the grains left is ground fine and purified. The starch is converted into glucose simply by mixing a large quantity of water with it, and then by the use of hydrochloric acid, requiring anywhere from ten to thirty minutes to convert it into a syrup glucose or starch sugar. Glucose is not unwholesome, as people sometimes suppose, but it is not as sweet as syrup made from cane.

LIVE EACH DAY

Wouldst thou fashion for thyself a seemly life?
Then do not fret over what is past and gone;
And spite of all thou mayst have left behind
Live each day as if thy life were just begun.

—Goethe.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Superintendent Boger and Mr. T. L. Grier made a business trip to Raleigh last Tuesday.

—o—

Mr. Walker and his flower boys have been busy for several days past planting seeds in our plant beds.

—o—

Mr. Carriker and his carpenter shop boys recently made some repairs to the ceilings in Cottage No. Four.

—o—

Mr. Scarboro and his shoe shop boys have just finished refiilling the the fire extinguishers and putting them back in their proper places in the cottages.

—o—

Pedro Poteet, one of our boys, appeared on a program given by the Woman's Club, Concord, last Tuesday night.

—o—

Song pamphlets are being prepared and a number of boys under the supervision of Mrs. Haywood, are rehearsing a program to be rendered on Easter Sunday morning.

—o—

A number of boys have been engaged in hauling sand and making other necessary repairs to the tennis courts, getting them in good shape for the coming season.

—o—

Rev. Mr. Speagle, pastor of Calvary Lutheran Church, Concord, conducter the service in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon. His talk on the life of Saint Paul was very interesting.

—o—

The boys on the farm force have been hauling gravel on the new road recently built through the section of our farm known as the Duke land, and digging ditches on either side of same.

—o—

Messrs T. V. Talbert and Presson, and a group of boys have been digging a ditch for the purpose of draining a piece of marshy land near the dairy barn. They have made a very nice job of it and the appearance of the land is greatly improved.

Nothing lifts the spirits more than a song, especially the inward song of a worker who can sound it alike at the beginning of his task in the heat of the midday, and in the weariness and cool of the evening.—Selected.

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THE UPLIFT

VOL. XIX CONCORD, N. C., MARCH 28, 1931 No. 13

GOLDEN RULE

Paper, sir? Paper?'' said the newsboy as he shoved a paper in front of a tired business man who seemed to be in a hurry. ''Get out of my way!'' said the man impatiently. At that moment a sudden gust of wind sent the man's hat down the street. Dropping his papers, Dick rushed after it and recovered it. ''Here's your hat, Mister,'' said Dick pleasantly. The man looked at him in amazement, ''Did you know it was my hat you were chasing?'' ''Sure, that's why I did it.'' ''Will you tell me why?'' ''Sure Mister, that's easy, I'm trying to keep the Golden Rule, so you see I had to do it.''

''Well, it's a good rule to keep, and I'll try to keep it myself hereafter. Thank you my boy, and good-night.''—Selected

—PUBLISHED BY—
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

Everything in life is more or less a grumble. Timidity never accomplished anything in this world. Faith is the mainspring of enterprise. It is the easiest thing in the world to reason the merit of a new idea. The man who "gets there" is the man who has the courage to make the plunge when the thought is fresh in his mind—to strike while the iron is hot. Ideas, like time and tide, wait for nobody. They must be taken at the flood. The man who attempts to argue all the way to the finish is last. Difficulties are not at their worst in perspective. The world's real benefactors are its brave men; the men who have the soul to dare, to risk everything—fortune, reputation and life itself.—Frank A. Munsey.

A PLAN WORTHY OF STUDY

Previously the Uplift has given expression and endorsement to all that is incorporated in the Whedbee bill—to "create hospital homes instead of the present individual county poor house, or county home." This measure is now a law. Since it seems impossible to have a county hospital with the property all ready on hand, a splendid Cabarrus county home, by merging interest we could sponsor a county hospital where the indigent sick could be cared for and the real poor boarded out at a less cost than it takes now to operate the county home. We think this experiment has been tried out in Vance county, the advance thought of the welfare officer, Mrs. W. B. Waddell, and has proven effective from financial standpoint and other reasons. No doubt the Whedbee bill is the result of work in Vance county.

The Lexington Dispatch states that the district of merging experiment observed in other states, is proving popular and the number is increasing. Two advantages, said the editor of the Dispatch, "are claimed for the district idea, either of which might well be deemed sufficient. The per capita cost of car-

ing for the unfortunate is said to be less. Better care and treatment can be given then most counties now feel they can afford. The wealthier counties of the state mostly have adequate county homes, with good nursing and medical care for inmates. But the smaller counties in population and wealth have not made as good provisions because of the higher per capita cost of maintenance.

It might be feasible for a county with unsatisfactory county home equipment to negotiate with one having a more modern home with a view to joint use. Other groups of counties might be able to dispose of county home properties and erect a central district home by pooling funds. Even if there should be no actual saving in per capita cost the effort would be quite worth while if it resulted in more comfort and better care for the inmates.''

* * * * * * * * * *

A COLD TWENTY-FIRST

Instead of the 21st of March ushering in the delightful Spring weather one was expecting and wishing for, it was cold, with some snow and hail, and later in the afternoon one of the coldest rains of the winter season was experienced that chilled to the marrow bone.

* * * * * * * * * *

THE TIME FOR CONSOLIDATION

Merging all big interest or business is the spirit of the age, so as to carry on any kind of business with one overhead expense, therefore with less expense. The consolidation of counties is recommended for similar reasons. The 1930 Advisory Commission advises consolidation of counties for the following reasons. The idea is worthy of consideration:

''Unquestionably the expense of maintaining many departments and activities of county government may be eliminated by consolidation of counties. It is believed possible that in many instances, operations of two or more counties could be carried on at practically the same overhead expense as may now be borne by one. Mechanical devices for recording deeds and similar documents, book-keeping and tax recording machines are a means of economy and efficiency, the intitial cost of which would not justify the investment for smaller counties.''

''It is our recommendation, therefore, that a careful study be made of this question of county consolidation, and to this end we are listing below certain specific instances in which, as a result of our study of the situation, it is believed that such a consolidation could be made with advan-
to which conditions would warrant a similar action.

to which consolidations would warrant a similar action.

1. Consolidate Cherokee and Clay counties, with Murphy as county

seat.

2. Consolidate Graham and Swain counties, with Bryson City as county seat.

3. Consolidate Mitchell and Avery counties, with Spruce Pine as county seat.

4. Consolidate Henderson and Polk counties, with Hendersonville as county seat.

5. Consolidate Alexander and Iredell counties, with Statesville as the county seat.

6. Consolidate Stokes and Forsyth counties, with Winston-Salem as the county seat.

7. Consolidate Caswell and Person counties, with Roxboro as the county seat.

8. Consolidate Hoke and Cumberland counties, with Fayetteville as the county seat.

9 Consolidate Wilson and Greene counties, with Wilson as the county seat.

10. Consolidate Chowan and Perquimans counties, with Edenton as the county seat.

11. Consolidate Pasquotank, Camden, and Currituck counties, with Elizabeth City as the county seat.

Before good roads, automobiles and other ways of transportation it was wisdom to have areas for local government relatively small, but today physically conditions are radically different, making the time taken in traveling from one point to another but small consideration.

It seems that in every argument, for and against, that consolidation would have the winning points. For the same reasons the merging of county and city schools is a question in the mind of the writer that soon will be taken under advisement.

* * * * * * * * * *

WE MISSED HIM

The Uplift clientele felt somewhat apprehensive as to the whereabouts of "Old Hurrygraph," having missed his weekly contributions that are greatly appreciated as well as enjoyed by every one.

We were delighted to hear in response to a note of inquiry that he was in his usual health, taking a few weeks off enjoying the early Spring flowers and listening to the bursting of the buds that soon will unfold making a canopy of perfect green, a nesting place and shelter for the birds. "Old Hurrygraph" vouchsafed that as soon as he returned to duty the Uplift would receive his attention. That was indeed good news, and we await patiently for his weekly messages.

A FINE MEDIUM

The power of the movies is shown in every walk of life. If used to disseminate wholesome and profitable information, and not altogether for pleasure and pastime, the moral influence would be felt to an illimitable degree. There would be finer appreciation of real value, both as to people and things that have contributed to the development of the country, to the elimination of non-essentials. This news item emphasizes the far reaching power of the movies.

> The other day Madame Curie, the co-discoverer of radium, passed unnoticed through St. Nazire station in Paris, while the city went wild over the fact that a movie star from Hollywood spent a few moments in the station enroute to a nearby resort. The picture people traveled in all pomp and display, demanded by royalty. Maids, chefs, poodles, and wealthy hangers-on traveled in the private car "en-state," while Madame Curie slipped unnoticed through the throngs. If what we have read of this heroine is true she would be the last person to have this otherwise, for like the really great, she is modest and unassuming, thinking of her work rather than herself, of accomplishments, rather than rewards. Just the same there must be something wrong with our civilization when we lay so much stress on non-essentials and so little on the really great things and people of our generation. We, as a people, need to take stock of ourselves and see where we are drifting intellectually and emotionally. We should see that we are putting first and the proper emphasis on the things that really count and make for finer and better living.

* * * * * * * * * *

A NATIONAL SHRINE

At last the bill, to approprate approximately by Congress, a quarter of a million, to establish a national military park on the site of the Battle of Kings Mountain, has been passed

This matter will prove of keen interest to all North Carolinians who for a number of years have urged the measure. Probably it was the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary, last October 7th, with President Hoover as chief speaker, that had much to do with making the anticipation a realization.

It is fitting that the site, Kings Mountain, should be set apart as a national shrine, showing that the battle won there had a very important influence in turning the tide of victory for the colonists in the Revolution. On account of location this development will in the future be visited by tourists from all over the country.

PENSIONERS OF WAR OF 1812

From statistics, according to report sent out from Washington, there are now nine widows of the War of 1812, and one daughter, receiving pensions. If Uncle Sam has not cleared the pension calendar of a war that ended 119 years ago, it is extremely probable that the World War pensioners will continue to be paid more than a hundred years from date—and the amount of money paid out will be difficult to tell.

There are nine widows of the veterans of the War of 1812, and one daughter, ages ranging from 71 to 90 years with pensions averaging $48 per month. The widows and one daughter are:

Arminia Anderson, Cedar Grove, Ga.; Marion Clark, Iowa City, Iowa; Mary Coleman, Claudeville, Va.; Lydia Graham, Brushy Run, Va.; Mary Isgrigg, Cincinnati, Ohio; Caroline Kine, East Aurora. N. Y.; Emma Mannn, Greenbrush, Mass.; Mary Williams, Philadelphia, Pa.; Elizabeth Huron, Indianapolis, Ind.; widows, and Esther Morgan, Independence, Ore., daughter.

* * * * * * * * * *

FORESTRY WEEK PROGRAM

The objective of emphasizing "Forestry Week," March 15-21, is to control waste of timber, forest fires and other evils which are rapidly removing the State's small supply of timber. In outlining the week's program Mr. J. A. Bradshaw, chief district forester, announced:

"Our timber supply is being legitimately used four times as fast as it grows, and in addition countless millions of young trees are being destroyed by forest fires.

"The loss to sportsmen, farmers, business men, tourists, and even the coming generations is alarming. Many times after a forest fire, it has been found that grouse and quail have been injured and in some cases blinded while game of all species will vacate all burned over forest areas. The akaline ashes and other refuse from fires annually destroy many fish and help to make forest fires very harmful to the few good angling streams that are left."

* * * * * * * * * *

THE RED CROSS

Just as expected the amount, $10,000,000 for Red Cross relief, has been raised plus a small amount, $5,000, over and above the sum. This fact is conclusive that the public continues to have faith and confidence in the ef-

fectiveness of the work carried on by this organization throughout the entire Nation.

There are many who contend that present day conditions are bad, but this generous response given to the relief of suffering, to the protection of the helpless and other humanitarian enterprises proves that the problems of the age are in the minds and hearts of the people at large. It would be fine if at all times we could recall when the needs of a case are presented that it is "not what we gain, but what we give that measures the worth of the life we live." An exchange states:

> It is a remarkable record, a tribute both to the character of the organization itself and the people to whom it looks for support. Particularly because of the trying days in which this last great sum was raised is the accomplishment a signal mark of approval, for it is well known that almost the entire country was laboring under the handicap of the distress it was asked to relieve. Further, the inconsiderate action of Congress in seeking to appropriate the function of charity unto itself, upon a scale of aggrandizement, made even more difficult the nature of the task. We are of the opinion that without the tremendous assistance of the wealthier people of the country, notably the Rockefellers, it could never have been done, and inasmuch as it was they to whom the Congressional bill, in large part, would have been rendered we are inclined to agree with the Hon. John Barton Payne when he says the successful completion of the campaign is reiterated proof that "the American people want the Red Cross to act for them in meeting emergencies and distress growing out of disasters in our nation."

DUTY

When duty comes a-knocking at your gate,
Welcome him in; for if you bid him wait,
He will depart only to come once more
And bring seven other duties to your door.

—Edwin Markham.

SMALL GROUP STARTED SOCIAL SERVICE CONFERENCE IN 1912

(Public Welfare Progress)

The North Carolina Conference for Social Service, which is to hold its nineteenth annual meeting April 7 and 8 in Goldsboro, had its origin in a meeting of a small group of prominent citizens on Sept. 6, 1912.

Assembled in the office of the Chamber of Commerce at Raleigh that day, these men and women made plans for what was to become one of the most powerful socializing forces in North Carolina life. These leaders included Dr. W. S. Rankin, Rev. M. L. Kesler, Clarence Poe, Dr. L. B. McBrayer, W. H. Swift, Miss Daisy Denson and Dr. J. Y. Joyner.

As a result of this meeting, the first annual North Carolina Conference for Social Service was held in Raleigh on February 11-12, 1913. Provisional Chairman Clarence Poe, was elected president for the ensuing year, with Gov. Locke Craig as honorary president and Dr. W. S. Rankin, secretary-treasurer. Miss Daisy Denson, Walter Thompson and Bishop Robert Strange, vice-presidents.

The following statement of purposes was adopted:

"The Conference for Social Service concerns itself with human life in North Carolina. To have the population of the State the best equipped of any in the Union, and to insure here and now an environment of physical, mental, and moral healthfulness that will prevent human waste and make for the fullest development of every individual within its borders—this is its aim. And in working towards this result, it will seek to unite all the now scattered forces of social service upon this threefold program:

"(1) Investigating conditions. It will study the social, civic and economic conditions in our State—especially conditions that injuriously affect child life, or that tend to perpetuate preventable ignorance, disease, degeneracy, or poverty among our people and so handicap them in the fierce twentieth century struggle for supremacy.

"To this end the Conference will (1) provide committees of thoughtful citizens to study each problem in a spirit at once of human sympathy and scientific accuracy, and will (2) arrange for annual conferences to bring together all the state's citizenship, both men and women, interested in the purposes this organization has at heart.

"(2) Awakening the people. Through its annual meetings, its addresses and platforms, its public documents, and the letters, addresses and private activities of its members, it will seek to interest the people of the entire Commonwealth in its program and its policies.

"(3) Securing the remedies. Through committees and otherwise it will endeavor to influence organized bodies of citizens, religious denominations, public officials, and state legislatures in behalf of such policies as its investigations show that conditions demand."

RAILROAD WISHES

(Asheville Citizen) ....

R. H. Ashton, President of the American Railway Association, declares, "The railroads of the United States seek only an equal opportunity to compete with other forms of transportation, operating as common carriers, when it comes to handling the commerce of the nation. They are not asking for any special privileges. They simply want all forms of common carrier transportation to be treated alike."

Such a statement by an eminent railroad official shows how the transportation business of the nation has been changing in recent years. For well nigh a century railway predominance in the movement of passengers and freight seemed assured. The old iron horse handled endless lines of cars with travelers and goods of all sorts from one end of the continent to the other. The revolution effected by the steam railroad in transportation has been one of the wonders of modern times. But in recent years new factors have been appearing. Bus lines are ever extending as automobile highway construction proceeds apace. Trucks are going more and more into the business of moving freight. And the volume of travel in private motor cars is a marvel of the day. Also airplane transportation seems to be just in its infancy, with a wonderful field ahead of it.

So the railroads have been suffering, both from universal business depression and from the competition of these newer forms of travel. Also the railways are concerned because their upkeep expenses and taxes are much higher than those of the motor vehicles which enjoy the use of highways built at public expense. The steam railroads have been resorting to consolidation and to constant improvement in service to meet the dangerous competition of motor cars. Never were they more efficiently operated. Yet they are facing a falling off of business and general unsatisfactory conditions.

Mr. Ashton goes on to say:—"The policy of the railroads asks for: (a) A respite from rate reduction and suspension by regulating bodies, both intrastate and interstate, and from action that will increase the expenses of the carriers; (b) a respite from legislative efforts of either the national or the state legislatures that would adversely affect the rates or increase the expenses of the carriers; (c) a withdrawal of governmental competition through direct operation of transportation facilities as well as indirectly through subsidies, and (d) a fairly comparable system of regulation for competing transportation service."

This seems a fair statement of railroad wishes. Many railways are operating buses and trucks as feeders on branch lines. Doubtless they will do much more of this in the future. But the competition with privately owned motor cars will always increase. And the railways justly feel that they are not now given fair play. This should be given them.

AT 15, JAMES LIKES GOVERNOR'S PROGRAM

(Selected)

Fifteen year old James has been the father of the family ever since his daddy died a few years ago. When separation faced the family, the state stepped in and awarded them $15 per month from the Mother's Aid fund, which is designed to subsidize the worthy but poor home.

They owned a small tract of land which James farms. Of course the mother takes a lively interest and lends helpful advice, but her hands are quite busy caring for her four children and doing all of the housework.

Miss Lois Dosher, field agent for the State Board of Charities and Public Welfare, visited the family recently. She found that James had become interested in the Governor's Live-at-Home program and has decided to plant more food crops and less cotton and tobacco.

"This is a fine idea of the Governor's, Miss Dosher," said James. "It ought to help the people of North Carolina out, if they will just listen and do as he says. We are going to raise a lot more things to eat than we have raised before, and this summer Mama's going to do a lot of canning. The trouble has been that the farmers have been thinking too much about cash and not enough about what they are going to eat."

This is a typical family. They live in a small, unceiled house which is kept spotlessly clean. They pay up their bills promptly and manage to subsist on their tiny income. The mother and boy think ahead and plan for their future welfare. They are intensely grateful for the help the state is giving.

THRIFT IN SCHOOLS

Time was when children were taught to be thrifty as a matter of necessity. They are still taught that lesson in some homes, but the practice has become so uncommon that the public schools have taken it up as an added responsibility.

School children throughout the nation have established 10,163 savings banks of heir own, the treasury department announces, and through deposits of nickels, dimes, quarters, half dollars and dollars, have accumulated $25,913,531.15. Nearly three million children are taking advantage of the school saving system.

This is a valuable lesson the schools are teaching and they are to be commended for carrying on where the homes have left off. It is scarcely fair to complain about the high cost of education in the light of what the schools are doing. This is only one of the cases where they have taken up the burden when the homes failed.—Reidsville Review.

THE NINETEENTH OF MARCH

By Evelyn Gearhart Bauer

It is doubtful whether there is a school boy or girl in America today who does not know the names of those two great men for whom the anniversaries of February 12th and February 22nd are celebrated. But sometimes I wonder if as many boys and girls know that the nineteenth day of the following month commemorates the aniversary of the birth of the greatest missionary of all times, David Livingston.

Born March 19, 1813, in a little stone cottage in Blantyre, near Glasgow, Scotland his birthplace is now preserved as a museum and contains the astonishingly few and simple personal relics of his life.

As soon as he was large enough, the boy Livingstone went to work in a mill as a weaver, where, during the day, he would put his Latin book on the loom before him. A diligent student at all times, he would read everything his hand could touch, and not unlike our own famous Lincoln, would study far into the night, long after the rest of his family had retired to their beds.

He began his career as a preacher, but broke down at his first appearance. However the spirit of the young man was undaunted and he turned more and more to the medical side of missionary work and it was as a physician that he went forth, at last, to win the hearts of men by healing their bodies.

It had been decided by the London Missionary Society to send Livingstone to China but the outbreak of the Opium War changed his destiny and the destiny of a continent, indeed of foreign missions as well.

How plainly we picture him bidding good-bye to his fond parents, that brave mother and father whom he was never again to see, as sixteen long years elasped before he returned to his native land from his first famous expedition, and during that time his parents had died.

It has been truly said of David Livingstone that "he carried light to darkest Africa," for here indeed things were in chaos. Multitudes of blacks were swept away by slave raiders who killed far more than captured; other multitudes fell victims to sleeping sickness and epidemics, but on and on trudged the intrepid pioneer, healing bodies and teaching of the love of Jesus Christ.

During one of his coast to coast exploits, he named the wonderful falls in the Zambezi (three times as high as Niagara) Victoria, in honor of the queen of Great Britain.

Later, after serving his connection with the London Missionary Society, he was appointed British Consul at Quilimane and from then on he spent his time solving the hitherto unknown geographical secrets of Africa and made possible all subsequent missoinary work in the Dark Continent.

In the year 1870, Mr. Gordon Bennett of the New York Herald sent Sir Henry Morton Stanley in search of Livingstone and after a long while he found the great explorer, his body emaciated and his teeth entirely gone. However, being unable to coax Livingstone to accompand him home, Stanley left Africa in March, 1872, for his native England.

Not long after this encounter, on the morning of the first of May, 1873, the natives found "the great master," as they called Livingstone, kneeling in prayer, dead.

After the chief of the natives had removed the heart and buried it under a tree, the body of the beloved missionary was then dried in the sun and carried, with all his papers, instruments and other effects, across Africa to Zanzibar, a distance of twelve hundred miles, the trip taking in all nine months to accomplish. But David Livingstone was on his journey to his eternal home.

His arm, which a lion had crunched, is preserved today in the Royal College of Surgeons, while his body rests with the truly great, in Westminister Abby, not far from the tomb of the Unknown Soldier.

A fearless pioneer, a sincere friend to mankind, and above all else, a devout Christian, was Livingstone. How truthful can it be said he abided strictly by the motto of his life, which was the advice he gave to some school children in Scotland, "Fear God, and work hard."

It is of interest to note the Philadelphia Public Ledger of May 4, 1930, printed the following:

"London, May 4—(AP)—The vaulted arches of Westminister Abby, which shelter the remains of England's kings and great men of history, echoed for the first time today with the soft strains of American Negro spidituals.

"Forty boys and girls from the Hampton Institute, Virginia, gathered before the memorial to the explorer, David Livingstone, celebrated missionary to Africa, and paid tribute to him as a benefactor of their race.

"Great crowds of Londoners waited for an hour outside the Abby for a chance to hear the singing. The congregation of the even-song service remained to hear the little informal concert in the west transept.

"Led by Dr. Nathaniel Dett, the little band of Negroes stood for a brief silent prayer before the memorial, and then raised their voices in the hymn, 'Rest, Ye Weary Traveler.'

"The hum of conversation in the curious crowd, to whom the presence of a Negro choir in the old Abby was a departure from tradition, stopped as soon as the singing began. The spirituals seemed to cast a spell upon hundreds of hearers, and as the singers filed out of the west entrance the crowd almost reverently stood aside to make way."

VICTORY

I call no fight a losing fight
If, fighting, I have gained some straight new strength;
If, fighting, I turned ever toward the light,
All unallied with forces of the night;
If beaten, quivering, I could say at length;
"I did no deed that needs to be unnamed;
I fought—and lost—and I am unashamed."

—Miriam Teichner.

SESQUI-CENTENNIAL OF GUILFORD COURTHOUSE BATTLE

By G. A. Wilson Jr.

The Battle of Guilford Court House occurred on March 15, 1781. Its one hundred and fiftieth anniversary is a fit time to consider that battle in relation to events that preceded and followed it, and to glimpse briefly the battle itself with some of its episodes and accompanying circumstances.

The Battle of Guilford Court House was an important link in a chain of events that dragged Lord Cornwallis from the heights of seemingly assured conquest of the southern colonies to the depths of surrender at Yorktown. The spring and summer of 1780 had brought success to the British everywhere in the south and had placed them in a position to hope confidently for an early and complete subjugation of all the territory south of the Potomac river, then, uniting the southern armies with Clinton at New York, to overwhelm General Washington and wind up the rebellion.

Savannah was occupied by the British and all Georgia was firmly in their grasp. On May 12, 1780, General Lincoln had surrendered Charleston and his defending army to General Clinton, commander-in-chief of the British armies. Subsequent weeks had brought the whole of South Carolina into submission with all her strongholds in British hands. Clinton had returned to New York, leaving Lord Cornwallis with some four thousand regular troops and a few provincials, a force deemed ample, with help from Tory militia, to hold South Carolina and subdue North Carolina. General Leslie had been dispatched to Virginia with two thousand men to operate from a naval base on the Chesapeake. Cornwallis was to march through North Carolina, subdue that province, and, in junction with Leslie, bring Virginia to terms.

Seemingly there was only one serious obstacle in his way—the patriot army commanded by General Horatio Gates, consisting of some two thousand continentals of the Maryland and Delaware lines, and some three thousand militia from Virginia and the Carolinas. Cornwallis met and destroyed this army at Camden on August 16. The only remaining single force of any consequence was Sumter's corps of eight hundred men. Two days after Camden this force was wiped out entirely in the Battle of Fishing Creek. Cornwallis occupied Charlotte, which he described as "a hot bed of rebels," and, with no organized resistance in sight, made ready for his triumphant march through North Carolina to Virginia. He placed much dependence in two brilliant officers of light troops, Major Ferguson and Colonel Tarleton.

On October 9, 1780, occurred the first event in the fatal chain that ran through Guilford to Yorktown. On that date Ferguson was killed and his division of Cornwallis' army was annihilated at Kings Mountain. This event caused a radical change of plans. The offensive against North Carolina and Virginia was tempora-

rily given up for defensive measures to hold South Carolina, and Leslie was urgently ordered to leave the Chesapeake and join Cornwallis in North Carolina by sailing up the Cape Fear river.

Then early in December General Nathaniel Green arrived to take command of patriot troops and to set about rebuilding Gates' shattered army. Green, with his main army, was northeast of the Catawba river, but he had a small force under Morgan operating to the southwest of the stream. Cornwallis was also southwest of the Catawba. He sent Tarleton to get Morgan, but on January 17 Morgan got Tarleton at the Battle of Cowpens, capturing over five hundred of his men, and killing, wounding, or scattering all the others.

Morgan immediately set out with all possible speed for Beattie's Ford over the Catawba, in order to put that river between himself and the main British army and to join Greene. Cornwallis, re-enforced by Leslie, tried desperately to intercept him at the ford, there to destroy his army and recover the prisioners, but Morgan beat him to it, and safely crossing the river, effected his junction with Greene. Cornwallis arrived next day to find that the river had risen in flood during the night and could not be crossed for two days. That two day's start was all that Morgan needed, with Greene to cover his rear, in order to get his prisoners safely into Virginia.

Re-enforced by Leslie Cornwallis still had ample force to crush Greene if only he could catch him. Stripping himself of heavy baggage and destroying his trains he threw his army across the river and went after Greene. Greene went for the Yadkin and the Dan, keeping just ahead and out of reach, until he crossed those rising rivers. Then, safely camped in a mountain stronghold beyond those swelling streams, he issued urgent calls for re-enforcement and awaiting the incoming militia.

They came, not in as large numbers as he hoped for, but large enough to enable him to recross the Dan and pester Lord Cornwallis while avoiding a decisive fight. Cornwallis had gone into camp at Hillsborough for ten days, and then moved to various camps along the fertile Alamance. In the meantime Greene, with his accessions of strength, recrossed the Dan and engaged in harassing warfare of manoeuvres, marches, counter marches and skirmishes that lasted until March 15, when he deemed himself strong enough to risk a general engagement.

Choosing the field around the old courthouse of Guildford county he offered battle. Cornwallis accepted the challenge and threw his whole army into the attack. The conflict raged fast and furious for two hours and a half, when the Americans withdrew, leaving the British in possession of the field and hence technical victors. But is was dearly brought victory. The victors were so severely handled and so badly crippled that they were incapable of pursuit, and the next day they began a long retreat to their base of supplies at Wilmington. Greene followed them closely nearly to the coast, then he veered off into Couth Carolina, where after a brilliant campaign of six months he recovered all

the lost ground except Charleston and held all the British in South Carolina cooped up in that city. Cornwallis, after recuperating at Wilmington, went on into Virginia, but from Wilmington instead of from Charlotte, and only to be bottled and beaten at Yorktown.

The Battle of Guilford affords striking illustration both of the weakness and the strength of the revolutionary militia. The militia made that battle possible, and not that battle only, but the forging of ever link in the chain that bound Cornwallis. Yet the militia was not dependable. A typical instance of weakness combined with strength was shown in the conduct of a splendid body of militia recruited by Captain Joseph Graham from Mecklenburg county. They were mounted riflemen, armed and equipped at their own expense. They had followed Cornwallis, under General Pickens' command, in his pursuit of Greene across the state, harassing his rear at every step. Under Greene's orders, they rendered heroic and invaluable service in the preliminary movements around Guilford, participating bravely and effectively in the affairs of Hart's Mill Clapp's Mill, and Whetzel's Mill, three sharp skirmishes, all won by the Americans. But they were not available for the main battle. Their term of enlistment was for three months, and when the three months was up they determined to go home, and home they would go. By General Greene's orders they marched in a body to the Yadkin, and there disbanded on March 14, the day before the battle.

General Green is reported to have made the statement that at one stage of the battle he could have executed a manoeuvre that must have compelled either the surrender or destruction of Cornwallis' army if he had felt that he could rely on his militia, but, fearful that the militia would break and run, he refrained from giving the orders. Perhaps his distrust of his militia's power longer to stand the gaff influenced him in giving the orders for a general retreat from the field.

Yet at Guilford the militia as a whole did stand firm, and really behaved better than the regulars. Greene, in personal command of his regular continentals, occupied the high ground near the court house. In front of him were rolling open fields, and across them to his left were woods on either side of the Salisbury road. Campbell's corps of militia were posted in these woods, and, suported by Lee's Legion and Washington's Dragoons, formed the second line of battle.

About a rifle shot in front of Campbell's line there was a rail fence. North Carolina militia, under Captain Forbes and other lay behind this fence to form the first line of battle. The King's troops, visible for nearly a mile, advanced gayly to the attack, headed for the regulars in the center. They were first greeted by fires from a battery of artillery which, acting according to orders, retired before them. They passed in front of the rail fence, where they received a deadly and unexpected fire from Forbes' militia. It is said that fully half of a Highland regiment dropped in their tracks.

Some of the first line broke and ran and Forbes gallant company were forced to fall back, leaving their captain mortally wounded on the field. He was found in a dying

condition the next day. Before he died he told of a tory from the neighborhood who knew him well passing by. He called to the fellow and asked for water but instead of giving water the man cursed him for a rebel and kicked him. A few days later his lifeless body was found dangling from a rope tied to a limb in his yard.

Campbell's men of the second line, some of them Washington, Va., county militia, who had followed him at Kings Mountain, other from Montgomery, Bottetour, Bedford, Rockbridge and Augusta counties, stood their ground magnificently, alternately retiring and advancing. They were among the first to receive the attack and the last to leave the field, retiring only after the general retreat had set in and Lee's Legion had retired without giving warning and leaving them exposed and unsurpported.

A remarkable feature of the battle was that both commanding generals barely escaped capture. At a crucial stage Cornwallis rode his white horse to a certain oak tree for the purpose of taking observations. It so happened that Colonel Washington was making for that tree at about the same time. He saw the British officer under it and turned in his saddle to order some of his dragoons to circle and intercept him before he could regain his line. At that moment his hat fell over his eyes and he paused to adjust it. Looking up from this operation he beheld the white horse and his rider dashing back to safety, and to his amazement recognized the officer as Cornwallis. The momentary delay in giving the order had prevented the capture. In the heat of battle General Greene, unconscious of his situation, rode almost into the enemy lines. A warning by one of his officers shouted in the nick of time saved him, and he rode quietly back without having his identity discovered.

Peter Francisco, famous strong man of Nottaway county, Virginia is said to have killed eleven men with his sabre in this battle. One of the eleven pinioned his leg to his horse with a bayonet. Francisco did not attempt to strike him, but helped him to extricate the bayonet, then, as the soldier turned to run away, he struck with such force as to cleave the skull from crown to base. Carried by his own momentum and by the force of the blow he is said to have run on for a few steps with one side of his head lying on each shoulder. This incident is recorded by Dr. Foote, a Presbyterian minister, in his sketches of North Carolina.

Greene's total force in the Battle of Guilford was about forty-five hundred men. Half of these were Virginia militia. The other half were North Carolina militia, and regulars from Maryland, Delaware, Virginia, and the Carolinas.

In response to Greene's call for Virginia militia Colonel William Preston summoned three hundred Montgomery county men to meet him at the Lead Mines. They were joined by Colonel William Campbell with a hundred from Washington, and thence proceeded to Green's camp, arriving on March 2. Bottetourt sent a goodly number. Bedford sent a hundred and fifty under Colonel Charles Lynch. Rockbridge and Augusta counties sent several hundred, and other counties sent

their quotas. The Rockbridge and Augusta men assembled at Midway, or Steel's Tavern, where the Rev. James Waddell, famous blind preacher conducted divine services.

In South Carolina Cornwallis and his officers had learned to detest the Presbyterian Scotch-Irish as "people who sang David's Psalms in metre, who were rebels against their king, and whose ministers were fomentors of rebellion." Their experience with these in North Carolina had not tended to increase their love for them. They found some of their congregations around Hillsborough and on the Alamance. Cornwallis quartered troops in the church of Rev. Hugh McAden and burned that gentleman's books, including his Bible and "David's Psalms in Metre." They camped on the plantation of Rev. Dr. Caldwell, pastor of a church and the founder of the University of North Carolina. Dr Caldwell was absent, in Greene's camp, but they handled his wife and children roughly, turning them out of doors, and wasted his plantation. A price of two hundred pounds was set on his head. The General ordered a fire built and had all his fine library, his manuscripts, personal papers, and family Bible burned.

Throughout the day of the battle devout women in several of these congregations assembled for continuous prayer meetings. All the able bodied men were engaged in the fighting in one capacity or another.

PLANT SOMETHING TO EAT

Every garden club that is planned and every person who plants something to eat is helping conditions in this county this year. A people who have plenty to eat are going to be in much better condition than those who are hungry or have plenty to sell with no market and nothing to eat.

The thing which has carried the sturdy mountaineers of the western part of this state through every depression is the fact that they always had plenty to eat. Every little mountain cabin had its barn or cow shed had plenty to eat. Every little mountain cabin had its barn or sow shed and its hogs and chickens. There was corn and cabbage and meat and bread with milk to drink and a family which has plenty of these can overcome any difficulties that may come in their way.

Every farm owner, every renter, and every person who has even a little space should plant something to eat. Even if it is only a few beans or potatoes, or a few cabbage, or a row of corn of a few tomatoes it will provide a meal or so. And it will save that much cash. There it no reason why the people of Mecklenburg county should not grow all their food and feed.—Mecklenburg Times.

A REAL PIRATE STORY

By A. M. Barnes

Do you like to read pirate stories? I know most boys do and not a few girls. And I don't have to wonder why; for I am sure it is because of the suspense, the dark mysteries, and then the thrills that come from reading of the heroic deeds of those who fight these black-hearted men and bring them to justice, to suffer for their wicked deeds.

Well, here is a true story, of real pirates, and of how our young country, then barely twenty-five years old, fought them, won a victory over them, and gave them the punishment they deserved.

It was in 1801 that the young republic, known as the United States of America, with but a few thousand over four million people within its boundaries, declared war against Tripoli, one of the divisions of the Barbary States. The Barbary States was the name given to the most northerly portion of Africa, comprising Morocco, Fez, Algeria, Tunis and Tripoli.

For about twenty years our country, along with other nations, had been paying a regular yearly tribute in money to certain of the Barbary States. This was done to prevent the seizure of the American vessels. on the Mediterranean Sea, by the inhabitants of those States who were pirates. If such tribute were not paid, the vessels were seized robbed of their cargoes, and the crews and passengers either put to death or sold into slavery. It was a terrible condition of affairs, and it was a wonder that some of the older nations submitted to it. But the pirates were very strong in numbers, and their ships roamed other seas, too.

Shortly after the Revolutionary War closed, the United States of America began paying the tribute money the pirates demanded, forced to do so by the Dey of Algiers and the Bashaw of Tripoli, rulers of their States and heads of the pirate bands. Dey is an Arabic word meaning Great One or Mighty Lord, and Bashaw a Turkish one with the same meaning, and these two despots thought themselves mighty lords indeed, whose word was not to be questioned.

Although our Government was paying the tribute money to these two tyants, there was great dissatisfaction throughout the country with this state of affairs. A lively indignation had been awakened in the hearts of a liberty-loving people, who had fought for and won their freedom.

This indignation was caused by having to pay for what they considered their right to sail their vessels on the high seas, a privilege that belonged to all nations alike. They had submitted to the tyranny too long already, they decided.

It was in the year 1800 that the nineteenth payment to the Dey of Algiers became due, and Captain William Bainbridge, of our navy, in command of the frigate, Philadelphia, was sent with the tribute money. Now Captain Bainbridge, in addition to being a braver officer, was a very high-spirited man, and he was among those strongly opposed to the high-handed piracy on the

part of the Dey and the Bashaw and grately indignant that the money had to be paid.

So, you can imagine what his feelings were when he was received in a haughty and insolent manner by the Dey, and ordered to act the part of an ordinary messenger by carrying the money to the Sultan of Turkey, the Barbary States being a dependency of Turkey. That meant that the Sultan was the real ruler of the country, and, in turn, exacted tribute from them.

But this was not all that black-hearted, scowling-faced old pirate, the Dey of Algiers, did. Determined to put further indignity upon our country, he commanded Captain Bainbridge to haul down the United States flag and raise that of Algiers instead at the mast-head of the Philadelphia. This the spirited young officer at first refused to do; but as he was in a pirate stronghold, surrounded on all sides by danger, he was forced to give in, for he feared that it would mean not only his own life if he refused, but also the lives of his gallant men; either this or to be sent into slavery.

Drawing himself up proudly before the Dey, he said, "I will do so this time, because there is now no other choice for me;" and then his voice rang out, next time it is my hope to deliver the tribute from the mouths of my trusty cannon."

It was the very next year, 1801, that the Bashaw of Tripoli, ruler of another Barbary State, growing angry because he had not received as large an amount of tribute money as he considered his due, and thinking to frighten the young republic into submission, declared war against the United States. This news the brave sailors of our ships received with great rejoicing. Now indeed could they avenge the insult offered our flag, when Captain Bainbridge was forced to lower it to give place to that of Algiers. They were elated, too, over the punishment they would deal out to the pirates. But alas! what happened was altogether different from that contemplated, at least by the men of the Philadelphia.

The fleet sent out to engage and punish the pirates was in command of Commodore Preble. The Philadelphia, Captain Bainbridge's ship, was dispatched to Tripoli, while the others went on to Morocco. When nearing the harbor of Tripoli, a pirate ship was sighted, which instead of attacking the Philadelphia, turned and fled back toward the town. Captain Bainbridge at once gave chase, and so excited were the sailors over the prospect of a close encounter with the pirates, they lost caution. Besides, they were not familiar with the entrance to the harbor. They were but a short distance from it when the Philadelphia ran upon a submerged reef and stuck hard and fast. It was a critical situation as was at once realized. The crew of the Philadelphia made frantic efforts to get the vessel off the rocks and again afloat by now the men of the pirate ship had grown aware of what had happened, and the pirate craft was approaching.

The struggle was soon over, as the pirates had every advantage. They swarmed up the sides of the stranded Philadelphia, and before any real battle could take place, Capt. Bainbridge and his brave sailors were made captives. The pirates treated them cruelly, for they were bold, bad men, their anger now thoroughly aroused

against the United States and its people, because the tribute money had not been sent. The officers of the Philadelphia did not fare so badly as did the crew, many of whom were sent into slavery.

The pirates were greatly rejoiced over their victory. In a short time, they succeeded in getting the Philadelphia off the reef and towed into the harbor. And now they were boasting of their determination to repair the American vessel and turn it into a pirate ship. When Captain Bainbridge heard of this he felt as though he just could not endure it to have his fine, clean ship come to such an ignoble end. He managed to get word to Commodore Preble. A young lieutenant, Stephen Decatur, was selected to respond to the appeal for help and to make the effort to re-capture the Philadelphia and bring her out of the harbor; or, failing in this, to destroy her. Better this than that she should become a pirate vessel.

Lieutenant Decatur selected his crew of men. They disguised themselves as sailors of Tripoli. In order the better to carry out the purpose of their disguise they used a captured vessel of the Tripolitans, to which the name Intrepid had been given.

They managed to enter the harbor of Tripoli at night unmolested, and, representing themselves as Tripolitan merchantmen engaged in trading along the coasts, secured permission to tie up for the night within the safety of the harbor, This they managed to do alongside the Philadelphia, on board of which the pirate crew. engaged in repairing the ship, had their quarters.

Lieutenant Decatur and his brave men made a cautious reconnoiter, in order to gain clear knowledge of the situation. They even went aboard and talked with some of the pirate crew. Very soon they saw plainly that the Philadelphia was not yet in a condition to be put afloat. So it was resolved to destroy her. And oh, how hard it was going to be to end the existance of the gallant ship! But far better that than to have her become a piratical craft.

Thus it was that in the dead of night, Lieutenant Decatur and his brave men climbed up over the sides of the Philadelphia, and nearly all the pirate crew being asleep, managed to set the ship on fire many places.

They were humane men and not pirates, and so before the ship was well ablaze they aroused the sleeping pirates and ordered them into the water. Then before the pirates could recover from their astonishment and summon aid from the town to give chase, Lieutenant Devatur and his men had gained their vessel and were safely away, while the blaze from the Philadelphia lighted up all the harbor. The noble ship burned to the water's edge.

The war against the pirates continued till 1805, the American ships winning one victory after another, until finally in 1805 Derne, a seaport of Tripoli, was captured and the American flag floated above the forts, the very first time that the stars and stripes had ever been raised over a fortress on the eastern side of the Atlantic.

The victorious Americans now began their march to the Dey's capital. When the wicked old pirate heard of their coming, he was terribly frightened. His shoulders shook and his

teeth chattered, for he was sure he would be killed. He could not understand that the victors were civilized men and not barbarians and bloodthirsty pirates like himself and his people. He tried to hide, but it was of no use. He was brought forth from his hiding place, and when he found that his life was not to be taken, he was glad enough to sign a treaty of peace, which he did June 3, 1805. The best part of the victory of the Americans was that Captain Bainbridge and his fellow-prisoners were released, though several had died from cruel treatment. As I am sure you have guessed, not another dollar of tribute money was paid by the United States to the Barbary pirates. And now does it not give you just the finest feeling of pride in your country to learn how the infant republic so splendidly demonstrated to the older and far stronger nations of Europe how fearlessly its people could contend for their rights?

RECOGNIZING CHILDREN

Do you speak to boys and girls of your acquaintance?

This inquiry is addressed to men and women who have reached their majority and who have made a place for themselves in the community.

All too few can answer that they do.

They don't give boys and girls they know the friendly nod as they pass them on the street.

It is not because they do not want to speak. It is due to their thoughtlessness—just plain carelessness.

How many will resolve here and now never to pass a boy or girl from this day forth without some sign of greeting?

If you could appreciate what it means to the youngsters. You can, if you will go back in your book of memories and recall the days of your childhood.

Remember the man or woman who always "knew" you? To this day you have a fond remembrance of those persons who were never too busy, never too engrossed with their own affairs to recognize you with a nod of the head, a wave of the hand or a smile.

You know how their word of encouragement helped you along when you thought your burdens were too heavy. You know that their recognition made you feel that you were of some importance in the world after all and gave you a new grip on yourself.

Don't slight the boys and girls who are going to be the men and women of the community a few years hence. Give them a boost.

Speak to them. It makes no difference if you don't know their name. The point is—speak.—Exchange.

THE FLOOD

By Eva M. Muma

Gladys Morrison was awakened by the crash of thunder and brilliant flash of lightning. Her first impulse was to duck her head under the covers and try to keep out the glare and noise, for she hated thunderstorms; then she suddenly remembered that all the windows had been left open following an unusually sultry spring day. She jumped out of bed, put on kimono and slippers, and taking her flashlight, hastened into the hall, where she met her brother, Rollin, emerging from his room.

"Hurrah! for the first thunderstorm of the season, and it's going to be a real one," he greeted her gaily. She shivered as a sharp peal of thunder confirmed his words, but she would not admit how frightened she was, for she imagined her brother felt rather nervous, too. It was the first night they had ever spent alone but their father had been called to the distant city on urgent business, and they had assured him that they would be all right, and would take care of everything during the few days of his absence. Now, however, Gladys knew that she at least, didn't feel quite so cheerful and confident.

By the time they had closed all the windows and returned to the living-room, the wind had increased to a wild roar, and the rain was coming down in torrents. Rollin lighted the lamp on the library table and drew up a chair. "Guess I'll finish that story I was reading;" he remarked, "nobody could sleep with such a racket.

Gladys was immensely relieved at having her brother's companionship, for she dreaded being alone, so she curled up in a big Morris chair and picked up her unfinished book. But they soon found that even interesting stories couldn't divert their attention from the fury of the storm which steadily grew worse. The sturdily built house fairly shook, and the crash and reverberation of thunder was almost continuous.

"Oh, isn't it awful!" Gladys exclaimed.

"It will cause some pretty bad floods in the valley, I'm afraid;" replied Rollin, "we were down to the river yesterday,—it's way over the banks, and dad said it was the highest he had ever seen it; the lowlands are all under water."

At last the electrical disturbance lessened, and the storm seemed to abate, but it was only a temporary lull which preceded an even greater rush of wind. Suddenly there was a terrifying, jarring crash. Rollin and Gladys sprang to their feet in alarm.

"What was that?" cried Gladys; "it wasn't thunder."

"Perhaps a big tree has fallen near here," replied Rollin.

But it was not a tree, and presently they heard a strange surging sound which kept growing louder. They hastened to the window where the lightning disclosed a sight that filled them with panic.

The power dam has broken, and we'll be drowned," cried Gladys, bursting into tears.

Rollin put his arm around his sister and tried to reassure her, although his own face was very white.

"I don't think it will be so awfully bad here," he said; "we are far

enough from the river that we won't get the force of the main current."

However, he did not feel so confident as another flash revealed a torrent of water bearing with it brush and debris. Soon, as far as they could see was like a huge river in the midst of which they were marooned.

Gladys tried bravely to suppress her sobs, and, strangely fascinated they watched the fearsome sight. The last outburst of wind which had brought the detructive crash, was evidently the climax of the storm, for the wind and rain soon began to slacken again, but the shimmer of distant lightning, which follows a severe thunderstorm, continued to give frequent illumination to the terrifying scene. Higher and hightr crept the water until it was nearly to the porch floor.

"We must get dressed right away," exclaimed Rollin, suddenly arousing himself to action, "and I will go out and release the horses and cows—poor creatures, they must be almost frantic, and if they are free, they can get to higher land, perhaps.

"Oh, Rollie! I can't let you go outside ;something terrible will surely happen," cried Gladys, again breaking into tears.

"Come, Sis, we must brace up," said Rollin. "I admit things look pretty bad, but you know how mother always said God would take care of us if we would just trust Him. The storm is practically over, and I imagine only a part of the dam is broken, for the flood would have been much worse if it had all gone out,—so we'll be all right. If the water comes into the house, we can move upstairs," he added, with an attempt at gaiety.

Gladys tried to smile through her tears. "I'm such a baby," she replied, "but I'm going to be braver now."

By the time they had hurriedly dressed and returned to the living room, the water was creeping in under the doors.

"Rollin, I've thought of something dreadful," Gladys exclaimed. "I just remembered that Mrs. Paige and little Bobby are all alone tonight. I was down there yesterday, and she said Mr. Paige was going to town and would have to stay over night. What will she ever do? Their cottage is even nearer the river than our house, and they have no upstairs in which to take refuge."

The Morrisons and Paiges were the only neighbors for many miles in that sparsely settled valley, and they lived a mile apart. But since Mrs. Morrison's death, Mrs. Paige had been very kind and devoted to Gladys; they were the best of friends, and Gladys adored three-year-old Bobby.

"Don't you suppose we could take the boat and go for them?" continued Gladys. "The water is getting so deep everywhere that we wouldn't have to go very near the river where it would be most dangerous. I believe we could do it, don't you?"

Rollin looked at his sister's pale face with keen admiration, for he knew how frightened she was, and the real bravery which prompted this daring suggestion. He also realized the extreme hazard in the proposed undertaking, but he did not hesitate long in his reply.

"Yes, we certainly ought to try to reach them, and I don't mind making the attempt myself, but I hate to have you take the risk."

"Oh! I want to go," declared

Gladys. "We'll take our flashlights, and I'm sure we'll make it all right; and He will help us succeed," she added quitely.

"You are brave, Sis, and we'll do our best," said Rollin, "but we mustn't lose any time getting started."

Quickly they prepared for the trip. When they opened the kitchen door and the water came rushing in, Gladys gave a shriek of terror. However, she did not hesitate, but followed Rollin into the night. Soon they were in the cold water to their waists, and having some difficulty in keeping their feet as they were borne along with the current; but they both could swim well if need required, and in a short time became used to the chill of the water, for they were accustomed to taking plunges in the river early in the spring.

When they reached the stable, they hastily released the frightened animals. They were all pets and seemed to realize that their friends were trying to free them from a strange terror which surrounded them, and Rollin knew that, once outside, they could wade or swim to higher ground and safety.

"How fortunate for us that dad fixed the boat the other day," remarked Rollin, "and as he left it right side up, it's probably afloat now"—which they found to be the case when they entered the barn where the boat was kept during the winter.

They were soon embarked on the perilous undertaking with only the gleam from their flashlights to guide the way through the dangerous darkness. The water had continued to rise and the current carried them swiftly along without the necessity of rowing, but they had to be constantly alert with their oars to keep out of the path of floating debris, and from running into trees. As they approached the river the current became still more rapid, and many times they barely escaped striking some obstacle which loomed unexpectedly in front of them.

"I'm so afraid we are going to arrive too late," cried Gladys despairingly, as she observed how much higher the water came on the tree trunks which they passed.

But at last they could see a faint point of light ahead. Then suddenly the scene became magically illuminated. The heavy storm clouds were drifting by and the full moon shone forth with weird splendor, disclosing a strange picture of rushing water everywhere, with its load of floating debris; tall trees standing sentinel-like in the flood, while only the upper branches of the shorter ones were visible; the half-submerged cottage with its tiny beacon; and the little craft with its two occupants striving to escape the dangers which surrounded them.

As they drew closer to the house, they could see that the doors and windows were almost under water, and the gleam of light shown out near the roof.

"Why they must be in the attic!" exclaimed Gladys. "I'd forgotten that there was one, but I remember now; it's just a little cubby-hole and the only way to reach it is by climbing a step-ladder and going through a trap-door in the ceiling of one of the bedrooms. I helped Mrs. Paige put some boxes up there once—they use it for a storeroom—but what a terrible place for their only refuge."

"I imagine they are pretty glad to have that much," replied Rollin.

As soon as they were close enough, they called a cherry "hello" which quickly brought Mrs. Paige's frightened face to the little window.

"Who's there? Is it you, Ted?" she cried, thinking her husband had returned.

"No, it's just Rollin and myself," replied Gladys, "and we've come to get you.

"Oh, how brave and splendid!" exclaimed Mrs Paige, "but you shoudn't have ventured out—it's terrible."

"You know father is in the city," continued Gladys; "we were alone, and I remembered that you and Bobby were all alone tonight, too, and would probably be in deeper water than we were, so we just took the boat and started out—and here we are, safe and sound."

During this conversation, Rollin had been silently taking observation. A huge tree stood near the end of the house, with its strong, leafless branches almost touching the attic window; and the water was so high that the boat was floating only a short distance below the window. Rollin steered close to the tree, and with a chain which he had thoughtfully brought, they fastened the boat securely to a stout limb.

"Here I come," Rollin called as he swung himself to a branch and started going up. The short climb was easy, but returning to the boat with the chubby, frightened Bobby was much more difficult. However, he arrived safely and deposited the child in Glady's outstretched arms. Then he went back up the tree to assist Mrs Paige.

"I don't know how I'm ever going to get down there," she declared despairingly, "it always makes me dizzy to climb, and I'm dreadfully afraid of the water, but I suppose one can do most anything if he has to—so here goes," she finished, as she scrambled out of the little window which was scarcely large enough to permit her to get through. For a moment as she swung free, clinging desperately to a limb, Rollin thought she was going to faint, for her face was deathly pale, but her grip did not relax.

"Don't look down," warned Rollin, "just watch me and I'll help you."

After what seemed an interminable time to them both and to the anxious Gladys watching from below, they finally reached the boat.

"Oh! I don't know how I can ever be grateful enough for this wonderful rescue," cried Mrs. Paige, as she sank weakly down on the seat, and clasped her baby again in her arms. "It was horrible. I was so powerless to do anything—just sit and watch the water creeping higher and higher and praying that is would stop short of our tiny refuge."

"Well, we're all ready for a moonlight ride to town now," said Rollin, with an attempt at cheerfulness which he was far from feeling. "We certainly connot row back home against this current, and I guess the place for us is away from here anyway."

They unfastened the chain from the tree and were quickly carried out on the rushing water. Rollin and Gladys were kept busy with their oars in an effort to guide the now over-laden boat in a safe course.

For a while all went well, but presently masses of clouds began to shut off the moonlight, and soon they were again enveloped in a blanket of darkness, which seemed even more dense after the temporary brilliance of the full moon shining upon the vast expanse of water. Also the country was less familiar to them than the often-traversed distance between the Morrison and Paige homesteads, and the little shafts of light cast by their flashlights were very inadequate to warn them of impending dangers. Their muscles grew weary with the tense strain, and their eyes ached from the vain attempt to pierce the impenetrable blackness for the unseen perils which they knew were there.

"Do you suppose we are getting nearer the river?" asked Gladys. "The water seems deeper and swifter here."

"No," replied Rollin, "I'm sure we are well inland, but I think perhaps more of the dam is breaking away, so we are getting a greater force and volume of water again."

"Our little attic refuge is probably completely submerged by this time," said Mrs. Paige, as she cuddled the now sleeping Bobby close in her arms. "Such a narrow escape for us—thanks to your wonderful kindness and courage."

On and on through the fearsome night; the only sounds the surge of water all around them and the frequent splash of the oars as they steered away from a tree or floating obstacle. None of them felt much like conversing, and every nerve and muscle must be kept alert for instant action.

And the emergency came with unexpected abruptness, for suddenly the widely outspreading branches of a tree appeared directly in their path. In vain they tried to turn aside, but they were too close and the current was too swift.

"Hand on!" shouted Rollin, as they struck with a crash. The boat tipped sidewise, but miraculously it did not capsize, for it had apparently became wedged. Their flashlights were gone, and they were in total darkness, clinging desperately to the careened and rapidly filling boat.

"Can you hold on?" cried Rollin. "I'm going to get out and try to straighten the boat; I can't do anything with the oars."

But at that moment the moon again flooded the scene with light and disclosed to them that they were held fast among the branches of a huge tree, the trunk of which was completely submerged. It also revealed the full extent of their catastrophe—a hopelessly damaged boat.

"Quick, give Bobby to me, and you climb up into the crotch of that tree," directed Rollin, pointing ta a notch formed by two large limbs, for he knew Mrs. Paige was unable to swim. Too frightened for words, she silently obeyed his instructions. Gladys also scrambled out on a strong branch, and Rollin followed with Bobby in his arms. After considerable effort they finally reached places of comparative safety from the swirling water. Cold and wet they clung to the branches. Bobby was crying and it was all Rollin could do to hold him and keep his own balance. Fully they realized the seriousness of their plight, but there seemed nothing they could do, and in their hearts they earnestly prayed for the

help they so much needed.

Rollin suggested that he would try to swim the remaining distance to town for aid, but Gladys and Mrs. Paige begged him not to attempt it.

"I know Ted will have searching parties out and that they'll find us soon," said Mrs. Paige; and so they waited, though the time seemed endless. Once they thought they heard the sound of a motor boat above the swish of the water, but though they all shouted, their cries brought no response.

The clouds drifted over the moon, and at intervals they were in darkness. The minutes seemed like hours, and their muscles ached and cramped. At last as the first faint tints of dawn were creeping into the eastern sky, their intense listening was rewarded by a distinct chug-chug, and presently they could see a shaft of light across the water. Long and loudly they shouted, and Bobby added his lusty shrieks. Finally they saw the gleam of light turn and head their way, and then it was only a short time before they were being loaded into the motor boat, and Ted Paige was thankfully clasping his wife and baby in his arms.

They learned that Mr. Paige had gone with the first rescue boat directly to his home which he had found almost entirely under water. Too late! If his loved ones were still in the house, they were drowned—and he knew they had no boat in which to attempt flight. However, there was the possibility that rather than be trapped in the flooded house, they might have tried to escape on some floating wreckage. In despair, he realized how hopeless such an undertaking would probably prove, but he had spent the remainder of the night in frantically searching for any signs of them. And now at last they were restored to him, for which he owed an immeasureable debt of gratitude to his brave young neighbors.

WHERE CRIME STARTS

Capt. W. L. Cross, of the Michigan state police, told members of the state crime commission recently that if present tendencies continue the crop of criminals in 1940 will come from children now seven years old. The law breakers, the robbers and bandits, the murderers and social outcasts of just a few years hence are now innocents barely in school. The next decade will determine whether they are to be good citizens or the reverse. "I can tell you the real cause of criminal conditions," said Captain Cross. "They have come about because Dad tore down the woodshed and built in its place a garage. The old woodshed settled many a problem—many a character was shaped and moulded in that old structure by Dad, perhaps with the aid of a razor strap or a shingle." We wonder how many Iredell parents are guilty of the charge of innocently abetting future crime by "tearing down the woodshed" and by being too sparing with the razor strap and the shingle.—Mocresville Enterprise.

INSTITUTION NOTES

A number of new books arrived this week and were issued to the various school rooms.

—o—

Our good friend, Mr. W. J. Swink, of China Grove, paid this office a brief visit last Monday.

—o—

A group of painters from Concord are painting and varnishing the interior of the Cannon Memorial Building.

—o—

The farm boys have been busy during the past week making extensive preparations for a large and early vegetable crop.

—o—

Vernon Litteral and J. D. Sprinkle, of Winston-Salem, former students here, called on friends at the school one day last week.

—o—

The beef served for dinner last Sunday was of our own production and was enjoyed by our large family of nearly six hundred.

—o—

Mrs. J. P. Cook, associate aditor of the Uplift, has gone to Suffolk, Va., where she will spend several weeks with relatives.

—o—

The shoe shop boys, under the direction of Mr. Scarboro, have been busily engaged for the past few days repairing the boys' Sunday shoes.

—o—

The group of youthful barbers, under the supervision of Mr. Hobby, resumed their labor Tuesday, and in the next few days we expect to see each one of our boys with neatly trimmed hair as the result of their efforts.

—o—

Miss Vernie Goodman, of Mooresville, formerly employed here as secretary to the Superintendent, spent a couple of days with friends at the school.

—o—

We are very sorry to learn of the serious illness of our good friend and neighbor, Mr. J. L. Hudson, and extend our best wishes for a speedy recovery.

—o—

When we assembled at the ball grounds last Saturday afternoon several bushels of peanuts were distributed among the boys, each of our five hundred boys receiving a full pint of the delicious "goobers." Shortly thereafter the afternoon of sports was interrupted by a cold rain and hail storm, making it necessary for the boys to return to their cottages.

—o—

As we go about the campus we notice a number of the youngsters, and some of the old timers, "warming up," in order to be in readiness when the Spring baseball practice begins. Judging from the weather for the past few days it won't be long until we hear the crack of the bats and see the old horsehide soaring to the outfield and distant points beyond.

—o—

The following boys were paroled last week: Nathaniel Honeycutt, returned to his home at Clinton; Otis Floyd, who will make his home with his uncle in Robeson County: Richard Bailey, who will be employed by Mr.

E. C. Black on his farm near Cherryville; and John Bowers, who will be engaged in dairy work, being employed by his uncle, Mr. D. B. Bowers, of Albemarle. These boys have made good records here at the institution, and they have our best wishes for continued success amid new surroundings.

—o—

Mr. Sherwood Brockwell and son, Sherwood, Jr., of Raleigh, spent last Wednesday afternoon at the Training School. Mr. Brockwell is a building inspector connected with the State Insurance Department. Sherwood, Jr., is a junior in the engineering class at N. C. State College, Raleigh.

—o—

Mr. A. C. Sheldon, Boys' Work Secretary of the Charlotte Y. M. C. A., had charge of the service in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon. Accompanying Mr. Sheldon were: Judge Fred Helms, of Charlotte, and the Misses Hoover and McQueen, students at Queens College. Judge. Helms made a very interesting talk to the boys, giving them some excellent advice as to how they should live in order to become good citizens. In the course of his remarks Judge Helms told the boys they must not forget the religious side of life in their endeavor to attain this high standard of citizenship; also that they must take advantage of the many excellent opportunities presented during their youth in order to be successful in whatever business they may be engaged in later years. Following Judge Helms' talk, Miss Hoover rendered a vocal number in a very delightful manner, Miss McQueen accompanying at the piano.

A PRAYER

To grow a little wiser day by day,
To school my mind and body to obey,
To keep my inner life both clean and strong,
To free my life from guile, my head from wrong,
To shut the door on hate and scorn and pride,
To open up to love the windows wide,
To meet with cheerful heart what comes to me,
To turn life's discord into harmony,
To share some weary worker's heavy load,
To point some straying comrade to the road,
To know that what I have is not my own,
To feel that I am never quite alone—
This would I pray from day to day,
For then I know my life would flow
In peace until it be God's will I go.

—Selected.

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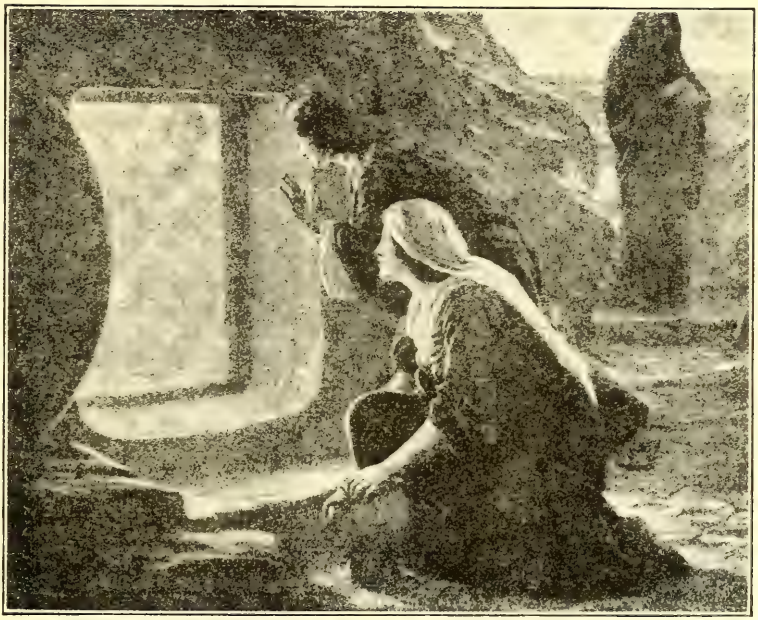
THE UPLIFT

VOL. XIX CONCORD, N. C., APRIL 4, 1931. No. 14



HIS HANDS

The hands of Christ
Seem very frail
For they were broken
By a nail.

But only they reach
Heaven at last
Whom these frail, broken
Hands hold fast.

—J. R. Moreland.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. *J.* P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

CALVARY

Friendless and faint, with martyred steps and slow,
Faint for the flesh, but for the spirit free,
Stung by the mob that came to see the show,
The Master toiled along Calvary;
We gibed him, as he went, with houndish glee,
Till his dim eyes for us did overflow;
We cursed his vengeless hands thrice wretchedly—
And this was nineteen hundred years ago.

But after nineteen hundred years the shame
Still clings, and we have not made good the loss
That outraged faith has entered in his name.
Ah! when shall come love's courage to be strong!
Tell me. O Lord—tell me, O Lord, how long
Are we to keep Christ writhing on the cross!

—Edwin Arlington Robinson.

A LENTEN THOUGHT

Another Lenten season has nearly passed, during which itme we have been called upon to consider our Lord's passion. We have been reminded anew that we have not been redeemed with corruptible things, such as silver and gold; but with the precious blood of Christ, a Lamb without blemish and without spot. When He spoke of the cross and the death He would die thereon He did not refer to it as an unimportant incident in His earthly mission. It seemed to be a goal toward which He was pressing, a climax of the work He had come to perform.

When so many people rule out of their lives the cross entirely, or relegate it to a minor and harmless place, it should be our duty to present the cross as

the instrument of our salvation, and the means whereby Jesus draws all men unto Himself. The story of Calvary should never grow pale in our memory—always glorying in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.

* * * * * * * * * *

THE ORIGIN AND MEANING OF EASTER

The origin of Easter is shrouded in mystery. There is an old legend that says that long long ago an egg fell from heaven, and rested on the banks of the Euphrates river, and that doves descended and hatched it. From this egg there came a beautiful goddess whose name was Easter or Venus. In the course of time she wiled Sol away from hiss home to bring with him Spring and flowers and birds. Hence in the East where this great festival originated it was a festival of joy and gladness and abounding life.

When our forefathers came to Saxony they found this heathen festival still in use. They said "We will continue its observance, but will change its meaning. We will keep it in honor of our Lord's resurrection." So it has become a Christian festival full of joy and gladness and hope.

It convincingly answers the question as to what becomes of us after death. It assures us that we shall meet again and know each other and dwell together in a beautiful home beyond the skies.

We are quite sure,
That He will give them back,
Bright, pure and beautiful,
We know that He will but keep
Our own and is until we fall asleep.
We know He does not mean to
Break the strands reaching between
The Here and There,
He does not mean,—the Heavens be fair,—
To change the spirits entering there,
That they forget
The eyes upraised and wet,
The lips too still for prayer,
The mute despair.
He will not take the spirits which He gave,
And make the glorified so new
That they are lost to me and you.

I do believe they will receive us,
You and me, and be so glad,
To meet us, that when most I would grow sad,

I just begin to think about
That gladness and the day
When they shall tell us all about the way
That they have learned to go,
Heaven's pathway show.
My best, my own and I,
Shall have so much to see together, by and by,
I do believe that just the same sweet face
But glorified, is waiting in the place,
Where we shall meet, if only I
Am counted worthy in that by and by.
I do believe that God will give a sweet surprise
To tear-stained saddened eyes,
And that His Heaven will be
Most glad, most tided thro' with joy for you and me.

As we have suffered most,
God never made,
Spirit for spirit, answering shade for shade,
And placed them side by side
So wrought in one, though separate, mystified,
And meant to break the quivering threads between.
When we shall wake,
I am quite sure we will be very glad,
That for a little while we were so sad.

* * * * * * * * * *

PRACTICAL RELIGION

Nothing will get the sympathy of people sooner than a mother and small children who have been bereft of a fond husband and father, especially if the family is in destitute circumstances. Just a few weeks ago a citizen of Concord who was deputized to enforce the law met an untimely death at the hands of one of the other officers—the whole affair was an accident that perhaps would never occur again under similar circumstances.

The head of the family was taken and there were left a widow and eight small children without a vestige of hope as to the source of sustenance. It was not long till the financial affairs of the home were investigated, and it was found that even the home in which the widow lived was under a mortgage. This was too much for the citizens of Concord and community, and some one took the initiative and begun to straighten out the financial obligations of the widow and eight children. We wish we knew the leader's name in this splendid piece of charity. He or she may not be a conspicuous church worker, but

in the heart of this man or woman flows the milk of human kindness, knowing that "pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is to visit the fatherless and widow in their affliction."

The citizens of Concord have given a demonstration of practical religion by responding to the needs of this family in a very practical manner. The mortgage on the home has been liquidated, a nice purse with several hundred dollars was given, besides the representatives of the mills of Concord have sent cloth sufficient to clothe the family for more than a year, the residents of the neighborhood in which the widow lives gave a most substantial pounding that filled the larder to overflowing—including other things too numerous to mention—and with all of this in a material way the widow in her dire distress has been shown the tenderest sympathy by all people in every walk of life.

There are times when we feel the world is cold, but these practical demonstrations of real charity are proof that our country is filled with good people. The most important issue of the day is to emphasize the good to the elimination of the evil and we will feel that we are living in a better world. The people make any community.

* * * * * * * * * *

"GIVE WHILE YOU LIVE"

This thought "give while you live," as expressed in the News-Herald, is very fine and can be read over and over with great profit. It is an old story but one that creates thoughts and gives an impetus to better humanitarian work:

> Give while you live was the philosophy of that good Samaritan, Nathan Straus, whose heart so overflowed with the milk of human kindness that he died a relatively poor man.
>
> In the envelope containing the will, we read in the metropolitan press, was a newspaper clipping epitomizing his philosophy.
>
> It was an interview with the eminent New York philanthropist and dean of American Jewry, in the course of which he said:
>
> "There is no greater pleasure in life than giving."
>
> "Give while you live, and life becomes truly worth while."
>
> "The one whom a word of praise might inspire and make happy might better have it today than later."
>
> "Give the banquets now, when they will be most appreciated."
>
> Mr. Straus followed that rule rather than leave legacies to charity. His letter explains:
>
> "'I have always been deeply impressed by an old Jewish proverb which says: 'What you give for the cause of charity in health is gold; what you give in sickness is silver, and what you give after death is lead,

(Many of the rich do not even give lead.) I have always lived up to the above proverb, particularly in connection with the charities which I initiated, the 'Pasteurized Milk Laboratory' (which I deeded to the city of New York); the 'Preventorium' and my Palestine activities. I have all my life drawn whatever I could draw out of business and devoted it to the prevention of poverty and sickness, and make no specific charitable provisions in my will.''

* * * * * * * * * *

THE NATION'S GREATEST

The following twelve women have been chosen as the nation's greatest: Jane Adams, social welfare worker; Helen Keller, famous deaf mute; Mme Ernestine Schumann-Heink, operatic singer; Willa Cather, novelist; Mary Wooley and Martha Berry, educational pioneers; Cecilia Beaux, artist; Grace Abbot, child welfare worker; Minnie Maddern Fiske, stage actress; Carrie Chapman Catt, suffragist; Florence Sabin, Anotomist and tuberculosis fighter and Grace Coolidge, the wife of ex-president Coolidge.

There are others who might receive rating if their modesty did not keep them from appearing before footlights. Besides there are other women who have contributed to the advancement of civilization whose names are not included in this list.

* * * * * * * * * *

THERE IS A MAN ON THE CROSS

Whenever there is silence around me
By day or by night—
I am startled by a cry.
It came down from the cross—
The first time I heard it.
I went out and searched—
And found a man in the throes of crucifixion,
And I said, '' I will take you down,''
And I tried to take the nails out of his feet.
But he said, ''Let them be
For I cannot be taken down
Until every man, every woman, and every child
Come together to take me down.''
And I said, ''I can not hear you cry.
What can I do?''
And he said, ''Go about the world—
Tell every one you meet—
There is a man on the cross.''

—Elizabeth Cheney.

RESTRICTION OF EDUCATION

(Charlotte News)

That is now becoming a popular theme for discussion, — the over-education of the masses, the necessity, out of impulse of common sense and because of economic compulsions, to cut out some of this educational business.

The head of a Southern University is quoted as having said that not more than half the graduates of high school have any business ever showing their faces on a college campus. They are not fit for education, for one thing: they have insufficient background for it, for another thing, and then, again, they are not interested enough in it.

That may sound czaristic to be noised abroad in a democracy, but whatever it may be, it is more and more becoming the general judgment of those best positioned to know. Our common habit is to accept any boy or girl as worthy of a higher education and to consider them severely handicapped unless they have it. We think little of parents who will not skimp to send their children to colleges and universities: we name them drones and dullards who are not able to make the grade in these higher institutions of learning.

It is merely a sort of temporary mode of mind into which we have fallen about this matter that our positions are such. The truth is that in the mad rush for educational rehabilitation of our children, which set in a generation ago, we failed to take time to think the business seriously through. We fell into a fad about it. On its face, the thing looked impregnable and invincible. Who would dare say that a nation should not give its children all the education they could stand? It was heresy to deny the value of it and, hence, by degrees to educate became an obsession with us and so remains almost that to this good hour.

Perhaps, it came logically to be a fact, as a result of this thoughtless craze on the part of the masses for education, that we forgot to get to the core of the whole issue, namely, whether education as such was purposed to meet the human needs of civilization.

From this point of view the campaign launched by the National Education Association is most interesting. It is hoped that the sum of $1,000,000 can be raised for the purpose of endowing studies, on a National scale, of such problems as the articulation of education with other community activities, the function of parental education and the intertwining of general and vocational training. We need to realize, for instance, that instructing a far larger body of teachers than we can use is bad economy, unless the oversupply can be made to have a desired effect upon the quality of pedagogy. It is likewise obvious that all vocational training is not necessarily practical; that training all girls to be stenographers is advantageous only to the silk-stocking industry; and that we cannot look to an artificial process to inculcate virtues which will be born only of contact with life and reality. If the fund to be gathered by the Association will help

America to do some of these things, we are for it. We should like incidentally to know just why teaching millions to read and write results in such anomalous facts as that Mr. Winchell is the highest paid of our authors and that popular journalism is absurdly bad.

Why the Robin's Breast Is Red

The Savior bowed beneath his cross,
  Climbed up the dreary hill,
While from the agonizing wreath
  Ran many a crimson rill.
The cruel Roman thrust him on
  With unrelenting hand,
Till, staggering slowly 'mid the crowd,
  He fell upon the sand.

A little bird that warbled near
  That memorable day
Flitted round and strove to wrench
  One single thorn away;
The cruel spike impaled his breast,
  And thus, 'tis sweetly said,
The robin has his crimson vest
  Incarnadined with red.

Ah, Jesu! Jesu! Son of man!
  My dolor and my sighs
Reveal the lesson taught by this
  Winged Ishmael of the skies.
I, in the palace of delight,
  Or cavern of despair,
Have plucked no thorns from thy dear brow,
  But planted thousands there.

—James R. Randall.

DAVID AND JONATHAN

By Ethel Thiel Rugh

"Kin we all come in, Mis' Benton?" Susie asked with her usual shy smile. "Surely, Susie; and if here isn't little Brudder! David hasn't wakened up from his nap yet, but you can go up to the play room anyway," Mrs. Benton opened the kitchen door for the two colored children.

"Do you all 'spose Brud would be all right if Ah goes out wif Betty and Lois?" Susie asked as they started for the stairway.

"I don't see why he wouldn't," Mrs. Benton answered. "I'll be right here ironing. If you think he won't be lonesome, just leave him and go with the girls."

"He sure do like to play heah; he won't min'," Susie assured her, as she started off with two-year-old Jonathan, whom everyone called Brud for short. He was soon interested in the toys, and Susie skipped away to join her friends.

It had been nearly a year since the Jones family had moved in the neighborhood and although it seemed a little strange at first, the Bentons and Woods soon agreed that the colored children were safe playmates. Indeed Betty's little brother David, had adopted Jonathan on first sight.

Susie's mother had been employed regularly at the Frederick estate to help with the Saturday's work, and that left Jonathan in his sister's care most of the day.

Perhaps Anna Wagner, Aunt Teenie's niece, had made things easier for the colored family. She had been staying with Uncle Heine and Aunt Teenie all winter because her parents were traveling from place to place telling of their missionary work away over in the South Sea Islands. She was free from prejudice and had accepted Susie as a playmate just as readily as she had Betty and Lois.

But it may also have been the wholehearted way in which David had accepted Jonathan that had caused the Bentons to welcome the colored children into their home.

Mrs. Benton smiled over her ironing as she thought of that day in the late summer when Susie had first brought her little brother into their yard. To her knowledge David had never seen anyone of another race, but instead of showing fear, he was delighted when he saw the little black boy. He ran to him, offering his toys and putting his chubby white arms around Jonathan's neck.

Mrs. Benton's thoughts were interrupted by her older son Donald, as he rushed into the house and made for the stairway.

"Don't be too noisy, Don," she cautioned.

"Want to get some seeds," Don spoke over his shoulders, tip-toeing up the steps more quietly. He had scarcely gotten upstairs before he came rushing down again.

"Where did you put my seed corn, Mother?" he asked.

"I didn't see anything of it," she looked at him questioningly. "You had your boxes and cans down yesterday, what did you do with them?"

"I took them right back to the storeroom. I know I did because I saw them there just this morning. I bet those girls have taken it," Don

began, but his mother interrupted.

"Now, Don, don't blame anyone until you're sure."

"Well, they're talking about their gardens all the time, and Betty said she wasn't going to tell me what she was going to plant," Donald insisted.

"I'll call the girls, and you can ask them," his mother replied.

"I want to test that corn, and I'm going to have to hurry up," he spoke anxiously.

"You could have tested it before this, your father has his all done," Mrs. Benton reminded him when she came back from calling Betty.

"I suppose I could have, but the ice was so good this winter, and there has been so much going on at school," Don was good at excusing himself.

"You haven't learned to plan your time, Don," his mother said, "and then when something just must be attended to, you rush at it and get the whole family stirred up.

Just then the girls came up on the porch and started to take off muddy overshoes, for they had been out in the garden plot that her father had given Betty for the summer.

"Whatja' do with my seed corn, Betty?" Don didn't wait for the girls to get into the kitchen.

"I didn't do anything with your old seed corn," answered Betty indignantly.

"Now, children, talk this over quietly, or else both of you go to hunt for the corn. Are you sure, Don, you put it exactly where you had it before?" Mrs. Benton asked.

"I—well, I didn't put it up on the shelf," admitted Don. "I didn't have time to get a chair and do that. But I set the can and box down just inside the door."

"And I bet you didn't look very carefully when you were up there just now, either," said Betty. "Everybody puts stuff in the store-room. What will you give me if I find it?" She was quite used to her brother's ways.

"I'll give you some of the best for your garden" he offered generously.

"Thanks," answered Betty. "I may consider that, although I am going to have mostly flowers. Come on, girls, let's find his seeds for him."

Betty led the way, Lois and Susie following and Don bringing up the rear. He was certain they wouldn't find the seeds, but then Betty did seem to have a way of discovering things.

Mrs. Benton went on with her ironing until she heard a little voice calling, "Mama, Mama, my toos on." Then she went upstairs to care for David.

"Haven't you foud the seeds yet," she asked as she paused at the store-room door.

"No, we haven't," Betty answered, evidently much puzzled.

"Here's a couple of grains, that's all we've found," said Lois. "But maybe the lid wasn't tight and they spilled out when Don put the cans here."

Susie, glancing at David who was holding onto his mother's skirts, was reminded of her little brother. She slipped across into the play-room, and almost at once the others heard her cry.

"Oh, mah Brudder! He gone!" Tears were rolling down her cheeks when the others came into the play-room.

"Is this house haunted?" cried Betty. "First the corn disappears, then Brud."

"Brud and the corn—maybe they went together," Don suggested.

"Now, Don, he's just a baby," Mrs. Benton reproved, as she looked anxiously at the windows to make sure they were tightly closed. "Did you look behinnd the porch swing, Susie?" The swing was always added to the play-room furniture during the winter months.

"Brud, is you-all back dere?" cried Susie, making a dash for the corner of the room. Then, "Oh, mah good lan', see heah, you gud fo' nothin' piccaninny" she exclaimed, relief and indignation both in her voice, as she lifted Brud out of his hiding place.

"The thief, I do declare!" cried Don.

"He didn't mean to, Ah knows," began Susie, her face a tragedy of concern over the affair.

"Donald Benton, I'm ashamed of you," Mrs. Benton spoke severely, but while she was speaking, David ran across the room and greeted his little black playmate with a hug, which caused Brud to drop two cans that rattled to the floor. David stooped and picked up the cans, handing one to Brud and keeping the other himself. He seemed to realize that something was wrong, and that his playmate was concerned. He had evidently learned from past experience that a smile could do wonders, even at times prevent punishment. So he put his arm around Brud and smiled up at the older folks. The little black boy took courage, and a pleased grin lighted up his face.

"Well, David saves Jonathan this time," laughed Mrs. Benton, and the girls and Don joined in heartily.

"However did he get those cans of seed corn?" asked Betty when she could get her breath.

"Don put them just inside the door of the store-room instead of up on the shelf," answered her mother," and then he was in such a hurry he forgot to close the door. Isn't that right?" turning to Don for his reluctant assent. "David and Brud are used to playing in the hall as well as the play-room, and when another door was open you couldn't expect a baby not to investigate."

Don had seen his mother look anxiously at the windows, and he began to realize that his haste and carelessness had caused all this disturbance.

"I'm sorry, Mother," he said slowly. "And I didn't mean anything when I spoke about Brud, Susie; he hasn't even gotten the cans open so the different kinds aren't mixed up."

"Yas, but dey's corn all ober back dere," Susie gulped nd pointed to the swing.

"Oh, that's no matter, it must be from the box, so I know what it is, and I'll pick it up." Don was really glad to have something to do to make amends.

"All's well that ends well," declared Lois. But Mrs. Benton was not sure all was ended before she made an examination of Jonathan's ears and nose.

"We want Brudder to grow into a fine big man, and not a corn stalk" she said as she took a grain out of each dark ear.

"Would you ever!" said Betty. "We better help Don search around

for every single corn grain, so he can plant them in the ground instead of them getting into little boys.''

The girls began a search of the floor, but David and Jonathan went on playing with the rocking horse as though nothing unusual had happened.

IF EASTER BE NOT TRUE

If Easter be not true,
Then all the lilies low must lie;
The Flanders poppies fade and die;
The spring must lose her fairest bloom
For Christ were still within the tomb—
If Easter be not true.

If Easter be not true.
Then faith must mount on broken wing;
Then hope no more immortal spring;
Then hope must lose her mighty urge;
Life prove a phantom, death a dirge—
If Easter be not true.

If Easter be not true.
'Twere foolishness the cross to bear;
He died in vain, who suffered there;
What matter though we laugh or cry,
Be good or evil, live or die,
If Easter be not true?

If Easter be not true—
But it is true, and Christ is risen!
And mortal spirit from its prison
Of sin and death with him may rise!
Worthwhile the struggle, sure the prize,
Since Easter, aye, is true!

—Henry H. Barstow

REDEMPTION

By Edward Ormerod

They stood beside the big gray coupe in the garage one fall afternoon, and the doctor spoke very seriously to Bill, who climbed to the driving seat and hoped Dr. Jim was going to follow him.

Instead, the latter took the dog's head between his hands and looked deep into the brown eyes that returned his glance so straightly.

"I'm leaving you in charge here, Bill, for ten days . . . I want you to do everything except attend patients. Be a good dog now, and guard everything!"

The stubby tail wagged vigorously, and when the doctor ended the interview with a friendly, vigorous box on the ear, he was not quick enough to avoid the playful nip that paid him for it.

Outside a big touring car waited. Three men, in serviceable outdoor clothes, were packed in among dunnage bags, gun-cases and fishing rods. Mrs. Nash was stuffing in the doctor's belongings wherever she could find a space for them, and when Dr. Jim had kissed her good-by and climbed aboard, with a roar of the engine and a clash of gears, they were off.

Bill watched them forlornly as the car glided down the drive, heaved a profound sigh of regret that he had been left behind, then returned to the garage and climbed into the coupe, where he lay for an hour.

The guarding of this coupe was his chief business in life, and more than one would-be car thief could have testified as to the effectiveness of his custody of it. Talking to an insurance man in the office one day, Dr. Jim had remarked that he always had a fire policy on the car but that he carried the most effective sort of a theft clause with him in the person of Bill.

Toward the middle of the afternoon, since no one appeared who would be likely to molest things, Bill jumped down from the car and pottered lazily off down a thick woods road where he knew Junior would be presently coming home from school for the day.

The boy appeared shortly, with several companions who made a great fuss over Bill . . . he had a large measure of that human quality—he was pleased to have friendly attention paid him . . . and soon the entire party returned to the house where, until tea time, the dog lay at Mrs. Nash's feet on the wide verandah, watching the boys play tennis close at hand.

Taking one day with another, Bill's life was a very pleasant, placid affair. Dr. Nash's home was in the suburbs of the city, and except for the guarding of the gray coupe, which must always be looked after, except when locked up in its own garage at least, Bill's duties were not overheavy ones.

Following Dr. Nash's departure on the fishing trip, the garage was kept locked pretty much all the time. Once or twice each day the dog would bark loudly before it until some one would open the door for him so that he could satisfy himself that the

car was just as it should be.

These were long days of lovely, sunny autumn weather, and Bill developed the habit of going down to the school and lying quietly on a rug at the front door, to await the coming-out of the boys. Then he would hunt up Jim Junior and have a romp with him and the others.

He lay one afternoon at the school door, near closing time. The sun was shining warmly on the mat where he usually snoozed until the boys came out, and he had moved aside to a more comfortable spot in the shade.

From his position he commanded a view of the wide, cool hall within, where Junior had forbidden him to go, and he saw a door open and three boys come out into the hall. These three stood quietly in a line and soon the door opened again and a tall man followed them out.

One of the three boys was Jim Junior. He stood nearest Bill, who rose, but remembering that he must not enter the school, looked on and waited.

The tall man went to a cupboard that was set against the wall, and took from it a broad, flat strap. He stood before the three boys, and said something sternly to them. Jim Junior held out a hand toward him, the man raised the strap and brought it down with a resounding whack on the outstretched palm.

The boy winced, and the man raised the strap once more. Before he could bring it down again, Bill charged down the hall at top speed, leaped for Junior's assailant and with a snarling roar struck him in the side below the upraised arm.

So sudden was the onslaught, and so unexpected, that the heavy dog succeeded in throwing the teacher quite off his balance. In an instant he was on the floor, striking out savagely with the strap at the dog, but not damaging him at all, for Bill's attack was furious and persistent, and he was too close in to suffer much from such blows.

One of the boys laughed outright, nervously, but made no attempt to interfere. Jim Junior hurriedly did his best to get hold of the dog's collar, to pull him away from the now furious teacher, but before he could get him off, the latter's coat had been nearly torn from his body and he was suffering from numerous but fortunately not serious bites and scrapes.

Presently, by dint of much scolding and pulling, the boy got the dog quieted, but retained a grip on his collar. Bill kept an angry eye on the teacher, who stood ruefully inspecting the extent of his injuries.

"Go into the office, Nash!" he ordered.

"May I take the dog out first, sir?" Junior was absolutely appalled at this turn of affairs. Now he was in for it!

"Yes, put him out, then come to the office. You boys are dismissed"—turning to the other two.

Junior led Bill to the front door again and made him lie down on the rug at the entrance. He bade him stay there, and knew the dog would obey. Then he re-entered the hall and turned into the office

To his utter amazement, the teacher was laughing!

"Is this the usual thing in your family, Nash. . . . to protect yourselves with wild animals?" He had

taken off his coat and viewed it comically.

"No, sir . . . that is—" Junior's face was scarlet. What a real sport the teacher was, he thought.

The latter put down the damaged garment and turned to him.

"Well, either your father or you will have to buy me some new clothes, I guess Of course, I can take it out on your hide . . '"

"Yes sir—I'll take the licking now."

"I didn't just mean that, Nash. In fact, I was joking . . . about this business this afternoon now—were you to blame?"

"Yes, sir; just as much as the others."

"And you'll take the licking now?"

"Yes, sir—"

"Well, we'll forego the strapping this time, Nash — that savage outside might break in at a window . . ."

"Will you let the others off, too, sir?"

"Yes. I can't strap them without strapping you, too."

"Thank you ever so much sir. I'll tell them, and we won't get into trouble again."

"I hope not . . . I haven't unlimited coats, you know!"

Junior knew now why the big boys all declared this teacher a prince!

While they had been talking in the office, the school had been dismissed and the pupils had passed through the big hall and out at the side doors.

The teacher opened the office door and followed Junior out.

"You'd better go out the front way, Nash, and take the dog—" he said.

As they stepped toward the entrance door, there came a chorus of shrieks and cries from a group of pupils who stood at the side of the narrow road before the school building.

Looking over the head of the boy before him, the teacher took in what lay beyond in the road at a lightning quick glance. Even as he brushed Junior aside and leaped through the door, he knew he could not be in time to be of any use.

Immediately before the school, the narrow road came down quite a steep hill. At either side was a deep ditch. Just now a big gray car was coming quickly down the hill, a lady driving it, and right in its path—and already fearfully near to it, in the middle of the road — the teacher's own daughter, a child of kindergarten age, stood fascinated with fright at the cries of her companions and the quick approach of the gray terror.

Bill had been lying at the top of the steps where Junior bade him stay. He saw the office door open and the boys come out slowly. Then he had moved down a step or two, and caught sight of the gray coupe coming down the hill.

What was this? The doctor's car! Stolen perhaps! His action was prompt and direct. In quick leaps he was down the steps, across the ditch, and with final flying bound, through the open window of the coupe and smash into the driver's very face!

The horrified woman screamed, jerked at the steering-wheel convulsively, and in a moment the big car had swung from the road into the ditch, and come to a stop against the

opposite bank, missing the teacher's child by a matter of inches.

This was what the teacher saw as he leaped down the steps and into the road, his heart jerked into his throat and his face ashen with fright!

Stopping just long enough to make sure that the weeping child was really unhurt, he hurried to the car in the ditch, and opened the door to assist out the hysterical woman who sobbed and wept distractedly over the steering wheel.

The impact of the car against the solid bank that had stopped it had thrown Bill through the windshield, cutting him badly in the broken glass. He now came around the car toward the teacher at the door, one ear almost severed from his head, and bleeding in half a dozen other places.

He stood and watched, uncertain what to do, while the tall man helped the woman out of the gray car and across the road toward the school where several other teachers were now hurring down the steps to help in any way they could.

As they reached the foot of the steps, a big touring car came down the hill, and at sight of the group before the school the driver pulled up and Dr. Nash stepped quickly out and hurried toward them. The unstrung woman was taken into the building and attended by the doctor, and in a short time was well enough to be taken into the city to her home in a car that was offered by a passer-by. The sudden drop of her own car—which would require garage service to put it on the road again—into the ditch, had not done more than bruise her a little, but the shock to her nerves would take time for its repair.

Dr. Jim had not yet had opportunity to learn any detail of the accident, and now turned to the nearest man—the teacher.

"What's the meaning of all this . . .and what's the matter with you?—where's your coat, and what about this cut on your arm?"

The teacher had been looking toward Bill, who still stood waiting uncertainly in the midst of all this fuss for someone to notice him. Not even the doctor had spoken to him yet.

Now he moved toward Dr. Jim and there remained behind him on the gravel a considerable pool of blood.

"'Look here, Doctor—this cut of mine is only a scratch . . . it can wait. I'll tell you about it later. But here's something you'll have to attend to." He pointed at the dog.

Instantly the doctor was on his knees beside Bill, searching with quick, deft fingers for the scource of the blood that ran down one limb to the ground.

"There's a small artery cut in his leg. We'll have him fixed in a moment." He found a pressure point against the legbone and stopped the bleeding at once, while the teacher rolled a handkerchief and found a stick to make a tourniquet. In a few minutes this was applied and with the dog and the doctor added to the party in the touring car, they were again on their way to Dr. Jim's house.

As the car started the doctor called out to the teacher: "Come over to the house after supper, will you? I'll want to know all about this!" And as they passed the ditched car he observed that it was a replica of

his own coupe, in color and model.

When Dr. Jim had washed up a bit and eaten some supper, and Bill too had been fed—under supervision of the doctor himself—they went to the surgery for repairs. The teacher came in—in a new coat—and joined them. While the doctor worked over Bill, stitching his cuts and binding him up, the teacher related the stirring events of the afternoon. He told the story faithfully, and when he came to the tussle with Bill on the floor, following his strapping of Junior, Dr. Nash had to sit down and laugh. He apolgized immediately to the teacher, who wasen't a bit offended—was he not a prince? —and the mending of Bill's hurts proceeded.

"No use talking," said Dr. Jim. "So long as this animal lasts the Nash family is safe, but he won't stand many more stunts like this one . . ."

There came a tap at the door, and Junior turned the knob.

"I just wanted to see Bill, Dad —may I come, please?"

Being admitted, the boy stood across the table and placed a hand upon Bill's broad head, while the doctor finished up the work. The dog had declined the help of the teacher, with a growl. Now his tongue popped out and licked Junior's hand weakly . . . he was feeling pretty groggy apparently . . .

"He'll be all right, won't he, Dad?"

"Oh yes, son—he's just weak from loss of blood—that's all."

"Thanks for letting me come in . . .I'll go now!" He went out with a sidelong glance at the teacher, as much as to say: "Did you tell him about the strapping?"—but the teacher never batted an eye!

"What do you suppose was the matter with the woman? Couldn't she see the child?" Dr. Nash and the teacher sat in the verandah in the dusk and Bill lay on a thick blanket on a low settee within reach of the doctor's hand.

"I really don't know. Probably the brakes went wrong—though she could still have gone safely into the ditch far enough to save hitting the child. The car was not yet pulled out when I came up—we'll know about it later. One thing is sure—if the dog had not jumped in on her, she'd have been right over the child! I suppose he mistook the car—it's exactly like yours."

"Lost her head probably—couldn't make the decision quickly enough. There's a lot more to a chauffeur's job than a lot of people think."

They sat in silence for a while.

"So you and Bill came to loggerheads, eh? Dr. Jim returned to the subject with a chuckle. "I expect you were mad enough to kill him!"

"I was, just that!—for a moment or two . . . .one of the boys laughed just as I was bowled over. I'd have liked to kill him, too—also just for a moment. Then I saw the funny side—but not until Junior had pulled the dog away. Up to that time I was busy, I guess, to do more than defend myself . . . well, I'll get along and let you rest after your holiday. That's the idea, isn't it?—you go on a holiday and then rest up at home afterwards!" They both laughed a little.

"Wait a minute or two . . . I don't want you and Bill to be bad

friends. If you don't make up now it will be harder later. He's a vindictive beggar, and his memory is longer than most folks.' I'll get him to let you put a hand on his head—just when I give you the word . . ."

The doctor knelt by the dog's bench, and taking the teacher's hand, placed it gently on the broad head. the result was a menacing growl. Nevertheless, with the doctir's hands on him, he could hardly resent the advances of the other, who seemed friendly enough now, though he had hit Junior—and that was not something to be readily forgiven . . . .

Then at the doctor's suggestion, the teacher gently stroked the dog's head a little, very carefully, and talked to him in a quite voice—and in a little while the growls diminished to a sulky grumbling and for the present at least the hatchet was buried between them.

"We made a bad start today, Bill—" said the teacher. "I thought you were no friend of mine . . . and now I guess I owe you my little girl's life! You redeemed yourself gallantly!"

To all of which Bill's only reply was a most unsentimental throaty rumble.

Jim Junior need have had no anxiety . . . nor indeed had he . . . as to Bill's welfare at the hands of his dad. At bedtime a thick comfortable couch was made for him beside the doctor's own, and in the night anxious, capable hands switched on the light many times, and a low, sympathetic voice crooned over him, expressing in its very tones the depth of the affection that lay between them.

But the wounds healed, the lost blood was quickly replaced and Bill's redemption left no other tangible marks than the scars on his smooth brindle hide.

There was an intangible effect, however . . . he was no longer barred from the school. Instead, he walked in sometimes to visit the tall teacher he had once fought so savagely . . . and if he had one day come upon him strapping Junior again, he would have been at a sad loss as to what to do about it, for the teacher became one of his fastest friends.

CALVARY

If He could doubt on his triumphal cross
How much more I, in defeat and loss
Of seeing all my selfish dreams fulfilled,
Of having lived the very life I willed,
Of being all that I desired to be?
My God, my God! Why hast Thou forsaken me?

—William Dean Howells

PANSIES

By Catharine Williams Herzel

"But, Nancy—" Mrs. Hobson's face wore a distressed look, strangely at variance with her usual sunny countenance.

"I wanted to go this year." Nancy's lips were mutinous.

"And I wanted you to go this year," replied her aunt, "but you know that the crop of peas was almost a total failure last summer. I don't see how Uncle Jud and I can possibly help you through college as we had planned."

"I know," said Nancy quickly, "I'm not a beast, Aunt Nan. Truly, I was planning to earn my own way, or I wouldn't say a word."

Aunt Nan shook her head. "That is out of the question. Since you've been ill you haven't been equal to the slightest extra exertion, and I feel sure that you could not stand the strain of work and study. Nancy dear," her voice softened, "We're trying to do the best thing for you. Can't you wait a year? We expect you to be a great deal stronger then, and we shall be better able to help you. You're only sixteen.'

"I wanted to try it this year," Nancy reiterated obstinately. Then, as she saw her aunt's expression, contrition seized her. She cried, "Aunt Nan, dear, I'm sorry. I'll be good. I'll wait a whole year if you want me to. And I'll be as patient as I can."

Mrs. Hobson smiled. "That's a dear girl. You won't be sorry, Nancy. It's the wisest, the only thing to do."

The summer drifted rather pleasantly in spite of Nancy's continued disappointment at the enforced delay in her plans for college. There were swimming in the creek on the edge of Hobson's farm, and picnics, and langorous afternoons in a hammock underneath two gnarled apple trees, a new book or magazine in hand. Under the inspiration of Miss Langley, her English teacher, Nancy began to read systematically authors whose works she knew more by report than by actual acquaintance. She made the surprising discovery that the "classics" are not as formidable as she had thought, but were by far the most enjoyable as well as most worth-while, Uncle Jud's library quickly became her favorite resort. One day she accompained Aunt Nan on a visit to an acquaintance, Mrs. Morgan. Mrs. Morgan and Aunt Nan talked comfortably of mutual interests, while Nancy wandered about the spacious flower garden. She came around the porch and stopped, with a gasp of admiration. On either side stretched rows of pansies of varied, velvety hues. Nancy stooped to examine the individual flowers. Here was one of purple so dark that it appeared black; here a rich wine color striped with minute paradations of the same shade. Here a delicate yellow with fluted petals. Some were light with dark centers, bearing a resemblance to tiny kitten faces. Nancy stayed there for a long time, examining individual flowers, awed by the infinite variety and beauty of each tiny flower.

"Mrs. Morgan," she queried as she returned to the porch, "is it hard to raise pansies?"

"No, indeed," smiled Mrs. Morgan. "Pansies are a hobby of mine, and I have very little trouble. Just the care you must give to any flower."

"Did you raise yours from seed?"

"Oh yes."

"What kind?"

Mrs. Morgan went into the house and returned in a moment with a seed catalog. She and Nancy pored over its pages, noting the great variety of pansy seed offered

Nancy raised her head from the pages. "I thought pansies were just pansies. I had no idea there were so many kinds to choose from."

"Most people don't," replied Mrs. Morgan. "As a matter of fact it's possible to choose the kind best adapted to your climate and soil from among the very common ones, not to mention the more unusual ones gardeners have developed in the last few years."

Nancy thanked her and again strolled away. Aunt Nan looked after her.

"She has some scheme in the back of her head. I certainly will be glad if it is something which will make her more contented for this year."

When Aunt Nan and Nancy arrived home, Nancy immediately set out in search of Uncle Jud. She found him in the stable, admiring his prize Guernsey.

"Uncle Jud," she said without preamble, "may I have that strip of land between the orchard and the highway?"

"What for, Nancy-Ann," he asked gaily, "going to turn farmer?"

"Um-hum, Uncle Jud. I'm going to raise pansy plants and sell them at the roadside stand, and earn enough money for college."

Uncle Jud whistled.

"It could be done," Nancy went on earnestly. "Everyone passing would notice the pansies, and I'd have a sign saying they were for sale. Seed wouldn't cost very much, even the best, and I could easily sell plants for fifty cents a dozen."

Uncle Jud nodded approvingly. "That's the spirit. You can have the ground. I'll plough it for you and enrich it with fertilizer. Let's go in and talk it over with Aunt Nan."

Arm in arm, they walked to the farmhouse, discussing Nancy's project. Aunt Nan was enthusiastic about it.

"Why not try violas, too Nancy? They're rather rare as yet, and I believe would sell well."

"Violas?" Nancy was puzzled.

"A little blue pansy-like flower that very much resembles a violet. I had a few plants last year."

"O-oh, I remember them. I'll have some of those, too."

Early in August the field was ploughed and fertilized, and Nancy sent off her order for the seeds. During the next week she watched the mail-truck every day, and finally sun-tanned Jim announced, "Here's your seeds, Nancy." The seeds were carefully planted, and the plot watched every day. At length the tiny green leaves pushed through the soil, and after that it seemed no time at all before the sturdy little plants were standing in their long straight rows. Nancy seemed

always in her pansy garden, cultivating, weeding, transplanting as the plants pushed up too closely. Aunt Nan watched with delight, for not only did Nancy have an obsorbing interest, but her work in the sun was making her browner, stronger every day. Her shoulders were straighter, her eyes brighter, her color better. She ate eagerly of the wholesome farm food, and slept dreamlessly after the long day in the open air.

As the days grew cooler and sharper, Nancy again consulted Uncle Jud. As a result, the two of them laid four inch boards edgewise all around the individual beds, then stretched chicken wire over this wooden framework. On the screen Nancy gradually collected corn shock and leaves. Suddenly one night came a heavy frost, turning all the dahlias black, but Nancy's pansies were safely sheltered.

"Nancy," said Aunt Nan, "now that your pansies are safely tucked away, I've thought of a job for you."

Nancy looked up from her book interestedly.

"Miss Port says you're an excellent French student," explained Aunt Nan, "and I've always wanted to study French. In my college days everyone studied German. Now why don't you teach me French this winter, say three lessons a week, fifty cents a lesson?"

Nancy looked at her affectionately. "You are a fraud, Aunt Nan," she said lovingly. "I think it's a fine idea, all but the fifty cents part. Just to study with you will be worth a great deal. It will be a real postgraduate course in French. If I do that, and keep up the reading I've planned for myself, this will be a year gained, not lost."

So the winter went by very pleasantly. Nancy and Aunt Nan read French together, and this essay at teaching gave Nancy a more thorough knowledge of the language than she could have gained in any other way. She was a frequent visitor at the town library. Miss Nelson, the librarain, was interested, and cheerfully ordered books from the state library for her. Soon she was reading widely in history, biography, and fiction, and found her little store of knowledge increasing in a very pleasurable way. Almost before she knew it this dreaded winter had slipped by, and it was April. Soon it was time to remove the coverings, and there were her pansies, long rows of thrifty green plants. She put two signs, one at either end of the farm:

PANSY PLANTS FOR SALE
Fifty cents a dozen Nancy Hobson

She stood looking at the second sign, secretly very proud of her neat handiwork

Quickly the pansies came into bloom. "My magic carpet," Nancy called it, and indeed the multicolored beds did look like a shimmering Oriental rug. Passers-by stopped to look, and pausing, noticed the modest signs, and sought out the stand where Nancy sat, Lavisse's "Histoire de France" in hand, and a trowel on the counter. The very first plants removed were placed in a pot and carried to old Mrs. Jones, who could no longer walk about. It was a kindly thought, but also proved effective advertising. Everyone in the countryside called on Mrs. Jones, and the little old lady did not hesitate to

do her share in advertising. Nancy's pansies. Farmers driving past stopped to take home a plant, and frequently returned, sent back for more. At the end of her first week Nancy rode into town with Uncle Jud, and proudly deposited $12.50.

"Well, Nancy, that's more than you'd earn here," teased Mr. Loomis, the cashier of the bank.

Nancy smiled. Wait until next week." she said. Sure enough, the next week her deposit was $17.50. The entire countryside seemed to be buying pansies. The greatest day of all came when a prominent florist from the nearest city stopped, admired her plants, and finally offered to buy all she could furnish at fifty cents a dozen plants.

As she told Aunt Nan and Uncle Jud of her triumph, Aunt Nan smiled.

"I can't resist asking," she said with a glance at Nancy, "aren't you glad you waited this year?"

"I know you mean to tease," replied Nancy happily, "but I don't care; I am."

A BALLAD OF TREES AND THE MASTER

Into the woods my Master went,
Clean forspent, forspent.
Into the woods my Master came,
Forspent with love and shame.
But the olive trees they were not blind to him,
The thorn-tree had a mind to him
When into the woods he came.

Out of the woods my Master went,
And he was well content.
Out of the woods my Master came,
Content with death and shame.
When Death and Shame would woo him last,
From under the trees they drew him last;
'Twas on a tree they slew him—last
When out of the woods he came.

—Sidney Lanier.

* * * * * * * * * *

LIFE, TOO, IS SACRED

Josephine E. Toa

"It is good to see your face again, Ruth," greeted Mrs. Bancliff, with a pleasant smile, at the same time extending a cordial hand to her caller. "It is a long time since you have dropped in, and I have missed our frequent chats."

"I have been very busy, Mrs. Bancliff," explained the eager-eyed little woman, slipping contentedly into the comfortable chair offered. "And anyway," she hesitated a moment, and a flush tinged her round cheeks, "anyway I didn't want to come again unitl I could tell you I had at least tried to make good."

"Now, child, you are talking in riddles." Faint puzzle-wrinkles creased the usually serene brow of the elder woman.

Mrs. Kressley laughed lightly, but the next moment her face was serious. "It was after a little talk I had with you when last I was here," she explained slowly, as if seeking for words, "that I realized what a mistake I had been making. Perhaps you may recall that I was that day grieving sadly over poor Maybelle Marlowe's death and mourning that her life had been so hard and dreary. I remarked that I felt we could not do enough in the way of flowers for one who in life had so little of beauty in her portion. You replied that perhaps there were more Maybelle Marlowes still with us. I didn't just understand until you quoted George Eliot's words:

" 'It is a sad weakness in us, after all, that the thought of a man's death hallows him anew to us; as if life were not sacred, too; as if it were comparatively a light thing to fail in love and reverence to the brother who has to climb the whole toilsome steep with us, and all our tears and tenderness were due to the one who is spared that hard journey.' I went away, Mrs. Bancliff, wondering what expression of sympathy I had ever given to Maybelle while I had opportunity. I asked myself if there were some persons still 'climbing the toilsome steep, with me whom I failed to 'love and reverence.'

"And oh, Mrs. Bancliff, the answer came with startling force. There was Aunt Harriet. She is old and lives alone. She is peculiar—has a houseful of canary birds and parrots. I had never seen her when she wasn't piecing patchwork or crocheting lace. I always thought her tiresome, and because I knew she had means enough and was in fairly good health I had never thought of her as 'climbing a toilsome steep.'

"But that afternoon it came to me suddenly that Aunt Harriet might be lonely; that perhaps the parrots and canary birds filled the place of human companionship. I knew that few persons ever rang the old knocker, on the big, dilapidated house that had been her great-grandfather's. I had not myself rung it oftener than necessary. As for loving and reverencing Aunt Hariet—well, I thought I could as easily love and reverence the gatepost.

"But in spite of all, it was Aunt Harriet Wales' face that came before me every time I recalled George Eliot's words. So, after supper

when Frank said he had to attend a committee meeting of the Selbyville Improvement League, I slipped on my wrap and walked out to Aunt Hattie's—half a mile out on the cheese factory road.

"I was a little embarrassed when, after a long wait, the old lady opened the door and, instead of inviting me in, just stood waiting for me to make known my errand. But then, what reason had she to think I had come to visit?

"After she understood that I had come for a social chat she seemed much pleased. And some way it wasn't hard to be interested in her hobbies when she responded so sincerely to my effort to be friendly. Yet, I could not help noticing that she looked ill, and apparently was hardly equal to visiting. Mrs Bancliff, I never can be thankful enough that I went to see her, and on that very night.

"I noticed she had a bandaged hand, and that at times she started as with a sudden stab of pain, and rubbed her arm. At first she evaded my questions about the bandage, but later admitted she had 'stuck a nail into her palm when handling some kindlings.' I insisted on seeing it then, and found it was a bad case of blood poisoning. Aunt Harriet perhaps read alarm in my face, for she made no serious protest when I called the doctor.

"And that explains my long absence, Mrs. Bancliff. Aunt Hattie has been very, very ill. It was almost a miracle, the doctor said, that she came back.

"Oh, how much I learned in the four weeks I waited on the poor, suffering soul! I found that she had been lonely and disheartened. Feeling that no one wanted to be bothered with her, as she put it, had kept to herself and her pets. With little understanding of business matters when Uncle Charles died, and afraid to confide in anyone, she had worried herself half wild over her affairs. Patches and lace were just a pathetic attempt to keep her mind occupied.

"Now she has turned all those worries over to Frank's care. She seems happy and content to be relieved.

"Mrs. Bancliff, I have really come to love and reverence dear Aunt Harriet. In those weeks I cared for her she was so patient, so grateful, and she trusted me fully. I came to enjoy even the parrots and the canaries because she loved them. I tended them for her sake.

"I dropped in today to tell you, Mrs. Bancliff, that I am so glad you spoke as you did that day. Otherwise, I feel sure, it would have been too late for me to make life any brighter for the dear soul."

And as she rose to go, Ruth Kressley added: "I am learning that life, too, is a sacred thing, and more and more I find opportunity to make it easier for some companion climber before it is too late. I want to thank you for putting me right that day."

"He who has no courage is but the fragment of a man."

WHICH CALLING WILL YOU CHOOSE?

By John R. Scotford

The public library is a popular institution with modern youth. If one be available, they are likely to linger there on the way home from school. One family of young people ranging in age from nine to seventeen considers it quite a lark to spend an evening at the "down-town" library—and the circulation always takes a jump when they are about.

Behind the lure of the modern library lies a great transformation in the character and work of the librarian. Formerly she was a spinsterish individual whose great ambition was so to guard her books that none of them could go astray. But the modern librarian does not exist to keep books, but to get rid of them. It has downed on our library boards that a volume gathering dust on the shelves is doing no one any good, and that a library only serves as it circulates. The librarian has been transformed into a saleswoman whose business is to induce the public to sample her wares, which are various forms of reading matter.

This change of emphasis renders library work far more attractive than formerly. Merely mechanical task, such as charging books, pasting labels, and returning volumes to the shelves, no longer fall upon the trained librarian, except in emergencies, but are entrusted to "assistants," most of whom are students of one sort or another. Instead of putting in her time at bookish bookkeeping, the modern librarian applies her energies to "getting the right book to the right person."

To fulfill such a function requires high qualifications. Our libraries desire girls with a serious purpose. They do not care to serve as a waiting place for young women who are merely passing their time until a certain young man gets around to ask a certain question. As the librarian is a saleswoman in constant contact with the public, she needs a good appearance and a pleasing personality. Unless she sincerely likes books she will not enjoy her work.

In addition to these personal qualities, the educational standards for library work are constantly rising. The librarians of the future will be college graduates who have spent one or two years in professional training at a library school.

The responsibility of the modern librarian is two-fold.

She must be able to meet the needs of the readers who find their way into the library quickly and satisfactorily. It is a delight to see a good librarian unerringly lay her finger on the right book. Such skill requires an intimate knowledge of both the outside and the inside of many volumes. More difficult is the person who wants something to read, but does not quite know what. In the back of his mind is the desire for intellectual stimulus. If the librarian puts the right book in his hands he will come back for more, but if he goes away with a volume which fails to interest him, he will decide that all books are dull and that libraries are stupid places.

In order to offer intelligent advice

to her patrons a librarian must read many books, and more reviews. Fortunately it is not necessary to eat an entire cheese to find out what it tastes like, nor to read an entire volume to discover what it is all about. Yet the utility of a librarian depends in no small measure upon the amount of detailed information which she carries around in her head.

The second and possibly more fascinating responsibility of the librarian is to increase the circle of those who read. More people need to read more books, and of a better quality. The habit of reading helps to fill many an idle moment, and serves as a real protection against many temptations. Some people would enjoy better health if they had more to think about. There is also much room for improvement in the quality of what is read. We consume too much cheap fiction; we digest altogether too few books of substantial worth. The task of the librarian is to inspire us with a desire to read more and better books. She may approach this problem in many ways.

For the little children the point of contact is the story hour. They come to the library to listen; many will go away with something to read under their arms. The children's librarian has the rare opportunity of introducing little people to literature.

The newer library buildings are equipped with show windows, where books and other objects which might provoke interest in books are displayed. Oftentimes free lectures are offered, with a table of books on kindred themes ready to hand. Clubs of various sorts are organizer so as to relate the library to the community. In the foreign sections of our cities library work offers both problems and opportunities. The librarian has many opportunities to develop both originality and initiative.

One large city library goes so far as to maintain a publicity department which prepares "stories" for the newspapers and makes up reading lists which are distributed in the movie theatres in connection with the more worth-while films. This is surely a new phase in library work.

The movement for adult education will have much influence on library work. The present ideal is that people should keep on learning as long as they live. Some of this will be in night schools, but even more will be by private reading. The great days of the public library are before it. For the girl with the proper qualifications library work of-

---

Who seeks for heaven alone to save his soul,
May keep the path, but will not reach the goal;
While he who walks in love may wander far,
But God will bring him where the blessed are.

—Henry Van Dyke.

HONOR ROLL FOR MARCH

Room No 1

—A—

Dearmond Williams, Dwight Brewer, Dewey Cecil, Fern Dunlap, Phil Gibson, Thomas Bryan, Bobert Batts, Lynwood Dorman, James Davis, David Fountain, Raymond Hinson, and Willard Johnson.

—B—

A. J. Allen, Graham Bost, Bill Goss, Francis Hart, Burnie Lassiter, Clyde Small, Terrell Cannon, Goldston Dark, John Garrett, Leslie Hunter, Edward Hedrick, David McLamb, Morris Talbert, and William Yow.

Room No. 2

—A—

Ernest Carter, Howard Fralix. James Medlin, and Clyde Kivett.

—B—

James Baily, Harry Hill, and Robt. Calloway.

Room No. 3

—A—

Harvey Causey, Henry Smallwood, Winfred Huck, and George Hill.

—B—

Boyce Stafford, Dan McCausley, Claude Sellers, Thomas Hicks, and H. W. Rabon.

Room No. 4

—A—

Junior Hardee, Robert Hill, Alva Littleton, Herman Nunnery, and Charles Smathers.

—B—

Richard Farrow, Joe Boon, James Chappell, James Clemmons, Zebbie Ellis, Randolph Elliott, Russell Ferris, Hoarce Gardner, Boyce Green, Homer Smith, David Odell White, and Jack Webster.

Room No. 5

—A—

Linwood Butler, James Marsh, Jim Turnage, Junior Hoyle, Marvin Tallent, William Handford, John Flannery, Lee West, and Gordon Parker.

—B—

Lloyd Wrenn, Harvard Winn, Hubert Plemmon, Parlie Boone, Lee Shields, Charles Reid Hodgin, Ernest Greene, Lawrence Thompson, Paul Sadler, James Jones, Harrison Owen, and Haywood Journigan

Room No. 6

—A—

Alva Griffin, Lawrence Cayton, John Philips, James Upton, Frank Lett, Chester Cagle, Astor Davis, Kester Sutphin, and John York.

—B—

James Allison, William Allison, Tom McCausley, Lawrence Young, Vaughan Combs, Melvin Gautier, Lonnie Hilton, Bill Pennell, Edward Fisher, Herbert Grant, and Henry Chester.

Room No. 7

—A—

Robert Futrel, William Mills, Perry Futrel, Leroy Owens, Robert Taylor, Jesse McLaughlin, Claude McLaughlin, Robert Williams, Lloyd Pleasant, Henry Irby, B. T. Ransome, Lewis Hanner, Floyd Causey, James Kelley, John Kelley, Clarence Deal, Ernest Revis, Tom Revis, Bobbie Poole, Beaufort Huyler, Ralph Bradley, Austen Tallent, Walter Beaver, Rufus Lucus, and Charles Mounce.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Carriker, members of our staff, spent last Monday in Morganton.

—o—

Mr. C. B. Barber, our book-keeper, spent last week-end with relatives in Kings Mountain.

—o—

After three weeks our weekly motion picture show was resumed last Thursday night, much to the delight of the youngsters here.

—o—

Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Caldwell, and daughter, of Monroe, called on friends at the institution last Sunday afternoon.

—o—

Messrs Hobby and Walker with their groups of boys have been raking leaves from among the shrubery and otherwise beautifying the campus for the past few days.

—o—

Just when we were feeling highly elated because of the fact that the mumps had apparently disappeared, a new case developed in the Receiving Cottage last week.

—o—

The boys on our outside forces have been making great improvements in our pasture during the past week. This work consisted mostly of leveling up and filling in hollows and sowing grass seed.

—o—

Rev. Mann, of Mooresville, conducted the service in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon, and made a very interesting talk to the boys. Accompaning Rev. Mann, was a male quartet, which rendered several delightful numbers during the service.

—o—

Mr. Carriker and his carpenter shop boys have been making repairs to school rooms No. 2 and 3, building new book shelves and storage closets. They have also repaired and painted the window screens for all the cottages.

—o—

The boys on the farm force are happy over the recent arrival of a little lamb, the first increase of our flock.

—o—

The heaviest rainfall of the past three or four years visited this section of the country last Tuesday night, and considerable damage was done to the roads over the school property, and several fields were pretty badly washed

—o—

Our farm manager reports that the agricultural forces here have sowed about one hundred acres of Korean lespedeza, which is now peeping through the ground. Also that the prospects are good for a fine crop of early vegetables such as English peas, beets, radishes, onions, cabbage, mustard and rape salad, etc.

—o—

Several hundred eggs and dye for coloring same for Easter have been issued to the cottages. The boys al-

ways enjoy this feature of the Easter season.

—o—

Miss Sarah Boger, daughter of Superintendent and Mrs. C. E. Boger, who is a student at Randolph-Macon College, Lynchburg, Va., arrived last Thursday to spend the Easter holidays at home. She has as her guest Miss Mary Clay Webb, a niece of Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Webb, of Concord.

GETHSEMANE

All those who journey, soon or late,
Must pass within the garden's gate;
Must kneel alone in darkness there,
And battle with some fierce despair.
God pity those who cannot say:
"Not mine; but Thine," who only pray:
"Let this cup pass," and cannot see
The purpose in Gethsemane.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox

Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XIX CONCORD, N. C., APRIL 11, 1931 No. 15

WORDS OF STRENGTH

There are three lessons I would write,
  Three words, as with a burning pen,
In tracings of eternal light,
  Upon the hearts of men.

Have Hope. Though clouds environ 'round
  And gladness hides her face in scorn,
Put off the shadow from thy brow;
  No night but hath its morn.

Have Faith. Wher'er thy barque is driven—
  The calm's disport, the tempests mirth—
Know this; God rules the hosts of heaven,
  The inhabitants of earth.

Have Love. Not love alone for one,
  But man, as man, thy brother call;
And scatter, like a circling sun,
  Thy charities on all.

—Schiller.

—PUBLISHED BY—
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

A HERO

Some years ago a fire broke out in a charming little Swiss village, in a few hours the quaint frame houses were entirely destroyed.

The poor peasants ran around wringing their hands and weeping over their lost homes and the bones of the burned cattle. One poor man was in greater trouble than his neighbors, even. His home and cows were gone, and so also was his son, a bright boy of six or seven years. He wept and refused to hear any words of comfort. He spent the night wandering sorrowfully among the ruins, while his acquaintances had taken refuge in the neighboring villages.

Just as daybreak came, however, he heard a well-known sound, and, looking up, he saw his favorite cow, leading the herd, and coming directly after them was his bright-eyed little boy.

"O my son! my son!" he cried, "are you really alive?"

"Why, yes, father. When I saw the fire I ran to get our cows away to the pasture lands."

"You are a hero, my boy!" the father exclaimed.

But the boy said: "Oh, no! A hero is one who does some wonderful deed. I led the cows away because they were in danger and I knew it was the right thing to do."

"Ah," cried the father, "he who does the right thing at the right time is a hero." —Reformed Church Record.

THE BOARD MEETING

At the quarterly meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Jackson Training School, Thursday, April 2nd, there were present: Hon. L. T. Hartsell, chair-

man; Messrs D. B. Coltrane, J. E. Latham, Herman Cone, Paul C. Whitlock, Mesdames W. N. Reynolds, I. W. Faison, Cameron Morrison and R. O. Everett. The attendance was fine and the spirit of interest shown inspirational.

This was the first meeting of the Board of Trustees since the misfortune the school sustained by the burning of two cottages.

After some discussion as to detail work prior to reclaiming the damaged buildings, the executive committee, consisting of Chairman Hartsell, Messrs D. B. Coltrane, C. A. Cannon and Superintendent Boger was appointed to look after all business pertinent to rebuilding, hoping to have the cottages ready for use at an early date.

The farming interest was emphasized, giving plans of development with a hope that Governor Gardner's "live-at-home" program not only be adopted but realized. The developments in the way of road building throughtout the farm, the work all done by the boys, created interest and the members present expressed an approval of all work accomplished.

There are at present 505 boys, all in the best of health other than an occasional case of mumps or tonsillitis, along with other ailments peculiar to youth, in the institution.

On account of the crowded conditions at the school, due to the loss of two cottages, new boys cannot be received at present.

After the business session of the Board of Trustees, dinner was served in the spacious dining room of the Cannon Memorial Building.

This meeting proved most satisfactory and each left hoping the future of the Jackson Training School would be as bright as the past had been glorious.

* * * * * * * * * *

MERRYOPATHY

To keep well is very essential to happiness, but it is equally true that a bright spirit is a valuable asset towards a strong physique. A mental sickness is a disease. It baffles science. It can not be touched but felt. It is not a communicable disease, but contagious. One depressed or morbid person in a crowd is like a cloud that suddenly obscures the sun in all of its glory.

"You hear older people talk about psychotherapy, homeopathy, allopathy, osteopathy, but never mind these. The thing for you to practice is 'merryopathy.,'" We wonder if there is a doctor anywhere who will not confirm that word in the Scripture which says, 'A merry heart doeth good like a medicine.' In fact a merry heart is medicine. Ben Johnson

said, 'Laugh and be fat, sir.'''

Have you ever felt downtrodden and just the merry peal of a young voice would have a cheering and boosting effect? Have you at any time longed to live over the days of youth, carefree and merry as the days were long? With age comes responsibilities and can be born splendidly if worry is eliminated. Worry never relieves the tension, it never pays the debt, relieves the pain or makes a friend. A bright, cheerful countenance is worth more than medicine—it is an halo when things go wrong—a joy that serves in the darkest hours. A good merry laugh that emanates from a glad heart makes for health, strength and wisdom—it is far better than medicine.

Furthermore, none can measure the encouragement and uplift that a friendly nod or a warm handclasp is able to give a lonesome or disheartened neighbor.

* * * * * * * * * *

GOOD LITERATURE NECESSARY

An assembly of editors, writers and publishers of school and college news papers held a meeting a few weeks ago at Columbia University, N. Y. There were 1890 writers representing 700 different periodicals and they pronounced papers of this character invaluable,'' because they reached the young mind while open to new thought and new ideas.'' This is a thought worth dwelling upon. Our young people do not have enough suitable literature to consume idle moments. Work is essential for youth, recreation is absolutely necessary but wholesome reading is a necessity under all circumstances, and at all times —the trend of the mind has to be guided while in the adolescent age. A well balanced program to live by is just as necessary as a well balanced diet to feed the body. Books, books and good books should be the slogan of every institution. Books and good periodicals are companions at all times and should be made a part of every young life. One is not truly educated till the reading habit is acquired, so it is wisdom to select the best of books so as to stimulate noble ambitions.

* * * * * * * * * *

FOR THE BOYS

This ''punctuation puzzle'' is given below, not because it is a new thought, for there is nothing new under the sun, but for the benefit and splendid pastime for the school boys of the Jackson Training School. The first boy who gives in a correct answer, and gives the same to Mr. Jesse Fisher, signifying the

work was done without the aid of teacher or any one, will be mentioned with short biography, editorially, in next issue of the Uplift:

> A funny little man told this to me: "I fell in a snowdrift in June," said he. "I went to a ball game out in the sea; I saw a jellyfish float up in a tree. I found some gum in a cup of tea. I stirred my milk with a big brass key. I opened the door on bended knee. I beg your pardon for this," said he. "But 'tis true when told as it ought to be. 'Tis a puzzle in punctuation, you see."—Exchange.

* * * * * * * * * *

ONE WAY TO LIVE

How to live is a problem. It is far more important to know how to live than to make a living, but few people today stress the care of the body, but on the other hand give undivided attention to business affairs. That is the occasion of the sudden snapping of so many human lives. The body is not strong enough to stand the physical and mental strains. Never in the history of the world has there been recorded such wreckage of human carnage and in many instances it is due to the lack of knowledge of correct living. A strong mind necessitates a strong body. This thought passed along perhaps will make some stop and think:

> "Eat little and at regular hours, plenty of fruit, never eat quite as much as you think you want, and never eat unless you are really hungry. Cut down on food when you cut down on work, as you would do for a horse. Take regular exercise, suited to your age, daily baths. Health is man's normal condition. He must do something foolish to lose it. A man should live long and die peacefully and painlessly, like a child going to sleep."

* * * * * * * * * *

A PHYSICAL REBIRTH

It is simply marvelous what the public school authorities are doing to help give to the country an intelligent and healthy citizenship. The greatest evidence of this are the magnificent and commodious buildings, splendidly equipped, including every modern device of recreational facilities with teachers who have the opportunity of the best educational advantages.

It is a known fact that it is imperative to have standardized teachers, but standardization does not imply that we have a teacher with qualities that bring out the best in the pupil.

Perhaps we are sufficiently antiquated to think in the terms of the old adage,

"teachers are born," therefore, believe the best results are realized from the love of service.

But we dare not stop here. The schools are doing far more than just teaching subjects. One of the greatest contributions is the science of medicine that has moved into the schools, offering a new chance to hundreds of thousands of children who would have been defeated in the race for an education before getting started. As convincing proof of the fact, just estimate in a casual way the number of boys and girls going to school in our land who have defective hearing, poor sight, diseased tonsils, bad teeth, or some other physical defect, which in other days would have never been detected, but which in these days is both detected and corrected. The whole program brings about a physical rebirth, with results that are far reaching and effective, giving pupils a chance who in the past would have been classed hopelessly backward and dull.

* * * * * * * * * *

CHARTLESS

I never saw a moor,
I never saw the sea,
And yet I know how the heather looks,
And what a wave must be.

I never spoke with God,
Nor visited in heaven;
Yet certain am I of the spot
As if the chart were given.—Emily Dickinson.

THE HEROINE AS REFORMER

By Nell Battle Lewis, in News & Observer

As you may have noticed, I am something of a hero worshipper. I admire and have read several times Thomas Carlyle's "Heroes and Hero Worship." I think it is a great essay. In it, you remember, Carlyle writes of the hero in various aspects: the hero as divinity, as prophet, poet, priest, man of letters, king. In a literary style of course far inferior I should like to add a postscript to this essay and call it The Heroine as Reformer.

The subject of my postscript is Dorothea Lynde Dix of whom I've written briefly in this column before and whom I set at the head of my list of the twelve greatest American women. Without question she was one of the noblest and most courageous women who ever lived and one of the truest Christians. It is significant, I think, and fitting that her denominational affiliation is forgotten. I have no idea whether she was a Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian, Congregationalist, Episcopalian or what have you. But I do know that she beautifully expressed the Spirit which manifested itself most perfectly nineteen hundred years ago in Palestine, when demons were cast out of tormented breasts, when the eyes of the blind and the ears of the deaf were opened, and the tongue of the dumb was loosed by that liberating touch.

I am especially glad to write about Dorothea Dix because I am sick of the current contemptuous sniffling at reformers. Dorothea was an out-and-out reformer of the most energetic, that only, is why she improved the lot of thousands and is remembered now with blessing. I am fed up on modern psychological bilge which describes her kind of heroism as a defense mechanism constructed to compensate for a feeling of inferiority, or that would make the great deeds of history merely results of abonormal functioning of the ductless glands. I still believe in greatness of soul per se and I am not ashamed to admit it, as old fashioned as that faith may be. I don't think such greatness is explained by any glandular secretions or by any psychological twists. I believe that it comes from the Spirit of God and from nothing else, and I know that the woman I'm writing about was inspired.

Dorothea Dix is brought to my mind just now because I have found in the N. C. State Library a yellowed pamphlet whose cover reads: "(House of Commons Document No. 2.) Memorial Soliciting a State Hospital for the Protection and Cure of the Insane, Submitted to the General Assembly of North Carolina November, 1848. Raleigh: Seaton Gales, Printer for the State." This pamphlet is signed "D. L. Dix." If I had the money, I'd give $100.00 for a copy, for it is one of the most inspiring documents that ever influenced the life of North Carolina, and I think it would bring me good luck just to have it in the house. I got wind of its existence from a letter by Mr. A. B. Andrews, of Raleigh, relative to the formation of

getic, persistent and heroic sort—and the Citizens Committee of One Hundred on Prison Legislation, which is in the files of the State Board of Charities and Public Welfare. For the Dix document has to do indirectly with prison reform as well as with the care of the insane, since it contains Dorothea's report on about fifty North Carolina jails. I understand that there is another copy of this memorial at the State Hospital on Dix Hill. There certainly should be, anyway. Where the others are, if any, I don't know.

I say that Dorothea Dix was a woman of the greatest courage. Go back eighty-three years and see her, the first woman lobbyist in the State House now infested by the most befuddled, pussy-footing Legislature and the most powerful lobby (or so they tell me) in many years. Behold this "Northern agitator," this woman who had brazenly forsaken her "proper sphere," this forty-six year old spinster from Maine, who had come down to tell the North Carolina Legislature what its duty was. Whoever heard of such effrontery! What blushes for the sex it must have brought to the cheeks of Southern maids and matrons, who knew that woman's place was in the home, and who in keeping their place left the insane to languish in filth and wretchedness—however much these women might have pitied these unfortunates in the abstract—because to try to improve their lot would be to interfere with public business which, of course, was the exclusive province of men.

Yet there she was—this frail, erstwhile school-marm who had inherited some money and who was crazy enough to spend it on somebody beside herself—this curious variant almost a hundred years ahead of her day, to whom contemporary conventions were negligible compared to the possibility of alleviating distress. Picture her in the modest feminine costume of the '40's, standing among total strangers, all men, pleading for other helpless strangers neglected by the persons directly responsible for their care. Yes, this woman was possessed. No doubt about it. But what possession!

How I wish that I could have looked into that fine mind and into that warm, compassionate, beautiful heart, and could have seen the secret springs of such courageous and constructive action! Never think that it was easy! How many respectable acquaintances must have said to her: "Dorothea, you stay right here at home! Just let well enough alone. The very idea of an unmarried woman going all over the country, appearing before strange legislators who probably think she's a buzzy. What business is it of yours to tell the General Assembly of North Carolina what to do? Why on earth do you bother about the insane down there? Let their own people look out for them. You have money enough to be comfortable for the rest of your life. Why don't you sit down and enjoy it, or go to Europe, or do something sensible? What will people think of you, anyway? You are just queer, Dorothea, that's all there is to it! Really, you should try to check these eccentric tendencies."

All of which must have worried and distressed her. She was human. But I have no doubt whatever that

when the voices of the world were quiet and when she was on her knees in stilness another voice spoke to her, comforting and encouraging her, and urging her forward. To her glory, she heeded the voice, not the voices. Now she is great and of blessed memory, and her prudent, respectable, conservative friends are nameless and forgotten.

That voice spoke not only to Dorothea Dix but through her. Listen to it as she eloquently addresses the North Carolina Legislature:

"I come not to urge personal claims, nor to seek individual benefits; I appear as the advocate of those who cannot plead their own cause: I come as the friend of those who are deserted, oppressed and desolate. In the Providence of God, I am the voice of the maniac whose piercing cries from the dreary dungeons of your jails penetrate not your Halls of Legislation. I am the Hope of the poor crazed beings who pine in the cells and stalls and cages and waste rooms of your poor-houses. I am the Revelation of hundreds of wailing, suffering creatures, hidden in your private dwellings, and in pens and cabins—shut out, cut off from all healing influences, from all mind-restoring cares."

How thrilling! How lovely. Even after eighty-three years it brings tears to my eyes and sends shivers down my spine.

This is what really up-to-date psychologists dismiss pityingly as "the messianic delusion." Incipient paranoia, no doubt, with its delusions of grandeur? Yes? Then I wish I had that sort of paranoia! And I wish we could innoculate the whole membership of the General Assembly of 1931 with it. Believe me, then we'd see some action at the Capitol!

At the time that Dorothea Dix addressed our General Assembly there were four methods of disposing of insane persons, epileptics and mental defectives. These were, she writes: "In the cells and dungeons of the county jails, in comfortless rooms and cages in the county poor-houses, in the dwellings of private families, and by sending the patients to distant hospitals, more seasonably established in sister States." Most unfortunates of this sort were kept in private families and few were sent out of North Carolina.

The Dix memorial to the Legislature contains reports on more than fifty jails and poor-houses in this State in which insane persons were confined and which Dorothea had visited. She describes horrible cases of madmen in these institutions totally unfitted to care for them. Think of her traveling all over North Carolina at her own expense when travel was hard and wearying, for no reason other than pity! "Sick and in prison and ye visited me."

She was no mere sentimentalist. She had plenty of sense. Her memorial is really a masterful presentation of the needs of the unhappy people whom she represented, and of the economy, convenience and humanity of a decent State-supported institution to care for them. At that time when there were twenty State hospitals for the insane in the nineteen States, North Carolina had none.

In her efforts to arouse our Legislature to the necessity of establishing one, Dorothea seemed on the very verge of failure, when an unexpected

event brought success. An event unexpected, but perhaps not unordained. A woman like that couldn't fail. You remember, no doubt, the story of how the wife of James C. Dobbin, then a member of the Legislature, fell ill and was nursed devotedly by Dorothea until her death. Dobbin, according to the story, went from the new-made grave of his wife to the halls of the Legislature, and out of gratitude to Dorothea Dix made a speach in favor of an institution such as she proposed that was so powerful and so convincing that as a result the Legislature established the State Hospital here.

There could be no more appropriate conclusion for this eulogy than one of the closing paragraphs of the Dix memorial. Describing the legislators, should they establish her institution, my heroine as reformer unconsciously described herself:

"As benefactors of the distressed whose mental darkness may, through your agency, be dispersed, how many blessings and prayers from grateful hearts will enrich you! ..... how beautiful will be the remembrance ..... that you have aided to accomplish a work whose results of wide-diffused benefits are as sanctifying as they are permanent; blessing through all Time—consecrating through all Eternity!"

"RISE AND WALK"

An English authority is now advising American business men that most of our financial troubles are in our heads, and not with business conditions in general. This news, or rather advice, comes from Herbert N. Casson, editor of the Efficiency Magazine of London.

The Literary Digest quotes the following extract from Mr. Casson's article:

"Dollars are now being sold for thirty cents. Practically every security in the United States is now being sold at less than its value.

"Frick started by buying coke-ovens in the slump of 1873. Carnegie made $300,000,000 by buying steel plants in the slumps.

"Hundreds of fortunes have been made by buying from pessimists.

"Ye gods! What a chance there is at this moment.

"In five years from now, most American business men will belong to the I-Wish-I-Had-Club.'

"Then it will be too late to buy a dollar for thirty cents. The opportunities will be gone.

"When a horse balks, the balk is in his head, not in his legs. He moves on when he thinks he will.

"And when an American business man is depressed, the slump is in his head. There is nothing serious to prevent him from making money, if he thinks he will.

"This silly depression has gone on long enough. Get rid of it. It is inside of you. Rise and walk.—Selected.

THE DANGER OF MOUTH BREATHING

By Dr. F. M. Register

"Neighbor, what in the world is that noise I hear?"

"Nothing, only little Bobbie in the next room snoring."

My neighbor does not realize just what Bobbie's trouble is. Bobbie is a mouth breather, made so by adenoids and enlarged tonsils.

The breathing space is limited and poor; Bobbie is struggling to get enough air into his lungs to supply the needs of the body and promote growth. If he is left to struggle with this condition, a train of evils will follow.

Here's what Bobbie will look like if he is not cured: His upper jawbone will become narrow, and the roof of his mouth high and narrow, his front teeth will protrude, his lower jaw will be undeveloped and his chin will recede. His hearing will probably be impaired by pressure of the enlarged tonsils on the Eustachian tube. His upper lip will be short.

Yes, Bobbie is a mouth breather, for the reason that he cannot breathe through his nose, which was intended to be used for that purpose. Mouth breathing is difficult breathing, because the mouth was made to be closed while we sleep. Bobbie is underweight, listless, and dull. And no wonder, for the sleep that he gets is a struggle and broken, when it should be peaceful and easy.

If Bobbie is allowed to go on this way, he will adjust himself to this manner of staying alive; but in place of being a fine and fit fellow physically, he will be a rather poor looking specimen—just as already described

Neighbor! if you do not have Bobbie's defects remedied now, before it is too late, you are nothing short of acriminal. If you saw your child drowning and calling on you for help with every breath, and you rendered no assistance, what would you be? Your mouth breathing child is calling just as decidedly, every night from his little cot for more air.

If you do not heed this cry and render assistance, you are—just what I said.

WHAT WILL THEY DO?

The population of the United States is now 123,000,000. Prof. E. M. East of Harvard believes that the population of U. S. will be 200,000,000 before 2000 A. D. The population of the world is now placed at 1,900,000,000. At the present rate of increase five eighths of one per cent per year, the population will double in 110 years. Labor saving machines will do the work. But how will this multitude be fed?—Kings Mountain Herald.

VIRGINIA HISTORY

Prepared By Edward Hale Brush

Death of "Light Horse Harry" Lee. It seems sad that a man who had been so popular and done so much for his country as General Henry Lee, better known as "Light Horse Harry," should have come to his death from injuries received at the hands of his fellow citizens. During the partisan excitement incident to the War of 1812 a mob of war sympathizers attacked the office of a Federalist newspaper in Baltimore. There were many who opposed this war, especially the Federalists, hence the unpopularity among its supporters of this newspaper. General Lee happened to be in Baltimore and in attempting to defend the editor received injuries which about two years later, March 25, 1816, caused his death, at the home of his old commander, General Nathaniel Greene, Cumberland Island, Georgia, where he had gone to try to benefit his health.

General Lee was born January 29, 1755, in Westmoreland county, and his father was Henry Lee, first cousin of Richard Henry and Arthur Lee, and he was a great great grandson of the Richard Lee who established this famous house in America. His mother was Mary Bland, daughter of Col. Bland of Jordan, Prince William county, and reputed boyhood sweetheart of George Washington. He received instruction from a private tutor and graduated from Princeton College in 1774. In 1778 he was appointed captain of a company of cavalry in Col. Theodoric Bland's "Virginia Regiment." He distinguished himself by care of his men and his daring cavalry tactics and Washington chose his company for his bodyguard at the Battle of Germantown. The enemy tried to effect his capture in 1778 but he made a skillful defense and escaped. In 1779 at the head of 300 men he surprised the British garrison at Paulus Hook and took 160 prisoners and effected this escape with the loss of only two men killed and three wounded. For "the prudence, address and bravery" with which he conducted this affair Congress voted him a gold medal. In 1781 he marched his legion south and joined the army of Gen. Nathaniel Greene with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. In the retreat of Greene before Cornwallis he covered the rear guard, the post of greatest danger, and he and his men performed many daring exploits, as they also did later at the battles of Guilford Courthouse, and Eutaw and during the siege of Cornwallis at Yorktown. After this victory he went home and married his cousin, Matilda Lee, then owner of "Stratford Hall." After her death he became master of the historic estate. He married a second time Anne Hill Carter of "Shirley," who was the mother of his famous son, General Robert E. Lee. After the Revolutionary War he served as Governor of Virginia and in Congress where in 1799 it fell to him to compose the eulogy of Washington in which he described him as "First in War, First in Peace and First in the Hearts of his Countrymen."

THE GREAT DISSENTERS

(Selected)

In news of the United States Supreme Court is commonplace to read that "Holmes and Brandeis Dissent." "Justices Holmes and Brandeis were in the minority" is as familiar to the records of that court as the cutaway is to its attaches.

Since his elevation to the high bench in 1902, Mr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, a son of the distinguished poet of the same name, has been an unswerving stickler for constitutional rights. In 1914 he was joined by that outstanding defender of social justice, Louis Dembitz Brandeis, and for 16 years this oddly assorted pair have formed what might be termed the Supreme Court's dissenting block.

Theirs is a strange partnership for principle—Holmes a Bay State blueblood and Brandeis by ancestry a Galician Jew. While Brandeis was still a boy Holmes was thrice wounded in the Civil war. Holmes is the man referred to in his father's story, "My Hunt After the Captain." But even then this Oliver Wendell was fighting the Brandeis battle, for the Brandeis family- staunch abolitionists, were having trouble with their slaveowning neighbors in Nashville.

Yet there are striking similarities in their lives. Both went to Harvard Law—though at different times—and both were appointed to the high bench from Massachusetts And both have antagonized presidents. The personally gentle Holmes' very first dissenting opinion, in the Northern Securities case, aroused the enmity of "Teddy" Roosevelt, who appointed him, and brought about a severance of their social relations. After being appointed by Woodrow Wilson, the tousel-haired Brandeis refused to subscribe to the Democratic campaign found and the Justice's daughter further strained by coming out for the elder La Folletts. But it was William Howard Taft, the man who later became chief justice and sat on the same bench with Brandeis, who showed so much open opposition to Brandeis that he even went to Washington to argue against his appontment.

Also, "the grand old man of the Supreme Court," and "the people's lawyer" now have much in common. Both are eligible to retirement on $20,000 full pay (it's an old Supreme Court custom) but refuse to quit the bench. Both decline to be interviewed. Both walk for exercise. They are, perhaps, the two hardest workers on the bench and their agreement on constitutional questions is outstanding in judicial annals. Likewise notable is the clarity and the vigorousness of their presentation of dissenting argument. Neither dines out, and when not reading detective stories the widowed Mr. Holmes seeks recreation in visiting his colleague.

Justice Holmes is the oldest man to sit on the Supreme Court. He passed his 90th yearstone this month. Justice Brandeis was 74 last November. The former is also the last wounded Civil war veteran to hold high government office. His once six-foot frame is now bent with age,

yet he insists: "I should die if I quit work." In his spare time Justice Holmes writes poetry—"fragments of my fleece" he calls it—but declines to publish any of his verse.

Unlike his associate, Justice Holmes cannot be truly said to champion the cause of the masses against the classes. His argument is constitutional rather than liberal. Indeed, of late he has deplored to close friends the way the proletariat of England is taxing to death" the great estates of the nobility. In was Dr. George W. Kirchwey, former dean of Columbia Law School, who referred to Justice Holmes as "not the great dissenter, but simply a fighter at war with many of the conceptions which have dominated and still largely dominate, legal policy."

Justice Brandeis, for his part, is a recognized authority on interstate commerce matters but is better known as a champion of labor and a fighter of unwholesome social conditions. "We must bear in mind," he once said, "that the United States is a democracy, and that we must have, about all things, men." Justice Brandeis believes in individual thought and action and thinks "in frank expression of conflicting opinion lies the greatest promise of wisdom in governmental action; and in suppression lies ordinarily the greatest peril."

He fought for the constitutionality of the child labor amendment and dissented from the opinion, upholding the open shop policy. He also dissented from the court's validating the espionage law. Justice Brandeis has given much money to the building up in Palestine of a national homeland for the Jews but has been deaf to offers that he head the Zionist movement committed to that object.

Before being joined by Brandeis, Holmes stood practically alone in "bucking" the court's majority. He was a minority in arguing that under Kansas law employers could force workers to withdraw from labor unions or fire them; that groups violating Sherman anti-trust acts have no appeal to the courts to collect debts, and that a corner of any commodity is illegal because it is in restraint of commerce.

Justice Brandeis donned the robes in time to side with Holmes in vigorously objecting to denial of naturalization to Mrs. Rosika Schwimmer because she declared that, as a pacifist, she could not take up arms in defense of the United States. "If there is any principle of the Constitution that more imperatively calls for attachment than any other," said Justice Holmes. "it is the principle of free thought—not free thought for those who agree with us, but freedom for the thought that we hate. I think that we should adhere to that principle with regard to admission into, as well as life within, this country." Again, in protesting conviction of five Russians for sedition, Mr. Holmes argued:

I think that we should be eternally vigilant against attempts to check the expression of opinion that we loathe and believe to be fraught with death, unless they so imminently threaten immediate interference with the lawful and pressing purposes of the law that an immediate check is required to save the country.

When Charlotte Anita Whitney was convicted of criminal syndical-

ism, Justice Brandeis took up the argument, asserting:

Those who won our independence believed that the final end of the state was to make men free to develop their faculties, and that in its government the deliberate forces should prevail over the arbitrary. They valued both as a means and an end. They believed liberty to be the secret of happiness and courage to be the secret of liberty. They believed that freedom to think as you will and to speak as you think are means indispensable to the discovery and spread of political truth.

In the case of Benjamin Gitlow, convicted by New York for firebrand oratory, the "great dissenters" thought the law should be invoked only in cases where radical talks "create a clear and present danger." Both dissented when Postmaster General Burleson withdrew second-class mail privileges from a socialist newspaper. Again they dissented when the supreme bench majority held that courts have a right to curb picketing. In disagreeing with the courts when it threw out Arizona's anti-injunction law, Justice Holmes declared:

There is nothing I more deprecate than the use of the 14th amendment beyond the absolute compulsion to its words to prevent the making of social experiments that an important part of the community desires ... ... even though the experiments may seem futile or even noxious to me and to those whose judgment I must respect.

On that occasion Justice Brandeis added:

The exercise of the police power by which, in the interest of the public, and in order to preserve the liberty and property of the greatest majority of the citizens of a state, rights of property and liberty of the individual, must be remodeled, from time to time, to meet the changing needs of society.

In disapproving the decision that evidence obtained in wire tapping can be used as evidence, Justice Holmes opined "it is less evil that some crimnal should escape than that the Govrnment should play an ignoble part" while his associate argued that "the evil incident to invasion of the privacy of the telephone is far greater than involved in tampering with the mails."

"It is not for this court to pronounce when prohibition is necessary to regulation, if it ever may be necessary—to say that it is permissible as against strong drink but not as against the product of ruined lives," declared Justice Holmes (Hammer vs. Dagenhart) in siding with Brandeis to sustain the child labor act.

In dissenting from the ruling that the president has a right to remove, without consulting the Senate, any public officials he appoints, the Holmes-Brandeis bloc (this time joined by McReynolds) contended that the position taken was "revolutionary" because it gives too much autocratic power to a democratic chief executive.

And, though joining in unanimous decision that the constitutional guarantee of freedom of speech, press and right of assembly does not permit unbridled license, Justice Holmes and Brandeis nevertheless warned:

Those who won our independence knew that order cannot be secured merely through fear of punishment

for its infraction; that it is hazardus to discourage thought, hope and imagination; that fear repression; that repression breeds hate; that hate menaces stable government; that the path of safety lies in the opportunity freely supposed grievances remedies; and that the fitting remedy for evil counsels is good ones. Fear of serious injury cannot alone justify suppression of free speech and assembly. Men feared witches and burnt them. It is the function of free speech to free men from the bondage of irrational fears.

LEADERSHIP FOR BOYS

The Boy Scouts of America recently observed their twenty-first anniversary.

To many that means nothing. To others it means much, because those who have seen the influence of Scouting upon boys realize the uplifting effect that it has.

Scouting inculcates patriotism, courage, self-reliance and kindred virtues. What higher ideals could we ask for those who will be in charge of affairs in America in a brief span of years?

The Boy Scouts organization has had an uphill fight against overwhelming odds. It was first held up to ridicule, but surviving that stage of its career, it has come to be regarded as one organization for boys that is above reproach.

To perpetuate it and place it within the grasp of some eight million boys of Scout age in the United States, self-sacrifice is needed on the the part of men who are willing to devote some time to building for the citizenship of the future.

Something over 225,000 men now give their time voluntarily, without any compensation, or the present organization would not be possible. But there are only a million Scouts in America. The other seven and a half million are waiting for leadership.

The Scouts need intelligent and enthusiastic co-operation. Lacking the time or ability to act as a leader you can boast for them and be the means of carrying the message to some boy that will make him a better citizen when he grows into manhood.—Selected.

THE LITTLE FOLKS

(The Golden Age)

Children usually come into the world one at a time, and even if they do occasionally come as twins, and more rarely as triplets, every one of them brings his own problems. Nature evidently intended that they should be handled singly, and not in masses. They are happiest and make the best development that way, and yet, odd little sinners, they almost have to have the companionship of other children, to bring them up right.

Furthermore, little folks are little folks for a long time, even after their bodies are of large size, because the mind continues to expand. In our day men are counted mature at 21 and women at 18, but the divine regulation of the affairs of the Jewish people fixed the maturity of men at 30 years, and that is about right. He is then in possession of his full powers.

The way it works out now, a man develops for thirty years, works for thirty years, decays for ten years, and dies at seventy wondering why it took so long for him to get ready to do so little. Nearly half his life is spent in getting ready to do something.

Some of the little folks at about two years of age are not so pleasant to have around. Not a few of them, naturally endowed by their parents with considerable destructiveness, executiveness, manifest it in ways that are a trial to the more civilized, seeming to think that to wreck everything in sight is life's main objective. They usually have to feel the strong arm of parental law to get them out of that frame of mind, and it takes time, and patience.

The present and growingly popular misconception of a destructive or wayward child, that it should be studied and not punished occasionally, is nonsense. The Scriptures say that one may spare the rod and spoil the child, and it is true. At the same time, punishment is often greatly overdone; and with a nervous, sensitive, conscientous child, is rarely necessary, and may take a very mild form and be completely effective.

Children should be brought up, but not over-groomed. More harm has been done by over-bringing-up than by under-bringing-up. In the period of youth the child learns how to become a satisfactory member of his family and of the human family, and he learns it best with as little detailed guidance as possible.

Parents should not strive to make their children feel that they are dependent upon them for guidance. No parent knows enough to guide all the details of any child's life, and if he did, and used the knowledge, and the child submitted to it, the child would never amount to anything in this world. He would be an automation.

A child that never has a chance to use his own judgment will never have any judgment to use. A parent that seeks to order all the affairs of a child is a despot, a kind-hearted tyrant perhaps, but a tyrant nevertheless; and the rule of even the most benevolent of despots is irksome. A good example on the part

of the parents is the best instruction the child can ever have. Words are not so effective: talk is cheap.

The very best that a parent can do for a child is to truly love him. Love will know when to speak and when not to speak, when to act and when not to act, its object being at all times to help the child to grow up to a place where he can take care of himself, be independent, be a care to nobody, but, on the contrary, be groomed to be a help to others.

The child gives as much as he gets, perhaps more. It would be impossible to gauge the benefit that has come to men and women through association with the fresh, sweet, unspoiled minds of little folks. They have been described as 'the greatest civilizers and humanizers of the race.'

There is a place for you to fill,
Some work for you to do;
That no one can or even will
Do quite as well as you.
It may be close along your way,
Some little homely duty,
That only waits your touch, your sway,
To blossom into beauty.—Selected.

NEW MEMORIAL STAMPS

Selected

Three new memorial stamps have been either issued or authorized by the Post Office Department this year, and about a score of applications for others have been filed. The three will commemorate the service on General Pulaski, the 50th anniversary of the Red Cross and the surrender of Lord Cornwallis 150 years ago.

Next year it is planned to issue 12 memorial stamps in connection with the celebration of the 200th anniversary of Washington's birth, and the coining of a silver quarter bearing his likeness is also proposed.

If the event commemorated is considered of sufficient importance, the issue of such stamps is generally looked upon with favor by the department as many thousands of such stamps are gathered by collectors and never used, so that Uncle Sam makes money by the transaction.

The collecting fad is also encouraged, and a special bureau is maintained in Washington to assist collectors in obtaining stamps desired.

MODERN BATHROOM IN OLD FARM HOME

By Mrs. E. E. Seay

In a house, now about a hundred years old; which I inherited from my father, I began housekeeping seventeen years ago. I have always planned, hoped and dreamed for lights and running water. At times, however, I have felt as though this dream would end as dreams usually do; and that when I awoke, I would find the same old pump on the back porch, and the waterbucket empty in the kitchen. Then my first task would be to fill all vessels with water, which meant pump, pump, pump, then carry, carry, carry.

Five years ago, the Tide Water Power Company brought their line to our little village of Turkey; and, as our farm lies just out of the city limits, we could easily have the line extended to our place. In a very short time our home was illuminated by electricity, which was indeed a luxury after the old lamps.

Now that we had the power, we realized that it was an easy matter to have running water if the cash were available.

In September 1929 we purchased a Duco Electric Engine, and attached it to the pump on the back porch, which furnished us with water. By this power we then had running water on the back porch, and in the kitchen.

After paying for the engine, installation, and other incidentals, we were not in a position, financially to fit up a bathroom just then. However, I felt the first step had been taken, and I was determined not to awake from my plans and dreams yet.

Later, we sold a small piece of land and I had hopes of using this money for a bathroom. No decision about the matter was reached, however, until we read an account of the Bathroom Contest being put on by The Southern Ruralist. Then what an inspiration! I felt I must enter this contest regardless of any sacrifice that had to be made.

In December 1929 we employed a good carpenter to do the work for us. There was a room fifteen feet wide, in our house, which we had always planned to make a bathroom whenever we had running water. A division was made in this room, using six feet and seven inches length, and four feet width for an entrance into the bathroom, and six feet seven inches length and four feet width for a linen closet just on the right of the entrance. This left ten feet and one inch by eight feet for the bathroom, which gives a room of ample size.

After proper measurements were made, our next idea for consideration was that of cost. Since the room is now complete and every cent of the cost has been kept in our expense accounts, I will enumerate the items for which the money was spent. The material, plastering and painting was complete at a cost of twenty-five dollars. This could not have been possible, however, if we had not been able to do some of the work ourselves. This amount, of

course, does not include the installation of fixtures and plumbing.

How can I say enough in regard to the influence of the improved home conditions on the family? Everyone knows how growing boys (there are two in my family) dread the word "water," unless it is uttered in connection with the "swimming hole." When you used the phrase, "get ready for your bath," it really was no easy task to have to gather up towels, soap, cloth, bowl and water, and begin the ordeal; for such it proved to be before the job was completed. But what a difference now! With a pretty room, all nice and cozy, with towels, soap and cloths conveniently located. Just turn the spicket, and the tub is soon full of warm water, and there is nothing to do but luxuriate in your bath; after which you feel like nothing less than a million dollars.

Even the boys now have a wild scramble to see who gets the first bath.

Improvements, conveniences, and beauty help make happiness. This is an essential thing for the home, and it behooves us to put forth our greatest effort to modernize and beautify our farm homes, in order to make the boys satisfied and contented to remain on the farm, if for no other reason.

THE WONDROUS CROSS

When the Portuguese colonists first settled in Macao, on the coast of South China, they erected a massive cathedral on a hill crest. But a violent China Sea typhoon proved too severe a test for even the massive building, and three centuries ago the cathedral fell, all save the front wall. It has never been rebuilt, and that ponderous facade has stood as a sort of mournful monument ever since. On the top of the facade stands a great bronze cross, clean cut against the sky. It is a striking thing to see, and when Sir John Rowring, then governor of Hongkong, visited Macao in 1825 he was deeply impressed by that cross surmounting the ruined church.

Returning home he wrote the famous hymn, "In the cross of Christ I glory, towering o'er the wrecks of time." As you sing this hymn, think of the great ruined wall on a misty hill-top, birds nesting in its hideous gargoyles, the sea and the mountains and the sky of China seen through its gaping doors and windows; and over all the cross, changing desolation to majesty.—Exchange.

NORTHERN LIGHTS

By Blanche Gertrude Robbins

"Farewell to missionaries at St. Andrew's Church."

Bruce Ramsay read the assignment written in the hand-writing of Dudley, the city editor of the Morning Challenge, and groaned. He had been hoping for an evening of excitement. The appointment assigned to him promised a dull evening. Bruce Ramsay had little interest in missionary endeavors.

"What's on for tonight, Bruce?" demanded McNally Kent, the police reporter, throwing open his typewriter and breezily slipping copy paper under the roll.

"Nothing more thrilling than a farewell missionary meeting—can't you see Uncle splashing his story all over the front page tomorrow?" questioned Bruce with sarcasm. "Why Dudley doesn't hand out these tame missionary assignments to the Women's Department is beyond my ken."

"Well, you can't expect to feast on chocolate sundaes every day in the week," offered McNally. "You ought to be content with writing a feature story at least five days a week. Double-column headings spoil you would-be feature writers as well as take up perfectly good space that might serve for ordinary police court reporters."

"Anyway you run a chance of coming in contact with something exciting," responded Bruce, staring over the shouldr of the police reporter and reading the lead of the story picturing a sensational hold-up.

"But we have to keep to solid and accurate facts so there's little chance of us ever using our imagination to the extent that we can become fancy feature writers," laughed McNally.

Bruce hunted a notebook, and sharpened three pencils, then started forth on his assignment. During the nine months that he had been with the Morning Challenge he had given the best of his ability as a cub reporter. He had spared no effort in gathering material and in writing the copy to the best of the gift that he knew was in his possession. Gradually he was earning a place in the news room as a feature writer and many a graphic word picture produced by Bruce Ramsay carried double-column headings. Several times articles written by Bruce had been signed.

"I guess McNally is right and a fellow gets sort of spoiled with a chance to do feature stories," muttered Bruce, swinging onto a street car, destined to pass St. Andrew's Church. "Still a missionary meeting is likely to be frightfully boring. Missionaries are as a rule such duds. I don't approve of missionaries—what right have they to invade foreign regions and sponge their religion and ideas of Christianity on poor, benighted people who don't know the difference—"

Bruce's unhappy musings were suddenly interrupted as the street car halted in front of the doors of St. Andrew's Church. He sprang from the steps of the car and mingled with the little company of people entering the church. At the entrance hung a placard announcing the nature of the meeting and portraying the pic-

age is within him. Be it our constant and inspiring task to make him in every way a son of God through fellowship with Jesus Christ.

For the boy is also what he will become. The stored energies of today become the vital working forces of tomorrow. At thirty a man is a bundle of habits. His methods of thinking, modes of living, ways of acting, are by that time firmly fixed. At sixteen he is rapidly becoming what at thirty he will be, and at sixty, and perhaps throughout eternity. It is possible for each one of us to make himself an important factor in the process of that boy's "becoming." Would we plant for eternity? Then let us consider carefully this boy and his particular needs for the future. As preachers and teachers, as leaders of youth, we should seek to plant and to plant deeply in these broad and infinite faculities which God has given him.

Every purpose, ideal, hope, ambition—and adolescence abounds in all these—is the future man living and struggling within the boy of today. Indeed it is the multitude of these confusing cries of the unborn tomorrow, filling his soul, which cause much of the strain and stress of this momentous period. Sixteen is the year of all years which is usually most crucial in the history of the life. It is the pivotal year, yet the entire span from twelve to twenty is critically important.

Now is the time to encourage all promising tendencies, seeking usually to lead them out into life-habits. By awkward treatment these forth-springing powers may become stunted. They may easily be thrown back and any such reaction is perilous to the life. The adolescent craves guidance while he repels it. We must become sixteen again. We must by every possible means recapture the boy's point of view and thus employ our adult wisdom to direct and help.

The latter part of this adolescence period is likely to be one of rather intense idealism. The larger issues of the distant future impress while they also inspire. This opens a matchless opportunity for supplying the motive power of a splendid life development. Such motive power the stirring stories of Scripture have furnished to many a youth in this serious hour. When they are meditated by a fine winning personality they lay hold of the hero-loving impulses which are now so strong. Using judicously this concrete material we may assist in translating the vague ideals into urgent and abiding purposes. By this means we link together the life of the boy and the soul of the Book.

The Bible is the great book for youth. It is a bundle of biographies. It furnishes models of life. It warns and stimulates by vivid individual examples. It deals with the struggle and triumphs of youth. Things were then as they are now. Some young fellows were hypocrites like Eli's sons. Some were handsome degenerates like Absalom. Some began nobly as children and went to the bad afterward, like Joash, King of Judah. Some lived lives of downright nobility like Josiah, another boy-king, who "did that which was right in the eyes of the Lord .. .. and turned not to the right hand nor to the left."

Some youths were fine and true

tures of the missionaries who were being farewelled.

"Home missionaries, eh?" thought Bruce reading the announcement. "Going up North to work among the Indians? Well, they'll likely have adventures enough to keep them from being too lonesome."

Bored by the opening devotional exercises, Bruce Ramsay occupied his fertile mind by planning a journey into the slums of the city for material that might make excellent copy for a feature article. Then suddenly his interest was aroused.

A vivacious, laughing-eyed girl with cheeks like poppies and brown hair that curled in a bewitching fashion under her close-fitting brown velour hat was being introduced to the audience. This could never be one of the missionaries. This girl in her smart, though simply cut and tailored designed beige and brown jersey frock, was no dud.

"Miss Elizabeth Starr, our missionary teacher-elect for Crowfoot Creek," introduced the chairman of the meeting, and Bruce decided that her friends in all probability called her "Betty."

"Miss Starr is a university graduate and a specialist in languages. She will doubtless acquire the Indian tongue with rapidity. She is not only endowed with the teaching gift but she is an evangelist at heart. She will tell you of her experiences and her ambitions," said the chairman and returned to his seat, leaving the girl with the twinkle in her eye to tell her story.

Bruce sensed the quickening of his pulses as this girl with the teaching gift told the story of her consecration and response to the call for help simply yet forcefully. He realized that she was no novice on the platform; that she had in all probability received training in inter-university debates; that perhaps she had been the valedictorian of her class.

"What an abominable waste of talent—this gifted, attractive girl throwing herself away on an isolated Indian settlement," thought Bruce and he shrugged his shoulders with disgust.

"She is simply infatuated—I pity her when she wakes up to the stern reality," he mused as the girl finished her spirited address.

Then came the introduction of the other young missionary — Beverly Crang—a graduate nurse, who would accompany Elizabeth Starr on her venture into the Indian settlement.

"She is a stunner, too," thought Bruce. "Another bright life wasted."

"These young missionaries will share the mission station at Crowfoot Creek with Miss Crang's father, the Rev. Obed Crang," explained the chairman, and the reporter drew a mental picture of the little missionary household buried in the far North in a setting of solitary isolation.

"The story has been written accurately if not sympathetically," muttered Bruce an hour later as he dropped his copy relating to the story of the missionary farewell on the city editor's desk. He was turning eagerly to his plan to secure a story from the slums of the city.

Various stories that demanded special treatment were assigned to Bruce and he soon became known as the feature writer of the Morning Chal-

lenge. Then came the opportunity that set his pulses throbbing. He was confronted with the big story. Here was his chance to show his ability. In response to a summons from the managing editor's office, Bruce Ramsay faced James Cornwall, his chief.

"How is your nerve, Ramsay? Ever done any flying?" demanded the editor-in-chief.

"Oh, I've been up in the air—taken a flip with a pilot who is a friend of mine," answered Bruce, puzzled by his chief's questions.

"Well, the Morning Challenge has been given an opportunity to get a story first hand—a story of airplane service in the North," explained James Cornwall. "We have been invited to send along a reporter by the plane 'Bluebird' which will carry fire fighters, apparatus and supplies to the forest fire areas on the hinterland of Canada. Somehow Dudley thinks you are the one to write the story of the plane flight to the North. It rests with you whether you would care to embark on this air trip—"

"It sounds jolly interesting to me," broke in Bruce. "A fellow couldn't turn down an opportunity like this. When do we take off, sir? And when do I report for duty?"

The editor-in-chief smiled at the boyish enthusiasm and hesitated. Then for a moment he dwelt on the possibilities of accidents; the hardships he might be called upon to endure; the probable absence from luxuries for some weeks.

"I am anticipating that sort of thing, but there is a big story back of it all and we'll hope there will be no accidents," declared Bruce.

Thrilled, Bruce Ramsay embarked on the plane "Bluebird" one gloriously sunshiny winter day. For several days he gave himself up to the enjoyment of winging a flight through the air, drinking in the atmosphere that was to play so prominent a part in the stories that he would later write for the Morning Challenge. Within there flamed an admiration for the pilot and his assistants who were serving as a link between the frontier and the civilized districts of Canada

"These men are heroes and yet they are as humble as little children," he mused. "They carry light and hope to the people of the great North. They are Northern Lights," he decided, determining to picture the heroism and bravery of the airmen as spectacular in the articles he would write for the Morning Challenge.

Only a few days of enjoyment and then encountering foggy weather the plane "Bluebird" ran into trouble. Bruce Ramsay never knew the why or the wherefore and there was none to explain the reason for the crash, for the brave pilot had sacrificed his life. Down into the depths of the lake crashed the plane. A broken spar serving as a temporary raft, gave Bruce Ramsay the support he needed and, partially conscious, he clung to the bit of wreckage. How long he clung to the raft he could not tell. Then curiously strange shouts roused him. From the shore came the shouts and he realized help was near. Canoes were pushing out into the lake. He looked up into the faces of Indians whose tongue he did not understand . Then as he dropped into the bottom of the canoe he lost consciousness.

"Who are you—somewhere I've seen you before," muttered the reporter when regaining consciousness he stared up into the face of a bright eyed girl wearing the uniform of a nurse.

"I am afraid you are dreaming for I don't remember meeting you," laughed the nurse. "You dropped most mysteriously into the lake and were rescued by the Indians of the settlement. They brought you to the mission station and we have been working over you. It looks as though you were coming around all right though you've a broken ankle that will keep you a tenderfoot for a while." Then going to the door the nurse called gaily, "Betty, our patient is recovering fast. Come and help me manage him."

"Is it safe to bombard him with questions?" demanded the girl brimming with vivacity as she entered the bedroom. "We are really terribly curious to know his name and how he chanced to drop into the lake and why he didn't send us word he was coming so we could have the guest room ready," she twitted merrily.

Then suddenly Bruce Ramsay remembered. Now he knew why the nurse was so familiar. Yes, he had seen both the nurse and her companion before—just once before and under such peculiar circumstances.

"I know who you are," he exclaimed with relief. "You are the missionary girls who were farewelled from St. Andrew's Church and you were going out to Crowfoot Creek—"

"And this is Crowfoot Creek Mission Station," broke in Elizabeth Starr. "And you—?"

"I was the reporter sent to chronicle the events of the night you farewelled," explained Bruce, adding the story of his trip by airplane to the North.

Soberly the nurse and the teacher listened to the recital of the reporter. Then carefully they told him that he was practically a prisoner in the settlement of Crowfoot Creek until spring or until some passing plane chanced to discover his location.

Bruce Ramsay groaned as he realized that he must spend weeks in the isolated community. But, of course, when the plane was reported missing, other airplanes would start a search. Then for a little the reporter forgot the worry of his confinement at the mission station for the development of pneumonia brought days of stupor, when he was conscious of only one thing—the tender ministration of the missionaries.

During the days of his convalesence, Bruce Ramsay followed the course of activities at the mission station. He delighted in the merry comradeship of Elizabeth Starr and Beverly Crang and the stories they told of their adventures among the Indians of the settlement. In Obed Crang, the missionary, he found a man of intellect who could outwit him in argument. The motherliness of Mrs. Crang helped to make him feel at home.

Elizabeth Starr and Beverley Crang were wrestling with the Indian language spoken by the natives and Bruce entered into the study periods with a zest. His eyes sparkled as he mastered a simple Indian legend and made notes.

"Some day I will run a feature story on these legends I have picked

up—after all I am gathering a bit of material," he declared.

There was no attempt on the part of the missionaries to force their religious services upon the guest reporter, but he was accorded a welcome when he joined family prayers. One spring morning as the little group of missionaries prepared for the simple service in the mission hall, Bruce asked that he might accompany the girls. As he sat in the rear of the crudely built hall and watched the light animation flash into the eyes of the Indian worshippers as they listened to the old, old story told in their tongue by Obed Crang, he sensed a curious thrill.

But it was out along the trail, which he traveled slowly at first and where he met the Indians in their camps, that he discovered all the the mission house meant to the people who had been born in the community. In many camps he found women and children who had been nursed through illness by Nurse Crang. In other camps he found children who were learning to read because the white teacher had come to Crowfoot Creek to help Missionary Crang and his wife teach them. More than once he came across strong, bronzed figures of Indian men who talked of how the missionaries had helped them through a trial and had taught them to do the right thing.

"What would Crowfoot Creek be without the mission station?" questioned Bruce Ramsay one evening as he joined the family of the mission station at supper.

"Perhaps God would provide some other way of helping the Indians if He had not chosen to send us," commented Elizabeth Starr.

Bruce was silent for a little, then he broke out with enthusiasm: "I came North to secure copy for feature articles on the heroes of the air—I was calling them Northern Lights—my mission failed, but I have material to write a startling article on the value of the missionary to the North—true, shining, scintillating Northern Lights. It will be difficult to picture the real blessing these Northern Lights are to the Indian folks of isolated communities—"

"I am glad you appreciate the work we are trying to do, Bruce," broke in Beverly Crang. "By the way, you will soon have the opportunity of writing that feature stuff for the Morning Challenge. A party of explorers went up the lake today. They will call on their way back in a few days' time and that will be your chance to get back to civilization. Perhaps after all your enforced confinement at the mission has not been without its blessing—"

"I can assure you that the next time I am called upon to report a missionary farewell, I shall not be bored by the meeting and will be able to report it sympathetically as well as accurately. Little I thought that evening as I reported the farewell of Elizabeth and Beverly that I was to benefit by their ministry among the Indians. Thank God for the Northern Lights and the gleam of their torches—may they never be extinguished," he added soberly and with conviction born of experience.

INSTITUTION NOTES

New Sunday School quarterlies for the second quarter were received last week and issued to the boys and teachers.

—o—

Balph Bradley, one of our boys, was taken to the N. C. Orthopedic Hospital, Gastonia, for an examination last Tuesday.

—o—

Mrs. Pearl Young, matron in charge of the King's Daughters' Cottage, is spending her vacation with her daughters, in Washington, D. C.

—o—

Hal Chamberlain, a member of the printing class, was permitted to spend the Easter holidays with his parents in Mooresville.

—o—

Mr. Walker and his boys have been transplanting tomato plants and planting flower seeds for the past few days.

—o—

During the recent wet weather the boys on the farm force have been cleaning up around the huge coal pile down by our railroad siding.

—o—

Superintendent Boger and Mr. W. M. White spent last Tuesday in Raleigh. The purpose of this visit was a conference with Mr. Henry Burke, director of the Burget Bureau.

Contracts have been let for repairing the cottages recently damaged by fire. Work has started on the Rowan-Iredell Cottage, and we hope they will soon be ready for use.

—o—

Our large family of more than five hundred boys enjoyed a fish dinner last Sunday. In addition to this, cakes, buns, and more than two hundred eggs were issued to each of the cottages. The latter were dyed various colors and added to the attractiveness of the dining room tables.

—o—

Last Friday morning the boys assembled in the auditorium where they enjoyed a trained animal exhibition by a Mr. Frye, of Texas, who also made an interesting talk on animal training. We also enjoyed the tricks performed by four well-trained dogs and two monkeys.

—o—

Some baseballs and other equipment for the use of our team this season were purchased last week. During the past few days the ball tossers could be seen "warming up." It is hoped that the regular practice will start soon, and that the Training School will be able to put a good team on the field by the time we hear the "ump's" familiar cry of, "Play Ball!"

—o—

James Long, one of our old boys, called on friends at the school last

Monday. Since leaving here several years ago James has served one enlistment in the U. S. Army, spending most of the time at Fort Benning, Ga. He informs us that he has enlisted in the Coast Artillery and expects to be sent to Hawaii within the next few months.

—o—

We were very sorry to learn that Willie Howie, aged 17, a former student at the Jackson Training School, died last Sunday night at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Howie, in Charlotte. After making an excellent record at the institution, he was paroled last November. He was a member of our printing class and developed into a very good Linotype operator. His many friends among the boys and officers of the Training School, regret to learn of his passing, and tender herewith our sincere sympathy to the breaved family.

—o—

For several days last week the Pacific Whaling Co., of San Francisco, Cal., exhibited in Concord, a gigantic whale, 55 feet in length and weighing 68 tons. As it was impossible for all of our boys to see this sea monster, it was decided to have Captain Lew Nichols, in command of the crew which captured this whale, make a little talk to them. Last Friday we assembled in the auditorium and listened to this old veteran of many whaling expeditions tell of some of his exciting adventures, especially those in connection with the capture of the one exhibited in Concord. The Captain, just a young fellow of eighty years, like most sailors, proved a very good story teller, and delighted his audience with an account of many interesting experiences on the briny deep.

—o—

Very impressive Easter services were held at the Training School last Sunday. The morning service at 9:30 o'clock was conducted by Rev. Paul Hardin, Jr. pastor of Forest Hill M. E. Church, Concord. Rev. Hardin, has been a regular monthly visitor here for more than a year, and his talks are always enjoyable, but his address last Sunday morning was the best we have ever heard from this brilliant young minister of the Gospel. Instead of the regular Sunday School lesson in the afternoon, we enjoyed a short talk by Rev. R. S. Arrowood, pastor of McKimmon Presbyterian Church, Concord. This was followed by a special Easter program consisting of appropriate songs and recitations by a group of boys. The manner in which these boys rendered their respective parts demonstrated unusual ability and reflected no small amount of credit on those under whose supervision the program was presented. At both of these services we were very favorably impressed with the initial appearance of a vested choir on the rostrum. With a beautiful background of plants and flowers these choir boys garbed in robes of black and white, made a very creditable showing, and added to the attractiveness of one of the best Easter programs witnessed here in several years.

Last Tuesday night we assembled in the auditorium where we thoroughly enjoyed a comedy-farce in one act, entitled, "Spirits and Spooks. "This very enjoyable entertainment was presented by a group of our larger boys, under the direction of Mr. William J. Wingate, a member of our teaching staff, and each boy participating therein performed in a very creditable manner. While the portrayal of all the characters was very good, David Fountain and Terrel Cannon are worthy of special mention. The former, playing as Sambo, with some very good black-face comedy elicited many hearty laughs, and the latter in the difficult role of Ima, the daughter of Prof. Spook, displayed some real talent in impersonating a female character. The cast of characters follows:

Nick	Linwood Dorman
Ferdinand	John Newsome
Ima	Terrel Cannon
Prof. Spook	Willard Johnson
Prof. Jones	Edward Hedrick
Sambo	David Fountain

A MAN'S CREED

Let me live, Oh Mighty Master,
  Such a life as men should know;
Tasting triumph and disaster—
  Joy—but not too much of woe—
Let me run the gamut over,
  Let me fight and love and laugh,
And when I'm beneath the clover,
  Let this be my epitaph:
Here lies one who took his chances
  In the busy world of men;
Battled luck and circumstances;
  Fought and fell and fought again;
Won sometimes, but did no crowing;
  Lost sometimes but did not wail;
Took his beating but kept going;
  And never let his courage fail.

—Anonymous.

THE UPLIFT

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VOL. XIX CONCORD, N. C., APRIL 18, 1931. No. 16

PATIENCE

Patience governs the flesh, strengthens the spirit, sweetens the temper, stifles anger, extinguishes envy, subdues pride. She teaches humility; bridles the tongue; restrains the hand; tramples on temptations; endures persecutions; consummates martyrdom. She comforts the poor; moderates the rich; makes us humble in prosperity; cheerful in adversity; unmoved by calumny and reproach. She teaches us to forgive those who have injured us, and to be first in asking forgiveness of those whom we have injured. She delights the faithful; invites the unbelieving; and is beautiful in every sex and age.—Bishop Horne.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

IDLE SILENCE

Somewhere, at some time, some one coined the phrase, "Idle Silence." It impresses us by virtue of its newness. Of "Idle Words" we have often heard, so indeed that they scarcely make an impression on us. Sermons have been preached on them. Books have been built out of the thoughts they suggest. Both their uselessness and their harmfulness have been impressed upon us. We are told that for every idle word we shall be brought into judgment. And how many of them have come back to torment us! But "Idle Silence," what does it mean? It means we are silent when we should speak. We hear some good cause assailed, and we never open our lips. We hear some good name evil spoken of, and we are too cowardly to say a word in its behalf. The person who keeps silent when he should speak is hardly less to blame than he who speaks when he should be silent. There are crucial moments when a word in season will encourage and strengthen the timid and the ignorant. Perhaps we are disposed to silence because if we speak we may expose ourselves to censure. To all of us there come times when to say nothing is to act the part of a coward. He is wise who knows when to speak and when to be silent. It is a rare day when our testimony would not advance the cause of truth.—Selected

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SOME FOOD FOR THOUGHT

Knowing that I was a stanch friend of the Jackson Training School, a warm friend of mine said to me the other day:

"I visited the school the other day, and was agreeably surprised and delighted to see the manner in which it is conducted. A great work is being carried on. I made a few observations, and I will pass them on to you for

what they are worth, in the hope they will be beneficial to the future success of the institution.

"It is really a difficult matter to keep over five hundred boys occupied so as to keep them out of mischief, and have their minds trained in a useful manner. No doubt the recent fires were the result of some mischievous idle moments. However that may be, or whether it be, I am not saying, but it does seem to me that the school should have a large industrial building which would house a great many more industries than are now in operation, and give more employment to a greater number of boys, and occupy a portion of their time.

"It is my opinion that the printing office should be more thoroughly equipped, by the installation of one or two modern linotype machines, and a linotype school inaugurated, presided over by an expert machine man. This would be quite a useful addition and at the same time turn out expert operators. I hope you will call the attention of those in authority to these suggestions, and they will accomplish some good and help the school in its magnificent work."—"Old Hurrygraph."

* * * * * * * * * *

THE CARRIBBEAN POORHOUSE

It was in 1917 when the tragedies of the World War extended inland caused by the fear of the submarine, that the Virgin Islands were bought for the advantages offered as one of the best natural harbors in the Caribbean Sea.

President Hoover's visit to the Virgin Islands brought him face to face with conditions. Seeing is knowing. The President's judgment is "the natives cannot be self-supporting or self-governing without the discovery of new methods and resources. Even with new resources and discoveries progress is retarded by more favored nearby islands with maritime and tourist business, besides the same Islands are unhandicapped by the prohibition laws. So the whole outlook for progress and development is to a certain degree fanciful, and the inhabitants face a precarious future.

It is this condition that moved the President to coin the epigram," the Virgin Islands constitute in effect, a Carribbean poorhouse under an American flag."

The sum and substance of the whole situation is "we bought the Islands with open eyes, and whether pleased or not, we have to make all necessary provision so as to make a go of our possessions."

The trip of the President to Porto Rico and the Virgin Islands will, if nothing more, make the natives feel they are within the borders of the United

States, and that they are not separate and distinct—but really have the protection of the American flag, and consideration of our people.

* * * * * * * * * *

WRIGLEY'S CONTRIBUTION

William Wrigley, Jr., is a familiar name with those who are addicts of the chewing gum habit. This chewing gum magnate has suddenly leaped into the limelight by announcing he had created a fund of $12,000,000 to purchase 100-000,000 pounds or 200,000 bales of the 1931 cotton crop. This to one not informed seems to be an enormous amount of cotton, but not a drop in the bucket when compared to the amount produced in the South annually. The purchase of 200,000 bales to store away till the price of cotton assures the magnate a gain, or an even break, will not reduce the surplus cotton crop, but will at present put more money in circulation. But, possibly the Wrigley spirit will prove contagious, and there are others who have millions of easy money who will fall in line and do the same thing—the combined efforts of many would bring about some effective results.

The dislodgment of a small particle of earth causes certain conditions that will either rebound for good or prove a detriment, so we awit to see the effect of the Wrigley contribution for economic purposes.

* * * * * * * * * *

WHAT IS HAPPINESS?

True happiness comes from a contented mind, a satisfied spirit, not reaching out for the impossibles.

Miss Wendel, the last of the New York Wendel family, is a true example of real happiness, because with all of her 100,000,000 of dollars she lived the simple life knowing the luxuries were hers if she so desired. Instead she resided in her Fifth Avenue home, enjoying none of the modern conveniences, keeping only two servants and giving her best attention to her constant friend —a little white poodle.

By some she would be termed a recluse, however, she deserves some credit to have lived in the midst of gay New York society and not become contaminated, especially since her millions would have given her access to a most enviable position socially. She showed she prefered the quiet experiences to the life that dances about like "the will-o-the wisp" that usually ends in a struggle for existence. There is no question that she died happier than the poor deluded social climber who realizes nothing more than a reflected glory

gotten by contact or association. But, there is a happy medium between the two extremes, the socially ambitious and socially indifferent. From our view point Miss Wendel could have realized a happier life by active usefulness, an intelligent ambition or a generous giving of unearned wealth before death compelled her to part from it.

"Happiness without peace is temporal, peace along with happiness is eternal." So if Miss Wendel had lived for others there would have been that eternal peace from the fact her money was working for "sweet charity" long after she had "shuffled off this mortal coil."

* * * * * * * * * *

REAL GRATIFYING

Since having the pleasure of moving about, renewing old friendships, and making new friends we realize that there are many people who really do appreciate the efforts of others. We found that the little magazine, the Uplift, in different parts of he State as well as other States has many appreciative readers. Said one gentleman "I received a letter from a man out in the West asking about an article of mine that appeared in the Uplift." He continued, "Does the Uplift have a wide circulation?"

Another nice compliment was that the Uplifts are kept by an interested mother living in another State, because her daughter finds so many splendid articles that help her in getting up literary programs for school exercises, another said, "I give all of my old magizines to the Salvation Army unit of this town, and the army officer when collecting the magizines never fails to ask—"have you any back numbers of the little Uplift you can spare?" Now, that is encouraging.

* * * * * * * * * *

HIGH SCHOOL INEFFICIENCY

Editorials of this caliber are a forecast that the height is breaking as to the results of our educational system, public and otherwise and that in the course of time there will be a demand for efficiency of teachers, and not "units," with a hope of a return of the "old-fashioned classical education" that prevailed a generation or so ago. This from the Asheville Citizen is worthy of careful reading. The thought to be emphasized in all schools should be thoroughness, to the elimination of "certain units" to be attained along with a wise influence for a high moral:

In addressing the convention of the North Central Association of Col-

leges and Secondary Schools at Chicago, Professor Thomas H. Briggs of the Teachers' College of Columbia University declared our educational system is "a costly failure." He further stated that the only remedy is a complete reorganization of the whole educational structure. In his opinion there should be a national commission appointed and consisting of outstanding educators to purge our school catalogues of unnecessary studies. Professor Briggs admitted that such a reorganization would cost some millions of dollars, but "not so much as is now wasted in misdirected effort."

The American educational system is a wonderful, growing and highly complicated organization. Our universities offer courses in a wide variety of fields. We are also going in for vocational and commercial training. Night schools are increasing in vogue. And we too often permit immature students considerable latitude in their choice of subjects to be studied—although they are not fitted to make intelligent selection. At many institutions, moreover, our learned educators concern themselves too much about the proper "methods" to be used in training the youth. Further a large proportion of teachers at elementary or high schools are young college or normal school graduates who engage in teaching for only two or three years with the idea of saving money to study law, business or some other profession.

The old-fashioned classical education which prevailed in America until a generation or so ago offered a limited number of subjects to be taught, Also it placed more emplasis upon the ancient Greek and Roman literature than upon that of modern times or upon scientific studies and research work. Yet with competent teachers it gave an admirable training—both mental and moral. A reader of "John Brown at Rugby" can get an excellent idea how boys were developed under educators of that type. They went out into the world equipped to master professions or business because of good mental training and because of having sound regular habits of living instilled into them.

Today we have handsome buildings and equipment as well as a vast variety of courses offered. Probably many or most of these can be of service. The modern world does not need so much classical training. And vocational subjects can often be of great practical value. Yet we have probably overreached ourselves in developing diversity of training Probably many courses and fields of study now offered at high schools could be profitably eliminated. In teaching the main thing is to have sincere dignified competent teachers who can teach and also exert wise influence upon the youth entrusted to their care.

Probably thus the suggestions made by Professor Briggs are wise. It would seem better, however, to have each state consider its own needs through its own selected commission of educators.

GENERAL ASSEMBLY USED TO MEET ALL OVER STATE

(News & Observer)

With the Legislature breaking more records than the weather and the non-stop fliers, questions have been arising here and there as to just what other Legislatures did and didn't do.

The North Carolina General Assembly has a long history, but it has been a neglected history.

For instance, most people would say on first thought that the Legislature always met in Raleigh. It didn't. In fact, for a while it moved all over the State.

Most people know that Legislatures in this State started up about the time of the Declaration of Independence, but not everyone can fix the date at April 7, 1777 and the place at New Bern.

Then there was no Raleigh. No capital in this part of the then wild west.

New Bern was the colonial capital. The first Assembly met there.

It remained in session 33 days, adjourned, met again November 15 of the same year and stayed in session until Christmas Eve. The first as well as the 109th General Assembly strung itself out.

Nothing was fixed in those days of carrying on a war for independence along with the business of legislating, so the Legislators didn't mind moving about over the State. The King's horsemen probably had something to do with it as there is no record of lobbies then, but the Colonial lawmakers always managed to stay at least one Legislative jump ahead of interference but were not always able to preserve the records of their sessions.

Thus we know that the second General Assembly convened in New Bern again in 1778 for the first of three short sessions. The first ended in May, but the second got under way on August 8, the Capital having been moved up to Hillsboro. What these Legislators did at this session or how long they met is not known, for the journals were destroyed, but it is apparent that they finished before January 19, 1779, for then the third part of the session was begun, but wait—the lawmakers now met at Halifax. The capital had been moved three times in a single year.

Halifax was to be host to later Legislators. It was the place of the adoption of the famous resolution of independence in 1776, antedating by several weeks the Philadelphia Declaration.

But still the Legislature had not found itself a home, and May 3, 1779, found a new assembly convening at Smithfield.

Whether the assembly didn't like the Smithfield climate, or like the House right at this stage of the 1931 Legislature, didn't have anything to do, is not of record, but we do know that it met only on October 18 for another session that extended to November 10.

The Fourth General Assembly remained in office for two years like

modern assemblies. It held three sessions, but of two there is no record. We do know that it met for two weeks in Halifax beginning January 27, 1781.

The first State law-making body to meet in Raleigh was the Fourth General Assembly, but when it met here on June 23, 1781, the records insist that it was not Raleigh at all, but Wake Courthouse.

Evidently the legislators did not think much of what was to be the future captial, for they turned up their noses at Wake Courthouse after meeting only 20 days and voted to move back to Hillsboro.

In 1782 the custom of electing a new Legislature every year and holding only one session seemed to have been pretty well established, and Hillsboro was the most popular meeting place.

The longest session up to that time was held in 1784. With independence gained, the law-makers found plenty to do, and stayed in session from April 19 to June 3 in New Bern, there being no Redcoats then. There was another session in New Bern that year, and New Bern was host to the 1785 assembly too, but the next year the wanderlust struck the assemblymen again, and they moved up the Cape Fear to Fayetteville.

Tarboro was host to the 1787 law makers but the next three assemblies held forth in Fayettville, before deciding to go back to New Bern.

Fayetteville beckoned again in 1793, but the roving days of the Legislature were nearing an end.

It got a permanent home in 1794, meeting in Raleigh on December 30 of that year and remaining in session until February 7, 1795 in the gorgeous new Captiol building that was to serve as its meeting place until 1831 when it was destroyed by fire.

Annual sessions in Raleigh were the style from 1794 until 1825 when there was a break, one assembly being made to do for two years by splitting 1826 to 1827 with a single 48-day session.

The General Assembly of 100 years ago was faced with no such grave problems as face the present body. It met quietly on November 15 1830, and adjourned, without any particular uproar on January 8, 1831.

It was the last Legislature to meet in the first capitol, and for lack of a meeting place due to the Capitol fire, there was no legislature of 1832.

Arrangements were made to meet in the Governor's Mansion where the Centennial school now stands, and where the new Raleigh Memorial Auditorium will stand, and a new Legislature convenend in 1833, and for all the two year lapse, found it necessary to meet only 55 days to catch up with the State's law-making.

Then followed a period of easy routine up to that historic assembly of 1860-61 and secession. After that the Legislative course has never been simple for long at a time.

Extra sessions became the order. Negroes and carpetbaggers and the strife and peril of Reconstruction made history.

Swift changes came in economic and political orders. The Legislative set-up itself was changed.

The chipped stone steps in the Capitol, the marks upon the doors to the Governor's office remain in evidence of the stirring days of the

Civil War and reconstruction period. Liquor kegs were handled roughly on those steps that were the pride of the State. Federal troopers had used an axe on the Governor's office doors.

It was not until the session of 1868-1869 that the old parliamentary structure, based upon the British form, was changed. The presiding officer in the Senate became its President ond not its speaker. The House of Representatives was evolved from the House of Commons.

Incidentally the first speaker of the House of Representatives as now constituted was the last speaker from Wake County until the election of Willis Smith at this term. He was Joseph W. Holden, of Raleigh. The first President of the Senate was Tod R. Caldwell, of Burke. The president of the Senate held his office by virtue of being Lieutenant Governor.

In 1879 the present plan of biennial sessions was hit upon, and the plan now in effect, of meeting on the first Wednesday after the first Monday in January of each odd-year, was adopted.

Legislatures came and went through the Spanish War, the Populist turnover, the White Supremacy campaign, the reclamation of the State by the Democrats with Aycock at the head of the ticket at the turn of the century, the great educational movement, the World War, the out-of-the-mud, prosperity and spending decade, to 1929 and forebodings of what was ahead and now to the 109th General Assembly which stands to become, by what it does or what it does not do, the most significant of all the Legislatures.

But whatever its weightier accomplishments, the General Assembly of 1931 has already rung up one record. No other, since Legislatures began in 1777, ever remained in session for 90 days without a break.

AN OLD LEGEND

An old legend pictures the angel Gabriel greeting Jesus on his return to heaven, and eagerly asking Him what plans He had made for the establishment of God's Kingdom on earth.

"I left it in the hands of my friends," Jesus told him.

"But," said the angel, "What organization did you establish?"

"None."

"Then what program did you draw up?"

"I left no program."

"Did you write a book about it, then?"

"No."

"But suppose your friends should fail," the angel persisted. "What other plan have you??"

"I have no other plan," the Master Friend replied.

CHILD WELFARE LEGISLATION IS OF STATEWIDE INTEREST

By Mrs. W. T. Bost

When the General Assembly of North Carolina adjourns sine die there will be much concern on the part of large groups of citizens as to how the children of the state have fared. Wide interest in measures concerned with the welfare of children has been greatly stimulated as a result of the White House Conference on Child Health and protection, held in Washington last November. The ultimate goal of that Conference, as so aptly described, was the adaptation of this new mechanical civilization to the many sided needs of the new generation.

Never before has there been so much interest manifested in a program of child welfare. Many feel that conservation and development of child life should be the state's supreme concern. In his message to the Legislature our Governor came out strongly in favor of raising the educational requirements for children in industry between the ages of 14 to 16 years from completion of 4th grade to completion of the 6th grade. He would also prohibit night work for women under 18 years of age in industry and he favors giving equal educational opportunity to all children of North Carolina through an eight months school term if it can be provided at a less expense than that of the present system.

The North Carolina Merchants Association at its last annual convention at Wrightsville Beach in June went on record as endorsing the establishment of an 8 hour day and a 48 hour week for children under sixteen years; the requirement that chidren between 14 and 16 years complete the sixth grade before leaving school to go to work; and forbidding the employment of children in certain dangerous occupations. The Cotton Manufacturers Association of the state commends the principle of prohibiting the employment of any person under age of 18 years in any industry now enumerated in our labor laws between the hours 9 p. m. and 5 a. m. though there are those who favor the exemption of certain occupations.

Most of these measures are on the program of the Legislative Council of North Carolina Women. The 8 hour day and attainment as well as age for children under 16 years of age were advocated by the North Carolina Conference for Social Service as far back as 1914, and have been sponsored by the Legislative Council since 1924, which shows they are well seasoned. These measures are on the legislative program of the N. C. Parent-Teachers Association.

Proponents of these measures declare that economically they are sound since no additional outlay of money is needed and the sixth grade attainment clause as proposed will aid in the enforcement of our present compulsory school law. They say they are timely in view of the fact that unemployment of men and women and over-production are two

of North Carolina's most serious problems. "Give the work to the adult," is the urge. "Release the young child for school or shorten his working day.'

Even the latest radically inclined folk must admit that the measures are conservative for these goals have already been attained in one or more respects in from 38 to 47 states. It may be interesting also to note that the standards of protection for employed children advocated by the National Association of Manufacturers are still higher in some respects than our laws would be with these goals added. Then again the argument is brought forth that the physical, mental, social, and psychological welfare of the child calls for their enactment. "The result of long hours, close confinement, and especially night work required by young people during the period of adolescence, must ever be impaired health and fewer years of productive labor," one of the health officials of the state has declared.

From another angle is manifested considerable interest in child welfare through strong advocacy of the Mother's Aid fund. Cooperating with the State Board of Charities and Public Welfare in their efforts to secure a fund sufficient to meet the needs of all worthy, eligible mothers who would keep their homes intact and their children with them are the American Legion and Auxiliary of North Carolina through their Child Welfare Department; the Legislative Council of North Carolina Women, several of the church groups, the North Carolina Conference for Social Service, the North Carolina Orphanage Association and various other bodies.

During the past biennial period more than 600 worthy mothers have been enabled, through aid received from the state, to keep their homes from being broken up. Otherwise those children would have been separated, sent to institutions or foster homes and been denied a mother's care. The Governor and Advisory Budget Commission have recommended an additional $5,000 for a boarding home care in a total fund of $55,000 recommended for each year of the biennial period. The boarding home fund is designated to take care of a group of so-called "unplaceable" children who are state wards for whom no provision has heretofore been made.

An effort will be made to have the state take over the North Carolina Industrial School for Negro girls at Efland. Thus would be completed a four square program for taking care of the State's delinquent youth.

The General Assembly will be asked to continue appropiations to the Orthopedic Hospital at Gastonia for children and orthopedic clinics, to the North Carolina School for Deaf at Morganton, the State Schools for the Deaf and Blind in Raleigh, the correctional institutions, etc. Again I recall that one of the splendid things that grew out of the White House Conference was recognition of the fact that the physically, mentally and socially handicapped child is no longer to be regarded as a liability, but as a potential asset. Such children possess aptitudes and abilities which, if developed through a constructive program, will enable them to carry wholly or in part their own social economic weight.

The action of the State Legislature in session this year in dealing with measures relating to the welfare of the youth of the country will serve as a sort of barometer in measuring the good that is to come out of the White House Conference. We believe that the clock has been set forward for American children and we believe that the legislation enacted in these 32 states this year will reflect the progressive spirit of that Conference. North Carolina, we predict, will be in the foreground of those states to pass laws concerned with the distinctly human values of our state's government, and particulary those relating to the welfare of the child.

One may live as a conqueror, a king, or a magistrate; but he must die as a man.—Selected.

MUSIC IS DISCIPLINE

(Mother's Home Life)

"Music," says Otto B. Heaton, is the fourth material want of human nature. First comes food, clothing, shelter, then music—What would a wedding, a parade, circus, theatre or church be without music?" Well, that is a question that would be difficult to answer, for music is a universal language and though little comprehended is the means of welding together human thoughts.

According to Luther "music is discipline, a mistress of order and good manners; she makes the people milder and gentler, more moral and more reasonable. Music is one of the fairest and most glorious gifts of God, to which Satan is a bitter enemy, for it removes from the heart the weight of sorrow and the fasination of evil thoughts."

Even with the weight of evidence in its favor, music is still a neglected art, for its personal use and appreciation is little understood or tried. As a cure for human ills it has for centuries been little considered, yet the ancient Greeks applied it for mental disorders and pains of various sorts.

Its uses and benefits offer a field almost without limitation. That it may be understood by the youth of the land a method of discovery and teaching has been worked out by Walter J. Damrosch and the medium of the radio. Mr. Damrosch, a noted conductor and composer, is foremost in the field of musicians. With the aid of a nationwide hook-up over the radio, he delivers informal talks on music, illustrated by the types of instruments and compositions which he discusses. All this is listened to weekly by countless numbers of students and interested friends.

This understanding of and appreciation for this fine art sould develop its powers for service as well as its ability for mere entertainment.

WEALTH AND EVIL

(Asheville Citizen)

Love of money may be the root of all evil, but Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia University says that the evil does not lie in money itself. "It is the bad use of wealth which excites unjust criticism and resentment," he declared. "It is wealth—accumulated possessions of values in excess of needs—that make leisure possible, and with leisure comes genuine human living, what we call civilization."

Here is a paradox of human life. Restless, ambitious business men and professional leaders are always engaged in the search for wealth. Office workers and mill operatives are engaged on the same quest—on a lesser scale! Money means power, the opportunity to enjoy life and to utilize one's resources. Yet reformers tell us that the love of money is bad and that simple satisfaction is poverty can lead to more contentment and more true productive achievement than great riches. Perhaps Mahatma Gandhi is the most striking example of a national leader today who cares nothing for money and all that it can bring. Yet Mahatma Gandhi's influence with the masses in East India is due largely to his austerity.

Simple life and living has an appeal for many, but probably the lure of wealth attracts even more people. Few poor persons would decline wealth if it were offered them. And still fewer of the wealthy would voluntrily abjure their riches.

Wealth is relative. What constitutes riches to one class or group of people is nothing to another. Standards of living differ—even in the same country or community. Too much love of wealth may breed selfishness, idleness and devotion to unnecessary luxury. Yet the possession of riches gives one power—for both good and evil. In any advanced nation there is a wealthy class who can engage in philanthropy or research work—give bequests to collegs or municipalities and endow civic organizations or become leaders in politics or sports.

Hence wealth gives opportunity. And opportunity if rightly used can be of untold good. There have been degenerate wealthy classes as well as frivolous society leaders. The follies of European royalty or of the fashionable of Gotham are often depicted. Yet poor clerical workers or factory girls can be frivolous and pleasure mad too. Flaming youth is not confined to any one class or group. So we should all seek to accumulate wealth—but to use it wisely.

Men best show their character in trifles, where they are not on their guard. It is in insignificant matters, and in the simplest habits, that we often see the boundless egotism which pays no regard to the feelings of others, and denies nothing to itself.—Schopenhauer.

LINCOLN AND TRUE PROGRESS

By Dr. John Wesley Hill

We are hearing much about progress nowadays. Lincoln knew the difference between progress and motion. He was neither a reactionary nor a revolutionary. Charles A. Dana said of him, "He was never a step too late nor a step too soon." With William the Conqueror, he believed that "Events are God marching," and it was his highest ambition to keep step with them. He, therefore, moved midway between the extremes a step at a time, with one foot always on the ground.

If he were here today, he would make haste slowly, knowing that he that believeth should not make haste, and believing in the adage, "Take your time for you haven't any time to lose."

Progress with him was only another word for growth. It must be free from violence and destruction; it must be expressed in evolution not revolution. Illustrating this thought he said, "A man watches his pear tree day after day, impatient for the ripening of the fruit. Let him attempt to force the process and he will spoil both fruit and tree. But let him patiently wait and the ripe pear at last falls into his lap."

He would not attempt to rebuild the world overnight. He rebuked those who proposed such an experiment when he said: "You are united among yourselves in your determination to break with the past, but you are utterly divided as to where you are going."

The professional progressives of today would do well to halt in their headlong carriage and study the example of Lincoln, the ideal progressive of the ages. Bolshevism is not progress, it is the collapse of civilization, a conglomeration of the zoological instincts of socialism, the Industrial Workers of the World, and anarchy. Its program is economic joy riding; its basic doctrine is "economic determinism."

From this viewpoint the final causes of social changes and political revolutions are to be sought not in man's brain nor in his insight into eternity, truth and justice but in changes in the modes of production and exchange.

Here, in the last analysis, we have human hopes, fears, convictions, and belief touching time and eternity, laws, morals, religion, marriage, education, and civilization explained by the economic laws of production, distribution and consumption.

Lincoln represents the antithesis of this soulless philosophy.

It was his sense of personal accountability to God, his faith in an overruling Providence, his familiarity with the Scriptures, his habit of prayer, his tears and tenderness, his love of the truth, and faith in humanity that lifted him from obscurity and crowned him as the man of the ages.

He said: "I am driven to my knees over and over again, because I have nowhere else to go."

There is no place for prayer in the philosophy of Karl Marx, no room for faith, or hope of immortality in the deadly slough of sovietism.

Lincoln's foundation was the Rock of Ages, upon which he stood and viewed the universe as the handiwork of God, saw the movements of Providence behind the shifting scenes of time, and recognized "the power that makes for righteousness" directing the destiny of mankind.

It was this faith that made him seer and guide, prophet and comforter. It was this faith that inspired him to remind his dying father: "He notes the fall of a sparrow and numbers the hairs of our heads and will not forget the dying man who puts his trust in Him."

And it was this faith in Providence that moved him to write to the broken-hearted mother: "I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage your bereavement, and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom."

We have fallen upon strange and ominous times, a period of social, economic, political and religious adventure, in which all sorts of fustian doctrines are proposed as substitutes for the principles for which Lincoln lived and died.

What would Lincoln say of this drift from our historic moorings? What would he say of the program of state socialism, with its proposed ownership of land, mines, factories and the home itself?

He would declare as he did while in our midst: "The legitimate object of government is to do for a community of people whatever they need to have done, but can not do at all, or can not do so well in their separate or individual capacities. In all that people can individually do for themselves the government ought not to interfere."

He would say as he did to a committee from the Working Men's Association of New York during the Civil War: "The strongest bond of sympathy, outside the family relation, should be one uniting all working people, nor should this lead to a war upon property or the owners of property. Let not him who is houseless pulldown the house of another, but let him labor diligently and build one for himself, thus by example assuring himself that his own will be safe from violence when built."

What would be his reply to the seditious attacks upon our judicial system, as subversive of constitutional government? He would repeat his celebrated declaration upon this subject in his debate with Judge Douglas: "Judicial decisions have two uses, first, to obsolutely determine the case decided, and, secondly, to indicate to the public how similar cases will be decided when they arise. We believe in obedience to and respect for the judicial department of government. Its decisions on constitutional questions when fully settled should control, not only the particular case, decided, but the general policy of the country, subject to be distrubed only by amendments of the Constitution as provided in that instrument itself. More than this would be revolution."

Finally, if Lincoln were here today what would be his attitude of the question of international peace? Would the glare of internationalism blind his eyes to the glory and supremacy of his own flag? Would love for humanity dilute or divert

his love for native land? Early in his career he took his stand on this question declaring:

"Many free countries have lost their liberty, and ours may lose hers, but if she shall, be it my proudest plume not that I was the last to desert, but that I never deserted her. If ever I feel the soul within me elevate and expand to those dimensions not wholly unworthy of its almighty Architect, it is when I contemplate the cause of my country deserted by all the world beside, and I standing up boldly and alone hurling defiance at her victorious oppressors. And here without contemplating consequences, before high heaven and in the face of the whole world, I swear eternal fidelity to the just cause as I deem it, of the land of my life, my liberty, and my love."

He declared again: "The man does not live who is more devoted to peace than I am, nor would do more to preserve it."

But it was peace with honor, and not at any price, for which Lincoln stood, an attitude voiced in the closing words of his second inaugural: "With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are now in, to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle and for his widow and orphan, to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations!"

That was the dream which Lincoln breathed into the soul of the world, a dream of peace with justice for all mankind. There is no suggestion of isolation in this sentiment. It means in a large sense of the word, a strong and united people for leadership in the advancement of the world, toward the approaching fulfillment of Lincoln's dream, which hovers like a bow of promise over the bloodstained and battle-scarred earth.

Washington advised us against "entangling alliances," but not against enlarging territory and influence. When Washington gave us that advice, Democracy was still on trial; our population was limited, and our resources unknown. We know but little of the great empire west of the Alleghenies; the problem of self-government had not been solved. Today we are a world power. The eagle has escaped its shell. Where Uncle Sam sits is the head of the table. His foot is on the call bell, and his hand grasps the carver; there can be no dissecting without his consent.

Lincoln recognized our accountability to the world. He saw beyond the Civil War a new era of democracy, the soul of which must be projected everywhere, and he would not tolerate the thought of isolation. His dream was of "a just and lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations."

Prior to Lincoln's second inaugural, international differences were occasionally arbitrated. Arbritration proceeds by negotiation and compromise. When Lincoln plead for peace with justice he was taking a long step in advance of arbitration. Justice suggests law, anl law stands for adjudication. Peace with justice can only be secured by the application of the principles of law. This is the goal of internationalism today.

The establishment of an untrammeled world tribunal for the adjudication of world controversies.

Lincoln's conception of a world court was far removed from a supergovernment. He would recognize no international flag. He would never consent to the transformation of our government from the lantern-bearer of world hope into an international bell hop.

His was the thought of national solidarity, that in the preservation of our integrity, we might expand and enlarge in peace and good will until our influence for amity and cooperation might encircle the globe, a vision of collectivism at home, peace "among ourselves," and cooperation abroad, "with all nations." Not a program of surrendered rights and policies, the transfer of the power to declare war from Congress to the League of Nations, the submission of the Monroe Doctrine, our immigration policy, or any other question vital to our rights and life to an alien court, but rather such a peace at home, as shall make us strong abroad. A peace characterized with such strength toward the strong and gentleness toward the weak, that the world will recognize the source of our leadership, in our devotion to justice, love of liberty, and consecration to humanity.

It is appropriate that recently another monument to the character and achievements of Abraham Lincoln was unveiled on Flag Day. That flag is Lincoln's appropriate memorial. His face is reflected in it.

In its ample folds are seen in letters of deathless light, the principles for which Lincoln declared, when he participated in the flag raising at Philadelphia on his way to Washington, and which he proposed to "live for," and if necessary "to die for."

His principles are living in it! Today it is the symbol of the cumulus glory of those principles—the Declaration of Independence—the chart and compass of all human rights; representative democracy, with constitutional safeguards for the protection of individuals and minorities; the might of rights as against the right of might; the divine right of man as against the divine right of kings.

It means all that our civilization means—that the schoolhouse is the bulwark of American liberty, the ballot box is the ark of the American convenant, the courthouse the guarantee of American justice, and the home the conerstone of American democracy.

It means the protection of our citizens at home and abroad, on every land and sea; is means that anarchy and mobs are un-American; that there is a legal remedy for every wrong; that dynamite is the weapon of the coward and force the instrument of the tyrant; that person and property, life and liberty must be inviolate beneath its ample folds; it means that education is the fortress of freedom and that religion is the foundation of civilization; it means the sanctity of our courts, that the scales of justice shall stand between weakness and strength, want and wealth, and guarantee simple equity to all. It means the right of property possession, and that the theory of confiscation is incongruous with the spirit of the Constitution; it means the rights of labor, capital and that all social and industrial progress must be by evolution and

not by revolution.

It means national honesty, that there shall be no knavery in politics, no graft in office, no betrayal of trust and no violation of treaty. It means national unity, that we are the citizens of one country, bound together in such an indissoluble compact that we are invulnerable to any weapon formed against us.

It means that every gate shall be locked against anarchy and sedition and every law shall be enforced against crime; that our institutions demand the respect and reverence of all; that foreign instincts conflicting with these institutions shall not be tolerated; and that we have in this country but one citizenship, not hyphenated, but unqualified and unadulterated — American citizenship —and that he who talks or boasts or professes any other is a foe to our flag and a traitor to the government, which he has sworn in allegiance to defend with his ballot and, if necessary, to defend with his blood.

Wondrous flag! The flag of our fathers, the flag of Washington and Jefferson and Hamilton; the flag of Lincoln, Garfield, Cleveland, McKinley, Roosevelt and Wilson. Your flag and my flag, the flag, thank God, which is enthroned in the hearts of a hundred and thirty million freemen, the flag of freedom, the flag of democracy, the flag of the republic, in the defense of which we are ready to do and dare and die.

Gaze upon it and you will see nothing in it to cause a blush or demand an apology. Its history has always been right, no blot upon its beauty, no blur upon its field of blue, no stain upon its stars, no shadow upon its title, no ravenous lion, nor hissing serpent, nor frowning castle, nor shadow of scepter or throne in its sacred emblazonry, but always and everywhere the symbols of light.

It is the banner of the dawn, the flower of hope blooming in the garden of humanity, the herald of peace and justice and brotherhood, the insignia of democracy keeping step with the march of the king of day, the incarnation of all the dreams and hopes and prophecies of all the past, the bow of promise upon the brow of every cloud, glowing with the golden deeds of vanished years and prophetic of greater glory yet to come. Gaze upon that flag today and behold the living, triumphant, glorified symbol of liberty and Americanism, the fadeless memorial of the defender and savior, Abraham Lincoln.

Oh, Lincoln, arise! Stand forth that we may gaze anew upon thy furrowed face. Look upon us; pity us; speak to us as thou didst of Gettysburg; stretch forth thy hand; point the way of duty and destiny that America may be thy living monument down to the end of time. Oh, Lincoln. come down from thy summit of bronze, and march!

Universal peace will never be established upon the earth until lasting friendship, founded upon mutual understanding, is created among Nations.—General John J. Pershing.

THE CHRISTIAN HOME-A CRIME DETERENT

By A. W. Cline, Supt. Public Welfare, Winston-Salem

"The cares of a mother will go farther toward putting a wayward boy on the right track than all the cruelty which has in the past characterized man's inhumanity to man," says Warden Lawes of Sing Sing prison, in his book, "Life and Death in Sing Sing." He might have gone father and made the statement that the remembrance of early training in a Christian home has kept more men and women out of Sing Sing, or other prisons, than have ever been admitted. I am convinced, after dealing with youthful law breakers for several years, that the most effective crime deterent known today is the Christian home.

Juvenile court authorities are almost unanimous in their decisions regarding the causes of delinquency among boys and girls. They will tell you that a boy or girl who comes from a home where religious training has been emphasized is much easier to handle than one who has been brought up in a home where Christ is an unknown influence. A probation officer always feels confident of success with a probationer when it is found that he or she comes from a home where Christianity is an outstanding influence. The chances that the child will measure up to the terms of probation are far better when Christian parents are behind the case.

We know that the chief purpose of the juvenile court is to save boys and girls from becoming criminals later in life. Of course, there are those who, by reason of outside influences, land in the adult courts and in prison, and it is this group that Warden Lawes writes about. Persons who frequent the courts can recall many touching scenes enacted between prisoners and parents. In some instances parents admit that they neglect the early training of the prisoner at the bar, while on the other hand prisoners, with tears streaming from their eyes, will confess that if they had followed the teaching of their parents they would not have landed in the court. Many prisoners are turned from a life of crime by just such a scene. Often parents are brought to a relization of their duty to their younger children when they see an older child imprisoned, who might have been free had he or she been properly trained in youth.

But why wait until some heart-rending scene has to be enacted in a court room before parents will realize their duty to their children? It may be too late. The best time to begin training boys and girls for a life of Christian service—one that will keep them out of the courts—is before they are born. It is not always possible for a mother's love to save them after they land in court.

Parents may sometimes become discouraged because outside influences are constantly pulling their children away from them. However,

they should not become disheartened and give up hope. It has been proven that a child from a Christian home will see the error of his way much sooner than one who has not had such training. He may get in court and finally in prison, but the remembrance of his godly father and mother will go a long way toward setting him straight.

Officials of both juvenile and adult courts will testify to the truthfulness of what I have said regarding the power of the Christian home as a crime deterent. My own experience has proven that this is unquestionably true. I have been called upon to investigate case after case in which it was found that parental neglect sent the children to us. The following case taken from our records shows very plainly the results of rearing children in a home where strife and discord between husband and wife keeps the family in tudmoil and unrest all the time.

The case history reveals between husband and wife while the children were very young. Infidelity on the part of the husband was suspected by the wife. Some time later the same accusations were made by the wife. So far as is known, none of these charges were proven. At least, their domestic affairs were never aired in court. It is generally known, however, that for years this home has been in an uproar because of the nagging of both husband and wife. No pretense toward religion has ever been made by this family. The children have figured in juvenile court on several occasions. Two of them are now in state institutions and others are headed that way. Absolutely no co-operation has ever been given the probation officers by these parents. On the other hand they have resented the offer of the friendly hand of the juvenile court.

Just the opposite is this case. A Christian mother's son became involved in a matter which appeared to be rather serious. The case came to the juvenile court for attention. The mother, realizing that something must be done immediately if her boy was to be saved, declared that she would be glad to co-operate with the court in any way that might help her boy. A plan was suggested and the mother agreed to it. Today the boy has a chance of becoming a good citizen, all due to the fact that the mother agreed to co-operate with the probation officers in handling the case.

THE WORLD'S COFFEE POT

The San Paulo District of Brazil grows two-thirds of all the coffee used in the United States, and also sends it to many other parts of the world. San Paulo District also is unfortunately the very storm center of revolt, and whenever there is warfare, the price of coffee goes up immediately. This is because the farmers cannot grow coffee successfully with armed men marching over their fields and stray bullets flying through the air.—Selected.

THE PATCHWORK QUILT

By Blanche Gertrude Robbins

A medley of colors blending curiously gave a striking effect to the quilt that Naomi Rutherford had spread out over the wing chair with its upholstery of rose tapestry. Strangely the patchwork of calico pieces contrasted with the luxuriant furnishings of the apartment.

"Naomi, you never can make use of a patchwork quilt," exclaimed Adele Madison, the owner of the apartment. "How did you ever chance to come into possession of anything so ugly and old-fashioned?"

"Great-aunt Persis sent it to add to my trousseau," answered Naomi slowly, her cheeks crimson with embarrassment. "She expects it to rest with my other household linens in my hope chest. It does seem incongrous, doesn't it?" questioned the girl making ready a trousseau for the prospective wedding day.

Naomi was thinking of the soft, all-wool blankets and the silken quilts she was planning to buy for the hope chest. She certainly would have little use for anything as primitive as a patchwork quilt. Fancy anyone expecting a bride of today to use a quilt made of calico pieces sewed together higgedly-piggedly and displaying all the colors one might attribute to Joseph's coat.

"You will have to borrow an attic to tuck away the funny old quilt," suggested Adele, adding, with a twinkle in her eye, "I can imagine the rapturous note of thanks you will be writing Great-aunt Persis."

Naomi was instantly thoughtful. How could she be sincere in her thanks. Yet she would not wish to hurt the feelings of the dear old lady away up in the hills by ignoring the gift. An envelope had fallen to the floor and Naomi, picking it up, noted the cramped handwriting that addressed the letter. Opening it, she read the message.

"Dear Great-Niece: It is with interest that we old folks here in Locust Hills have heard of your approaching marriage," ran the letter. "I have been thinking that the 'nine patches' quilt that has been in the Rutherford family since the days of your great-grandmother should be passed on to you. The quilt has a history—it is full of stories, if only the pieces could talk. It was pieced by Great-grandmother Rutherford in her little pioneer log house up here in the first clearing made in Locust Hills.

"The pieces of calico were collected with a great deal of care, for in those days calico and cotton were scarce. A bit of bright calico in the days when the pioneers wove their own homespun was a cherished toy. I remember well the bluechecked pieces that were saved from the dress your great-grandmother made to wear to the meeting house—and she wore it riding horseback up and down the hills and fording the river that is bridged nowadays.

"The purple spotted calico pieces were left over from your grandmother's wedding dress. There wasn't so much fuss made over brides in those days, but she was a picture in that purple dress with her white

kerchief and her cameo pin. I suppose as dowries go these days her housekeeping equipment was slim enough. But she was the happiest and most contented bride with this same blessed quilt, her most cherished possession.

"But land, I could go rambling on for hours if I kept calling your attention to the pieces. I mind that bit of Turkey red that was a gay bodice that your Aunt Persis had made for a party—a molasses candy pull held in the old log-house, bless your heart—the very night she told the world she was going to marry young Cap'n Amos Granger. It was a sort of farewell party for Cap'n Amos, for he was going one more voyage before he settled down to be married. But his ship never again made port and the wedding never took place. So you see there's tragedy as well as joy mixed in among the pieces of the old quilt—"

Naomi read on to the end of the letter, her eyes starry. Great-aunt Persis had carried her back to the pioneer days of her ancestors who had settled in Locust Hills. Why, the old patchwood quilt was full of romance. To think that every piece of calico in the "nine-patches" pattern represented a story. There was romance, yes, and struggle, happiness and sorrow all woven into the curious pattern.

"Naomi, what are you going to do with that ugly old quilt— it fairly smells of age?" Adele broke in upon Naomi's musing.

"But it isn't ugly," protested Naomi, her cheeks scarlet with resentment. "Why, it is beautiful with story and romance—every piece of calico and stitch is a precious little bit of the long ago—"

"Naomi, have you gone crazy?" demanded Adele. "Surely you cannot be thinking of keeping the queer old thing? How can you?

"I don't expect you to understand—you see you were not born a Rutherford—this old patchwood quilt is sacred—it should have a place of honor in the hope chest—it is a precious heirloom," floundered Naomi.

Then as her eye swept the platial apartment of her friend and she thought of the silken quilts and rich, soft blankets she purposed providing for her trousseau, she gave vent to an hysterical little giggle. How incongruous would be the old "nine-patches" quilt in the chest of expensive things.

"You could scarcely expect Carlyle Richards to appreciate any such homely sentiment," laughed Adele.

Naomi was silent. She had no answer to Adele's suggestion.

Carlyle Richards, the man to whom Naomi was betrothed, belonged to the younger set in which Adele and her husband were leaders. It was anticipated that Calryle and Naomi would start married life in equally as fashionable and modern a home that would compare favorably with the Madison apartment.

No, she could scarcely expect Carlyle to appreciate the sentiment that had swept over her with the reading of Great-aunt Persis' letter. Suddenly Naomi sensed a desire to run far away from the palatial apartment to read again the letter that had come with the quilt; to muse over the days of long ago when her ancestors blazed a trail through Locust Hills.

Swiftly she folded the patchwork quilt and tucked into the box, then with an affectionate kiss, bade Adele good-bye; "I am going to carry the dear, old quilt to my own room and spread it over my couch for the night. I am curious to see what sort of dreams I have, snuggled under its cover. I cannot speak of its future just yet," she said as she opened the door to the corridor.

Late that evening, returning home on a bus, Naomi chanced to catch fragments of the consersation carried on between the two men in the seat behind. The bus had been halted by the traffic and the words came distinctly to her.

"Looks as if Madison were selling his soul for the proverbial pot of gold—"

"But he has an expensive home to maintain—a wife with expensive tastes in these days keeps a man scratching—"

"I guess there's no rest for a man with a family trying to keep up with the Joneses—"

The bus moved forward and Naomi felt her cheeks crimson. So business men were talking about Adele's husband selling himself to his business. True enough, Adele had little of his companionship. And just as true was the statement that the Madisons were trying to keep up with the Joneses.

"I suppose Carlyle will be in the same boat if we start out with ideas as big as the Madisons," thought Naomi. "It is going to be a case of trying to keep up with the Madisons. But what else is a body to do these days? You would be thought queer if you broke away from the crowd. Besides, you have got to have enterainment and it is something to be socially connected with a jolly, wholesome crowd."

Snuggled under the patchwork quilt that had come from the old log house of Locust Hills, Naomi slept fitfully She battled with the problem of adopting a more simple and a less expensive course than had been mapped for her by her friend Adele. She dreamed and in her dream she was a pioneer maiden making ready for her wedding day. She had arrayed herself in the purple calico dress with the white kerchief and she had packed her meagre and simple trousseau in a box with the old "nine-patches" quilt on top. It was such a tiny home with a garden at the rear to which she was going with Carlyle. But she was thinking not so much of the parties she would stage in the little house as the long evenings in which she would be privileged to enjoy Carlyle's companionship.

"Of course if a fellow has this kind of a simple home he won't have to work himself to death and can afford to stay home with his work in the garden," Carlyle was saying in the dream, when suddenly Naomi awoke.

"If the dream came true we would have to sever our connection with the crowd," whispered Naomi. "Carlyle might not be willing to do this. He enjoys fun and good times. Where would we turn for our social life if we broke away from the Madison crowd?"

Day was breaking and she could see half distinctly the colors in the patchwork quilt. She sat up in bed and hunted out the pieces referred to by Great-aunt Persis. The blue-

checked calico was made up into a Sunday-go-to-meeting dress for Great-grandmother Rutherford to wear. What an effort the dear soul had put forth to attend church—riding horseback up and down hills and fording the unbridged stream.

"And we are so lazy Sundays that we find it an effort to go to church with churches a-plenty on almost every corner," thought Naomi, her cheeks tinged with shame. "Except for Easter and Christmas and special occasions, church comes in for a second consideration. In pioneer days the meetinghouse was the center of the religious and social life of the community. My, but we've gone a long, long distance off the trail that the dear people blazed in Locust Hills—"

Wrapped in her dressing gown, Naomi sat by the window as the city awoke to life. In imagination she was up in the little settlement of Locust Hills. Suppose she and Carlyle started their married life as the Madisons had done, what part would the church have in the course of things? Overcome with a realization of the need of a spiritual vein running through the life they proposed to spend together, Naomi dropped on her knees and with her face buried in the old patchwork quilt she prayed as she had not before prayed for a spiritual blessing on her marriage.

"I feel confident that I must take the initiative—I must make the move toward the simpler and less intricate mode of living," declared Naomi. "We will blaze a trail all our own and it will lead to the doorway of a tiny cottage with a garden in the rear and on past the meetinghouse door, where we shall travel every Sunday. God forgive me for forgetting the most precious things in life—those treasures that Great-grandmother Rutherford recognized and valued even as she did her blue-checked calico dress."

Several days elapsed while Naomi gave consideration to her problem. Purposedly she avoided the palatial apartment of her friends, the Madisons. Shrewdly she watched Carlyle Richards and saw the strain under which he worked to keep pace with other men earning large salaries. Yet she feared that he would not be satisfied with the simpler things of life that she might suggest. Carlyle was so much a man of the world. She was fearful of the suggestion that she had determined to make regarding the church.

Then one morning Naomi, with her over-night case packed, slipped away to Locust Hills. She carried with her the patchwork quilt. She wanted to hear the stories connected with every scrap of calico from the lips of Great-aunt Persis, who would point them out one by one. She left a note asking Carlyle to follow her to Locust Hills on Saturday afternoon.

Over the snow-carpeted hills sped Naomi in the old-fashioned sleigh, the cheery jingle of the bells sweet on the wintry air. She pretended that she was a pioneer maiden and the old-time sleigh instead of a modern 1931 motor-car would carry her hither and thither.

"I almost think I would like the novelty of the adventure," laughed Naomi, "an adventure into the realm of simplicity."

By the glow of the china-shaded lamp Naomi spread out the old patchwork quilt that had come down from Great-grandmother Rutherford. Curiously, Carlyle, sitting beside the Franklyn grate with its blazing logs, watched the movements of the girl. At the request of Naomi, Great-aunt Persis, with her wrinkled finger, pointed out a blue patch and then a red piece. Story by story she unfolded the romance tucked into the old quilt. Spellbound the young people with the quilt spread over their knees, listened to fragments of pioneer history that had gone into the building up of the community.

"It is priceless—the blessed old quilt!" sighed Naomi as Great-aunt Persis lingered over the last purple patch. Then, turning to Carlyle, she suggested, "Does this thing appeal to you as foolishly sentimental?"

For a moment Carlyle was silent, then with a curious break in his voice he answered, "I was thinking how much more sanely they lived—these pioneer ancestors of ours. There was no trying to get ahead of the others in making a show. They were content with small means and glad to congratulate their neighbors over a success. Somehow there must have been a secret underlying life in those days—"

"If you will come with me to church tomorrow morning, I may be able to help you find the secret of the contentment the pioneer folks knew," suggested Naomi, and in her eyes there glowed the flame of high resolve.

It was after the church hour that Naomi, standing on the summit of a snow-drifted hill, made her suggestion, her resolve to adopt a simpler life, to keep closer to the religious principles that had guided the pioneers who had settled Locust Hills.

"Carlyle, I wonder if you understand what we have been missing—leaving out the spiritual things that matter most?" whispered Naomi "Are you willing to plan for a future that is more simple, less extravagant and fraught with higher ideals than merely trying to keep up with the Joneses in possession and entertainment—"

"Naomi, you are adorable—you are so understanding," broke out Carlyle. "Last night when we were listening to the stories pieced into that old 'nine patches' quilt there swept over me a great yearning to live the simpler, saner life. This morning in the meetinghouse there came upon me an overwhelming desire to seek the spiritual things. You lead and I will follow—"

"We will use the patchwork quilt for a guide and pattern," laughed Naomi happily. "There are wonderful little guide-posts to the saner, richer life in every blessed piece of the 'nine patches.'"

Gladness begins with the first person, with you. But it may spread far, like the ripples when you toss a stone into the water.—Selected.

THE BOY AND THE BOOK

Watchman Examiner

There are many modern problems, but none is more important than the problems of the boy. In the home, in the school, and in Sunday school class, this boy is a force with which we must reckon. He is a developing person, a free soul. He counts as an integer in God's universe. He is not by any means his own master. He has tastes and tendencies that flow out of the mysterious past. He has an infinite ancestry.

Heredity makes its boast: "I knew him a century ago. His grandfather was a drunkard, and I have bequeathed that weakness to him. His mother had generous and noble impulses, and I have imparted to him those gifts. I have perpetuated in him his father's genius for business, together with a peculiar faculty for making friends which belonged to a progenitor three generations back. He is what I have made him!"

The spirit of a parental influence speak: "This boy is mine. I taught him to pray at his mother's knee. I taught him to know good from evil. I am to blame for his impetuous temper for I failed to curb him in his childish outbursts of passion. He belongs to me."

The spirit of the school speaks: "He is my creation. I persuaded him to love nature through a wise teacher. I poisoned his mind against history and literature through an unworthy instructor. I neutralized the effect of his mother's efforts by surrounding him with boys who were tricky and deceitful. Certainly he is a product of my guidance." Thus many variant voices urge their claims.

We must pay attention also to the fact, however, that the boy is what he is. This is after all the chief matter. In spite of the belief of some modern psychologists, and especially the members of the behavioristic school, the boy is something far more than what heredity and environment have made him. We cannot avoid the subtle yet supreme force that we call character. The inspiring personality of a vigorous teacher goes far to establish definite character values, but in the last analysis the youth molds his own destiny by what he definitely determines to become.

The irresponsible child life has been left behind. The years of settled maturity lie ahead. The boy is in transition. He is susceptible while headstrong, impressionable while suspicious of control. He is a free lance and somewhat of an anarchist, yet singularly amenable to informal and generous influences. With all his faults he is the most promising bit of material that the world contains. Half unconsciously he is now developing the life plans, life forces and life processes which will dominate his future.

After all the question of origins is secondary. Whatsoever the road be which he traveled hence, now at last his youth is here with all his possibilities of growth and of influence. Within his body, frail and physical, is the immoral breath. He is a living soul. Something of God's im-

from earliest boyhood like Samuel. Once at least was a model lover. Another, Joseph, had a heart of beaten gold. Another, Moses, burned with high resolve to rescue a fallen people. There was the wise youth, Solomon; the loyal friend, Jonathan; the fine young patriot, Daniel; and the generous hearted young Timothy. So it goes. Persons are principles in action. We learn by living and by studying the lives of those who have lived. To the growing boy, the concrete example is worth a thousand abstract homilies.

The Bible teaches reverence for law. An English critic has said that lawlessness is the chief American vice. There is no question whatever that a most alarming condition of things presents itself at this point. In dealing with the boy and the Book we may to some extent remedy this defect. We may show it in its threefold attitude, Godward, manward, selfward.

Christ describes the lawless man as a weak man, a degenerate. The spirit of Christ's message is, "Realize your manhood. Realize by obeying the divine will. Realize in the service of your fellowmen. Realize, as you alone can fully realize, by faith in me and dependence on my Word." The whole sweep of ethical precepts is embodied in the challenging imperatives of the Master. Christ gathered many moral maxims into one when he said: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy being, and thy neighbor as thyself." Here love and duty fuse. Here the law becomes personal and practical. This is an awakening call to youth and youth is kindled into action by its inspiration.

The Bible presents also a realized ideal. The religion of our Master aims at perfect manhood; it also reveals the perfect man. In him all seeming failures become a glorious struggle toward wholeness. The acme of all effort is reached in this supreme personality. Rightly presented, no stimulus to purity of life and victory of character is comparable with that afforded by the earthly life and the atoning sacrifice of our Redeemer.

In all educational processes, the method, the aim, the system, the pedagogical rules, the special textbooks are all important. But, in our divinely ordered task as interpreters of the Word, the boy and the Bible are the eternal elements. The boy is an immortal soul. The Book is an immortal revelation. If we adequately interpret the one to the other we shall have accomplished a divine labor which the angels might well envy.

THE DREAM

Ah, great it is to believe the dream
As we stand in youth by the starry stream;
But a greater thing is to fight life through,
And say at the end, "The dream is true!"

—Edwin Markham.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Mr. William J. Wingate, a member of our teaching staff, spent the past week in Florida.

—o—

Constance Meene, of the Mecklenburg [illegible] returned to the institution after spending a few days with his parents in Charlotte.

—o—

Harold Hosier, a member of the printing class, who was permitted to go to his home in Charlotte during the illness and death of his brother, returned to the school last Friday.

—o—

Mr. and Mrs. John Kiser of Chas[illegible] visited the school on Sunday. [illegible] a student [illegible] some [illegible] and is now working for the American Railway Express Company, Charlotte, [illegible] has been employed for the past two years.

—o—

David Julian, a former member of our [illegible] class, who was paroled [illegible] years ago, visited friends at the school on Wednesday. Dave is now a senior at the Spindsbury High [illegible] making good [illegible] in different branches of [illegible].

—o—

W[illegible] L. Cummings, of Greensboro, a former student here, who was paroled on February 14,1925, called on friends at the school last Tuesday. He has been employed by the Nanzetta Medicine Co. for the past year and a half, and informs us that he is getting along very nicely.

—o—

During the past week we noticed an unusual number of cars and trucks driving about the campus. These are being used for the transportation of workmen and materials for rebuilding the cottages damaged by fire. In a few days the roof on the Row[illegible] will be completed.

—o—

Since the recent rainy season seems to be over, and the ground is in condition [illegible], our outside forces are very busy. Mr. Walker and his boys are working in the garden, and the farm forces are making preparations for the usual crops. Our garden has already furnished a [illegible] supply of greens and lettuce [illegible] for our tables.

—o—

Messrs R. D. Goodman, Cabarrus County Farm Demonstrator, and E. C. Blair, agronomist, connected with N. C. State College, Raleigh, visited the school last Tuesday. This visit was for the purpose of observing the crop rotation as begun last year and will be carried out this season. Both of these agricultural experts expressed themselves as being pleased with the farming operations at the Training School.

—o—

Through the courtesy of the management of the Concord Daily Tribune, the Training School boys were invited to see the large whale recently exhibited in Concord. Owing to the fact that we have no means of transporting our large family of more than five hundred boys, and very unfavorable weather conditions prevented our marching over in a body, we were compelled to decline the invitation. Although our boys were de-

nied the privilege of seeing this large monster of the seas, we are grateful to our friends of the Tribune staff, for their kindness in extending the invitation.

—o—

The winners of the Barnhardt Prize, issued quarterly through the kindness of our good friend, Mr. John J. Barnhardt, of Concord, to the boys making the best progress in their school work, are as follows: Room No. 1—Freddie Crabtree, greatest improvement in writing; Room No. 2—Costantine Meena, highest average in geography; Room No. 3—Dan McCausley, deportment; Room No. 4—Robert Hill, highest general average; Room No. 5—Parlie Boone, greatest improvement in spelling; Room No. 6—Lawrence Dorsett, memory test; Room No. 7—Robert Futrell, greatest improvement in writing.

MY HOUSE HAS MOODS

My house has moods,
  And there are days
It laughs at me
  A hundred ways.

And there are hours
  When silence broods,
And quiet smiles—
  My house has moods.

So many moods
  There's a tenderness
When every wall
  Bends down to bless.

But most of all,
  Of anything,
I love its gift
  Of mothering.

—George Ellistorn.

THE UPLIFT

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VOL. XIX CONCORD, N. C., APRIL 25, 1931 No. 17

Do more than exist, live.
Do more than touch, feel.
Do more than look. observe.
Do more than read, absorb.
Do more than hear, listen.
Do more than listen, understand.
Do more than think, ponder.
Do more than talk, say something.

—John H. Rhodes.

—PUBLISHED BY—
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

HOLDING THE LADDER

It is said that once upon a time workmen were doing some repairs on Cooper Institute, New York, and one of the workmen called to an old man who was standing around and said, "Here, old fellow, hold the ladder for me, won't you?" The old fellow stepped forward promptly and held the ladder as requested. The "old fellow" was none other than Peter Cooper himself. Mr. Cooper was always fond of telling this story, because he counted it the greatest privilege of his life to hold the ladder upon which others could climb.

Those who hold the ladder have a great part in life when they give others a chance to climb. Parents and teachers and multitudes of people who humbly and faithfully help others to climb and work are the world's benefactors even when their task is counted trivial.—N. C. Advocate.

THE KING'S DAUGHTERS

It has been our pleasure to observe that the King's Daughters in Tide-Water, Virginia, make their power felt. There is shown great interest in every phase of work undertaken by the King's Daughters including the senior and junior members of the Order. Each age is classified and become members of some Circle and carry on a work that stimulates a Christian spirit.

In one home there were a mother and two daughters. The daughters are fifteen and eleven respectively. The mother is a member of a senior circle, the fifteen year old young miss is associated with young girls of her age, and the eleven year old girl's circle, with sixteen more girls her age, has a specific work—caring for three small children during the winter months—furnishing clothes, books and other necessaries as the different cases demand.

After each meeting it was gratifying to hear mother and daughters com-

pare notes, reviewing the work done In-His-Name. The picture was delightful to see, and a pleasant one to dwell upon. We could not help but wish that the King's Daughters who were once active in North Carolina could catch the spirit of the Eastern Virginia King's Daughters and band themselves together for a greater and better work in the Old North State.

Elsewhere in this issue will be found excerpts from the Virginian-Pilot telling some of the activities of the King's Daughters in both Suffolk and Norfolk Virginia. There is no Christian organization, not excepting the church, that has a greater field, or finer opportunities for a humanitarian work-all done In-His-Name.

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THE RHODODENDRON FESTIVAL

In the face of adverse circumstances, including bank failures and the depression of business, the Asheville Chamber of Commerce has arisen to the emergency and declares the Rhododendron Festival must be staged in all of its beauty and splendor:

"Decision of the Asheville Chamber of Commerce to set to work vigorously and at once on plans for the Rhodendron Festival this year will be approved by the community, we are confident. The association of Asheville hotel men had already urged that this be done and had promised its support. Other civic organization can be depended upon to join forces to make the festival a success.

Asheville as time needs to get behind every constructive activity of this character which will help to advertise this city and section and to bring people here. The Rhodendron Festival is a fine talking point for Western North Carolina. It celebrates the blooming season of a truly royal flower which is nowhere more luxuriant than here in our mountains. The mountains are never more beautiful than when the rhodendron is blooming and the holding of this festival each year at that time brings to Asheville and Western North Carolina wide publicity of a character calculated to be cumulatively beneficial.

The festival should be held and it should have full generous support."

* * * * * * * * * *

We are very glad to be remembered by "Old Hurrygraph," and hope our very constant and true friend has grown strong physically by resting, and at the same time communing with nature.

* * * * * * * * * *

DEDICATORY RITES

The Duke University's $4,000,000 medical school and hospital, on April 20th, was formally dedicated with 850 medical and educational teachers, fa-

mous throughout the country, in attendence.

The dedicatory exercises of this unit of the wide expanse of stone architecture, making the great Duke University, were simple, but impressive. The picture as a whole, emphasized J. B. Duke's ambition, giving to North Carolina a university wherein an equal chance is given the poor along with the rich.

Although Mr. Duke, who made possible the creation of these facilities for practical, scientific and spiritual advancement was not present in person, but unquestionably the Duke spirit pervaded the grounds and magnificent structures built to perpetuate J. B. Duke's name.

* * * * * * * * * * *

THEY WILL NOT HEED

It is now the season of the year for the farmers to get ready for the planting of their crops. The thought arises—are there many farmers who will profit by the radio speech of Governor Gardner, who sounded the warning against an over production of cotton and tobacco?

The "friendly Governor" in due time sounded the tocsin, saying an over production of cotton and tobacco would be time and money spent without the hope of remuneration. He suggested a diversified interest also reminded the people again of the value of a "live-at-home" program.

Governor Gardner asked the Executives of Virginia, South Carolina and Georgia to unite with him in urging the farmers of the respective states to cut the acreage of cotton and tobacco one thind thereby saving extra labor and money with much better results.

Governor Gardner who has the interest of his people at heart thinks it is high time for the farmers to chart another course, because "financially" the Governor thinks the issue is one of life and death.

It is hoped that a hint to the wise is sufficient, but on every turn there were indications that the farmers would plant both cotton and tobacco as usual without a thought of a cut in the acreage.

* * * * * * * * * *

THOMAS JEFFERSON

The date, April 13th, 1931, was the 188 anniversary of Jefferson's birth and was also the occasion for celebrating the 112th anniversary of the granting of a charter to the University of Virginia, which Jefferson fathered. During life Jefferson held many eminent positions and proved himself a statesman. He was a member of the Virginia House of Burgesses; held a seat in the

Continental Congress, acting as chairman of the committee that drew up the Declaration of Independence; was Governor of Virginia; acted as minister to France; was Secretary of State during Washington's administration; served as Vice President of the United States and finally in 1801 he was elected to the presidency. And with all of his wondrful achievements, leaving the country richer for his living—he died a poor man. Too busy with the affairs that would react for the betterment of humanity, he had not time to give to his own personal interest.

* * * * * * * * * *

THE PUSH-CART PEDDLER—NOW MAYOR

We have watched and read with interest the manner in which the citizens of Chicago, the second largest city in the United States, declared for a general clean-up in the government. There is not a doubt that the people at large agree that it is high time to make an effort towards a reform even if the best is not realized. The election of Anton J. Cemark has proven of international interest. This step has shown a disposition on the part of the people of Chicago not to have their city the home of vice as well as the protector of the racketeers.

The overwhelming vote of more than two hundred thousand for Cemark proves that Chicago citizenship as a whole is not in sympathy with the leaders of crime and much work will be done to give the breezy city a better reputation.

The new mayor is of foreign birth; a Bohemian immigrant; he was first a coal miner and wood peddler, and afterwards by dazzling rapidity, dealing in real-estate, became a multi-millionaire, and is today regarded a leader in Cook county democracy. It is conceded that he conducted his campaign with dignity and won out in flying colors.

By Anton J. Cemark, the push-cart peddler, rising to the highest responsible position his adopted home can offer, is sufficient proof that America is the land of unbounded opportunities. There is a tide in the affairs of men, which, wrote Shakespeare leads on to fortune as well as success in every phase of life. This periodic coming and passing of opportunities is something for every one to watch—the opportunity never comes but once.

* * * * * * * * * *

TRUE TO FORM

The Virginians are a proud people and never fail to keep history straight, especially if the facts in question place the Old Dominion in the front. The

State truly has a store of tradition that the people have an occasion to boast of, therefore, for the sake of each succeeding generation history should be kept, and kept correctly.

The Norfolk Ledger a few days ago in emphasizing the intricacies and beauty of our national anthem, "The Star-Spangled Banner," formally adopted by Congress, did not fail by contrast to give first place to the song, "America," at the same time, showing that Virginia soil is where the nation was cradled. An exerpt from the Ledger reads interestingly:

> Samuel Francis Smith's poem "America" is about ten times as good poetry, or verse, as Francis Scott Key's "The Star-Spangled Banner." Besides, it isn't an occasional poem. It is good for any time and any place—North, South, East or West.
>
> But right there: It has one verse, the very first, which is local. And yet that's the verse that almost everybody sings. It's the verse that everybody sings, if only one verse is to be sung. And it is, to repeat, local. It runs:
>
> My country, 'tis of thee,
> Sweet land of liberty,
> Of thee I sing;
> Land where my fathers died,
> Land of the pilgrims' pride,
> From every mountain-side
> Let Freedom ring.
>
> What we want to know is why should we, especially we of Virginia where the nation was cradled, sing or even speak of America as "Land of the pilgrrms' pride?" It suggests, at the least, that the so-called Pilgrim Fathers either took more pride in America than any other people, or that they had more to do with founding America than any other people. Every time we Virginians sing that verse we yield something very like both precedence and presitige to the settlers and Revolutionists of New England.
>
> Well, that's bad; and we are against it. Let New England sing that verse; but let us sing the last verse:
>
> Our fathers' God, to Thee,
> Author of liberty,
> To Thee we sing;
> Long may our land be bright
> With Freedom's holy light;
> Protect us by Thy might,
> Great God, our King.
>
> That does not pull a forelock and make a leg before New England as the first verse does. And it's a better verse anyhow.

RAMBLING AROUND

With Old Hurrygraph

In working with zest and giving his best,
Just for the pleasure of giving,
In the hope of helping his brother along,
"Old Hurrygraph" finds the sunshine of living.

—o—

A Durham phonograph enthusiast sent to Washington for a Congressional Record. He thought he could play it on a phonograph.

—o—

In congress and legislature it seems to be "vote the money," and let the future take care of itself. I do not look for thrift in legislation any more.

—o—

"Who are you?" means much to a young man who has his own way to make. But it never has so much to do with his future as the answer to the question, "What are you?" It is never so much important who a young man is as what he is.

—o—

The world "needs the mind of Christ," says a preacher. It certainly would be benefitted by the universal adoption of the great principles. He exemplified, particularly that fundamental principle of doing unto others as you would have them do unto you.

—o—

It has been reported that Mary Pickford received a cablegram from her husband Doug Fairbanks, now hunting in India, that had shot a tiger while riding on an elephant. I can hardly believe it. It would be more like Doug to shoot an elephant while riding on a tiger's back. And standing on his head as he fired at the elephant.

—o—

Green is the fashionable color this season. It is seen in profusion everywhere. The women are carrying out virtually the Irish slogan of "Wearing of the Green." But set it down as an undeniable fact that the dear creatures are not as green as they look in their emerald costumes.

—o—

Wist ye not that spring is nigh. The wisteria is hanging in beautiful clusters, like lucious grapes upon the vine; the oak trees are fringing their limbs with yellow pendants; the dogwood blooms in spite of cold snaps; the red buds are blushing in beauty; the bees are buzzing; the trees are donning their green kimonos; the flowers are unfolding their rare beauty; when up pops the devil in the minds of people who will give him audience and discolor the scenes of reviving nature with depressing thoughts that the world is upset and rolling on to the bow-wows, causing people to lose their wonted faith and energy. Follow nature in renewed hope and all will be well.

—o—

I had a friend once who talked to himself audibly. Once he was heard to say, "I must get $25,000 more." He did get it, and when he started to enjoy the income from his fortune, died far from home, poor fellow! How often it is when a man

reaches the summit of his financial ambitions that he is snatched away. Fortune and misfortune are frequently companions.

—o—

I am not one of those who look for another era of "flush times" such as ended with the collapse of the stock market. We shall have easier times undoubtedly, but they will come, when they do come, with the old-fashioned economies. I believe the country, in the next five years, is to have a "new birth" of thrift, and that those who practice it first, will prosper first and most. With taxation increasing as it is, and government separating us more and more from our earnings, it is going to be more and more difficult to accumulate. Our standards of living are going to be revised, whether we like it or not. Only those already rich may safely continue their extravagances until they also begin to feel the pinch of unnecessary expenditures.

—o—

If the sums wasted by our national and state governments were saved, unemployment could be cared for without any increase in taxation. Congress makes the waste possible and increases it. Yet every alleged statesman who proposes remedies attaches to them plans to increase the number of officers and the cost of government, along with state legislatures. Economy is not desired by our legislative bodies. They are all bent on more power at the expense of the people.

—o—

Three friends were chatting One spoke in a very derogatory way of a certain prominent citizen. Another quickly coincided and turned to the third and asked: "What do you think about it?" He replied, "Nothing, for I know nothing about it. I don't know that what you say of him is true." "Oh, well, neither do we know it, both the other two said, "but 'they' all say it's true." There is that mysterious "they," defamer of so many good names. How is it that so many of us, each one highly valuing his own good name, are so quick to traduce another's, not even asking a knowledge of the facts on which to base a slander? It's the beginning of a lot of trouble.

YEARS ARE COMING

Years are coming, years are going, creeds may change and pass away,
But the light of love is growing stronger, surer, day by day.
Be ye as the light of morning, like the beauteous dawn unfold,
With your radiant lives adorning all the world in hues of gold.
Selfish claims will soon no longer raise their harsh discordant sounds,
For the law of love will conquer, bursting hatred's narrow bounds.
Human love will spread a glory filling men with gladsome mirth,
Songs of joy proclaim the story of a fair, transfigured earth.

—Author Unknown.

DENTAL PROGRESS AND POSSIBILITIES

(Asheville Citizen)

Although the United States leads the world in dentistry and dental training, and has one dentist to every 1,700 persons, Dr. Walter J. Greenleaf, of the Federal Office of Education, tells the United States Daily that only one person in every four receives dental service.

We worked out a calculation on toothbrushes in these columns some time gao, and while we have forgotten the figures we do recall that the market for this particular toilet article would be increased handsomely if only each person in the United States could be persuaded to buy one toothbrush a year. Now it seems that there are still about ninety million people in this country who never go to a dentist. Isn't that amazing?

There are only 67,000 dentists in the entire nation, less than half as many dentists as there are doctors. One would think that the percentage would be just the other way. Perhaps if there were twice as many dentists as there are it would be possible to get along with fewer doctors.

The figures show that dentistry has still a long way to go but the remarkable progress which it has made is indicated by Dr. Greenleaf, who recalls that less than a century ago it was "an insignificant branch of medicine" and that as late as 1839 "medical schools looked upon it as a craft and refused to establish chairs in the instruction of dentistry."

Dentistry's greatest field is among the children, and the clinics which are being established throughout the country in connection with the schools are not only cutting down the number of "repeaters" in the schools and conserving the health of those who are given attention in these clinics; they are also educating the rising generation to the importance of proper care of the teeth. At President Hoover's child health conference in February the importance of dental education among the children of the country was one of the things which was particularly stressed.

LITURGY FOR METHODIST CHURCHES

In 1928 the Methodist General Conference which is the governing body of the Methodist Church, North, authorized a committee of fifteen to draft "at least two orders of public worship" for the use of the churches. This committee's report is printed in the Christian Advocate under date of February 19. Three liturgical forms are offered and what we suppose is the reprint of a service which John Wesley drafted prior to the Revolution for Methodist societies in the American colonies. This last, which Wesley frankly based on the Book of Common Prayer of the Anglican Church, is longest and most elaborated.—N. C. Christian Advocate.

PERSONALITY OF HORACE KEPHART RESPONSIBLE FOR HOMAGE PAID HIM

By J. S. Coleman, Jr.

Many persons have lived and died obscurely, then have become famous when some champion discovered the works they had left behind and brought them to light. Many persons, during their lifetimes have attained fame, then have died, their names almost forgotten.

Horace Kephart occupied a unique position between these extremes. He lived simply and modestly. He was recognized by many for the works he had produced but he was not considered a great man in the usual sense of the word. Nevertheless, death brought to him homage that is rarely accorded a fellow man.

The universal sorrow that was felt throughout this state and in many others can not alone be attributed to the fact that the country had lost a man who occpuied a very definite niche in recent history, a man who had in a way discovered for the public the Great Smoky Mountains National park, who had left a great treatise on the last remaining wilderness in eastern America and who had been recognized as an authority on all matters pertaining to camping in the out-of-doors.

Had that been all there was to Horace Kephart, the world would have paid scant heed, no matter how tragic the manner of his passing.

It was the personality of Kephart which accounted for the blow that was dealt when the news of his death in an automobile accident became known on Friday morning. The state had lost a true friend and a prince of good fellows.

It wasn't that people were thinking they were never again to read Kephart's articles or to feel his influence in the movement now nearing completion which led to the creation of the Great Smoky Mountains National park. It was that they were never again to see him, to talk with him, to share his good humor and hear his interesting stories, and feel that after all here was a friend among a thousand.

For 29 years Kephart had lived in the mountains of Western North Carolina. A good part of that time, he spent in the heart of the Smokies which he first introduced to the public in 1913 with his "Our Southern Highlanders." After that, he had spent his time at Bryson City. Rarely did he leave his home, except to take his annual pilgrimage back into the mountains or to make hurried trips to Washington to delve into the historical records of the section he had adopted and had come to love with a strange passion.

Kephart, though educated in the universities of the east and trained in the finest libraries of the country, was a small town man. He liked Bryson City. He liked the people there. He wanted nothing else, and he was never more content than when he was conversing with a group of friends in Kelly Bennett's drug store in the center of the town.

His needs were few. Apparently all he desired out of life was his food and lodging, his regular trip

back into the mountains and ample time to study, to write and to talk to his friends.

He was unusually modest and he was rather unprepossessing to look upon. He disliked being placed in the public eye, as he has been in recent years because of the part he played in the Great Smoky Mountains National park. When he allowed his picture to be taken or when he gave newspaper statements, he did so for the sake of those who asked him, though it was often apparent that he suffered in the giving.

He was short of stature, and slight of build. His face was not one which would attract attention in a crowd. Yet there was something about him which did attract attention, and whenever he spoke, everyone listened.

He was a great story teller. Get him in front of a camp fire, or in his room in Bryson City, or anywhere else that he felt comfortable and he would amuse for hours with stories that were intensely interesting, that showed he was a student, not only of history and science, but of human nature.

He had traveled far and wide, and he rarely forgot anything, not even the names of the persons he met when he first went to the Smokies more than a quarter of a century ago. He was interested in their psychology, their problems. He was interested in trees and plants and animals. Least of all was he interested in Horace Kephart. He almost never was introspective.

Conceded to be one of the greatest experts in the country on camping and woodcraft (his book on the subjects is still considered undisputed authority) it was a rare pleasure to be in camp with Kephart. He knew all the little tricks which made the life easy and which turned out delectable dishes from a meager supply of foods.

About the camp fire, if the persons present were all his friends, he was wont to take up a good part of the conversation. He could tell how to clean a dirty frying pan with a piece of moss, plucked, roots and all, from a sandy bank.

He would relate tales of the early days in Smoky Mountain lumber camps, when he saw a man shot through the head with a pistol bullet, served as physician to him, and watched him recover. He would make technical botany questions interesting and would interweave his descriptions of the mountains flora with tales told him by the natives about the uses to which the herbs had been put.

Or, if the mood struck him, he would discourse on other lands, for he had read widely during his days in the libraries, and he had kept up with affairs since then.

When he plunged into the mountains to forget civilization and to regain his health, Kephart became a part of the country. The people at first regarded him as a "furriner" and eyed him with suspicion, especially when there were whiskey stills in the vicinity, but gradually they came to love and trust his. They called him "Capehart."

The author used to tell this story on himself to show to what degree he had reverted to the primitive. One day, an old white woman came upon him and a young Indian. The Indian was teaching the author the

Cherokee language.

"You needn't teach him any thing," she told the redskin. "He's more of an Indian than you are."

The author used to say that in spite of his great love for the mountains, their flora and fauna, he was more deeply interested in the natives themselves. Since he was a child and had imagined himself hunting Indians along the banks of a little stream in Iowa, he had felt the romance of the pioneer's life.

In the Smokies, he said, he was again with the pioneers. Daniel Boone and Davy Crockett were living again for him in the human flesh. He could talk to his heroes who had not altered perceptibly their mode of living from those who lived a century earlier.

He was interested in the mental processes of these people. He considered them highly intelligent and he shared their sense of humor.

The author had a good sense of humor of his own. During his years in the mountains, he had collected many tales that have never been written, and if he thought he had an appreciative audience, he took as much pleasure in the retelling of them as did the listener.

Few persons realized the scope of Mr. Kephart's learning, for he never attempted to impress his friends. When he was at St. Louis Mercantile library, he devoted most of his time making on the country's finest collection of western America. It was his love for the pioneering days that motivated him no doubt.

He had taken graduate work in anthropology, history, political economy and botany. When he went to Europe, he spent two years doing his studies in anthropology. He had traveled over the greater part of Europe and had acquainted himself with all other known lands in his reading.

From a sketch of his life, it would appear that Mr. Kephart was a rare combination of dreamer and doer. It is surprising then to find him a few years ago an alderman of the town of Bryson City, exerting great efforts which finally were crowned with success, to have the state lay a paved highway from Asheville, through the town and on to the Georgia line. Many consider him the father of the fine highway that now joins Asheville and Atlanta.

Honors were still coming to Mr. Kephart. Just two months ago he was made camping editor of the National Sportsman. The issue in which his first work was now done is now on sale at the newstands. He had sent in his copy for the May issue and it will appear within the next week or so.

Because of his writings on camping, he had been honored by having a camp in Canada named for him. He had been invited to spend this summer at the camp, his friends said.

When death overtook Mr. Kephart, he was just completing his recommendations for the National Geographic board concerning new names for many Smoky Mountain peaks. Old maps contain many duplications, and Mr. Kephart had been asked to do away with them. He made an exhaustive study of the peaks and was almost ready to submit the new report. George Masa, his Asheville friend, had rendered material assistance in this task.

Kephart was as near down and out as any man could be when he came to Western North Carolina. He had suffered a complete nervous breakdown, and he had decided that his salvation lay in findnng a remote spot where he would not have to see people—one in which he could begin life anew. He found such a place in the Smokies.

The Smoky Mountains gained a hold on him and he devoted the remainder of his life to them.

"Something hidden. Go and find it."

That is the phrase that appealed to him almost from the start. He went after the hidden mystery of the Smokies and he gave it in a masterly fashion to the world in his writings. Not content with his efforts, he sought to interest others in establishing for all posterity a national park in the section. His work, though done quietly and modestly was far reaching. A treatise written by him was read to Congress when Representative Zebulon Weaver introduced the bill to create the park. His articles and his books called the attention of thousands to the Smoky Mountains. Horace Kephart lived to see the park almost a reality. The great part of the work had been done and only details remained.

Kephart had a sense of honor that is perhaps rare among modern authors. Years ago he had written for a little known publication an article on his discoveries of the home manufacture of the "long rifle." Asked why he didn't rewrite the story for a better known magazine today, he replied that he had never done such a thing." Once a story is written, and sold," he said, "that is the end of it so far as I am concerned."

The author had a strange life but one he eventually made the most of, though many men might have been drawn under by similar circumstances.

When he came to western North Carolina 29 years ago, he apparently severed all relations with his wife. He had six children. Two of them, Leonard and George, both of whom are doing well in the world, have visited him here. His wife and other four children, according to his warmest friends, have not seen him since. Mrs. Kephart went to Bryson City to be on hand for the funeral. Death, it seemed, had reunited them after so many years.

Kephart lived on the modest sums he made by his writings and died almost penniless. He seemed not to care for money. If he had it, he was generous with it. If he hadn't it didn't make so much diffierence, as long as his friends were willing to tide him over until he should receive his next pay.

If we abide by the principles taught in the Bible our country will go on prospering and to prosper, but if we and our posterity neglect its instructions and authority no man can tell how sudden a catastrophe may overwhelm us and bury all our glory in profound obscurity.—Daniel Webster.

STUDYING GOVERNMENT

(Stanley News and Press)

Two thousand or more years ago the citizens of this world were faced with perplexing problems of government. Today we are still struggling to make our government satisfactory and pleasing to our citizenship. The major problem centuries ago was taxation, and certainly that is the problem today. It would seem, therefore, that we have made little or no progress during the long period of time that has intervened since the birth of Christ.

Too many people are expressing opinions about governmental affairs which are based on nothing more than a passing thought. Too many of our laws are passed without giving them the serious consideration which every law should have. Too many of our leading citizens are giving none of their time and experience to government, and as a result of neglect and too much useless talk we are in more or less of a turmoil all of the time.

Changing conditions all for a change in governmental principles but we believe that problems could be met more effectively if our people gave the subject of government more study. Too many of our voters are influenced by men who know absolutely nothing about the principles of government. We believe that if more attention were paid to government in our schools and colleges, and if counties, cities, and states gave out correct information regularly to our citizens, the time would eventually come when the majority of our problems would disappear. We shall always have trouble as long as we have to contend with ignorance in government, and the only way to banish ignorance is by study.

PRINCESS ALICE

Somehow we hope Mrs. Longworth doesn's attempt to succeed her distinguished husband in Congress. There is no doubt as to her ability. The daughter of Teddy Roosevelt and the wife of Speaker Longworth could not be other than fit to service this nation in almost any capacity. But there is a greater service than wrangling in the hall of the House of Representatives.

Princess Alice has been a national figure in her own right ever since she reached her twenties, and she has done nothing that even suggested a studied move to attain the limelight. Her comments have been delightful and her actions fascinating. She should not be forced from that charming independency into the role of taking one position or another on public questions. We think she should be left at home to wear a daughter of a brilliant Speaker and granddaughter of a brilliant President.—Lenior News-Topic

WHOSE COUNTRY IS IT?

The Dispatch

Debates on the question of whether the United States should grant immediate independence to the Philippines, held throughout North Carolina last week, raise some interesting questions about this country's relation to the people of these Pacific islands.

Some of the youthful debaters are suggesting that there might be a question as to what right we ever had to take the people of the Philippines into subjection. They never asked to come under the "protection" of this government. In 1898 a fleet of our warships went over to Manila Bay and destroyed a vastly inferior Spanish fleet, a fleet that had nothing to commend it except the foolhardy bravery of its officers and men who steamed out into range of American guns without any guns of their own that were capable of striking a single return blow. It is not recorded that any of our ships were damaged or any of our men killed or injured as it men killed or injured, as it was evi- was evidently a very one-sided fight, notwithstanding that our commander became a national hero. The Spaniards themselves perhaps never had any right to take these islands several centuries before. For them it was merely a conquest. Perhaps after all, as we have been taught to dutifully believe, officials of this nation's government were moved by humanitarian impulses when they voted to pay Spain $20,000,000 for its "rights" in the islands. We have always proclaimed America the land of the free and the home of the brave and have taken pride that we do not and never have coveted the lands of other peoples. But we have had the Philippines on our hands thirty-three years, either by conquest or by purchase. It has been legend that we meant to teach the people there the virtues of western civilization and then give them their independence. An excuse for not doing the latter is that the former has proven a rather tough job.

There may be questions of the economical value of these islands to us, or the ability of the people over there to run their own business without any guidance or hindrance from the United States; but these are insignificant besides the real issue of whose land that really is over beyond the sunset.

BEE QUIET

You never hear the bee complain,
Nor hear it weep and wail;
But if you wish, it can unfold
A very painful tail.

—Selected.

WHAT THE INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL SHOULD DO AND IS DOING FOR ITS AMBITIOUS BOYS

Industrial School Journal

As we view the beautiful campus and adjacent grounds this school, beautiful, modern, fireproff school buildings, dormitories, industrial and other vocational buildings, pleasant and comfortable sleeping quarters, etc., we might do well to ask ourslves the question: What is our purpose in the midst of all this beauty, conveniences and pleasant surroundings?

What is our duty in this institution which the generous hand of the Commonwealth of Ohio has entrusted to our care?

We have coming to us boys who have lost themselves in the midst of various circumstances and temptations of life—lads who have lost their way in the complex world about them—from every quarter of the great State of Ohio.

They come not of their own choice, but because someone has seen the dangers confronting them and the dangers confronting society and stopped them in their mad rush in the wrong direction.

They have come that they might find themselves in the midst of surroundings that will appeal to their real sense of life and what it really means, and the real purpose for which life has been given to every individual soul.

Their intellectual powers must be stirred with a sense of the need for a higher education, a higher sense of duty to their associates, a higher sense of duty to their State, their Nation and their God. This is the challenge to every boy, here or elsewhere, and it is the challenge that will inspire every truant youth, if indeed, he gets the vision of true manhood.

The incorrigible boy who has lost his vision of the noble attributes of life, must be stirred with a new purpose and be brought face to face with the problems that will determine the success or failure of his career.

The boy who has been lost in the midst of temptations which lure him on and on, from bad to worse—if he yields to them—will soon find himself in the hands of the law and will be brought to this institution, where he may be saved from the ravages of a sinful, wasted life.

We have to grapple with every type of boy in our quest for the highest and most noble service in helping to reform our charges and make of them respectable and respected citizens. No greater service can be given our state and nation.

In our vocational departments a boy may find a wonderful opportunity to ply a trade that is suited to his ability, and we maintain the ability of any boy is determined by his desire and the amount of energy he is willing to expend on the task assigned him.

When a boy finds himself suited to some vocation and sets out to make it his life's work, he has not only a

means of livelihood, but he can enter the industrial world with the assurance that he has an equal chance with his fellows, those who have succeeded in that particular avocation.

No higher motive may be the aim of any man's life than to be instrumental in helping a wayward boy to right-about-face in his wrong doing, face the world with a bright vision of the future, and no higher motive may be the aim of any boy than to develop wholesome desire to do right.

From these principles there will spring spontaneously those virtues which touch the moral fiber which ignites into a flame all the forces of the moral, mental, physical and spiritual nature.

The value of such training may never be known, but surely it is seen in the development of right thinking and the cultivation of those powers which develop into higher attainments of life.

To encourage every possible effort for the good of the school, the State has co-operated with our Superintendent in placing adequate equipment for our needs, which has made this one of the best schools of its kind to be found anywhere.

With all these helpful environments there should be, and is, an energy of purpose and co-operation on the part of all to make the institution the most efficient in the work and the great purpose for which it was founded, that the boys who go from it may find a high purpose in life and take their places as useful and honored citizens of Ohio.

The art of being able to use all faculties, traits and everything that goes to make up worth-while attributes; the art of turning things to account; the art of improving a boy's natural abilities; the art of being firm, demanding at all times strict obedience to correct behaviour is the bed rock of all progress made in a school of this kind.

The world loves and honors the man who uses his mental and heart forces in furthering the causes of the good, the true, the beautiful. To work, study, to be happy, to be useful, to radiate all the kindred worth-while graces of life should be and I believe is, the cherished aim of every officer and employe in the school, and it would be hard to stay the progress and worth-while accomplishments of a group so thoroughly saturated with the ambition to discharge their duties to their State, their charges and themselves.

Count that day lost
Whose low descending sun,
Views from thy hands
No worthy action done.

—Longfellow.

WASHINGTON AT SIXTEEN

By Joseph E. Pooley

Washington's mother's Bible contains the following entry: "George, Son to Augustine and Mary, his Wife, was Born ye 11th Day of February, 1731—2 about 10 in the Morning and was Baptized on the 30th of April following. Mr. Beverley Whiting and Capt. Christopher Brooks Godfathers and Mrs. Mildred Gregory Godmother." An entry such as this should go unquestioned yet it plainly says that February 11th instead of the 22nd, which we have always celebrated, was the date of Washington's birth. This reckoning was what was known as old style and did not take into consideration the change in the calendar which had been made many years before but had not been accepted in England and the American colonies. "Wise men had long known the inaccuracy of the popular opinion that a year is always 365¼ days long and as far back as 1582, Pope Gregory had lent his authority to a revision of the old calendar. But anti-Catholic England did not accept the Gregorian correction until 1752 by which time it was necessary to add eleven days to all old style dates to bring them up to the sun. New Year's day was simultaneously changed from the 25th of March (Day of Annunciation) to the first day of January. Hence we find the date of Washington's birth put with an ambiguous double numeral, as February 11, 1731—2." Washington, himself, always regarded his birthday as of February 11th.

This event took place in Westmoreland County, Virginia, about one hundred miles south of the city of Washington, D. C., on a large tract of land bounded by Pope's Creek on the one side and Bridges' Creek on the other—a spot that was later called Wakefield.

At the time of his birth Washington had two half-brothers, Lawrence, then fourteen years old, and Augustine, aged twelve; and a sister, Mildred, a girl of ten, who died two years later. He was blessed besides by numerous cousins and thus had, within a short radius, plenty of young companions. Lawrence and Augustine spent much of their time in England where they went to school—a privilege never granted to George for some reason, presumably because of the death of his father which occurred in George's eleventh year and although there was ample means in the family to give young George the advantages of an English schooling, for some reason or another, he never received it.

Washington's father, Augustine, was a man of lands and consequent wealth, engaged in the extraction and transportation of iron ore, and his mother's family, the Balls, were successful merchants, but at the time of George's youth they were not regarded as one of the first families of Virginia and the larger land-owners such as the Lees and Byrds and Fairfaxes considered them as "inferior gentry." The Washington homestead at Wakefield and the country seat on the Potomac and Hunting Creek, now popularly called Mount Vernon, were not of the same

degree of size nor elegance as the Stratford House of Governor Thomas Lee nor the beautiful country seat of Colonel William Byrd—Westover.

Augustine Washington died in April, 1743, when George was eleven years of age, and following the English law of primogeniture, Lawrence Washington was given the Hunting Creek estate, now Mount Vernon—while Augustine (called in the family, Austin) was placed on the estate at Bridges Creek.

Washington's towering greatness can not be found in his educational opportunities—for these were meager enough and much less than he personally would have wished, but he made the best of his chances and an examination of his journal and ledger accounts makes us wonder if we have not gone backward in our modern schools. Everywhere there is an accuracy and carefulness along with a systematic thoroughness that would be difficult for the boys of 1931 to duplicate at young George's age. He had, to be sure imbibed the rich lessons learned on the farm, and being large and strong for his age, he was given liberties with horses. His greatest delight was to smuggle, if need be, with the help of "Old Peter" a slave, some half broken colt and ride him over hill or dale, through creek or river, appearing now and then with the older squires at the "fox-hunt" and usually in at the "kill."

Washington's first teacher was a man named William Grove, a convict servant who had been brought to America by his father. George and the boys of the little "Oldfield School" called their teacher, Hobby, who did the double duty of school master and sexton. Reading, writing and arithmetic were all that could possibly have been taught by poor Hobby who, if young George is a sample pupil, did an excellent bit of primary education. Much stress was laid upon handwriting and the earliest signatures of the future "father of his country" are nearly as fine as work done by skilled engravers.

The Oldfield School was a small single room building about two miles from Stafford at Falmouth Church, and any school morning one might see Master George sitting on a horse before old Peter, who had the job of caring for the boy, draw up in front of the school door to be left to the instruction of "Hobby" and to be called for by the same Peter later in the day. It was not long before Master George was able to care for himself and at an early age, with the help of the aforementioned Sampson, he became an excellent horseman, developing much strength and endurance from this exercise. To own and ride a horse had all the appeal for young Washington that the automobile has for the youth of today and to be granted his spurs gave the Virginia youth the same thrill that comes with getting the coveted driver's license from the State Department of Motor Vehicles.

It was finally decided that Washington should leave his mother at Stafford and live with his brother Augustine, who had inherited Wakefield or Bridges Creek estate where George had been born eleven years before. Mary Washington protested at first and tradition has it that young George was offered a new horse, boots and spurs and a red

hunting coat from London if he would come to live with his elder brother. Augustine Washington was under twenty-five himself and had just been married to the handsome Anne Aylett, who took a kindly interest in her youthful brother-in-law and it was in this home that Washington remained until he was sixteen and here he pursued his studies beyond the three R's taught by old Hobby.

His second teacher was a Mr. Williams, who had a small school four miles away from the Wakefield country seat a place called Oak Grove and here Washington entered upon the usual training in English, history, mathematics and Latin. There is little evidence that Washington pursued the study of Latin to any great degree put Rupert Hughes in his "George Washington, the Human Being and the Hero," reports the following bit of Latin written in George's copyplate hand in the front of a volume which pleads for the return of the book by anyone who may have it:

Hunc mihi quaeso, bone Vir
Libellum
Redde, si forsan tenues repertum
Ut scias qui sum sine fraude
scriptum
Est mihi nomen
Georgio Washington
George Washington.

Any boy who could write such Latin as this would admittedly be regarded as a "shark" but there is no evidence of any pursuit of the study of Latin and this stray verse was undoubtedly copied from another boy's note-book.

It was under the tutelage of Mr. Williams that young Washington progressed rapidly in his mathematical studies, including surveying which was to play such a part in starting him upon the highway of a profession. His school work here included practical work with a transit and plot making which Washington took to with diligence and avidity. Here, too, he must have learned the art of keeping accounts and records which he never tired of keeping and his ledger shows on every page an exactitude and care for the smallest details.

His small ledger would lead us to believe that Washington, the boy, was a regular fellow and not the plaster saint prig that many historians have pictured him to be. These small entries show that he won at billiards and whist, that he credits his brother with a quart of peach brandy and attended a barbeque and shooting match. Even at the early age of seventeen we have evidences of his temperance for in an entry of October 10,1749, he makes a charge against his friend, William Benard —"To cash in part for a pint of wine, 7½ d.", which evidently they had shared.

From this it must not be gathered that Washington was anything of a rake. He was temperance itself and the young Virginian thought no more of sharing a pint of wine than boys of today think of having an ice cream soda. It was a case of different times, different customs and at every turn in his diaries and ledger young Washington shows a sense of responsibility well beyond his years, coupled with an observance of rules that make for health and strength of mind and body. The golden middle path was his at sixteen and remain-

ed his choice possession throughout his length of days.

Although Washington excelled in the keeping of accounts and in surveying he did not outstrip his fellows in English composition nor in spelling. The study of his ledger presents ample proof of his poor spelling for although he conquered that demon of schoolboys, "received," many other errors are discernible, and leather becomes "lether" and "fleeces of wool" becomes "flesis of wooll" while in his diaries we find "surveyer," "chuse," "blostering," "breese," "squals," "leagues," and even an alligator pear becomes a "pair."

His observations were keen but were recorded in the most matter-of-fact way, unadorned. There was clearness and conciseness to his style and in an argument he reasoned logically but without the warmth that comes only with wide reading and an intimacy with words.

Washington's third teacher was the Reverend James Marye, clergyman at the St. George chapel in Fredericksburg, Virginia. Marye was a Frenchman but there is no evidence that Washington ever pursured the study of French to any degree. Here it was, however, that he copied the famous Rules of Civility which are incorporated in his "Forms of Writing," a small manuscript in the state archives in Washington, D. C.

The "Rules of Civility," attributed to Washington's own pen by admiring biographers, were for the most part copy-book exercises and take their place along side of some of his school exercises such as business forms for bonds, receipts and conveyance. They were a set of rules used in a Jesuit college in France as early as 1595 then known as Bienseance de la Conversation Entre les Hommes. These were, in turn, translated into Latin, German and English and the version used by young Washington was known as the "Youth's Companion" or "Youth's Behavior" or "Dencency in Conversation" amongst men—translated by Francis Hawkins, 1640.

The Rules of Civility were good doctrine for any boy and still remain so. They have to do with self-restraint, kindliness, consideration for others, a normal code of fundamentals with occasinoal reminders of the "Manners" of the time. Let us examine a few of the rules.

"1st Every Action done in Company ought to be with some Sign of Respect to those that are present.

One cannot go far wrong in the observation of this rule and what American boy has not heard rules 4 and 15 deiterated by his mother:

"4th. In the Presence of Others sing not to yourself with a humming Noise nor Drum with your Fingers or Feet."

"15th. Keep your Nails clean and Short, also your Hands and Teeth clean, yet without shewing any great Concern for them."

"107. If others talk at Table be attentive but talk not with Meat in your Mouth."

Rule 94 shows us the effect of times upon customs: "If you Soak bread in the Saute let it be no more than what you put in your Mouth at a Time and blow not your broth at Table but Stay till it cools of itself." Rule 110 generalizes all the maxims in the rules of civility and

remains as good a dictum today as it was when the boy Washington copied it in the Reverend Marye's school in Fredericksburg.

"110th. Labor to keep alive in your Breast that Little Spark of Celestial Fire call Conscience."

The effects that the Rule of Civility had upon the adolescent boy one may only surmise but the parallelism between these precepts and his conduct is so marked that there is little wonder that the imaginative writers have attributed much to Washington's greatness to the study and practice of these boyhood maxims.

Washington's formal education ended with his schooling at Fredericksburg, and although William and Mary College, Princeton, Harvard, Kings and a number of others were flourishing at the time it was decided after family councils that there should be no college career for him but that he should go to work. What he had been taught he knew well and turned forthwith to surveying, being engaged in this by Lord Fairfax who owned innumerable acres in Virginia. He set himself to his task and in his journal of April 5, 1750, we find the following:

"April 5th 1750 Plat drawn."

"Then surveyed for William Henry Welton a certain tract of 390 acres of waste and ungranted land situated in Frederick County."

In our little ledger for the same date we find young George making the charge for his service thus:

1750 Mr. John Welton

	£	s.	d.
April 2nd—To a survey and warrant for Thomas Hughes	3	1	9
April 5th—To Do Do for his son William Welton	3	1	9
	£ 6	3	6

Be it noted that this charge was about $15.00, which was a fine fee for an eighteen year old boy for work that probably did not take him more than two days. He worked with his friend and neighbor George William Fairfax who had studied surveying in England. Washington proved himself to be exacting even with his friend Fairfax and the ledger account shows charges of moeny loaned and small amounts forwarded for shirt buttons, shoes and a bottle of Rhenish.

The ledger in the journal of the boy Washington indicates that he was first of all systematic and that he followed his system with great persistence. He was a firm believer in the value of records carefully kept and these characteristics practiced in boyhood clung to him with burrlike tenacity throughout his later years. Washington, the boy, shows no signs of genius nor precocity but he did have a combination of those homelier virtues of orderliness, precision, a common garden variety of dependability, persistence and self-reliance that formed the bulwark of his character.

Boys are watched and estimated by their elders to a much greater degree than any of them suspect and young George was no exception to this rule.

When the question of his further education was raised, his mother consulted neighbor, Lord Fairfax, and received the following letter from his Lordship which depicts young Washington with a fine and critical

eye. It follows:

"Honoured Madam: You are so good as to ask what I think of temporary residence for your son, George, in England. It is a country for which I myself have no inclination, and the gentlemen you mention are certainly renouned gamblers and rakes, which I should be sorry your son were exposed to, even if his means easily admitted of a residence in England. He is strong and hearty, and as good a master of a horse as any could desire. His education might have been bettered, but what he has is accurate and inclines him to much life out of doors. He is very grave for one of his age and reserved in his intercourse: not a great talker at any time. His mind appears to me to act slowly, but, on the whole to reach just conclusions, and he has an ardent wish to see the right of questions—what my friend Mr. Addison was pleased to call, "the intellectual conscience." Method and exactness seem to be natural to George. He is, I suspect, beginning to feel the sap rising, being in the spring of life, and is getting ready to be the prey of your sex. wherefore may the Lord help him, and deliver him from the nets those spiders, called women, may cast for his ruin. I presume him to be truthful because he is exact. I wish I could say that he governs his temper. He is subject to attacks of anger on provocation, and sometimes without just cause; but as he is a reasonable person, time will cure him of this vice of nature and he is in fact, in my judgment a man who will go to school all his life and profit thereby.

"I hope, madam, that you will find pleasure in what I have written, and will rest assured that I shall continue to interest myself in his fortunes.

"Much honoured by your appeal to my judgment, I am, my dear madam, your obedient, humble servant.

"To Mrs. Mary Washington.

"FAIRFAX."

Such was Washington's youth and early training. One valuable conclusion can be drawn from all this story and that is that before a man can be a great man he must be a great boy.

Vital statistics published recently in the University News are interesting in several respects. The figures are taken from a report of the Bureau of Vital Statistics of the State Board of Health. They are for the year 1929.

It appears from the report that the birth rate in North Carolina is declining and that she may lose first place in this particular among the states of the Union. For the year 1924 the birth rate was 32.9 per thousand of population. For the year 1929 it was 25.9 per thousand. Scotland county had the highest birth rate in 1929 which was 37.8 and an adjoining county, Hoke had the lowest 11.9. Carteret county's rate according to the report was 23.4. As a good many births are not reported in most counties the figures given cannot be exact but doubtless they are approximately so.—Beaufort News

MANANAMI

By Belle Bradley

Mananami was now eighteen years old—a tall, perfect specimen of manhood. When only seventeen years of age Mananami had been told by a sailor of the wonders and beauty of a land where the ground was always white with snow and where he could become rich. So for eleven years Mananami had looked forward to the time when he could go to Alaska. "I'm going to do something great someday," he had told the sailor, while his childish eyes showed that his mind was far away. This same determination grasped his heart now stronger than ever. The people with whom Mananami lived did nothing except eat, sleep, and watch the sun rise and set. But Mananami had never been completely satisfied with his life since the sailor had told him of great deeds done by people of other lands. Mananami knew that tomorrow he would make the first step toward the realization of his ambition. He was leaving the tropics forever—leaving the little village of Ganuka that was so quiet and peaceful that night. He did not exactly want to leave these wild, ignorant, innocent savages whom he had always loved, but somehow he knew that he was different from them. He often wondered why. Why did they think him so queer? Why was it that when he would tell of his ambition that the old people would shake their heads and say, "I told you so," to old Gani, the man with whom Mananami had lived ever since he could remember. Gani always took Mananami's point of view in an argument with the other natives. The old man thought it his duty to stand by Mananami even though he could not understand this queer dreamer himself. Mananami thought all of these things as he lay wide awake on his grass mat just outside the door of the little bamboo hut. He lay gazing earnestly and longingly up into the calm, tropical sky, watching the silver moon climb higher and higher above the stately palms, around which he had always built his dreams.

Dawn found Mananami still awake and the little village all astir preparing breakfast. The breakfast as usual was a simple one, composed of bread-fruit and cocoanut. Everyone was excited in getting Mananami off on the great ship. Gani prepared him a bag of food which he carried on his shoulder. The young savages, princes among their own people, envied this queer dreamer, as they called him, when they saw him sail away in a "palace," as they termed the ship.

Mananami gave one long, sad look at the brown faces wet with tears, and then his eyes wandered to the stately palms he was leaving. From these he turned to face the new life and a new world with a smile. Too much space would be required to relate the difficulties that Mananami of the great, open out-of-doors encountered on the ship. He could not speak one word of English and he had never been on a ship before. One can very well imagine his embarrassment at not being able to

make his wants known. But many sympathetic travelers made his journey as pleasant as possible under the circumstances.

As the great ship plied through colder waters Mananami began to feel the need of more clothing. One kind old Englishman, observing how cold Mananami was, took him into his state-room and gave him four warm outfits of clothing which were becoming burdensome in his travel. This same old gentleman taught Mananami a little English which he never forgot.

At last, after a four weeks, journey, which seemed months to Mananami, the great ship came to a stop and Mananami found himself gazing into the great world for which he had always longed. As he stepped down into the soft cold snow his whole body seemed to tingle with the new experience, and his soul was fired with a great zeal and determination which his free and innocent heart had never known. He was keenly aware that no one met him and shook his hand. In the faces of this new tribe, he saw only curiosity.

"Who is that tall, browned-faced stranger?" he heard a dozen times, as he moved through the crowd.

Everyone gazed in astonishment as the great John Hompton, probably the greatest banker in all the north, stopped, bowed and smiled at the curious looking stranger.

"Can I help you in any way?" he asked, while the spectators noticed a twinkle in his deep brown eyes.

Briefly with the few English words he had learned on the ship, Mananami tried to explain his situation.

"You no understand. Come from Ganuka, No where to stay."

"Well," replied the great banker, "I live alone and I surely would enjoy your company for a while."

With eager steps Mananami accompanied John Hompton to his luxurious home. Mananami gazed in wonder and curiosity at the large brick house, but he was too wise to expose his ignorance of everything. So Mananami said nothing. After his experience on the ship he naturally expected to find everything different.

So Mananami spent his first night in the Northland in the home of the wealthy banker. The next day John Hompton ventured to question the man from the tropics.

"Mananami, why did you decide to come all the way from Ganuka up here to a place where you know no one? You must have had some purpose in mind.' '

The old gentleman listened, very much concerned, as Mananami related the story that the sailor had told him of the northland. John Hompton, knowing Mananami's trouble in expressing his thoughts in English, finished it for him "And you were never satisfied with your easy life without an aim, after you heard of people and lands where people aspired to do great things and became noted men and women. Were you?"

"No," replied Mananami.

"Well, from this very day you shall be my pupil. I shall do my best to help you in your effort to improve yourself."

Mananami's highest ambition now was to master the English language Mananami was free to examine at

will, any books in the large library of the banker, but his books for study were carefully selected by John Hompton.

John Hompton gave two hours of his valuable time each night to the education of this strange boy. But Mananami spent nearly all of each day and part of each night poring over his books and doing his best to master the English language. After one year of complete devotion to this unknown language, Mananami could read and speak English unusually well for just one year of study. Outside of mastering the language Mananami had learned many practical things as a result of his inquisitiveness.

John Hompton came home from the bank late one evening and found Mananami greatly excited over a strange little book he had found.

"What language is this?" Mananami asked.

John Hompton roared, but quickly restrained his laughter and sat down to explain as best he could what Arithmetic was and its value to a man in business. Immediately Mananami determined to master this strange book. Along with his study of Arithmetic Mananami was taught to count money. The great banker had had Mananami's future planned for a good while and so he laid much stress on those studies that Mananami could apply to business.

Spring had come again after the long night of Alaskan winter. Mananami had come to the north in the spring time and this was the fourth spring he had witnessed in Alaska. In the first year he had almost mastered English. The next year he had devoted to the study of Arithmetic. And the next year he had spent most of his time in John Hompton's bank, asking questions and prying into everything. Mananami had made more progress in his three years of education than some people make in a lifetime. John Hompton and Mananami had become very much attached to each other in the three years that they had spent together.

They were both sitting in the library one Sunday afternoon. Mananami sat near the window enjoying the sunshine to the fullest evtent. It always made him think of the tropics. Directly in front of Mananami sat John Hompton, carefully scrutinizing the face of the young man of twenty-one years. The climate of Alaska had caused Mananami's face to lose most of its brown color. Yet it was a wonderful face, the banker thought.

Slowly, John Hompton began, "Mananami will you take my place and carry on my business some day? Of course you will need more preparation, but you have time for that."

The young man had been listening in a reflective mood, but now he rubbed his left hand across his face with a start as if awakening from a stupor.

Suddenly, John Hompton jumped as if he had been shot.

"Mananami! Where did you get that ring?"

Mananami had never seen John Hompton act so strangely before and so he told the story of the ring in a very excited manner.

"Old Gani, the man with whom I lived, kept it for me until I got ready to leave. Often have I asked him why that particular ring belonged to

me, but he merely said that I had always had it, and that he wanted me to keep it.''

''Mananami,'' the banker began uneasily, as if he were afraid that some precious prize might be snatched from him any minute, ''nineteen years ago to-day the dearest and most beautiful woman in all the world passed away, leaving me, a broken hearted husband, with a little boy only two years of age to care for. I could find peace under no circumstances, and being very much interested in Botany, I joined an expedition to the tropics. Although it would have been much wiser to leave the little boy at home, I could not bear the separation. We landed on an island in the South Seas called Nodo.''

''Why,'' interrupted Mananami "Ganuka was called Nodo until two years before I left. The name was changed to Ganuka due to a change of rulers.''

John Hompton's heart seemed to skip a beat, but he showed no change in his emotions. In an unsteady voice he continued his story. ''Well it was at Ganuka or Nodo, that I lost all that I had left in this world. I gave the little boy a ring very much like the one you have, to amuse him while I went in search of some insects that I very much wanted. I left the little boy in the care of an innocent looking native, but when I returned, neither of the two could be found. In vain, the whole country was searched far and wide. So I, in desperation, returned to Alaska with a broken heart. I was accustomed to hardships though, and so I did not give up but gradually worked my way up to the presidency of the same bank that I now have. And I've been here ever since, making the welfare of my bank my sole concern and interest in life.''

''Oh, I must be that little boy. Now I know why some of the older boys in Ganuka said that I was stolen. Old Gani only said that they didn't know what they were talking about, but I always felt that there was something strange about the way some of the older boys treated me.''

''I am your father, John Hompton, Jr.! No further proof is needed. That is my ring that you wear on your finger! My son, my son!''

Mananami was the more excited of the two. In his excitement he got the language of Ganuka confused with English.

For two hours the two men sat talking over everything that had happened to each during the long separation. No thought had been given to the time of day and the twilight had long since deepened, making the stars visible in the Northern sky. So as the moon rose over the snow-capped mountains it seemed to send its brightest rays through the windows of the spacious library which had grown dark unnoticed by either of the men who sat side by side.

''Well,'' said John Hompton, ''what has happened in the past dosen't matter so much now since everything has been made right and I have you with me.''

Cheerful looks and kind words are the best revenge we can inflict on the ungenerous and unjust.—Selected.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Mr. C. B. Barber, our bookkeeper, spent the past week end enjoying the beauty of the Magnolia Gardens, at Charleston, S. C.

—o—

Mr. D. H. Pitts, a former member of the Training School staff, now living in Statesville, recently spent a few days with old friends here.

—o—

During the past week quite a number of our old boys called on friends at the school, and judging from their appearance they seem to be getting along well.

—o—

Rev. L. C. Baumgarner, pastor of St. Andrews Lutheran Church, Concord, conducted the service in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon, and made his usual interesting talk to the boys.

—o—

Mr. Carriker and his squad of youthful carpenters have been spending the past few days repairing lawn mowers, screen doors and windows, and making minor repairs at the various cottages.

—o—

Lawrence Valley, one of our paroled boys, paid us a brief visit the other day. He informed us that he is now living in Thomasville, and is regularly employed in a furniture factory there.

—o—

The new roof on the Rowan-Iredell Cottage was completed a few days ago, and the rest of the repair work on this building is progressing very rapidly. We hope this cottage will soon be ready for occupancy, thus relieving the present crowded condition at the school.

—o—

Owing to the rainy weather during the past week, the boys on the farm force have not been able to accomplish much in the way of agricultural work, but have been spending most of their time in hauling wood, which was cut while clearing the new ground on the section of our farm known as the Duke Land.

—o—

The beautiful purple and white Iris which adorns the edge of the driveway leading from the north entrance to the front of the Cannon Memorial Building, is now in full bloom and adds greatly to the attractiveness of this particular section of the campus. The tulip beds, some of them several hundred feet in length, are also adding a lot of color to the beauty of this springtime season.

—o—

"Uncle Bob" Weant, one of our neighbors, who more than twenty-one years ago, did the carpenter work on the first cottages erected at the Training School, was seen walking over the campus one day last week. In spite of advancing years, "Uncle Bob" is very active, and appears well and hearty. We were all glad to see our old friend and trust he will visit us often.

—o—

Mr. H. W. Hopkirk, of new York City, Special Assistant for Study of Institutional Needs, connected with the Child Welfare League of America; and Mr. Marshall I. Pickens, of Charlotte, who is connected with the Hospital and Orphanage Section of

the Duke Endowment, visited the Training School one day last week. After being shown through the various departments here by Superintendent Boger, these gentlemen expressed their pleasure in noting the manner in which the affairs of the institution are being conducted.

—o—

We have heard rumors recently that we are soon to enjoy a rabbit feast. Now, rabbit feasts are nothing new at the Training School; for during certain seasons for several years past, it has been the custom to form an army of hundreds of boys, all armed with sticks, and roam the fields in search of the elusive cottontail. These efforts were usually rewarded most abundantly, and enjoyable feasts followed. In addition to providing most delicious repasts, these hunts afforded a world of sport. At this time of the year when one would not think of hunting rabbits, along come whispers of an approaching feast. They come from a new industry at the school—our rabbitry—and we are assured that before long we shall enjoy our first feast coming from this source. It is estimated that more than one hundred rabbits will be required to feed our large family of nearly six hundred.

PLANT A TREE FOR WASHINGTON—

The year 1932 marks the bicentennial of the birth of George Washington. The Atlanta Journal says editorially that "the happiest suggestion we have seen for the observance of the bicentennial comes from the American Tree Association. It proposes an ever-living, ever-growing monument to the father of our country—or, rather, ten million such monuments, planted by patriotic hands from ocean to ocean and perpetuating through beauty and service the loyalty of as many hearts. In this memorial all the people can participate. Every commonwealth, county and town, every neighborhood, school and home, as well as numberless individuals, can have a creative part."

The plan of the American Tree Association is that these trees be planted next fall, and dedicated sometime in 1932 preferable on or near the date of Washington's birth. ....

George Washington is remembered by every school boy and girl for the story about cutting down the cherry tree; perhaps the American Tree Association is desirous of making George better known as a planter of maples, oaks and elms.—The Smithfield Herald

Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XIX CONCORD, N. C., MAY 2, 1931 No. 18

Many a heart is hungry, starving,
For a little word of love;
Speak it then, and as the sunshine
Gilds the lofty peaks above.
So the joy of those who hear it
Sends its radiance down life's way
And the world is brighter, better,
For the loving words we say.

—Selected

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL
PUBLISHED BY
The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. *J.* P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

STOP WORRYING

"Everything's a-movin' and nobody's runnin', it," cried a woman in an insane asylum. That fear worked into worry unbalances many. Fretting stifles faith. God's hand is on the Pilot Wheel of the world. His plan is never upset. And "His eye is on the sparrow." He reassures with "fear not little flock, it is the Father's good pleasure to give you the Kingdom." We may well "rest in the Lord and wait patiently for Him." Gladstone was once asked why he did not worry. He led the inquirer to his bedroom and pointed to a framed Scripture passage which faced him in the morning light, and said, "There is the cure." This was the verse which wrought reassurance, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee because He trusteth in Thee." —Christian F. Reisner.

THE GOAL—CREDITS

By contact there is much to be learned as to human nature. This is the century wherein the flaming youths are receiving unbounded attention. Is it possible to give them too much attention? There are times when we feel the young people of today are like a spoiled child that requires a new toy daily, and yet it is quite impossible to pacify the child.

For instance our public school system has grown by leaps and bounds with the hope of giving the child the best advantages educationally. Is there an appreciation of the sacrifices made in bringing about this system of education? We believe the opportunities are more frequently abused than used.

From observation one feels there is a listless indifference on the part of the students at large, and the objective alone is to get the required number of credits so as to meet the requirements of entrance into college. It is seldom that subjects are discussed, but the majority of young people are thor-

oughly conversant with the credits required for college entrance.

If a proper estimate of the school influence is desired just mix up with a crowd of young folks buddling with life and from these you will learn the spirit prevailing. Youth at all times is refreshing, invigorating and nothing is more beautiful to look upon, but misdirected ambition in the young people of today is appalling—this thing of working for credits alone and not thoroughness is a menace to the usefulness of the future young men and women.

To a high school young miss who is a leader "in her set" this question was directed: "Have none of the young people of your set any real interest in study or an ambition to be learned?" Postively, in a most frivolous manner, she answerered, "I guess the most of us will make credits enough to pass." This we believe is the objective because it is the standard, or the goal to be reached.

Quite naturally we thought, "what is the trouble?" The answer is, too much emphasis upon sports, besides things come too easy. The habit of study and digging for knowledge is a thing of the past. One hardly needs to think, that is done for us. World events are interpreted in a few moments over the radio, the music of the masters comes while lolling in an easy chair, things we need to eat and wear come ready for use—but in the face of all this never has the strain of keeping pace with the world's works been so intense.

But to make a long story short there is little old-fashioned study going on today. We conclude by saying there is no time for real digging for knowledge—it is done only when the time consumed can be slipped into a schedule of the nonessential activities.

The essentials of an education are the fundamentals of the English language, so when a young man or woman, standing out to speak can say something without floundering and blubbering for a word to express a thought.

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A THOUGHT

In life the treasures of the world have their weight, wisdom counts, health has its place, character has a conspicuous place, sweet charity is paramount but in the final summing up the Christian religion is the leavening influence that bears us on to the life eternal. It is the only influence that can clear the brain, steady the hand and sweeten nature to the extent to bear the many ills that seem to have befallen mankind in these hours of business and moral depression. We need a spiritual broadcasting and need it in the most extreme sense.

THE GLORY OF THE SEASON

The writer doubts seriously if the general public properly appreciates the beauty of our woods this Spring season with its gorgeous array of doogwood, wild plum and Judas trees—making a background of lacy whiteness, fringed with a delicate tinge of the other flowers and intermingled with the fresh and tender green of the newly budded trees.

The scene is so depicted that it challenges the brush of any artist to reproduce. We have abided our time awaiting the late return of the Spring, but it has come in all of its beauty and the woods have received their annual baptism of glory.

The highways of Caburrus, and other nearby counties, are especially blessed with these beauties of nature—a fact that indicates a richness of soil that produces other things in fullness.

It is generally conceded that there is lttlie appreciation of the things that come without an individual effort, or a financial sacrifice, for that reason we think it pertinent to impress upon the youth of today the value of conserving this gift of nature, bordering our highways, that would take years to reproduce.

The Lexington Dispatch makes impressive the fact that thousands are now thronging the highway for an outing in the open and that "many a bow will be taken to brighten up a home. Many another limb will be broken without need and without regard to the effect on the parent bush or tree. It is possible to secure all the blooms legitimately desired without doing damage that will tell in the future. Those who have a proper appreciation of the glory of the woods at this season will be careful and reasonable."

* * * * * * * * * *

THE BUFFALO-GNAT

In the midst of all kinds of misfortunes there is something to return thanks for. Just at this juncture during the session of the General Assembly there seems no recourse from land taxation, but the farmers of this section so far have not been molested by the "buffalo-gnat," a pest that is destroying, or killing live stock by the hundreds, in Louisiana, Mississippi and Arkansas.

It is reported that people have to wear a veil of mosquito netting for protection, for in many instances, in the named states, people have suffered from the sting of the buffalo-gnat—the sting having the same effect as that

of a bumble-bee. But no fatalities to human life by infection have been reported—it is a plague that proves fatal to the animal kingdom.

Well, the concluding thought is that the farmers of this section should at least give thanks that their losses are not augmented by the invasion of the "buffalo-gnat" in their midst. There is nothing so bad that it could not be worse. It is wisdom to hunt for the silver lining of every cloud.

* * * * * * * * * *

The publicity given to Durene, a new fabric, quite popular for ladies ready-to-wear, prompted a curiosity to know just "what is Durene?" After reading a little pamphlet containing some information on the subject—the answer in a nut-shell is—"durene is mercerized cotton but all mercerized cotton is not durene." It possesses a dual quality—durability plus sheen—attained by today's mercerizing process. The durene fabric does not have a blatant luster, but a luster that is pleasing to good taste. This quality of goods has made its debut, and there is reason to believe it will prove popular for a while at least. If women once accept it, as silk ready-to-wear has been in the past, it will give an impetus to the raising of cotton as nothing else can do. King cotton is a profitable basis for the farmer, therefore, for the country as a whole—the prosperity of the farmer reflects the condition of the country.

* * * * * * * * * *

The planting of a Washington tree is now catching the attention of the people. There has been planted a Washington elm on the White House grounds by President Hoover; later a Mt. Vernon black walnut is to be placed on State Capital grounds at Raleigh, assisted by the state department of Conservation and Development. Governor Gardner and Judge Winston will participate in the ceremony.

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Frequently we stumble upon a thought splendidly expressed that stimulates the spirit of giving. We, by experience, know that some givers are like flint and must be hammered for results, and there are others like a sponge the more you squeeze the more they give. Giving is a habit that can be easily cultivated—the habit of giving to the giver is the great joy. This thing of giving should be studied so as to preclude all unnecessary gifts, but never

cold for the gift without the giver is bare. The following is a fine combination of words to guide our giving:

We all might do more than we have done,
And not be none the worse,
It never was giving that emptied the heart,
Nor giving that emptied the purse.

* * * * * * * * * *

Helen Keller has added to her other experiences the thrill of a flight in an airplane. It is stated, despite her blindness and deafness, she knew when the plane was climbing by listening to the vibrating motors and feeling the slant of the craft. Her flight was from Newark to Washington to be on time for a luncheon at the White House.

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Another step towards rushing the mails by airplane without an interruption or a stop. Last week a plane successfully manoeuvered while in transit and picked a 25 pound mail bag launched into the air from a new aerial pick up device. This test was witnessed by officers in command at the Norfolk navy yard.

RAMBLING AROUND

With Old Hurrygraph

"I live for those who love me,
whose hearts are kind and
true,
For the heaven that smiles above
me and awaits my spirit
too;
For all human ties bind me for
the task that God assigned
me,
For the bright hopes yet to find
me and the good that I can
do."

—o—

In these hectic days of human ingenuity opportunity does not seem to be knocking at my door as often as in the past. But she sure has me down on her mailing list.

—o—

A New Jersey housewife prevented a burglary by kicking the burglar on the shins. The lady was evidently a bridge player with her husband.

—o—

A newspaper wants to know "what has become of the old-fashioned girl who planted vines to hide the porch swing." She is watching her daughter "make up" for an automobile joy ride.

—o—

If people who work their tongues over time were paid for their loquacity every town would be filled with millionaires, and prosperity would cover the land as the waters cover the sea.

—o—

The analogies of life are some times anything but congruent. About the time a man makes up his mind to stay in, his wife makes up her face to go out.

—o—

The fellow who tends to the street lamps is certainly in a light occupation.

—o—

The practice of shooting at the moon is still carried on in Turkey, although they have a law against it. In America there are some fools who endeavor to reach for the moon. In this country laws are needed only to discourage Americans from shooting at each other.

—o—

Solomon, the sage, advised the sluggards to go to the ants and learn wisdom and thrift. Not only sluggards, but all classes in this day might go to the spider and learn lessons of business tact. No one likes a spider. But you are bound to admit that he is nature's smartest business man. His business is always good and he weaves the secret of his success right before your eyes. He establishes first, the limits of the territory he can efficiently serve. Then, from its center, he spins his web so that he has absolute and instant contact with every part of his territory. Nothing can happen in his trade area without his knowledge. No customer is neglected—none can complain of slow service—none drift away to rival spiders. He's on the job all the time—answering the most casual of inquiries. He's organized. He has a picture of his community right before him. The spider is a smart chap.

—o—

A worse lie was never uttered than

that revenge is sweet. The man who is always trying to "get even" gives the other fellow long odds. "Tit for tat" is the policy of moral suicide. It is big to forgive and bigger to forget. "Say not," says the Wise Man, "I will do to him as he hath done to me." The Greater than Solomon said, "Whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile go with him twain." It is the narrow-minded, shriveled soul who wants to hit every person on the head who does him an injury. Doing good to your enemy is one of the surest ways to get best of the devil. Get the poison or revenge out of your system or you will die of moral sclerosis.

—o—

There are a whole lot of things I do not know and wish that I did. And then there are a whole lot of things I do know that does me no good whatsoever. Life is made up of desires and disappointments.

—o—

My idea of a bore is the man who tells me about his golf, when I want to tell him of a joke I just heard.

—o—

I hear it said on all sides that prosperity is just around the corner. Maybe so. But the trouble is, a fellow has to be in the right lane to make the successful turn.

—o—

Another one of my childish idols smashed. When I first began to know anything at all, I was taught, "Twinkle, twinkle little star," etc., and I believed it with all my heart up to now. Dr. John A. Anderson, of Mt. Wilson observatory, says stars don't twinkle at all and that what we see is merely an illusion. According to this authority tiny whirlpools or vortexes only a few feet in length in the higher parts of the earth's atmosphere are responsible for the apparent twinkling. These "whirlpools" interrupt the beams of light from the stars producing what I have always thought to be twinkling stars. So I now believe that some things are not always what they seem when they seem to be what they are not.

—o—

This machine age amazes me more and more the longer I live. Now there is a type writer which is the last word in typewriters. It's so big and beautiful and imposing that I'm almost afraid to touch it. However, I'm getting on with it and I think if I treat it right I can get San Francisco, and maybe Cuba, or even tune in on London. I'm going to try some new records on it and see if it will play them. Hope it won't use as much gasoline as my auto and that it won't skid. Anyhow, I'm going to put chains on it when snow comes. If it would only think for me it would be perfectly perfect.

A squirrel at a country club collected thirty-one golf balls, and securely hid them for winter use, evidently thinking them a new kind of nut. The nest was discovered by accident, and the balls recovered, most of them in good condition. Some showed teeth-marks, and, in return for her efforts, the squirrel was given a good nestful of nuts.—Exchange.

SCHOOL BEST PLACE FOR MENTAL HYGIENE WORK

(Public Welfare Progress)

The school is the best place for a clinic designed for preventive work in mental hygiene, according to Dr. Harry W. Crane, director of the division of mental health and hygiene for the State Board.

"All children come together here. Among them are the 'bad' boy, the shy little girl who creeps off to a corner at recess, the child the others always persecute—these children show all sorts of behavior difficulties. Some of them, unless given help in the public schools, will find it more and more difficult to get along in this complex world and later they will be found on mattresses on the floor of hospitals for the mentally ill. Others will never become what the world terms 'insane,' but will not achieve what they are capable of achieving, because they will be frustrated by mental and emotional complexes which make it difficult for them to associate happily with people."

A number of schools throughout the United States hold mental hygiene clinics. These include city public schools, private schools and colleges. North Carolina schools have very few special classes for handicapped children. Caswell Training School has a limited capacity of 650, and can accept only the children most needing institutional care. The public schools have the responsibility of training the large number of retarded children which mounts into the tens of thousands. However, due to lack or special classes, these children usually fall out of school in the early grades marked with the sense of failure.

"The school should provide some training for them along the lines which they are capable of learning," Dr. Crane said in a recent interview. Special classes should make assets of handicapped children rather than liabilities. It has been brought out recently that there are between three and five million handicapped children in the United States, blind, deaf, crippled, mentally deficient mentally disordered, or suffering from tuberculosis, parasitic, or cardiac diseases.

Dr. Crane declared that special attention should be paid to the exceptional child in the schools as well as the handicapped. "There are numbers of very bright children who are not making a satisfactory adjustment to life because of unhealthy and pernicious emotional habits. Yet. with help, these children could overcome habits which might later warp their lives."

Every teacher should know the principles of mental hygiene. Some few, by rare intuition, know how to smooth out the crooks in a misshapen personality. These are the ones who can get along with the 'bad boy' whom every teacher dreads to have in her room. But few enough these are. A knowledge of basic mental hygiene principles would help every teacher in disciplining her children and in making those children who are now quiet, retiring and moody,

bloom into happy boys and girls.

Dr. Crane commended the study groups of Parent-Teacher Associations which are giving parents and teachers both a new insight into child training. He said that all those who deal with children should have the benefit of such study.

"In order to lessen the burden which society is now carrying, we must begin to think more about preventive measures," Dr. Crane said. "We must plan to invest more time, energy, and money in our efforts to give the child a happy, wholesome life, if there are to be fewer human disasters in the future."

THE ROBIN'S EARLY SONG

By Bishop Joseph F. Berry, just before he died last winter

The birds came very early to our town last spring. It is a sunny place, and there are many trees and shrubs. A song floated in one morning from a leafless tree out on the lawn. A robin sang it. You do not care for a robin's song, did you say? Well, never mind.

I said, "Mr. Bobin, I cannot see what you can find to sing about," for scarcely a blade of grass was to be seen. The trees were bare. The shrubs had no buds. The wind blew coldly. The ice was still in the rivers. But robin kept on singing. I could see nothing to inspire a robin's song. Neither could he.

But he knew what he was about. He was singing for the blessing of springtime before it came. He was paying in advance. He knew that in a few days the south wind would blow, the sun would bathe the earth with its warmth, the trees would be covered with leaves, the lawns would be carpeted with green, and the fragrance of lilacs and honeysuckle and roses would fill the gardens.

Spring came. The robin knew it would. For the God of nature has never once disappointed the birds.

My friend, is it a bit chilly for you just now? And the winds harsh, and the sky dark, and does springtime seem to be long delayed? Your mood is one of impatience and discouragement. Your life has been hard. The road has been rough. High hopes have often been dashed to the ground. You have been longing for spring, something to change the drab routine of your life. But it is winter still, and there is no song in your heart.

No matter if springtime is slow in coming. SING. Sing anyway. Sing as the robin did. Sing because springtime is on the way. Sing because tomorrow, its light and warmth and fruitfulness and beauty, shall surely be yours. Sing in anticipation of the coming glory! Tune your soul to the Hallelujah Chorus of the skies! "For our light affliction which is but for a moment worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

KANNAPOLIS

(Charlotte Observer)

Less than 50 years ago the site upon which the flourishing manufacturing town of Kannapolis now stands was known to Concord sportsmen as the best bird-hunting ground in that part of the State. A broad stretch of level, sandy land, was covered with stubble fields, with clumps of pine woods and sedge patches, making ideal cover for the flushed birds—and it was considered a poor day's sport when the dogs had not "set" from 25 to 30 covies. Save for a farm house or two, not a building was in sight; all was farming land from the home of Peter Glass, yet standing, to the suburbs of China Grove. It was about 48 years ago that James Cannon, then embarking upon a textile manufacturing career that was to make his name famous the world over, began casting about for expansion of his industry and finally fixed on the open space just described, six miles north of Concord, and there he bult a cotton factory, having care to surround it with a modernly planned mill village. One mill was quickly followed by another and in progressive order the present industrial city of Kannapolis came into being. From an open stubble field it has developed into one of the most important manufacturing centers of the South, the dominant factor in the units being "the largest towel factory in the world." In the case of Kannapolis, as in that of other industrial centers, the Census Bureau makes separate report on industry and commerce—and in the case of Kannapolis this is a justified proceeding. The report on the retail trade of Kannapolis indicates the stage of progress made from an old field into establishment of a busy commercial and industrial center.

Kannapolis is unincorporated, content to be known as the town the Cannons built, and it has a population of 12,000. Its commercial area comprises 98 retail stores, these doing an annual business of nearly $3,000,000 disbursing $251,155 annually in "pay roll" money. In these stores employment is provided for 234 men and women, not including those working part time. In these 98 stores are included 91 single independents. In addition, are two units of sectional chains and three units of National chains. Sales of these two types of chain organizations amount to $440,355, or 16 per cent of the total of retail business, while the sales of single-store independents foots up $2,218,720, or 82 per cent. The retail business of the Kannapolis stores amounts to more than $2,500,000 a year.

Being an industrial center, the food stores take the lead in Kannapolis commerce, with general merchandise coming second and building and lumber third. The food stores total 45 and report sales of $1,178,692, this being 43 per cent of the total retail business. Of this number, 24 are grocery stores with sales of $491,071, and 13 are combination stores (groceries and meats) with sales of $554,634. Many bakeries which manufacture their own products are included in the Census of Manufactures and do not appear in this report.

The automotive group, with 17 establishments, does a business of $202,148, or 7 per cent of the total retail business. Sales in three motor vehicle establishments amount to $30,925. A total of 10 filling stations is reported with aggregate sales of $153,723 in gas, tires, and other accessories. This merchandise is also sold in four garages, whose total business of $17,500 includes receipts from repairs and storage as well as from sales.

The general merchandise group, which includes department stores, dry goods stores, general stores, and variety, 5-and-10, and to-a-dollar stores, reports sales of $539,116 in 7 stores, or 20 per cent of the total retail business, employs the full-time service of 59 men and women, and pays $60,919 annually in salaries and wages. The two department stores and one dry goods store report total sales of $426,700, while three general stores and one variety, 5-and-10, and to-a-dollar store report total sales of $112,416. Inventory for the group as of the end of the reporting year totals $150,615.

The 11 eating places in Kannapolis employ 15 full-time people, and do a business of $122,755. This volume of business is exclusive of meals served in dining rooms operated by hotels and boarding houses, and of lunches served in drug stores. The total pay roll of the 11 eating places is $12,278.

This in brief, is the story of the rapid development of a North Carolina city from a stuble field.

KING'S DAUGHTERS' CIRCLE MEETS WITH RESIDENTS OF THE "HOME"

A most enthusiastic meeting of circle nine of the King's Daughters took place Monday afternoon at the King's Daughters "Home" on Buchanan, Boulevard, Durham.

Mrs. J. S. Murray, chairman, presided at the meeting, and called on Mesdames J. L. Council and J. T. Christian for the devotional. Following this, the regular routine of business was taken up.

Mrs. Nannie Cheek and Miss Lillie Duke invited the members to meet with them the fourth Monday in May at the home of Mrs. J. C. Angier on Buchanan boulevard.

Final plans were made for the annual baby show which will take place Friday afternoon at 3 o'clock at the Watts street school.

At the close of the business, the hostess Mesdames C. L. Russell, W. F. Lyon and Mary Leathers entertained the members of the circle, the resident ladies, and a few additional guests. A color scheme of green and pink was carried out in the decorations and in the refreshments. A delicious ice course was served with fancy favors bearing miniature candies. During the social a lovely musical program was furnished by Miss Elizabeth Aldridge and Mrs. Bert Cunningham, Miss Lilly Duke Clements delighted the crowd with several recitations.

About 16 circle members were present, besides the fourteen house guests.

ELIHU ROOT, OPTMIST

(Asheville Citizen)

Celebrating his 87th birthday. Elihu Root said some things in the course of a talk with the reporters who visited him that are worth passing along.

He had seen religion pass through a metamorphosis, he said. "From a narrow, dogmatic theology I have seen it swing to a gross materialism. Now with Jeans and Eddington and other scientists discovering that this materialism will not explain everything, there is a return to spirituality."

But that is not all. "Even in my time," Mr. Root declared, "compassion not only for human beings but even for animals has grown. I distinctly remember that when Henry Bergh founded the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals he was looked upon as more or less of a crank. Today a man who is cruel to animals is regarded as a brute. It is this growth of compassion that I would say was the greatest change that has occurred in my lifetime. A little more than 100 years ago there were at least 200 offenses punishable by death in England. Of course, it has been a change in the inner man which has brought about the abolition of these punishments."

Here in Asheville, less than a year ago, we talked with a man not far from Mr. Root's age who knew that he probably had only a few weeks to live. "The world grows better," he said. "An old friend of mine, seventy years ago, told me that it was better then than it had been when he was young; and I say to you that it is better now than it was when I was young. There is so much more of human kindness, or feeling for others."

Have you ever known a man or woman 80 years of age or older who was a pessimist?

CO-OPERATION

It ain't the guns nor armament,
Nor funds that they can pay,
But the close co-operation
That makes them win the day.

It ain't the individual,
Nor the army as a whole,
But the everlasting team-work
Of every bloomin' soul.

—J. Mason Knox.

STATE GETTING RID OF BOARDERS

By Lisbeth Parrott

Getting rid of North Carolina free boarders is one of the jobs of Miss Lily E. Mitchell, director of child welfare for the State Board of Charities and Public Welfare.

The new law which provides that a person must have been in the state of North Carolina three years before he can recieve help from pauper funds will greatly facilitate her work, she says, since neighboring states also have three-year residence requirements. Until now, it has been difficult to return paupers to bordering states because their laws were stringent and yet they could return paupers to us because our law was less demanding. Recently the legislature passed an amendment to our settlement law which will put us on the same basis as adjoining states.

Greater ease of transportation has tremendously increased the problem of the shiftless transient, who goes from one state to another seeking Eldorado, and living off the public as he goes. He makes no contribution to society, but expects an easy living from the charity cups and poor boxes. This is the type of unworthy poor which drains the resources of the public and makes it difficult for the worthy man or woman to secure aid. It is the type which is responsible for much of the disillusionment of volunteer workers who start off with a desire to be of real service, but who often soon become weary of trying to help those who are ungrateful and unwilling to help themselves.

"In the end," Miss Mitchell says, "the main purpose of our efforts is to discourage chronic wandering, and to induce all citizens to get a foothold in some locality. This should eventually make for stability and encourage self-respect and local pride.

"Most of the transients who wander about living on public charity with no destination in mind and no purpose in life, prove to be mental cases. However, their mental troubles are often not apparent to the casual observer to whom they appeal for help. These are the liabilities of our civilization, and cost the public untold amounts during their lifetime. North Carolina is willing to care for its own poor, and acknowledges responsibility when legal residence is proved, but according to our interstate agreement, we are glad to return those paupers who are not our responsibility to their native states."

Recently Dr. S. Parkes Cadman was asked, "Should a man tell his wife everything about business matters as well as social and domestic?" He replied, "It depends on the wife. If she is wise you cannot tell her too much; if she is foolish, you cannot tell her too little." Dr Cadman Parkes his car in the proper place.—Boys' Industrial School Journal.

THAT OUNCE OF PREVENTION

(Charlotte News)

It is interesting to observe that since Delaware has become old-fashioned and decided to go back to spanking as a mode of punishment for its errant citizenry, Pennsylvania is beginning to agitate the same experiment in the hope that this innovation might work to the deterrence of crime which other penalizing processes do not seem to be doing.

Racketeers, highwaymen, and lesser lights in the underworld have been getting rather bold lately. Somehow being locked up for awhile doesn't seem to bother them. "Doing a stretch" is part of the game. And a good many people thing that an old-fashioned thrashing might be effective.

Physical humiliation, before one's fellows, is something that takes the braggadocia out of the most hardened crook. And a beginner, who is just starting his apprenticeship, would probably decide that the game was off.

No small boy gets any pleasure out of going to the woodshed, under the compelling influence of a father's hand, while all the neighborhood urchins grin mischievously from the alley. No matter how brave he might have been in climbing a tree and stealing forbidden apples, his pride crumbles in the dust when the hair brush or hickory limb enters the picture. If he had merely been sent to bed without his supper he could have posed as a hero. But being spanked. . . . The glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome aren't any more obsolete than the hero that was Billy Jones or Johnny Smith.

Perhaps the blows are given lightly. But that has little to do with the case. It is the very fact that they are given which humiliates and grieves the erstwhile gay, brave victim.

This same principle applies to the older breakers of graver laws. Punishment is so much more personal when it is done with a whipping machine. It makes the one who is being punished feel like a culprit instead of a bandit king.

Many claim that the very fact that whipping breaks the spirit of a person is proof enough that there should be a hands-off ruling. A spirit that rides rough shod over other's rights and privileges certainly needs to be curbed. If some all-wise way of leading it into useful channels, without the whipping post humiliation, could be found no one would object.

But if it can't, a few strokes of a lash, if they will prevent the murder of dozens of respectable, useful citizens, really can't be such a bad thing.

Construction does not consist of everything being done at once but in one stone being placed upon another.—J. H. Bruning.

DAYLIGHT SAVING TIME

(Stanley News & Press)

The season has arrived for our usual annual editorial on daylight saving time, but the sum and substance of what might be said is the same an in previous years. We feel that this system of time should be adopted throughout the entire country, for it has its merits. On next Sunday morning more than one-fourth of the population of the United States will lose one hour when clocks in 17 states will be moved forward and daylight saving time will prevail until September.

During the war the government put the whole country on this system of time, but when the war was over we went back to the old system. Daylight saving time makes it possible for us to use the hour of daylight which comes in the morning before the majority of our people think about getting up. In this way those who work on a regular schedule are given another hour in the afternoon which may be used for reading, recreation or gardening.

One of the reasons there was so much opposition to this system was due to the fact that so many of our folks couldn't forget that some one had been fooling with the hands of the clock. The way to work it is to move up the clock, and forget about it. If a magic hand were to move the hands of the clocks in the United States up one hour, and no one knew anything about it, we wouldn't hear the slightest peep out of those folks who made it a habit of saying, "Well, it's 2 o'clock now, but it's really only one by the old time."

The fact that one-fourth of the population of the country is observing daylight saving time is evidence that there is some merit in it. At the same time it is very confusing to have one part of the country on daylight saving time, and the other on the present system of time keeping. It would seem that a federal law on this matter might eliminate considerable confusion.

Every person has three names: the name he was born with, commonly called his surname, the name which his parents gave him at birth, and the name he earns for himself in life.

The individual has nothing to do with his first two names. He was born with one and given the other without his knowledge or consent. But the third name which every person has is the name he makes for himself. What is your name? What do people think about you when they hear your name called? Something pleasant or something disagreeable? Does the sound of your name give high and noble thoughts, or low and mean thoughts?

When your name is called in connection with church membership, when the treasurer looks at it on his books, when the church officers and committees are considering names for positions of trust and responsibility, what do they think about when your name is called? WHAT'S YOUR NAME?—Selected.

ANOTHER KING IN EXILE

(Norfolk Ledger)

Alfonso XII, who was born king of Spain because he came into the world after the death of his father, who was Alfonso X11, is no longer king of Spain. Like Manuel of Portugal and Wilhelm of Germany, he is a refugee from his own country. Descendant of a long line of king's both Bourbon and Hapsburg, and showing it in his face—with its long Hapsburg nose and its pendulous Bourbon under lip—he is an exile from the land in which he was born and over which he ruled.

He is the eighth monarch to lose his throne within the last thirty years or so. But he is like none of those who were overthrown. He was never a waster, a dissolute playboy, like Manuel of Portugal; he was never a warlord maddened by belief in his own divinity, like Wilhelm of Germany; he was never a besotted tyrant, like Mohammed VI, of Turkey; he was never a weaking, misled by evil men, like Nicholas of Russia; and, as his country had held aloof during the World War, he was not a victim of world-politics, as Charles of Austria-Hungary was.

Bourbon and Hapsburg though he is, son of the extremely gallant Maria Christina though he is, Alfonso was a good king who reigned as bset he could under a constitutional monarchy. Not an absolute monarch, he guided and advised and exercised his royal influence for the welfare of his people. Not an absolute monarch, but surrounded by ministers who were responsible to the legislative branch of government, he was yet held responsible for all the failures of the ministry. Popular and loved though he was personally, for gay bravery and his kindliness and his undoubted ability, he could not withstand the onrush of Republicanism and Socialism which, divided though they were and are, were united in demanding the form of a republic. At this writing, indeed, Spain appears to have assumed the form of two republics—one in Madrid and one in Barcelona.

What will follow Alfonso's abdication, no man can tell. Spain has experimented with a republician form of government before this—and disastrously. Between the Republicans and the Socialists there probably is as much conflict as there ever was between either and the monarchy. That they can co-ordinate their wills and their activities and establish and maintain an orderly republic is open to grave doubt.

Alfonso is not now king in Spain. But it is by no means certain that Alfonso will not again be king of Spain. "And God said 'I am tired of kings,'" means God was tired of tyrants, of absolute monarchs: it does not mean that He is tired of constitutional and hereditary heads of governments who are called kings, rather than presidents. The British would not give up their king. The Italians would not give up theirs. It is possible, if not probable, that the Spaniards will call back their king —after they have grown tired themselves of chaos masquerading as a republic.

KING'S DAUGHTERS TO BE GIVEN NEW CLINIC EQUIPMENT

By J. S. Coleman Jr.

The Norfolk City Union of the King's Daughters will receive two valuable articles of equipment for its children's clinic, an orthopedics table and a mirror, as a memroial to Miss Marion Wilson Robertson, who was for years a supervisor in the physical education department of the public schools, at special exercises Tuesday afternoon at 4 o'clock. The memorial is the gift of teachers and principals of Norfolk public schools through individual subscriptions.

On it is a silver plate engraved with the following inscription: "In memory of Marion Wilson Robertson. Presented by the teachers in the white and colored schools of the city of Norfolk."

The addresses to be made at the exercises will be of an informal nature. Miss Cherry Nottingham will present the gifts, which will be received for the clinic by Mrs. George F. Moss, president of the Norfolk City Union of the King's Daughters. Miss Blanche Webb, director of the children's clinic, will tell of Miss Robertson's work at the King's daughters. Kirk Montague, supervisor of physical education in the Norfolk public schools, will talk on her work in the schools. Dr. Alan Kimbrough will talk on her work with him for the King's Daughters.

Miss Robertson, whose memory is being perpetuated in this gift of her teacher friends, was especially interested in crippled children and gave fully of her time for the welfare of children thus handicapped. Every afternoon, when her school duties were completed she would go to the clinic and try, through corrective exercises, to teach the child who had been crippled to regain the use of his limbs. She helped the child who was not straight to acquire correct, or as nearly correct as possible posture.

The teachers, her friends, are therefore presenting to the clinic these two articles, which are needed to help in the work in which she was so vitally interested.

Miss Judith Riddick is chairman of the memorial gift committee which is composed of Miss Champ Douthat, Miss Nottingham and William C. Gehrke, who was in the Maury High School physical education department last year, and who subscribed to the gift.

Many persons become so habituated to noise that they seem unable to get along without it.—Dr. Walter A. Wells.

BOTH WILL BE MISSED

(Selected)

Within the space of a few days death came to two men who distinguished themselves in widely different callings. Brother Joseph Dutton died after forty-five years of labor among the lepers on the Island of Molokai. Knute Rockne, greatest of football coaches, was killed in an airplane accident. It would be difficult to mention two men who, on the surface, appeared to have so little in common. Brother Dutton lived apart from the world, sharing the isolation of unfortunates afflicted with the most dreadful disease known to man. Knute Rockne lived in the bright spotlight, in an atmosphere of speed, brawn and clean good health. Yet it is fitting that we bracket in our memory these two men—the brilliant teacher of a spectacular game and the humble friend of the sick. In the one essential their lives were alike: each put into the work to which he was called the last ounce of his strength. It is not for us, or for anyone, to balance the lives of the two, to say that this one is greater, or that one is less. The world needs both its Brother Duttons and its Knute Rocknes and gives evidence of its appreciation of them in the many public tributes that their passing brought forth. The good they did was of the spiritual order. In case of Rockne this will begin to be realized more as we forget about the touchdowns his teams made. In these days, when spiritual things are not held in the greatest regard, it is encouraging to know that Brother Dutton and Knute Rockne are mourned in millions of homes they had never entered and by millions of men they never knew.

THE BOY AND THE ECHO

Once there was a little boy who loved to climb the mountains. One day, way up on the mountainside, where it was very still he shouted: "Hey, there!" He was surprised to hear a voice away off: "Hey, there . . .there!" The boy called defiantly: "How do you get that way, kid?" Just as impudently came back the retort: "How do you get that way, kid. . .kid?" The boy began to redden at the ears. "You big stiff!" he yelled. Again came back the arrogant voice: "You big stiff . . .stiff!"

The boy ran home and told his mother how angry he was because another boy on the mountain called him names. She took the little boy to the place the next day and yodeled a lullaby which she crooned to her son when he was a baby. The mountain brought it back with all the loveliness of a dear, sweet mother's voice. This was too much for the little boy, and he cried, for he had learned that he received from the mountain only what he gave it.—Selected.

A FATEFUL DECISION

(Durham Herald)

It was just seventy years ago today on April 18, 1861, that President Lincoln offered to Robert E. Lee, the command of the United states Army at the outset of the Civil war. Francis Preston Blair was the go-between in the offer.

The following reply of Lee is recorded: "I declined the offer he made to me to take command of the army that was to be brought into the field, stating as candidly as I could that, though opposed to secession and depreciating war, I could take no part in an invasion of the Southern states."

Simultaneously with refusing this offer, Lee resigned from the United States army. Two days later his resignation was accepted, and three days later the legislature of Virginia authorized the governor to ask Lee to take command of the armed forces of the state with the rank of major general. Soon afterward Jefferson Davis, just made president of the Confederacy, appointed him to the command of all the Confederate forces.

Both Abraham Lincoln and Jefferson Davis thus recognized in Robert E. Lee, the outstanding military talents that made him the most promising choice for supreme command in war. His previous record had been extremely brilliant. He had graduated from West Point second in a class of 46. Later he had served as head of this government military school, and under him had been trained many officers who were later to serve with distinction on both sides during the Civil war. In the Mexican war he had rendered illustrious service. General Scott after the conclusion of his victorious campaign ending in the fall of Mexico City, said that all his success in Mexico was "largely due to the skill, valor and undaunted courage of Robert E. Lee," and that he was "the greatest military genius in America, the best soldier that he ever saw in the field, and that if opportunity offered, he would show himself the foremost captain of his time."

Prior to his definite fateful choice, Lee had struggled in mind and conscience over his duty in this crisis, whether to be still loyal to the government of the union he had so long and faithfully served, or to defend his native state. The question was very difficult, especially as he himself approved neither of slavery, nor secession. He had termed secession "nothing but a revolution," and dreaded "no greater calamity for the country than the dismemberment of the union." And if he had "owned all the Negroes of the South, he would gladly have given them up for the preservation of the nation."

But to all this, his mind and heart rebutted as follows: "Still a union that can only be maintained by swords and bayonets, and in which shedding of blood and civil war, are to take the place of brotherly love and kindness, has no charm for me. I shall be for country and the welfare and progress of mankind. But if the union is dissolved, and the government disrupted, I shall return to my native state, and share the miseries of my people, and save in

defense, will draw my sword on none."

Thus Lee in the final analysis of his duty was inevitably drawn into military leadership for the South, even though he sensed both slavery and secession as wrong. How could he have done otherwise than defend his native state, whether its cause was right or wrong? Had his decision not have been what it was, he might have led a successful, rather than a losing cause—but could not have ever held anything like his noble and affectionate place in history, nor the hearts of his countrymen, not only the South, but in the North too, had he not been true to his native state when it called him to her defense in its day of need?

Lincoln indeed showed wisdom in his selection of Lee for the supreme command. It was the best military selection he ever made. Had the appointment been accepted, the war might have been won for the union, not in four years, but perhaps even in four months. The North had an overwhelming preponderance of men, material and money, and also had a navy. But it had nothing like the military leadership of the South. The first two years of the war passed before the North could discover any satisfactory generals. Later it found Grant, Sherman and Sheridan. The latter was probably its most brilliant commander, and the closest approach to Lee and Jackson. But Sheridan was only a development of the final phases of the war. It seems unlike that Grant could ever have compelled Lee's surrender, nor Sherman, Johnston's, except for overwhelmingly superior resources in men and material.

Had Lee commanded the union armies, he might have been pitted against Southern commanders like Jackson and Johnston, and had it been a contest merely of skill, all else say being equal, the result might have been doubtful. But commanding armies that far outnumbered theirs, there seems no doubt whatever that he could have completed the grim job in a far shorter time, and with far less shedding of blood, that was accomplished by the inferior generals of the North.

But there could never have been a better loser of the lost cause than Lee. After fighting to the unmost of his great ability and to the limit of his inferior resources, and inspiring the admiration and respect of friends and foes alike, he had to surrender—but then began a new leadership in reunion. As it was in the beginning, so it was in the end, his greatest ideal was to serve a union of peace and friendship.

A friendship that makes the least noise is often the most useful, for which reason I should prefer a prudent friend to a zealous one.

—Addison

SCULPTURES IN SOAP

By W. J. Banks

Do you know that white soap such as the shining bar of Ivory which you use for the bath, is one of the most popular materials from which small statues are made these days? During the past few years sculptors have been using soap more and more to make beautiful little works for decorative purposes as well as for scale models for larger statues. Soap has many advantages as a material for sculpturing. It is cheap, and, if spoiled, can be used for its original purpose. Its texture is fine enough to allow plenty of detail; it carves easily, and is pleasant to the touch. Above all, the beginner is familiar with it, and he therefore lacks that timidity of working with strange material which often has to be overcome when other substances are used.

Perhaps some sculptor, without any of his usual material at hand, and seized with a sudden inspiration to transform an idea into a reality, looked about for the first carvable material he could find and first discovered the value of soap as a new medium. Or perhaps some housewife, during the round of her daily tasks, suddenly paused to consider the gleaming soap in her hands, and, responding to that spark of artistic instinct that is in all of us, picked up the paring knife to shape a crude likeness of some familiar form or object. However the movement started, it had gained such momentum by 1924 that the National Soap Sculpture Committee, sponsored by an internationally known group of sculptors and educators, was formed.

Each year, in New York, the committee holds an exhibition to which thousands of entries are sent, many from overseas countries as well as from the United States and Canada. That public interest is growing in soap sculpture is indicated by the throngs of people who pass through the galleries each day of the exhibition, and study the great variety of clean, bright little models, the work of some of the continent's greatest sculptors as well as of boys and girls without previous experience or art training. Prizes are awarded for the best entries in the various classes. There is a professional class for experienced sculptors; a junior class for children under fifteen; a senior class for young people from fifteen to twenty-one; and an advanced amateur class for nonprofessionals over that age. After the exhibition closes, the entries are divided into groups and sent throughout the country to be shown in museums, colleges, libraries and art centers.

So, you see, you do not have to be an experienced artist to take up soap sculpture. It is now recognized that the old idea, which held that only a few people are born with artistic possibilities, was a mistaken one. We all have latent within us, some capacity for music, drawing, and other talents. All agree that the most remarkable feature of the soap sculpture exhibitions is the natural talent, the humor or depth of feeling, the most uncanny knowledge of the principles of anatomy shown by the boys and girls who make entries in the junior class. These and

other qualities, with the added advantage of developed technique, are found in the senior and advanced amateur section, while the professinoal sculptors do not hesitate to do some of their most exquesite, most powerful and compelling work in the humble medium of a cake of soap.

You can start today, if you wish, to practice the art of soap sculpture. Many of the prize-winners at the exhibits never took a lesson from a professional. Imagination is the chief requirement and who has not plenty of that? A cake of soap you can easily obtain; a sharp knife is already in your possession. The list of tools is complete with an orange stick or two with which the final shaving to the actual form is done, and the details added. If you have none of these in the house they may be obtained at the "five-and-ten" or the corner drug store. Your tools and material at hand, you are ready to start on some simple subject as a beginner. It is only by practice that you may become efficient; it is unless to read instructions and study diagrams if you do not try it yourself. Some guidance, however, is desirable, and all the information and literature you wish may be obtained from the National Small Sculpture Committee, 80 East 11th Street, New York.

Subjects which are too fragile to be worked "in the round" can be successfully done in bas-relief which is not only a very important branch of sculpture, but an excellent method for making models of insects, flowers, leaves and other subjects for nature study. In bas-relief the subject not cut completely out of the soap but stands out from a solid background like the design on a medal, but much deeper. To work in bas-relief the soap is reduced to a smooth surface, and the design traced thereon. Then an incision is made around the design about a quarter inch deep and this layer cut off outside the design leaving the latter raised to that height. The raised design is then moulded in detail to the desired form with the orange stick.

Although many of the tiny statues shown at the exhibits are made from a single cake of soap, two or more cakes may be joined together if a larger mass is required. This is done by melting the surfaces to be joined in a pan of hot water until they become of a soft, jelly-like consistency; then they are pressed together and left several hours to set before work is started. Pieces of toothpick may be pressed into the surfaces to be joined before they are put together. It is also usual to join the finished sculpture to a soap-cake base. This is done by scooping out a small trench on the bottom of the sculpture and on the base; on each side of the base trench pieces of toothpick are inserted, the ends projecting. Then a piece of soap is melted to a jelly and the trenches filled with this substance. Then the base and statue are pressed firmly together and set aside to harden.

There is one thing that should always be remembered in sculpture as well as in other fields: it is that simplicity is the keynote of true art. A thought simply expressed, achieved with beauty of line and restraint of detail, without exaggeration of pose, becomes a real work of art. The great masterpieces which have

come down to us from antiquity are, as a rule, characterized by the power of their simple form and treatment. If you do not want nature or accident to change and mar your work, choose simple subjects and work them simply. Your projections should be low and your undercuttings shallow. High projections break off, deep holes fill up. The general form of your work is much more vital than any detail you may add, though simple detail will often add value and attraction to a structure that is already true in mass.

Soap sculptures is no fad. We have already seen something of its artistic value, but it is also serving a multitude of uses in several fields and professions. The architect is finding it most useful as a means of making scale models of his buildings. "A medium for models and experimental sketches that is easily cut, agreeable to handle and fairly permanent has long been sought by those who design in three demensions," says Francis Keally, A. I. A. "In response to his need, white soap has recently come to the fore and is now being largely used for models of all kinds." Mr. Keally tells of several occasions on which soap models helped him solve difficult architectural problems.

But it may be in the schools that soap is to prove its greatest worth as a sculpture medium. In early grades simple toys are being made, and in advanced grades and high schools soap is being used in botany, zoology and nature classes where bas-relief of insects, flowers and leaf forms are made and colored. In art appreciation, history of art classes and art clubs it is especially useful, and in some schools miniature museums have been started, each pupil contributing period pieces copied from the great museums. Instructors in medical and dental colleges have discovered the value of soap models, while jewellers use them for designs for medals and trophies.

Soap modelling has come to stay. And for those who delight in creating beautiful things, it makes an ideal hobby.

LIKE THE LOTUS

Sacred figures or statues seated on an open lotus are to be seen everywhere in the Orient. This is symbolical, since we all were born from the Waters of Life, and, like lotus, came up through the slime and mud on our upward journey. The very first plants lived in water, some of them having fine thread-like extensions known as cilia which enabled them to "swim like a fish." Later when it came for them to emerge from the water to land, Nature, knowing they would have great need of water on the dry land, provided them with a wonderful system to enable them not only to absorb moisture but to store it away for future use.

"Let thy soul lend its ear to every cry of pain, like as the lotus bares its heart to drink the morning sun."—Voice of the Silence.

"DREAMS OF YOUTH"

By L. L. Wightman

His eyes shone with the excitement of brilliant adventure, his muscles tensed as the situation grew more critical, his breath came in gasps, that were far from being natural. Often he had gone through stirring events but none of them compared with this one. His feet moved nervously, and each part of his being was concentrated on the vital moment. Surely, a person would be a nervous wreck if this awful suspense endured for any length of time.

"Ned Turner,"—the sound of the voice was like a crash to the lad—"how many times must I tell you it is time for you to get the cows? I have told you that for the fourth time."

A hand reached down and removed the book of stirring adventures from the possession of the youth, thus bringing him suddenly back to the world of tangible things. It was time for the evening chores.

"I never saw the likes of you when you get your nose stuck between the covers of a book," his mother continued. "One could shoot a cannon in the room without disturbing you in the least. Let's see if you can get as interested in milking those cows and gathering the eggs."

It was with deep regret that Ned saw the book deposited on a high shelf, and knew for the present that things had descended to the normal daily level of practical deeds. The height of his adventures for the next hour would consist of driving five cows up the lane. Things might possibly be enlivened by tossing a setting hen from a nest.

Muttering something about "those old cows" Ned strolled leisurely down the lane. Though separated from his book, his mind still clung vividly to that stirring scene in which the hero was about to perform his greatest feat. Incidentally, he substituted himself for the hero and rose to still greater heights.

"But what chance has a fellow got to do anything around here?" he questioned as he kicked up a cloud of dust. "Milkin' cows, and gatherin' eggs!"

His tone was a bit disdainful as he drew a comparison between these things and that of enacting the role of hero in a thrilling situation. That was the thing he longed for more. He knew postively he had nerve enough to face any situation without quailing, that he could master the most difficult emergency. His estimate of his ability was certainly not below par. One scene followed another as he saw himself in the midst of flying shells on the battlefield, on a burning steamer rescuing helpless victims, on the western plains with a band of Indians seeking his capture.

A round stone lying directly in his path detoured his mind to another ambition which he cherished. That of being a hero was a secret which none but himself knew, but that of being a star on the baseball field was known throughout the surrounding community. He had sent away for a small paper-covered book entitled, "How to Pitch," and many hours of perusal had enabled him to memorize the book almost word for

word.

"Control is the main factor in becoming a successful pitcher." That one clause stood out vividly in his mind. Toward this end he had worked for many weeks. He had painted the picture of a home plate on the back of the barn, and with the aid of a hard rubber ball had worked faithfully to perfect his aim. He was proud indeed of the progress he had made.

Picking up the round pebble, he faced the fence post which invited his attention. The air was filled with the cheers of thousands who filled every seat in the grandstand and bleachers. He, the leading pitcher of the league was facing the slugger of the opposing team. The bases were full, and the count on the batter was two strikes and three balls The next pitch would tell the story. With an artistic wind-up, Ned delivered the ball, sending the stone on its way toward the fense post. Thud! It struck the post squarely in the center. He had struck the batter out, and saved the game for his team. Amid the cheers of the crowd, he continued on his way after the cows, rounding them up in an indifferent manner and starting them towards the barn. Once more he descended from the heights of his dreams to the reality of the present.

The milking was soon a matter of history. When the eggs had been gathered and safely escorted to the cellar, Ned directed his steps towards that high shelf upon which his treasure rested. His hand was within an inch of the book when a voice halted further advance.

"Don't get that book before supper," his mother's voice directed him. "I've got an errant for you. Take this two pounds of butter over to Mrs. Brown, and hurry back. Supper will be ready by that time. Your father should be back from his trip to town by the time you get back."

There it was again. Some old job like carrying butter to a neighbor half a mile down the road! What was there romantic in such a deed? But that was all his life consisted of, just common ordinary things with no adventure to them at all. He wished something would happen just once so he could be a hero. One thing can be said to Ned's credit, he always did his mother's errands promptly, and what grumbling he did was kept to himself. No one else was made unpleasant by it, no matter how much he disliked the doing of the task.

Having delivered the butter, he debated on the route by which he should return, finally deciding to cut across lots down through the woods.

"I want to see if there are any owls in that old barn," he said, "and I guess this is a good time to do it."

Suiting his action to his word, he dashed across a meadow, leaped a narrow creek, and loped along a cow path. As he was about to climb a fence which barred his way, he caught sight of something white hidden in the grass. An investigation revealed a hen's nest. The evidence indicated that some hen had stolen her nest, hatched her brood, and departed with them, leaving four eggs behind. Acting on the inspiration of the moment, Ned picked up the rotten eggs and carried them along with him. The old barn might afford him a target for them.

This old deserted barn stood on the

farther side of a patch of woods through which Ned would pass. As he came in sight of it, he paused abruptly. A man was crouching back of the barn, his eyes watching intently for the appearance of some expected person or thing. Crouching low to avoid discovery, Ned advanced under cover of the heavy foliage until he was within twenty feet of the man, waiting there for further action by this unknown individual.

Who was he? What was he doing there? What was he waiting for? Ned gasper with surprise as these questions were immediately answered by the appearance of the most beautiful girl Ned had ever seen. Her sweet, innocent face with its pink, cheeks and scarlet lips held him spellbound. What beautiful hair! Attired as a country maiden, this young lady was strolling along in an indifferent manner.

Ned shook with excitement as he saw the concealed man rise from his hands and knees. The girl was walking straight into the hands of a villain! His first impulse was to shout a warning to the girl and then run. But what kind of a hero would that be? A hero would rescue the girl. But what could he do against this big brute?

Before he had time to decide what to do, he saw the villain leap from behind the barn and dash towards the girl. The girl's expression changed from gladness to horror at sight of the man. For a moment she stood paralyzed with fear, then started to run. With a single bound the villain reached her and whirled her about. That was enough for Ned.

"Leave her alone," he shouted as he leaped into the clearing.

The villain turned in the direction of the voice. Smack! A rotten egg struck him squarely in the forehead. With a gasp for breath he released his hold on the girl. Smack. A second egg struck him in the chest. The third, launched with that same deadly aim, found his shoulder for a mark. The man moved just as the fourth egg reached him, and it struck the fair young maiden in the chest with a decided "plop." Ned gasped. This was not the kind of treatment a hero was supposed to render to a maiden in distress.

The shouts of others rushing toward these two caused Ned to look in their direction. There stood a three-legged camera! The truth drawned on him like a bolt of lightning from a clear sky. He had spoiled a movie scene! His glorious rescue faded into oblivion. Speeded on by the shouts of pursuing men, Ned ran through the woods with the speed of a deer, reaching home in record time.

"Is—supper—ready?" he gasped as he staggered breathlessly into the kitchen. "I ran—as hard—as I could."

"Well, you got here just in time," his mother said as she finished setting the table.

Nothing more was said. That night Ned gazed at himself in a mirror.

"Boy," he finally said, "as a hero, you are hardly to be mentioned. Better stick to pitching, for your control is fairly good."

He grinned. Taking everything into consideration, it had been a good day with him after all.

INSTITUTION NOTES

The International Harvester Company, Charlotte, staged a tractor demonstration at the school last Wednesday, when their representative, using a Farm-all tractor, planted a 12-acre field of corn.

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Horace Bridges, who was paroled in 1927, called on us last Tuesday. He is now living on a farm in Rutherford County, is married and has one child. We were glad to see Horace and to learn that he is doing well, and he seemed glad to get back to the school and renew old acquaintances.

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Miss A. E. Johnson, of the Psychology and Educational department; and Miss R. D. Hall, teacher of English and Religious Education; members of the faculty of Barber-Scotia Seminary, Concord, visited the institution last Monday. We were delighted to have these ladies call on us and trust they will visit us again soon.

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The barn boys report the recent arrival of another lamb, and are highly elated at the prospects of caring for these wooly animals. Our boys, like all others, are fond of animals, and we feel safe in predicting that the young lambs in their charge will be petted as much, or more, than was the famous "little lamb," owned by Mary, of the Mother Goose Tales.

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Silas Soloman, who left the school in October 1928, made a brief visit to the institution last Wednesday. informs us that he is now living in Rock Hill, S. C. where he is enployed in a bleachery. He also informs us that he is married and is the father of a boy, eight months old. In the course of our conversation with him, he expressed his gratitude for what the Training School had done for him.

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Judge Walter E. Moore, of Bryson City; Hon. Zeb V. Long, Solicitor for the 15th district; Hon. L. T. Hartsell, Messrs D. B. Coltrane and Charles A. Cannon, chairman, treasurer and member, respectively, of the Board of Trustees; and Ray C. Hoover, Sheriff of Cabarrus County, were entertained at dinner at the Training School at six o'clock last Friday evening. After dinner our entire family of nearly six hundred assembled in the auditorium, where, after a short program consisting of songs and recitations by the boys, Supt. Boger presented Mr. Hartsell, who in turn introduced Judge Moore and Solicitor Long, both of whom made fine talks which highly entertained the boys. If only a small part of the advice given by these able speakers was heeded, the future lives of the young, growing citizenship here, will be greatly benefitted. The Judge especially stressed the fact that some of the boys here might be those who will occupy positions of trust and honor, in the future life of the state, emphasizing the fact that it is not so important as to where one is, as to where he is going. Solicitor Long told the boys that as a member of the State Senate in 1907, he made the closing speech for the bill and cast the de-

ciding vote for the establishment of the Jackson Training School, and had always felt proud of that vote. He further stated that he felt that when he was here, he was at home. We were indeed glad to have these gentlemen with us and feel sure that all were benefitted by their presence.

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Mr. A. C. Sheldon, Boys' Work Secretary, of the Charlotte Y. M. C. A., conducted the regular afternoon service in the auditorium last Sunday. Accompanying Mr. Sheldon were Mr. J. B. Ivey, and Mesdames H. Y. Dunaway and J. C. Hutto. After the opening song, Scripture recitation and prayer, Mr. Sheldon introduced Mr. Ivey as the speaker of the afternoon. The greater part of Mr. Ivey's remarks were relative to his experiences as a clerk in a little cross-roads store, at the age of twelve years—how he started in this business at the "enormous salary" of $6.25 per month and board. At the end of the first year, after contributing to the church and purchasing his wearing apparel, he had the sum of $12 remaining. As the result of these thrifty habits formed in early youth, we see Mr. Ivey today as one of the most successful merchants in the state, if not in the entire south. Part of Mr. Ivey's remarks were of a humorous mature, which the boys thoroughly enjoyed. He also related numerous instances in his early career pertaining to honesty in business, treating every one squarely; and the necessity of living a Christian life, all of which is necessary in order to attain success. He gave the boys some splendid advice, both as to their conduct here, and after leaving the institution, which if closely adhered to is bound to bring success. As an additional feature of the afternoon's program, Mr. Sheldon presented Mrs. Hutto, one of Charlotte's talented singers, who rendered two delightful selections, Mrs. Dunaway accompanying at the piano.

A CHRISTIAN

Is there anything greater than to be a Christian?

To know Him whom to know aright is life eternal;

To possess an inheritance that is incorruptible, undefiled, and shall never pass away;

To experience the peace of God that passeth all understanding;

To enjoy the fellowship of the great spirits of all time;

To have a share in building the civilization of whose increase there shall be no end;

To come under the spell of the Infinite;

To tap Omnipotence,

To taste the powers of the world to come;

To be a partaker of the Divine nature;

To be the highest up toward God of all His creatures;

And all this is within the reach of everyone. It is what God offers in His Son. —Dr. James I. Vance.

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THE UPLIFT

VOL. XIX CONCORD, N. C. MAY 9, 1931 No. 19

A MESSAGE

If there is any way, dear Lord
In which my heart may send her word
Of my continued love,
And of my joy in her relief
From pain—a joy not even grief
And lonliness may rise above,

Reveal it to me for I long
To keep intact the tie so strong
Between us, from my birth,
That when we meet (as meet we must)
There shall be naught but perfect trust,
Such as we always knew on earth!

—Anna Nelson Reed.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL
PUBLISHED BY
The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. *J.* P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

DEAR OLD MOTHERS

I love old mothers—mothers with white hair
And kindly eyes, and lips grown soft and sweet
With murmured blessings over sleeping babes.
There is something in their quiet grace
That speaks the calm of Sabbath afternoons;
A knowledge in their deep, unfaltering eyes
That far outreaches all philosophy.

Time, with caressing touch about them weaves
The silver-threaded fairy-shawl of age,
While all the echoes of forgotten songs
Seem joined to lend sweetness to their speech.

Old mothers! as they pass with slow-timed step,
Their trembling hands cling gently to youth's strength.
Sweet mothers!—as they pass, one sees again
Old garden-walks, old roses, and old loves.

—Charles S. Ross

DR. E. A. ALDERMAN

In the passing of Dr. E. A. Alderman, president of the University of Virginia, the South has lost a most brilliant scholar, a noted educator, a versatile writer, and a speaker of extraordinary gifts with an eloquence that made him sought far and wide.

Dr. Alderman was one of North Carolina's most distinguished sons, and during the lean days of his native State, in co-operation with other pioneer workers, he contributed by his eloquence and earnestness to the educational

cause, making North Carolina one of the foremost States for broader education.

During his near-on to thirty years as president of the University of Virginia, the increase in the student body was from 500 to 2,514, the faculty grew from 48 to 300, and the endowment of $350.000 increased to $10.000.000. This phenomenal work under the guiding hand of Dr. Alderman shows the power of a man who had an ambition to magnify the work and ennoble the cause of education. Not the State alone, but the entire South has lost a most representative citizen who has given his time and interest to the cause nearest his heart—education and the making of manhood.

The facile pen of the master of superb thought, who writes for the editorial page of the Charlotte News pays this tribute to Dr. Alderman:

> His faculties were versatile. His range of abilities was wide spread, but none stood forth with such crystal clearness and with more amazing power than his intellectuality, — not the coldblooded, metallic, scientific sort of a brainpower, but rather that magic capacity of mind that is a twin to a great spiritual resourcefulness and which ever holds itself to be the companion of heart urge and sympathy.
>
> Dr. Alderman's place among the educators of America was far up in the list of the men of might. North Carolina which gave him birth and sent him forth to become the fervid apostle of higher education shares a mother's tears with the weeping of Virginia over his loss.

* * * * * * * * * *

MOTHER'S DAY

The date, May 10th Mother's Day will be observed nation-wide. It is the occasion of paying tribute to mother—let it be either within the walls of the palace or the hovel, it is mother all the same.

The word mother is the sweetest the world has ever known. The person who lacks that appreciation of mother is devoid of that finer element that makes for true manhood or womanhood.

In every home, rich or poor, high or low, mother holds central place, and when her chair becomes vacant there is no one who can fill the place. It is quite true that neither money nor gilded walls, adding luster to the old homestead, will erase entirely the memories of mother in her humble sweetness.

If permitted to paraphrase will add: "you may change, you may tear down and rebuild the old home if you will, but the thought of the sainted mother will be there still." In the heart of every one there is a secret closet that carries a minature of mother.

For instance the hardened criminal, is not so hard, so to speak, who is ob-

livious to the blessed privilege of memorializing mother by wearing a rose, indicating whether she is in the flesh or the spirit.

It is a known fact that on this date the inmates of Federal and all kinds of prisons who wear roses are largely in the majority, emphasizing the fact that the hand that rocks the cradle could rule the universe if mothers realized their power and far reaching influence.

Even when the eyes are dimmed and memory clouded by an accumulation of years the very word that awakens memories of mother is an occasion of great joy.

The custom of observing Mother's Day has been enlarged upon by the interest of an organization, lately come into existence, known as "Golden Rule Mother's Day Fund." The founders are to be commended, for the objective of the organization shows a fine spirit. The money realized by the activities of this crowd of workers is to be used not alone for the mothers, but the children of the indigent mothers.

In many instances wherein mothers are remembered it is not a "flower," but flour, not candy, but bread needed for the entire family. So, this fund is intended to carry on a comprehensive program of constructive philantropy for families who are not only in need of cheer but the dire necessities of life.

The Golden Rule Mother's Fund does not wish to eliminate memorializing mother in any manner, but emphasizes the thought of sweet charity by endeavoring to lift the load from mother's heart by caring for the little ones in the home. This interest upon the part of the Golden Rule Mother's Fund organization will rebound for good, and many indigent mothers and their homes will be the beneficiaries.

* * * * * * * * * *

EDUCATION NECESSARY

With every cycle of time the same old story is told by the press—the loss of property, and destruction of the wide expanse of magnificent forests along with its general toll of human lives. The occasion of such hazardous fires is more often due to carelessness than accident.

This subject should elicit the interest of every one, therfore, those capable of discriminating, knowing values, should make impressive, either by precept or example, the necessity of conserving the forest. Not only are the forest fires destroying trees that can not be grown in a century but the ruthless axe-men, for mercenary reasons, are a menace to landmarks that stood when our

forebears were received by the red men. All through the country there are barren fields, with no beauty and little hope of ever being productive, to look upon where once stood the stately pine, the beech and other valuable native trees.

Information from the pamphlet "Conservation and Industry" is to the effect the Spring forest fire season opened with a total of 619 fires in six organized districts. The wardens report these fires were precipitated by the 1930 drought, and that the amount of damage done was greatly reduced by the concerted action of the wardens in charge. The fires did damage to the amount of $97,594, covering an acreage of 56.206.

These fires are caused by various and sundry causes and it makes it impressive that every precaution be taken during the seasons of extreme drought and low humidity when the woods resemble boxes of tinder, ready to be fanned into a destructive blaze at any moment.

In a resume of the cause of the fires it is shown that all or most originated from human sources, therefore, with the exercise of proper precaution many could have been averted.

* * * * * * * * * * *

HOW MANY?

We may not agree with all of the advanced thought of our great men, but there are some rules of living adopted by our statesmen that if accepted will prove helpful in many instances. United States Senator Heflin said in his speech to an appreciative audience in Charlotte of recent date, "that every school child should be taught the Sermon On The Mount, Luther's 99 theses nailed upon the door of the Wittenburg Castle, the Decleration of Independence, the Constitution of the United States and Washington's Farewell address.

Now just think upon that thought for one moment—are there many who can?

* * * * * * * * * * *

A TRIBUTE TO THE HORSE

In this we give an appended clipping, a tribute to the horse once indispensable to every well regulated home. The old family horse over a decade ago received much attention and great consideration but has been supplanted by the automobile. There are few of us of maturer years who do not cherish

memories of the "horse and phaeton" days when every one had time to stop for a neighborly chat. Today in the mad rush of affairs the slogan is "keep moving" or there is danger of being run over. There is no time for any salutation other than a military salute as we swish on in mad haste to some point—this rapid transit precludes all possibility of the horse again appearing on the highway. We offer this as a mental oasis, a reflection, for the many busy citizens interested in the materialistic affairs of life:

"O horse, you are a wonderous thing. No horns to honk, no bells to ring; no license buying every year, with place to screw on front and rear.

No sparks to miss, no gears to strip; you start yourself, no clutch to slip; no gas bills mounting every day to steal the joy of life away. Your inner tubes are all O. K., and thank the lord, they stay that way.

Your spark plugs never miss or fuss; your motor never makes us cuss; your frame is good for many a mile; your body never changes style. Your wants are few and easily met, you've something on the auto yet."

* * * * * * * * * *

NATIONAL MUSIC WEEK

This week has been observed as National Music Week. The object of accentuating music at this specific time is to teach a finer appreciation of music, with the hope of discriminating between jazz and classical music. An appreciation of music is acquired by study, and is as essential as a knowledge of the classics of English literature.

To understand conclusively the influence of music, mentally contrast a musical family and one that does not embody a musical temperament. In the former there is a pleasing, smooth temperament, in the latter there is to be felt friction or an angular attitude.

The ministry of music, if properly selected and executed, has a refining influence, among "all kinds and conditions of people."

RAMBLING AROUND

By Old Hurrygraph

Not what we take, but what we give,
Not as we pray, but as we live;
These are the things that make for peace,
Both now and after time shall cease.''

—o—

There is one redeeming feature about pawn shops. The tickets.

—o—

When a radio dealer installs a radio it is not hard to find an installment upon it the very first thing.

—o—

Many of those who visit the speakeasies cannot speak at all when they leave them.

—o—

When a small boy begins to rub his fingers over his upper lip, and put grease on his own hair, he has a girl in mind. And not necessaryily a very handsome one at that.

—o—

Joy is a fruit that Americans eat green, remarks Amando Zegri. We are an impatient people, unwilling to let joy ripen. We want it to come like a quick lunch that is indigestible.

—o—

Boredom is a modern invention, Lewis Gannett declares. Borerom is bred by idleness out of laziness. Something to do all the time is a man's or woman's best bet for satisfaction in life.

—o—

I've just supersition enough to believe it is bad luck to break a mirror, especially if it's the rear vision mirror in your car and the instrument you break it with is your forehead.

—o—

A Durham woman whose memory for names isn't very notable referred to a popular imported singing actor and radio celebrity as Maurice Chanticleer, her audience allowed that was close enough, and didn't bother to correct her.

—o—

The sympathetic, not apathetic listener is the delight of delights. The person who looks glad to see you; who is seemingly enthralled with your conversation; who looks at you with a kindling of the face, and gives spontaneous and undivided attention, is the one to whom the palm for the art of conversation would undoubtedly be awarded.

—o—

An editor out in Arkansas has found a unique way to indulge his usual attack of spring fever and get his work done. He has invited eight ministers in his town to write the editorials for his paper a day apiece. Eight days of unalloyed loafing for the foxy editor. He hasn't read Tom Sawyer for nothing. Unless the preachers should come back at him with a demand that he fill their pulpits for a couple of months.

—o—

The discovery of a new and rapidly moving object in the sky, ''probably a peculiar asteriod and perhaps of the type of Eros,'' is reported first by astronomers at Berlin, next at Copenhagen and finally at Cambridge, Mass. In the absence of definite identification, it might be held that

this is the star of hope and promise of a brighter day just ahead for the old world.

—o—

The springtime is a good time to give our souls a chance to grow. It is a good time to get better acquainted with our environment. It is a good time to expose our souls to the beautiful fresh pictures God is painting for us every day. Springtime is a good time to dream dreams, and have visions of a more beautiful and richer community life. It is a good time to join heart, head and hands with God through nature and store up treasures in the bank of eternity. It is a good time to make new investments in the good, the true, and the beautiful.

—o—

A murder was the result of a quarrel in South Dakota between a man and his wife over who should read the morning paper first. Thoughtful editors in most cities have taken steps to prevent such tragedies among their subscribers by putting the sports page in one section and the society news in another. Occasionally it proves that the wife is interested in sports and quarrels might have resulted, but for the fact that in most cases women who are interested in sports have husbands who are interested in society news, so it works out the same either way.

—o—

Radio is wonderful. You can turn the knob if you do not like what is coming in on the radio and get something else. In one evening's sitting you can turn from Pond's perfumes and get Torrid talcum; from Manilla extracts to yeast bars; hot spot shoes, or get burnt on a cigarette; after getting too much of somebody's candy; or you may turn off Ringo's hot suds and get cut on a safety razor blade. Or you may escape all these and get paper hankies, or paper plates, towels, knives, or forks, or your name engraved on a handsome souvenir, or a stick or two of delicious candy, which is "nothing so good that has never before tasted so good to you." There are two things about my household I can shut up with absolute complacent composure—the radio and an umbrella.

TO MOTHER—IN HEAVEN

Now there shall be a new song and a new star,
A new voice in the wind to whisper me;
And I shall stand within this harbor bar
And watch a new light tossing down the sea.

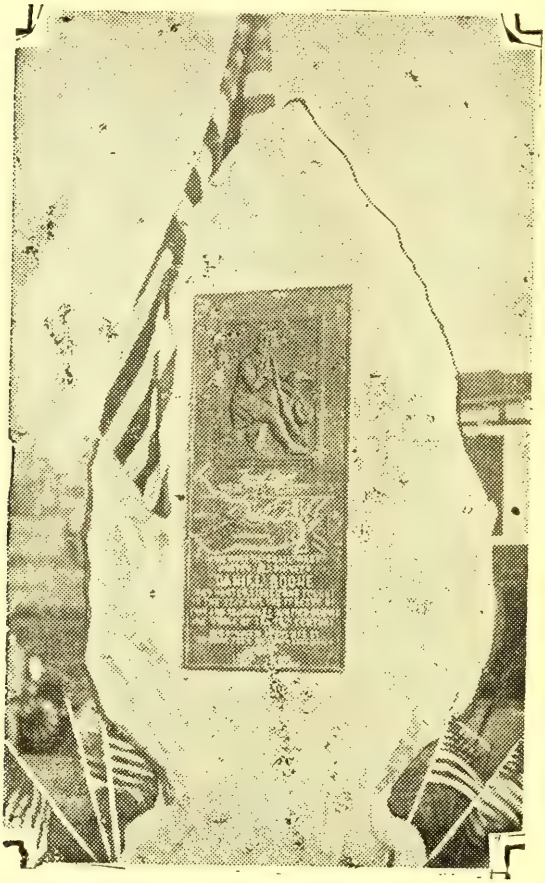
My childish terror of the Lord shall cease;
And my dread fear of blind and horrid fate;
And from my sin I shall have sure release
Because in heaven She is my advocate.

—Bennett Weaver.

THE OLD TRADING PATH

Indian Heads to Mark an Historic Route Across the State from the Mountains to the Sea.

By Old Hurrygraph



Picture of the marker located at Winston-Salem, and is shown on a large map, on which are laid out the old trail into the Appalachian mountains and the Boone trail into Kentucky.

The Boone Trail Association, of which J. Hampton Rich, is the indefatigable secretary and director, has undertaken a new work in connection with this record of historic facts, which are to leave foot-prints along the shores of time. The western part of the State has been pretty

well delineated by Indian heads, showing the journeying of Daniel Boone, the pioneer, through that part of the State. Now this part of the State is to be exploited. The Indian trail, known as the Old Trading Path, is to be defined with Indian arrow heads, which will mark an historic route across the State from the Great Smoky Mountain Park to the sea—the pathway over which passed Indian traders and white traders in the 17th and 18th centuries to tidewater.

Mr. Rich has been in Durham conferring with Dr. W. K. Boyd, Duke university history professor, and the approximate spot at which the old Indian Trading Path crossed State highway No. 55, on the Durham-Roxboro road, about 10 miles north of Durham, was fixed upon for the erection of an arrow head marker. The work will be done under the auspices of the State Historical Society and Duke University. It will be in shape of a huge Indian arrow head, and built of stone similar to that used in the construction of the new buildings at Duke university, and will be 10 feet high, four and a half feet across and will have a bronze plate imbedded in the front.

The new move on the part of the Boone Trail Association has awakened renewed interest in historical events in this section. Daniel Boone, when he made this notable trip through Durham county, was traveling from his home in what is now Davidson county to the eastern part of the State, and the journey was made in the year 1756.

MOTHER'S LOVE

Her love is like an island
  In life's ocean, vast and wide,
A peaceful, quiet shelter
  From the wind, and rain, and tide.

'Tis bound on the north by Hope,
  By Patience on the west
By tender Counsel on the south,
  And on the east by Rest.

Above it like a beacon light
  Shine faith, and truth, and prayer;
And through the changing scenes of life,
  I find a haven there.—Author Unknown.

FOUNDER OF MOTHERS DAY

(Charity And Children)

The name of the founder of Mothers Day is Anna Jarvis, a native of West Virginia, but a resident now of Philadelphia. She resolved to set aside a day in the month of May of each year as a memorial to her mother. On that day she selected a white flower and wore it—a fitting emblem, she thought, of the love and devotion between mother and child.

Her friends became interested and asked her to arrange a service in which their entire community might have a part. "Why not make it a national celebration of the debt owed to mothers—a tribute of deference and respect not only to absent mothers but to all mothers and the home?"

Thus out of Miss Jarvis' own personal sorrow came the idea of Mothers Day. The first observance was in Philadelphia. Other cities soon recognized the day and gradually the celebration of Mothers Day spread over the entire country. It struck a popular chord. Honoring the memory of mother and a time set for doing honor to her was a universal need and met with instant and favorable response.

In 1914 Miss Jarvis called on a member of the House of Representatives and requested him to introduce a resolution providing for a day to be known and observed as Mothers Day. In the same year a similar resolution was introduced and passed, the Senate commending Mothers Day for the observance of the day by the President of the United States and his cabinet, and by other heads of government departments. In accordance with this suggestion President Wilson issued a proclamation setting aside the second Sunday in May as Mothers Day as a national day of remembrance.

Since that time the celebration of Mothers Day has spread to all parts of Europe, Japan, China, Africa, Palestine and other countries. Churches and various denominations hold special services on the 2nd Sunday in May. The President of the United States is an honorary officer of an association which has been formed and the Governor of each state is an honorary vice-president.

If I thought that a smile of mine
Might linger the whole day through,
And lighten some heart with a heavier part,
I'd not withhold it,—
Would you?

—Selected.

MOTHER

The following quotations are from "Mothers of Famous Men," by Archer Wallace, a Richard R. Smith publication.

"All that I am, or hope to be, I owe to my angel mother."—A. Lincoln.

"I think it must somewhere be written, that the virtues of the mothers shall be visited on their children, as well as the sins of their fathers." —Charles Dickens.

"I wrote to my mother every day, from 1877 until her death in 1925." —Lord Haldane.

"A man never sees all that his mother has been to him till it's too late to let her know that he sees it." —W. D. Howells.

"If the whole world were put into one scale, and my mother in the other, the whole world would kick the beam."—Lord Langdale.

"The mother's heart is the child's schoolroom."—Henry Ward Beecher.

"I would desire for a friend the son who never resisted the tears of his mother."—Lacretalle.

"One lamp, thy mother's love, amid the stars shall lift its pure flame changless, and before the throne of God burn through eternity."—N. P. Willis.

"In after life you may have friends—fond, dear friends; but never will you have again the inexpressible and gentleness lavished upon you which none but a mother bestows."—Lord Macaulay.

THE MOTHER OF THE HOUSE

Strength and dignity are her clothing,
And she laugheth at the time to come.
She openeth her mouth to wisdom;
And the law of kindness is in her tongue.
She looketh well to the ways of her household,
And eateth not the bread of idleness;
Her children rise up and call her blessed,
Her husband, also, and he praiseth her, saying:
"Many daughters have done virtuously,
But thou excellest them all."

—Proverbs '1: 25-29.

TRIBUTE TO MOTHERS

By Amos J. Traver

Our topic does not go further than to appeal for fair play for our parents. The golden rul is the finest statement of the rules of the game of life. He who keeps this rule to the letter in regard to his parents must be a good son. It is possible to keep the letter of a rule without discovering its spirit. The Christian son and daughter will go farther than to do as well for their parents as their parents have done for them. Parents may be given their three meals a day in old age and still be starved for love. If we would be children as Jesus would have us be, we will seek constantly opportunities for the expression of our love. A good additional rule to follow would be to ask, "If Jesus were in my place what would be His attitude toward my parents?" Almost the last expressed thought of Jesus before His death was for His mother.

Parental love is the most unselfish in the world. Dr. J. B. Baker in "Sermons of Our Mothers" says, "Neglect your business and it will leave you, neglect your garden and it will starve you, neglect your engine and it will wreck you, neglect your mother and she will love you—love you though her heart lies bleeding in the dust." Well said! Such love demands a return of love. In a like sense to the response of love from our hearts to God, we may say of our parents, "We love them because they first loved us." How they prize every expression of our love! "Clem Studebaker, the head of the first generation in charge of the great Studebaker corporation, called on his mother every morning, and if out of town, called her on the phone or sent her a telegram." This is the kind of sonship that brings bright days to parents who have given their best in love to their children.

Parents who fail in their attitude toward their children, usually fail because they have not been willing to sacrifice. It does mean that the whole program of life is adjusted when a baby comes into the home. Before that the parents are able to go out together. They had only themselves to consider. With the advent of the baby this is all changed. The days become too short for mother's varied duties. Dread monotony may come with the strict routine of bottles, baths, laundry, naps and the like. No child ever knows how many things parents have to give up till becoming a parent years later. Often it is too late then to make up to unappreciated parents. Children, too, can give up some cherished plans to make possible sharing an evening with their parents. Does daughter have many dresses and mother few? Could son go without a new coat that one may be bought for father? Parents will not suggest these sacrifices but the Christian attitude towards our parents will help us discover how we may return some of the sacrifices our parents have made.

When we were young we used to drive in the old canopy-top behind our plodding horse, "Fanny," through the little village of Van Hornsville, N. Y.. It was a dingy,

unpainted, little town, as unattractive as one could imagine. Today it is a beautiful, up-to-date town. Electric power to turn its machinery and light its streets and homes, the finest school buildings for its size in America, a beautiful park, with swimming pool and playgrounds, white painted home in rich green setting of shrubs, a model town! Owen D. Young is the miracle worker who has made his birthplace a garden of delight. He has done all this as a tribute of love to his mother. More than this he finds time in his busy life to come home often to his mother. He introduces her to his friends with pride. Humble as her tastes are, he treats her as a queen. By his care of her he measures his manhood even more than by his achievements in international finance.

Archer Wallace tells the story of the mother of John Ashworth, later mayor of Rochdale, England, and author of "Strange Tales." His father was a drunkard and his mother was the one great, good influence in his life. He was to receive a prize in Sunday school for faithful attendance and his mother having nothing else out of which to make a shirt for him used a bag. In large letters "wool" was printed across it. She tried her best to get it out but when he stood before the school, there on his breast stood the telltale letters "wool." It was too much for the children and even the teachers joined in the laugh. He hardly knew what was the matter but finally as he looked on the sea of faces, one stood out, drawn in pain and he knew that something was hurting his mother. Then a strange thing happened. For a minute he forgot the sea of faces and in his heart he made a solemn resolution, "O God," he said "if I live to be a man, I will be such a good man that my mother will not be ashamed of me."

Any child that starts out with that spirit will bring honor in full payment for the honor his parents have done him. Nothing is more dispicable than to be ashamed of one's parents.

Any parents worthy of the name will delight most in the quality of the lives of their children. It will not be their possessions that will be the greatest source of satisfaction. "I have a good boy" or "I have a good girl"—those are the boasts of truly satisfied parents. There is a religious side to the relationship of children to parents that is too easily forgotten. How many anxious parents would lose the lines of care from their faces and the stoop of weariness from their walk if they knew that their children were regular attendants at Sunday school and church and that in their daily life they were striving to be Christlike. The fathers of the Wesleys wrote to his eldest son, "Endeavor to repay your mother's prayers for you by doubling yours for her, as well as your fervency in them; above all things, live such a virtuous and religious life that she may find her care and love have not been lost upon you, but that we may all meet in heaven. In short, reverence her and love her as much as you will, which I hope will be as much as you can. For though I should be jealous of any other rival in your heart, yet will I not be of her: the more duty you pay her, and the more frequently and kindly you write her, the more you will please your affectionate father."

MY GREAT ADVENTURE

By A Match

I was merely a youngster, scarcely old enough to be a member of the heavy artillery when Colonel Carelessboy issues orders that removed my regiment from the peaceful quietude of the steel match container to an encampment on a warm plateau formed by a steel radiator cover.

I rested peacefully during the day, but just as the grandfather clock in the hall chimed "one" I was roused from my restless dreams of battle by a dull but ever increasing head ache.

My eyes were flaming proofs of crimson and my poor head threatened to explode as the burning waves of fever rolled unceasingly over my frame.

Suddenly within my very soul, there awoke the lust to crush, to kill and devour. My spirit was so flooded with this uncontrolable passion, that, uttering the crackling laugh of the maniac, I leapt upon my sleeping comrades and devoured them, throwing the fiery sparks of my hatred far and near.

With the agility of the trained athlete I leapt to a piece of costly tapestry suspended from the ceiling and there I gouged, twisted, and tore until the flames of my desire had left only a smouldering rag where once there had been beauty and art.

The weights of the tapestry threw me upon the floor, and, from this advantageous position, I quickly crawled to a door sill and there I found some juicy tidbits of pure lightwood. I was increased by such delicious and fattening food that, in the space of five minutes, I had grown to monstrous proportions.

Then came the realization of my hatred for these human beings who cared so little for my unlimited power; and I crackled with Fiendish glee as I leapt up the one and only stair case in the house, leaving the pillaging to my representatives while I searched for the bedrooms.

Soon the house was a roaring mass of flame and my body quivered with the thrill of victory for I had trapped Col. Carelessboy and the rest of the family in their sleeping quarters. I still sparkle with delight as I think how foolish those foolish human beings became frightened and like beasts leapt into the red hot maw of my wrath falling like so many cinders at my feet.

Someone had turned in the fire alarm and now blue coated men who knew no fear struggled to drive the life giving air from my body by using water and smelly chemicals that so smothered the very spirit from my poor embers.

Was, I, in all my fiery splendor to be checked so easily? Ah, no! I sent out squadrons under capable commanders to neighboring roofs where they started cheery blazes to leaping over the dry wooden shingles and my spirit roasted within me as I realized how easily these old firetraps burned.

Then came the dawn and my dying flames leapt hither and thither among the blackened ruins of a dozen houses made of timber, that is becoming more scarce every day due to my unmerciful pillaging.

Just as the Blue Coats were about to deliver by death blow I recalled

a passage from a book that I had consumed which told me in no uncertain terms, that the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children even unto the third and fourth generations.

Then with my past failing strength I wrote among the crumbling walls, "Verily, I say unto you that the carelessness of one man shall be visited upon his neighbors even unto the third and fourth block."

Every year thousands of acres of virgin timber land are sacrificed unto me. I steal millions of dollars worth of property from under the very noses of the people of the United States, and, yearly, I take a heavy toll of lives as a living sacrifice.

I will keep demanding your lives, property and timberlands until every man, woman, and child in the United States of America appoints himself a committee of one to see that I have no chance to give vent to my destructive nature.

Z. L. R.

THE WEEKLY LETTER

I was sitting in the lobby of a hotel with an old friend. Our paths had not crossed for many a year. I soon learned that death had invaded the home and broken the family circle. But he had a son and a daughter left. The daughter was keeping house for him and was with him on the occasion of our brief visit. I inquired about the son and was told that he had been married a few years before and had moved to New York. I soon saw by the expression on the father's face that he was very proud of his son. His countenance brightened and he was eager to talk. I had touched a warm spot. The father started on what proved to be a long, but by no means an uninteresting story.

The son and his wife lived in a small flat in the nation's metropolis. They were adding to their furniture a piece now and a piece then, just as they happened to have the money. Then the father came to the part that gave him the greatest delight. It was to the effect that ever since the son had left home he had been writing his father each week. The week before the son, being very busy, did not get to write until late, and fearing the letter would not arrive at the desired time, put a special delivery stamp on it. The father's chest swelled with justifiable pride as he recounted the devotion of his son. It was apparent that he was not so much concerned about the complete furnishing of the home as that his son should not forget him whose love was like that of a mother. Many a tale like that could be told, and each one of them make a brighter home and a better world.

—Young Folks.

THE NEWLY RICH IN A JAZZ AGE

N. C. Christian Advocate

The crudeness and the vulgarity of the average American who has made some little advance in the upward climb on the social ladder are manifest all about us. In the colleges and universities, with the rarest exceptions, and in our towns and cities the silly parade and the vulgar display grate on the sensibilities of all who cherish high standards of goodness and beauty and truth. Many who are innocent of any material accumulations follow the procession and try to live like the rich —they become a part of the crowd that keeps step with the jazz.

Folks who have been forced to live hard, with little appreciation of these fine delicate elements of life which come with ease and comfort and culture, are apt to make fools of themselves when they begin to play the part of the rich. A rustic always shows up most unfavorably alongside of a man with Sir Roger instincts. One of these veneer gentlemen at a frolic in a tuxedo makes a spectacle; a group of them caught in the jazz is a most ludicrous spectacle. Then, too, this newly rich crowd will most certainly overdo the situation. They know not the quiet reserve and needed restraint of genuine culture.

The American tourists, by their loud, coarse speech and vulgar display of wealth, have made themselves objects of jest and the butt of ridicule among the older and more cultured peoples of Europe. They are also treated with a silent contempt by the finest and best at home. People who know real culture and have been accustomed to something do not have to become one with the loud and vulgar newly rich. They are free from all such. A case in point:

The news dispatches from Raleigh last week made mention of the presence at the capital of Mrs. Maude Howe Elliot, daughter of Julia Ward Howe, the author of the Battle Hymn of the Republic, who sat in the rear of the hall of the House of Representatives and saw the men legislate. The reporter made this observation:

Both by blood and marriage Mrs. Elliot is quite somebody. But she came and went out with no pageantry and the house did not know that for this hour it had entertained one of the really beautiful spirits of the country.

Would that our schools and colleges, our better and more cultured people, might set themselves against the vulgarity and the extravagence so manifest on every hand. The loud and crude hold sway among those who know little save the pageantry and the parade incident to material display. Shattered conventions and unbridled restraints are the shame of many of their insistant demands for the unrestrained freedom of this age of jazz. The vulgar crowd needs help. How pitiful is ignorance! How exasperating are those of the noisy, vulgar crowd, obsessed with the glamour of material things, as they trample upon all that is finest and best and truest and holiest in life and in our religion!

THE FOE OF YOUTH

By Kendall Emerson, M.D.

Under a new plan of attack on disease, the fourteen hundred tuberculosis associations of the United States are to begin April 1st an intensive effort to fight tuberculosis in the sector of youth. For despite the general reduction of the death rate from this disease in the last twenty years, it still kills more persons between 18 and 35 than any other cause, and has the high death rate of 120 per 100,000 in the age group of 20 to 24, while among the population as a whole, the rate is only 76.

Boys and girls have been discovered in active high school work, leaders in athletics and scholarship, apparently in good health, but actually with tuberculoisis smoldering within them, soon to break into flame. Modern scientific progress has brought with it the tuberculin test and the X-ray, and by these aids physicians discover cases in time to check the disease—even before any symptoms are noticeable.

Thus we have the means to arm youth against his enemy. Today, as of old, the place for David to strike Goliath is at the point of Intelligence. The best weapon is the stone of Knowledge.

This is how tuberculosis begins its attack on youth: In childhood, before the age of fifteen is reached, fully 25 per cent already have the germs in their bodies. In most cases, resistance is sufficient to ward off serious damage. But in others—and nobody knows by merely looking at them which ones they are—the damage is already done, but it is so slight there are no signs. This is called the "childhood type of tuberculosis." It was the subject of last year's campaign by the tuberculosis associations of the United States.

Now we pass to the next stage—the one which may follow if the warning of the previous condition has not been heeded, and steps taken to prevent what often follows. Boys and girls approach the twenties, some of them with slightly damaged lungs, though nobody knows it. They enter a period of great intensity in school and social life, flushed with joy of living. The strain of these days, if too great, results in the situation just described—active, raging tuberculosis which has made serious inroads while the student may still be at work in the study and in the gymnasium apparently well. A few years later we see the result in the steeply mounting death rate curve during the twenties.

The success attending efforts to reduce the toll of tuberculosis—it has been cut in half in the last twenty years—is convincing evidence that this new effort to concentrate on the youth of the country will save thousands of lives.

There are many persons who think Sunday is a sponge with which to wipe out the sins of the week.

PLANTS FROM JAPAN

By Marion Brownfield

Not many of us can travel to the land of the cherry blossom. But a number of the lovely Japanese trees, shrubs and flowers have been adopted in our own land. So if we open our eyes, we can see some of the beauty of the plant-loving Nipponese.

The Japanese cherish gardens with the same pride that the English do. The luxuriant and graceful growth that comes after years of care is a feature of many celebrated parks and gardens in Japan. Wistaria, with immense trellises to support them are one of the delights of sight-seeing tourists. The Japanese appreciate the beauty of water in a garden. So if there is not any there naturally, they make artificial brooks, water-falls and pools, if ever so tiny, to reflect the beauty of their flowers and plants. Wistaria vines, with blossoms hanging in bell or grapelike clusters, are exquisitely reflected in water. Japanese, iris, too, are nearly always grouped around a pool.

The cherry blossom is probably the best known of native Japanese fruit trees, because of the festivals held in its honor. And even the cherry tree is planted by water, in Japan, as this little Japanese verse shows:

"Admire them while you may—
The cherry drops its petals, and
The water wheel its spray."

Many varieties of cherries grown in Japan, as elsewhere, and another Japanese poet says,

"Now cherries blossom forth,
And deck the valleys of the south
The valleys of the north."

In our country we plant cherries in orchards for food, but in Japan, many are planted as a decorative shrub like the rosy Japanese flowering peach, growing in this country. Recently, in Los Angeles, a Japanese in appreciation of his adopted land presented the city with five hundred rare red cherry blossom trees to be planted in a city park. The cherry tree is a very near relative of the plum, which is beloved of the Japanese. Indeed, "Plum Blossom" is a girl's name in Japan, and Satsuma, famous for its plum trees, which we grow in the United States, too.

The climate of Japan, while semi-tropical, is remarkably like that of the North American continent. Consequently we can grow such trees as the pine, chestnut, oak, beech, elm, elder, sycamore, maple and cypress. The Japanese have many varieties of dwarf pines which they grow in rock gardens. Their oaks include both the deciduous and evergreen. Famous forests of big oaks and pines grow at Yezo. We grow the Japanese flowering maple as shrub, here. And in Southern California some of the more tropical Japanese shrubs are successfully grown in sheltered spots. These include the banana, the sago palm and the camphor tree with its pinkish shiny green leaves, which have the characteristic camphor odor when crushed in the hand. Bamboo, too, is grown in Southern California for it is quite hardy. Big stalks furnish material for dainty Japanese furniture, while the tender tips are used as a vegetable in chop

suey and other Oriental dishes.

Other plants that furnish food for the Japanese as well as Americans are potatoes, wheat, barley, maize, rice, turnips, peas and beans. Japanese farmers are very neat and careful and get good results from volcanic soil by rotating their crops and dressing them well.

The Japanese rose (kerria japonica) ica) and the Japanese lilac are two handsome shrubs that grow on our Pacific coast as well as on their own native island. Kerria is not really a rose—but has quantities of double yellow flowers and sharply toothed bright green leaves. Japanese lilac is popularly known as buddleya. It has spikey blossoms like our own lilac, some of which are white and others deep purple. While it grows about the heighth or larger than our own lilac, the leaves are much more slender, resembling a peach leaf in shape. But they are a dull green backed with a grayish white. The buddleya, or Japanese lilac attracts so many butterflies, that it is called butterfly bush.

Some of our loveliest flowers come from Japan. Probably best known is the chrysanthemum. The Japanese sometimes grow a single plant in a procelain pot and make it as lovely a home ornament as we do a fern. Many varieties and colors from the big shaky yellow 'mum to the rosy button flower are grown. But the native Japanese chrysanthemum is also found in China and India. The Japanese are very fond of lilies. Besides the iris, which we have, what we call the "Easter lily" is grown outdoors by the acre in Japan. Many bulbs, in fact, are exported to the United States where we grow them in green houses. The gold banded lily now grown here, too, outdoors in California, is one of the loveliest of Japanese flowers because of its fragrance and the gold bands striping each crimson spotted white petal. In shape it resembles our field lilies that bloom in July. Another Japanese flower that we grow only under glass, except in the South, is the beautiful pink and white camellia.

The hyderangea is native of both Japan and the southern part of our country. A variety with very big blossoms was also introduced into England from Japan. The blue color is said to be due to peat and iron in the soil, and explains why some people put rusty nails around their hydrangea shrubs!

Among the wild flowers of Japan, that we grow in gardens are the Japanese wind flower or anemone, the Japanese clematis and the columbine.

OUR MOTHERS

O, magical word, may it never die from the lips that love to speak it,
Nor melt away from the trusting hearts that even would break to keep it,
Was there ever a name that lived like thine! Will there ever be another?
The angels in heaven have reared a shrine to the holy name of Mother.

—Author Unknown.

"ONLY GOD CAN MAKE A TREE"-BUT WE CAN HELP

Liberty Magazine

Calvin Coolidge, writing for the newspapers, suggested the other day that the government might do well to meet any future acute condition of unemployment by going in for an enlarged system of reforestation.

He pointed out that we have only about 140,000,000 acres of virgin forest left out of an original 800,000-000, and we are cutting this timber off about four times as fast as natural growth will replace it. Forest fires take even more than we cut: one way and another, 22.000,000 acres a year are removed.

It probably would not be wise to start a lot of government work to provide employment where it is not actually needed. But reforestation certainly is something to think abou.t

Usually it takes half a century—more or less depending on the kind of timber—to reforest a cut-over tract of land. Of course the individual farmer or other land owner is loath to go in for an enterprise which can not yield returns for fifty years.

But the government to whom fifty years are as yesterday when it is past, can afford it—especially since while the fifty years are going on the government is deriving benefits from the slowly growing timber.

Leaving out the ultimate value of lumber in its familiar uses, trees have an even greater virtue in their effect on climate. A forest acts as a sort of sponge. Water which finds its way into timbered land by way of springs, streams, or rain doesn't evaporate as fast as does that in comparatively bare ground. It trickles out gradually through the summer, instead of producing floods in spring, followed by summer droughts—both of which are disastrous.

Forests make for regulation of landmoisture and slow evaporation into clouds, which in turn produces beneficial rain.

A striking contrast to the benefits of forested land is provided by China, where they have needed wood for centuries and have cut it away. No doubt this is a prime reason why China is constantly facing floods and droughts—and, consequently, famines.

We are going in the same direction, and it is not at all impossible to foresee the day when we shall be in the same fix.

Still another advantage of government reforestation would be its tendency to diminish over-production on the farms.

A lot of land which used to be forest has been cleared in recent years and given to the rising of poor or mediocre crops. The farmers who have tilled this land have just managed to struggle along.

If the government stepped in, this land could be transformed from bad farms into good forests, on which, no doubt, at least some of the present occupants could be put to work for Uncle Sam. And, with these marginal acres removed, there would be less farm land and the position of the remaining farmers would be more

fortunate.

If we could throw more farsightedness into our farm problem, and instead of appropriating money to buy up wheat and dump it abroad, could buy up some of the land that raises the surplus wheat, we should find ourselves better off.

It must be admitted that up to now the policy of the administration in this direction has been a complete failure. Here, proposed by a former President, is a scheme which, if entered into energetically, would help the farmer, diminish unemployment, and give us a better climate. It seems like a gift from Santa Claus, but it's all true and logical.

Other countries have seen the value of reforestation on a large scale. All we are doing at the moment is to consider some plans for reforestation in the far west. Little if any is proposed in the east, where there is a greater need for it, and least of all in the drought states, where it is needed most of all.

THE WATCHER—MOTHER

She always leaned to watch for us,
  Anxious if we were late,
In winter by the window,
  In summer by the gate.

And though we mocked her tenderly,
  Who had such foolish care,
The long way home would seem more safe
  Because she waited there.

Her thoughts were all so full of us—
  She never could forget!
And so I think that where she is
  She must be watching yet.

Waiting till we come to her,
  Anxious if we are late—
Watching from heaven's window,
  Leaning from heaven's gate.

—Margaret Widdemer.

TEACHING LOYALTY TO AMERICA TO AMERICAN YOUTH

By Elizabeth Divine Horne

Mrs. Mary Bennett Little is at the age of three score, a living embodiment of the fast-disappearing spiritual qualities developed by a fine reverence for tradition. All her life she has been a tender of home fires, and loyalty is the lodestars on which her attention has always been riveted.

A daughter of Col. Risden Tyler Bennett, that magnificent soldier who was at 22 a colonel in the Confederate army, she early learned to love the Lost Cause and everything for which the southern forces fought and died. Partly through her father's influence and partly through that inherent loyalty which every true southerner feels for Dixie and its legend, Mrs. Little became thoroughly imbued with an unrelenting love for the Confederacy.

It was natural that she should have been chosen as the first president of the Anson county chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy. For 27 years she held this position, working unceasingly for the ideals of the organization. Meantime she served as state treasurer and later as president, and from 1916 to 1919 she was the treasurer of the general body. Mrs. Little is well-known all over the country for her deep interest in the Daughters of the Confederacy and never, until recent years had she missed a convention; indeed, those meetings are rare that have not known her enthusiastic and encouraging presence.

The Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution has also come in for a share of this busy woman's time and attention but it is in the work of the American War Mothers that Mrs. Little has been more particularly interested for the past 10 years.

When the United States entered the World War, Mrs. Little herself, became in her turn an ancestor and a maker, in addition to a preserver, of tradition. Thus as a matter of course she developed an absorbing interest in the work of that association of women whose sons had gone through the hell of war. Soon after the formation of the American War Mothers, Mrs. Little was tendered the honor of national vice president and is now performing the duties of the national chairman of welfare.

In this capacity she has visited practically all the federal prisons from coast to coast and many other penal institutions as well. From this point of vantage she has obtained a close-up of history in the rough and she sees modern youth as irreverent and in dire need of a guiding hand to set him on the path of law-keeping in his formative years. It is the lack of this respect for law and order that is responsible for the over-crowded condition of prisons today, Mrs. Little believes. Deeply hurt by the indifference and flippancy of the youth of today toward the values of the past, she was inspired by the zeal of the reformer to conceive and launch the Keeplaws lea-

gue.

In the spring of 1929 Warden Lewis E. Lawes of Sing Sing wrote Mrs. Little that "the most useful thing the women of the country could do would be to start movement among children for lawmaking." Accordingly because of her first-hand knowledge of prison inmates, their life stories and environments, and actuated by Warden Lawes letter. Mrs. Little felt that the time was ripe for a movement which would inspire in children a respect for constituted authority that would develop them into good citizens instead of denizens of prisons and reformatories. In April, 1929, the formal inauguration of the Keeplaws league took place in the Wadesboro high school auditorium, with Capt. Chaplain Zimmerman of Fort Bragg, as the chief speaker of the day. Present for the event were well-known men and women from all parts of the state, and representatives of various civic, patriotic, and religious organizations.

The founder of Keeplaws says that her league is the first practical answer to President Hoover's plea for teaching law-keeping to the young. Its aim is the ounce of prevention dedicated to an effort to teach children to obey the laws of home, school, and country." "Its underlying philosophy," says The Manufacturers Record, "being that adults are hard to influence but that if children are taught respect for and obedience to laws, there will be less criminality in the future."

The American War Mothers are the active promoters of the league and the plan has been formally indorsed by the governors of North Carolina, Arkansas, New Mexico, Idaho, by many state superintendents of public instruction, by posts of the Amercan Legion, Daughters of the American Revolution, and by the United Daughters of the Confederacy. Teachers, ministers, prominent officials of various kinds, including Sanford Bates, commissioner of corrections of Massachusetts, supreme court judges, lawyers, and private citizens are warm in their praise of the scheme and are desirous of seeing it put into wide operation.

Keeplaws is fostered by the schools and has a military setup with the head of the schools as major, the teacher as captain, and each grade a company. The organization collects no dues, charges no admission; its profits are of the soul. Some group in every community sponsors the league, buys and distributes the necessary materials which they obtain at cost from headquarters. To further the objects plan the originator has complied a unique calendar in which the motto "Obedience to Law is Liberty, is given a conspicuous place. Copies have been sent to every governor in the United States and to numerous schools in all parts of the country.

Each month is devoted to some special hint or help for school or other rooms, for Keeplaws, although primarily intended for children, has an adult auxiliary also. For example, January is set apart for our governors, and quotes one as saying, "I ask the helpful cooperation of all the members of the Keeplaws league in placing our state at the top in law-keeping." February is dedicated to the hearthstones, our country's securest foundation, and strongest

bulwark. March centers around the children of the nation and April on the American War Mothers. May asks the pertinent question, "Judges of the law, do you ever visit prisons?" June is given over to highway studies and explains that "signals give everybody a chance." July reminds us to take an inventory of our rights and privileges as citizens of the greatest nation on earth. The lesson of the good Samaritan is told in August. September tell us of every town's obligations. School children are asked to know their talents in October. November turns our minds to the Armistice and the flag, and the calendar closes with December as the season of joy and brotherly love when purses are opened to the unfortunate.

In order that Keeplaws may have a broader appeal, Mrs. Little has offered several prizes to promote the interests of the society. The chapter of the American War Mothers placing the largest number of Keeplaws calendars in schools will receive a reward of $20. The chamber of commerce or other civic body arranging for the best use of the Keeplaws league in its city will be awarded the second prize. The third, known as the Founder's medal, will be given to the person sending in the finest suggestions for a 1932 calendar. This medal is given in memory of that great soldier, Robert E. Lee, class of 1829, who did not receive a single demerit during his stay at West Point.

The league should receive impetus from President Hoover's commendation. At an interview granted Mrs. Little on October 31, 1929, the president told her that he was glad to hear of any effort made toward law-keeping, especially among the young. His conference time was limited, so on the following day he had his secretary, George Akerson, write Mrs. Little more fully of his views, and from that letter we read: "The president is of course, greatly interested in law observance and wishes to give every encouragement to movements leading in that direction. He wishes you every success in your efforts."

"The league could be a help in national defense," says its promulgator, "for America's children are the first line of national defense." She further gives it as her opinion that "if the women of the land, especially mothers, would settle down to the natural and God-given task of rearing children and training them in their early and impressionable years, the life of the world would soon feel the changes."

The state is coming into a realization of the great work for law observance started by Mrs. Little and this fact is evidenced by the increasing number of places that are taking over the scheme. The United Daughters of the Confederacy among the organizations, and the schools of Wadesboro, Monroe, Shelby have adopted the plan, and more than 30 others are practically ready to enroll under the Keeplaws banner. Outside North Carolina, Wallace, Idaho, Norfolk, Va., and Milwakee, are registered as members of the league, which indicates its ever widening influence. Inquiries come to the originator of the plan almost daily and prospects are bright for its future. "In short, there is no reason, "says a big daily of the state, "why her Keeplaws organization should not spread over the nation. With train-

ing of the mind of the youth in the direction pointed out by Mrs. Little, the day may come when a monument may be erected to her memory as the originator of a movement that developed the United States into one of the most law-abiding nations in the world. Great Britain, and Canada not excepted.''

The founder of Keeplaws realizes that her plans is far from perfect and welcomes suggestions for its improvement. She was induced by the ever-increasing number of young prisoners and the drop in the age limit of those committed to penal institutions to make some beginning to remedy this crying evil. As a member of the woman's special committee of the American Prison congress and other bodies for crime prevention approved by Mr. Wickersham, Mrs. Little appears well-fitted for the work she has inaugurated. She feels her inadequacy, however, in this undertaking, but is encouraged by knowing that any sincere effort to help the condition of those in prisons is appreciated and brings about good.

FRIENDSHIP

Friends are worth so much—
  So much more than gold.
Though we are always making new,
  Never trade them for the old.

They are always cheerful,
  They brighten up the way;
Friends do us so much kindness
  That we can ne'er repay.

Just a word of comfort,
  Just a helpful phrase,
Makes a friend more happy
  In life's darkest ways.

So let's keep the ship a-sailing,
  Friendship never fails,
Though the course prove rough and stormy,
  It will weather all the gales.

—Evelyn Bingaman.

HONOR ROLL FOR APRIL

Room No. 1

—A—

A. J. Allen, Graham Bost, Fern Dunlap, Phil Gibson, Francis Hart, Thomas Bryan, Goldston Dark, Linwood Dorman, David Fountain, John Garrett, Willard Johnson, and Noble Lauth.

—B—

Vance Alexander, Dwight Brewer, Henry Cottle, Bill Goss, Burnie Lassiter, Clyde Small, Eugene Wright, William Barkley, Robert Batts, Terrell Cannon, James Davis, Ian French, Oley Gilbert, Leslie Hunter, Raymond Hinson, David McLamb, Morris Talbert, Andrew Watson, and William P. Yow.

Room No. 2

—A—

Wendell Haddock, Clyde Kivette, Walter Sistar, Howard Fralix, and Harry Hill.

—B—

Russell Smith, James Maddry, James Medlin, Charlie McMillian, and Clinton Whitehurst.

Room No. 3

—A—

Dan McCausley, George Hill, Sam Smallwood, Sidney Logan, James Bundy, Harvey Causey, Charles Morrow, and Floyd Woods.

—B—

Lee Fox, Pinkey Wrenn, Lee Tucker, H. W. Rabon, Claude Conrad, Thomas Hicks, and Cecil Farr.

Room No. 4

—A—

Hiram Boughman, Jesse Brewer, Wayne Coble, Glenn Connor, Jack Harris, Marshall Hartsell, Garland Hicks, Robert Hill, Frank Jackson, Jim Kellam, Alva Littleton, Garland Mangum, Hurley Miller, Miller Morris, J. R. Morrow, Hermon Nunnery, James Ransom, Charles Smathers, Woodrow Spruill, Robert Smith, Carl Story, William Wade, and Zebbie Ellis.

—B—

Leory Bowers, Jimmie Camden, James Chappell, James Clemmons, Ted DeVinney, Russell Ferris, Horice Gardner, Boyce Green, Hershell Hollifield, Paul Icard, Irving McBride, Homer Smith, Buford Shipman, Jack Webster, David Odell White, and Hurley Holder.

Room No. 5

—A—

Parlie Boone, Marvin Tallent, Junior Hoyle, Harvard Winn, Haywood Journigan, Pedro Poteat, Charles Reid Hodgin, Harrison Owen, Curtis Holshouser, Lee West, William Handford, John Flannery, Ray Terres, Verlin Cutshall, and Hurbert Plemmons.

—B—

Robert Benfield, Earnest Greene, Edgar Lee White, Robert Branch, Gordon Parker, Howard Falk, Jack Williams, Paul Sadler, James Jones, Grady Kennedy, Woodrow Murray, Woodrow Denton, Lee Shields, James Marsh, Jim Turnage, William Allen, Nevin Little, Charlie Goodman, and Charles Wagoner.

Room No. 6

—A—

Lawrence Cayton, John Philips, Frank Lett, James Allison, Hubert Gray, Frank Overby, Tom McCausley, Astor Davis, Lawrence Dorsett, Allen Braddock, and James Finley.

—B—

Melvin Gautier, Lawrence Young,

Starling Crews, Amos Newsome, Bill Pennell, Kester Supthin, Edward Fisher, William Roberts, John York, and James Byers.

Room No. 7

—A—

Robert Futrel, Lewis Hanner, Herman Hamrick, William Mills, Ralph Bradley, Jesse McLaughlin, Claude McLaughlin, Henry Irby, Floyd Causey, John Kelley, Allen Barrett, Hurley, Clarence Deal, Bobbie Poole, Huylen, Clarence Deal, Bobbie Poole, Earnest Wright, Rucus Lucus, B. L. Ransome.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Lisk, members of our staff, started on their annual vacation trip last Tuesday morning.

—o—

Mrs. Pearl Young, matron in charge of the King's Daughters' Cottage, returned to the school last week after spending an enjoyable vacation with her daughters in Washington, D. C.

—o—

Dr. D. G. Caldwell, Cabarrus County Physician, and one of his assistants, opened the 1931 typhoid campaign at the Training School last Tuesday afternoon, by administering typhoid vaccine to 161 boys. The Cabarrus County Health Department has always been very good to the school in this respect, vaccinating from 150 to 250 boys each year.

—o—

Perry Quinn, one of our boys, was seriously injured last Sunday upon returning to the cottage after Sunday School. He was struck quite a serious blow on the back of the head, with a bat in the hands of one of his cottage boys. He was taken to the Concord Hospital for treatment, and we are glad to say that the doctors report that he is getting along very nicely.

Through the efforts of Mr. Smith, Superintendent of Public Welfare, of Cleveland County, Cecil Bailey secured employment several months ago, with a Mr. Black, a farmer of that community. Letters from both the boy and his employer seem to indicate a happy placement. Mr Black writes that if we had any more boys for placement he would like to obtain the services of another.

—o—

Dr. E. B. Lewis, former president of Scotia Seminary, Concord, who is now residing in Pittsburgh, Pa., conducted the service at the Training School last Sunday afternoon. Dr. Lewis was accompanied by Mr. John J. Barnhardt, of Concord, who presented him to his audience. While Dr. Lewis was in the county he often conducted the service at the school on Sunday afternoons and he said he was glad of the privilege of speaking to the boys on his present visit to the county.

—o—

Among the old boys who visited the school last week were: Rex Allen, now in the Navy; Harold Creary, who is employed on a dairy farm near Gastonia; Nolan Woodford, a senior in the Spencer High school: Theodore

Teague, now living in Winston- Salem; and Floyd MacArthur, who has been employed at Duke University, in construction work. Harold Crea ry, who was paroled more than three years ago to work on a farm, has stuck to the same job since leaving the school, but with the help of his employer he has secured a better position on a dairy farm.

—o—

David Fountain and Andrew Watson, two of our larger boys, were allowed to go to Elkin, last Friday, in care of Mr. L. F. Walker, Superintendent of Public Welfare, of Surrey County, who has found good homes for them. The school officials were very happy as were the boys to have succeeded in making such a disposition of these cases. For many months efforts made to locate these boys satisfactorily, had proven futile, and they were becoming discouraged since they could not leave after having earned their parole. We are grateful to Mr. Walker for the interest he has taken in the placement of these boys.

THREE GRACES

No one is fit to be abroad
  Among his fellowmen
Who seeks occasion to defraud
  Some honest citizen.
For God despises any lust
  That keeps a man from being just.

Nor is he worthy of a friend
  Who sees the halt and blind,
And feels no impulse to attend
  With gentle deeds and kind,
His very soul should broken be
  By looking on their misery.

Let me love justice and be kind
  To those who toil and plod,
And let me with a sincere heart
  Walk humbly with my God.
Then shall I hear, when life is run,
"Thou good and faithful soul. well done!"

—William Christropher Sayre.

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U. N. C. Library

CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XIX CONCORD, N. C. MAY 16, 1931 No. 20

SPRING

If spring came but in a century, instead of once a year, or burst forth with the sound of an earthquake, and not in silence, what wonder and expectation there would be in all hearts to behold the miraculous change! But now the silent succession suggests nothing but necessity. To most men only the cessation of the miracle would be miraculous, and the perpetual exercises of God's power seems less wonderful than its withdrawal would be.—Longfellow.

Stately spring! whose robe-folds are valleys, whose breast-bopuet is gardens, and whose blush is a vernal evening.—Richter.

—PUBLISHED BY—
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

Dean Inge ends his book, "Labels and Libels," with this reflection, "It is the troubles that never come which prevent us from making the best of the real blessings of life." How many have confessed, when near the end of their earthly pilgrimage, that they would have been far happier if only they had been wise enough to lay to the heart the precept of the Sermon on the Mount—"Be not anxious about the morrow, for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." The world is so full of fret and care, of worry and fear, when it is possible for us to cast all our care upon Him Who careth for us, and Who is at once all-powerful, all-wise and all-loving. Why are our hearts restless? Because we have not found the heart's true and only resting-place. And so, alas, we go on allowing imaginary future calamities, threatening disasters, "troubles that never come" to rob us of peace and joy and to hinder us, as Dean Inge says, from taking proper advantage of life's choicest blessings. The melancholy disposition, gloomy countenance and anxious words of the professing believer in God are a continuing demonstration of a lack of faith in God's power and goodness. There are enough real burdens to be borne in a world like this without permitting the witch of worry to conjure up a lot of fancied troubles.

—Reformed Church Messenger.

IT SHOWS A FINE SPIRIT

The Uplift acknowledges with the highest appreciation a short and inspirational message from Judge Francis D. Winston, one of the best friends the Jackson Training School has. In some way we gather that Judge Winston has the distinctive honor of being the oldest alumni of the University of North Carolina, and that after the War Between The States he surmounted all difficulties, brought on by effect of war, and found his way to this institution of learning. He is today one of the States most distinguished citizens.

Judge Winston knows how to use mother English, and most frequently it is a balm to the weary soul, a given grace, the illumination of a fine spirit. This is his letter: "I read Holmer on the first page of the Uplift. I have put it into doggerel. I enjoy the Uplift immensely."

The verse is more than doggerel, it expresses a profound thought worthy of consideration:

This sage advice to you I give,
Do more than be, if you would live.
Do more than touch with finger tip
But seize your task with manly grip.
Do more than look, and simply scan
But see the scheme in all its plan.
Do more than read the passing word;
Yea, read until your being's stirred;
Do more than hear the empty sound,
But listen for the thought profound;
Yea, more than listen you must do
To stir your being through and through.
Do more than think on things way yonder
But draw them close and on them ponder.
Do more than talk, say something well
If you would life's real purpose tell.

—Francis D. Winston.

* * * * * * * * * *

MILLIONS FOR CHARITY

For many years people walking up or down Fifth Avenue noticed a sombre-looking, mysterious building at Thirty-ninth Street. It seemed to belong to another day. This was only too true when the facts in the case were revealed. Here lived the members of the Wendel family, which had amassed a tremendous fortune, estimated at more than $100,000,000. Peculiar provisions in the will of one of the members obligated the executors and trustees of the estate constantly to increase the land holdings of the family. Not until the last member of the family had passed away was any disposition to be made of the huge amounts involved. The Wendels had few friends and led most exclusive and quite old-fashioned lives. The march of progress up the avenue found its last opponent and match in their mansion. Now that Miss Ella V. von E. Wendel has died, practically all of the money will be devoted to charitable purposes. Many will agree with the comments made in more than one of our papers on the "starved lives, the narrowed lives in the battered house" and will wonder what the answer is to be to the questions: "Will the millions,

spread out among other lives, let loose at last some of the human comfort and happiness that seems to have meant so little in the Wendel caculations? Will Providence, in its mysterious ways, work out some compensation?''

In reply to the above taken from a most valuable exchange will give briefly something the Wended fortune is doing in the way of spreading the light and giving human comfort and happiness that otherwise would have never been available.

The amount 12.000.000 (gold) bequeathed by the loneliest and wealthiest woman known, Miss Ella Wendel, to the Methodist Theological seminary, Nanking China, has put new life into the institution that previously was struggling for existence. This money will be used to promote religious and theological education in China.

* * * * * * * * * *

DON'T BE A SNOB

One of the strongest indications of inferiority, or a weak link in the person ''self-appraised'' as an aristocrat, is the spirit of snobbery. When one feels too superior, in real plain English, to be courteous to a sweet, simple neighbor without the frills of society, it is indeed a strong indication that one is not sure of self. There is a skeleton hid some place that one fears will bob up at most any time. The truest sign of noble forebears is consideration of a person's feelings, a courteous demeanor under all circumstances, and a deference for those especially who have not enjoyed advantages of a life that position and money can give.

When the spirit of snobbery begins to get the better of one, just recall that Bell, the inventor of the telephone, when entering Boston, wore a pair of of yellow breeches in the depth of winter; that Lincoln, the rail splitter, lived in a log cabin; that Shakespeare, the world's poet, was the son of a man unable to write his name; Bunyan, the author of Pilgrim's Progress, was the son of a tinker; Milton, physically afflicted, was blind; Hogarth, a stupid boy in his studies, proved a celebrated painter and engraver; Demosthenes, the great orator, had an impediment in his speech. Besides these of ancient dates there are countless men of today who came from humble parentage and have risen to the height of eminence in every line of activity and have given to the world advanced citizenship. Remember this is the day of opportunities and some day the simple neighbor's child may outstrip yours in the race of life—this is wherein history repeats itself, and the old saying proves true, ''the

top rail goes to the bottom and the bottom comes to the top."

To be humble is to be great in the truest sense, and to be courteous is one of the mantles of true aristocracy.

* * * * * * * * * *

A WELCOME VISITOR

We have heard many expressions of genuine delight to the effect that the school, one Sunday afternoon, was honored by the presence of Mr. J. B. Ivey, the owner and the inspiration of one of the biggest department stores in the State—Iveys, Charlotte.

Mr. Ivey is a man who feels and knows the possibilities of youth. He, like many of his age, not having had the advantages of our great school system, profited by the school of experience, and is accepted as one of the most progressive and successful business men of North Carolina. He understands the majesty of little things—this he learned by burgeoning his own way into the business world.

We would like to have a mental conception of all Mr. Ivey thought and planned as he looked into the faces of the 515 Jackson Training School boys, who are standing upon the threshold of life with opportunities awaiting them. Having had a varied experience, working order out of chaos, it is easy to conjecture his busy mind would plan wisely for the future of each boy and work to that end. His is a master mind if one would judge by the manner he conducts his big mercantile business and the courtesy given on the part of employees to customers.

* * * * * * * * * *

PITY

It does seem a pity that the question of dancing on the campus of Davidson College should have ever been mentioned. We have no scruples about dancing, but feel there it a time and place for all amusements. Besides the prestige of this institution, outstandingly strong for Christian education, has to be maintained by the custodians of the college today. It is a pity but the officials can not afford to forget the traditions of the past and begin to write a new story in the pages of the history of the institution that is indelible in the minds of people nation-wide. There is in this question more to be considered that yielding to the trend of the time, accepting the morednized view points

of the social life, but the changing of the very corner stone of the institution from its genesis—an institution designed for distinctive religious education.

* * * * * * * * * *

Miss Ann Jarvis, Philadelphia, the founder of Mother's Day, thinks that the day set aside to memorialize mother has been so completely commercialized till the real spirit and significance of the occasion has been lost. Besides the million dollars' worth of flowers bought on this day, that means commercialization by tradesmen, Miss Jarvis expressed a surprise that a professional set of welfare workers should exploit the sentiment of motherhood by commercializing this day in the name of needy mothers.

Miss Jarvis may just as well get herself adjusted as to the manner Mother's Day is observed, because if the birth of the blessed Saviour is commercialized why in the name of all people would we think Mother's Day would be other than a day of commercialization?

* * * * * * * * * *

Jane Adams, Chicago, the noted settlement worker and author whose name is suggestive of that of the Hull House, has been the recipient of another honor at Bryn Mawr College receiving the "M Carey Thomas prize" in recognition of eminent service.

RAMBLING AROUND

By Old Hurrygraph

"There is so much good in the worst of us,
And so much bad in the best of us,
That it hardly behooves any of us
To talk about the rest of us."

—o—

The reason so many men are "hard boiled" is because they are in hot water all the time.

—o—

The devil taxed job's patience with boils. In this day people boil over the idea of taxes.

—o—

It is the little things in this life that disturb our equanimity. You on a mountain, but not on a tack.

—o—

There is nothing the matter with the country. It is all right. It is the people in it. We have too many people who do nothing else but tell the rest of us what is wrong with it. and what they would do—if they did anything.

—o—

Tobacco is the thing that makes us "smoke" in this life. You need not take this literally unless you "chews" to.

—o—

Some people are so in the habit of telling others that they do not feel well, that they would not feel well if they did.

—o—

Whenever the Madam or the Miss fails to break into the movies, they still have a chance in the cigarette, hosiery, perfume and toilet soap testimonials. In some of these they "barley" tell the story.

—o—

A current song that is amusing for the first five or six times is, "I've Got Five Dollars." Well, that's $4.99 more than some of the rest have got.

—o—

A beauty expert says spring rain on the face is good for the complexion. I guess you will have to take care that the complexion is not washed off entirely.

—o—

It is stated that most of the radio announcers in Italy are women. We have quite a number of female announcers in America; but they do not their announcing over the radio.

—o—

Most of the speakers, at important meetings, are inclined to tell what caused the depression through which we have passed, and what the cure should be for such occasions. But you don't have to read their speeches to find out. Ask anybody you happen to meet and he'll tell you right off the bat. Then you tell him.

—o—

Durham, the past week, had two large bodies to assemble within her gates. To the movie fans the thought occurred that some of our skyscrapers all "lit up" for the evening, reminded them, the Washington Duke hotel, was like Greta Garbo; pale, mysterious and remote; while the Hotel Malbourne was like Joan Crawford, all teeth and eyes. And the stores were like the Follies

Girls, dancing before their vision.

—o—

The glory of the apple blossoms has lent enchantment to North Carolina, from Currituck to Cherokee, during the past week. Do you know that it is a sentimental idea of mind that the courtship of Adam and Eve took place in apple blossom time in the Garden of Eden. It certainly must have been springtime when the newly created pair first met. Ever since all races agree with Tennyson "In the spring the young man's fancy lightly turns to throught of love." Now, while smoke from engines and factories, are a contrast to the odor of apple blossoms, their odor gives one a whiff of Paradise to this day. So much history around the apple tree. The tragedy of the Disobedience and the Fall, followed as it was by the expulsion, has ever since been softened by the beauty and fragrance of apple blossoms, which are an annual reminder of the joys of our first parents; and associated with the resurrection of life that springtime brings to us all.

—o—

There is something about May that sends the blood galloping through the veins. Makes people want to get out and run around in the bright young sunshine, pick flowers, and yell to neighbors. Dreary winter is over. The sap has raced all over the trees, and green garden things are smiling and nodding in the garden plots and gladden the hearts of the commuter. The mail man staggers under great loads of the heart-to-heart literature from the railroad and steamship people calling attention to the fact that they know just the place for your vacation—a place where you will be free. Circulars come from lawyers in Reno also telling you how to be free, and in six months time. Freedom! That's what May suggest. Everybody feels the urge to be free. Free from office, free from household drudgery, free from routine. Winter shackles are broken and there are people who want to smash the rest of the shackles. Undisciplined individual sling rocks at the government, whatever government they've got, and demand a new one. And when they get a new one they'll throw rocks at that, too, when May time comes around. There's something about May that gets everybody. It's a grand and glorious month! Let's go out in the middle of the street and yell!

"Biblical Trees"

The oak tree is Methuselah,
'Cause it's so gnarled and old.
The walnut is Goliath,
Who was so strong and bold.
The hickory must be David,
It stands there straight and true;
While the elm, so slim and graceful,
I think is Ruth, don't you?—Genevieve Leach King.

HEART OF THE LAND OF THE SKY

Orphan Friend

Asheville is the capital of an area unsurpassed for lavish display of nature's resources. In sheer loveliness and sublimity it is conceded by no less authorities than experienced globe-trotters that western North Carolina has no apologies to make to the best that Europe or the western American states have to offer.

On an elevation some 2,300 feet above sea-level Asheville's 50,000 people have seen vast changes. Within a decade the population has more than doubled. Several hundred thousand visitors are entertained each year in the city. Hundreds of important organizations of national scope choose Asheville as their yearly convention center.

Asheville is surrounded by a great panorama of beauty.

Pisgah Forest, with its 300,000 acres of forestry, converted into a national preserve, is one vast hunting, fishing, tramping, recreation ground. The hunter and fishman, the athlete seeking the great out-of-doors and the companionship of nature; the naturalist, the poet, the artist, find here wonders and delights galore. The Great Smokies are being requisitioned for another vast national park, which will contain 428,000 acres. In the Smokies yet remain hidden away in silent vastnesses places that have never been explored. In every direction lie scenic and valuable outlays, any one of which is sufficient to give prestige and publicity to any section of country.

In 1900 the value of manufactured products in the Asheville district was $3,000,000, but it has now reached the impressive total of $50,000,000. In 1929 a ten-million-dollar rayon mill was established and there have been other additions to the industrial column.

A little phamplet issued by the city Chamber fo Commerce gives an interesting thumbnail sketch of Asheville, followed by a still smaller one of Bunchombe county. They are given below:

Asheville

The city stands upon what in years long past was known as the mutual hunting ground of two enemy Indian tribes—the Shawnees or Catawbas, and the Cherokees. What is now known as the French Broad River was first known as the Broad River. To distinguished it from another river in English territory, it was commonly call "French Broad." Asheville was founded by John Burton, who secured a grant of 200 acres July 7, 1794. He planned and laid out a town and named in Morristown. His first activity was the division of the grant into 42 lots, the first of which he sold for twenty shillings. Each lot was one-half acre. Streets were 33 feet wide. The town was sometimes called Buncombe Courthouse, it being incorporated by the County court in 1793.

Morristown became Asheville by incorporation by the State Legislature in November, 1797, named supposedly for two men, Samuel and John Ashe. The first was an emi-

nent jurist, the second a soldier. Asheville's first years of existence were devoted to the laying out and building of roads, and some of the present highways had their beginning at that time. Asheville became a tobacco growing and market garden region. It was also famed for its fruit crops and, because of a favorable all-year climate, it attained fame as both a summer and winter resort.

City boundaries were last extended in 1917, aand the commision form of government was adopted two years previously.

Since the World War, Asheville's development has been rapid—today it occpuies an established place high in the esteem of the world at large, a city of well-rounded aspect, a metropolitan municipality.

Buncimbe County

Buncombe County was formed in 1791 from parts of Burke and Rutherford Countice. It was named for Col. Edward Buncombe, a -North Carolina soldier of Revolutionary fame. In 1808 and 1850, Haywood and Madison Counties repectively, were formed from parts of Buncombe County. The first settlement in the Buncombe area were made about 150 years ago. Prior to this the region was occupied by the Cherokee Indians, who were as a rule on fairly friendly terms with the white settlers. The early pioneers were mostly of Scotch and Irish decent, and nearly all the present native inhabitants trace their ancestry to these early settlers.

PEOPLE "JUST LOVE GLOOM!"

It seems that people "just love gloom." Some weeks ago banks scattered here and there over the country closed up, the greater number because of frozen assets. The people talked as if some terrible epidemic were bringing death to the whole countryside. Parties which otherwise would have been the scene of great merriment, were the scene of gloom, a thick, perceptible gloom, which everybody seemed to enjoy in doleful fashion.

Now, there is just as much reason to rejoice, but there is little being said. Thirty North Carolina banks which closed in November and December are scheduled to re-open within a week or ten days, but there is no comment regarding them. For all the joy that has been aroused, earthquake and pestilence might have visited the country.

Good times are coming. The country doesn't need prosperity—that is prosperity that means a "boom." It needs just ordinary good times. And such conditions are certainly coming, although the people don't seem to give it much consideration.

It looks like there really is more joy in a doleful situation than there is in a pleasing one.—Winston-Salem Journal.

ONE THING IN WHICH ONE COLLEGE EXCELS

(Selected)

For six of the last ten years, Erskine College representatives in the inter-collegiate oratorical contests in South Carolina institution have come away with first honors, a record that stands without a parallel and which will in all likelihood continue to constitute a mark to shoot at for generations.

Erskine is a small college that excels in few of the more glittering and glamourous exercises of collegiate life. You don't hear very much of its supremacy on the baseball diamond, although it usually does have a team that holds up its head with the best produced by the other and larger institutions of that State. Its football teams are frequently duds, only occasionally one being produced down there that gets in the big letters on the sport pages of the newspapers.

But when it comes to public speaking, the training of young men to stand on their feet and say something without blubbering and stammering and having nothing to say, nor anything to say even that with, Erskine's premiership is undeniable.

"There must be something in the atmosphere at Erskine which produces good speakers" thinks The Gastonia Gazette in its laudation of young Tom Hood of its own county in having won the laurels in the contest among the colleges last week:

"Perhaps, not that, but good training. That is the secret of the sucess of the Erskine oratorical entrants. They are well grounded in the fundamentals of the English language in the first place. If there is any place in the United States where English is well taught, it is at Erskine College. That is a heritage that has been handed down from generations. The late Dr. J. I. McCain is responsible for this emphasis on the teaching of English. The classics are likewise emphasized.

"Coupled with this most through ground work in English, which makes for excellence in diction and composition, there must be some exceptionally good coaching and training in the art of public speaking.

"Whatever the combination, Erskine seems to have it when it comes to speaking honors in these South Carolina contests."

A man who has no enemies ought to be heartily ashamed of himself. Such a person has never been a sufficiently postive character to take a definite stand on anything, and usually has few if any friends.

GUILFORD ANNIVERSARY

(Dispatch)

Exercises celebrating the 150th anniversary of the battle of Guilford Court House, which will be held at the battlefield park on July 4th promise to attract to that historic spot the largest crowd in the history of the long line of notable observances there. The sesquicentennial day of the battle falls in the spring, but it has been decided to delay the formal celebration until Independence Day. It is to be made an occasion of statewide interest.

Plans for this celebration have been officially recognized by the General Assembly and Governor Gardner and a large committee has been named to grace the occasion. Many of the State's notables have been named by the governor. By reason of now having a Congressman, Davidson County is recognized by having one member of the committee of about a hundred.

Events that transpired in this county had much to do with the great resistance the American forces were able to oppose to the British in this battle, which proved the prelude to Yorktown, where the surrender of Lord Cornwallis' army and the winning for American freedom will be observed later this year. It was at Trading Ford that the army of General Greene was saved from probable disaster. It was at Abbotts Creek that his weary men rested while the commander took time to locate the enemy and work out plans for the skillful strategic movements that led up to the Guilford Court House battle. Davidson County folks consequently have a peculiar interest in plans for the celebration and they will likely attend in great force.

GOING BACK

One of the lessons in life that is hardest to learn is to go back to the places where we have failed in duty. When Elijah fled to the wilderness and God sought him out and asked him why he was there, the only answer God made to him, was, "Go, return."

In other words, God always sends us back to the places of our failure in order that we may gain a moral victory at the point where we had failed.

Dr. John A. Hutton once pointed out that there is not a greater moment in the oul of a man than when he puts aside his pride, takes back all the presumptious vows which he made that he would never do this or that, and faces that lonely transaction. You do not know God until you are acquainted with that tremendous experience of going. back.

—Christian Observer.

PRAISE FROM CHICAGO

(Asheville Citizen)

Chicago is planning a great Jubilee celebration, beginning May 10 and lasting through May 20, and in commenting upon the program which has been arranged by the Chicago Association of Commerce the Chicago Tribute calls special attention editorially to the grand parade, three or four hours long, which he set for the night of May 11. Says The Tribune.

It will interest Chicagoans to know something of the man who will be marshal of the Jubilee, Maj. Gen. the Sixth Corps area. The policy of the Sixth Corp area. The policy of the American high command in the Late war did not premit much knowledge of the personality and achievements of soldiers to reach the public, and in consequence fewer military reputations emerged from that conflict than from any previous war in our history. The gallantry and soldierly conduct of thousands compare with that of any soldiers of our past; but they are known only to their comrades and are recorded only in the dry records of the war office.

Of these soldiers Gen. Parker is not the least. As a combat officer Gen. Parker was in the thick of the actual fighting in France,. As colonel, brigadier, and then division commander of the First division he was one of the inspiring leaders of our men who shared their dangers in battle and gave them the moral support of his presence, as a good many other general officers failed to do. In past wars our armies saw their commanders constantly at the front and the death roll of generals up to the highest rank was heavy. It was not so in the A. E. F. After the Japanese-Russian war there seemed to grow up a theory that commanders were too precious to be risked at the front or their duties too complicated to permit their participation in actual fighting. The theory is not sound, for morals, even in the vast organizations of today is as vital a factor as it ever was, and the bodily presence of high officers is and always will be an inspiration to fighting men. Gen. Parker was one of the officers who held to the old tradition, and his men met him in the trenches and under fire, a fighting leader whose advance in rank did not promote him out of sight of his men.

If, as The Tribune suggests the career of General Parker is sufficiently interesting in itself to challenge the admiration of the people of Chicago, it is perhaps not out of order to add to what it says the fact that General Parker is a Southern man. He was born at Georgetown, South Carolina, and his career is only one more illustration of the brilliancy which has characterized the careers of Southern men both in the army and in the navy. General Parker's record as division commander of the fighting First division was one of the epics of the World War.

A man may be as young as he feels, but not as important.

CAROLINA FOLK TALES

Ralph S. Boggs

Ballads and love songs have enjoyed great popularity among the people who actually sing them, among musicians who receive inspiration from them, and among scholars who study them. But the fairy tale or bedtime story has not attracted so much attention. The very finest and best of these stories seem not to be told as they used to be in grandmother's day. With new forms of entertainment, the family does not gather so frequently by the fireside in the evening, and listen to the deeds of Prince Charming, who cut off the dragon's heads and married the princess, or rescues the three princesses from the underworld demon or from the enchanted castle. And we hear but rarely of the princess imprisoned in a tower, whose lover climbed up on her hair, or Bluebeard, or the ogre's daughter who eloped with the gambler, or the magician and his pupil, or the boy who stole the giant's treasure, or Beauty and the Beast, or the cruel stepmother, who substituted her own daughter as the bride, or the bird lover who flew in the girl's window, or the three old women spinners, or Cinderella, or the grateful dead man, or the faithful servant, or Puss in Boots, or Snow White, or Halfchick, or the numerous stories of magic objects. If such stories are famliiar to us, it is usually from reading them in books, and not by word of mouth. The stories we find in books may come from anywhere, but those we hear and tell, that is, those that live by the strength of their own popularity in our oral tradition, are the genuine folk literature that we have inherited from our forefathers.

If we actually tell any of these stories today, we most often tell the comic types, such as those about making the sober girl laugh, no bad news, trading better things for worse, the farmer who woke in the palace, the bent gun, the beds confused, jokes on the preacher, or the halfwit, or the woman who deceived her husband. The fact that the comic types are most prevalent is a sure sign of degeneracy in the folktale. It shows that the "old wives' tale" or fireside stories are losing ground, decaying, and disappearing from among us. Probably we should let the natural trend of changing conditions take its course; but it seems a pity to forget and entirely lose this fine old folk literature of our ancestors.

If the people are forgetting it and abandoning it, scholars should make an effort to preserve it in writing and in print before it is too late. Not only the outline of these stories should be preserved but also the exact form, word for word, just as of the original flavor in the style, expressions, and phrases.

Here, in Chapel Hill, I am making an effort to preserve these old tales by collecting as many as I can in writing, hoping to collect enough to print a volume of them, and I should be very grateful to anyone who would write down any of these stories, exactly as they have heard them told, and mail them to me. Only by cooperation can a large collection of them be preserved.

IN THE CLUTCHES OF THE ARCTIC

By Theordore Zimmerman

In a last minute and almost futile effort to get out of the North before an Arctic winter again closed in on it, the Endurance after more than a year spent in polar exploration was pushing its way southward. On board ship the supply of food was insufficient to carry its crew of fifteen the six or seven months until the ice again broke up in the late spring of next year and the men realized if the race against the elements were unsuccessful they would face real hardship and suffering.

Day and night the Endurance plowed its way through the drifting ice, taxing its engines to the very limit. Lower and lower dropped the mercury in the ship's official thermometer. Closer about it crowded the ice that hourly became thicker and heavier. As time passed, the crew's efforts to free their ship became more desperate and the result more hopeless. Then one night it was colder than usual and the sea froze solid. The men awoke to find their vessel held fast in the clutches of the Arctic. The Endurance was icebound at last!

That was early in November. Before the end of the year the men were forced onto short rations. Now, the last of April, they actually faced starvation! Barely a week's supply of food remained! In desperation the captain finally succeeded in rigging up a crude wireless or radio over which a message of distress was sent, telling the world of their plight.

On the ice-crusted shores of Coronation Gulf, a hundred miles to the south of the ice-locked Endurance, a village of Eskimos one morning a week later were suddenly alarmed by an unexpected roaring hum in the skies overhead. It was a sound never before caught by the native ear, a sound that grew louder with every passing moment, and every man, woman and child in the village came out of their snowhuts to discover what it was.

Suddenly an airplane came into view. At first the natives believed it a huge bird they had never before seen, but as it approached them closer they realized it was something mechanical, something manmade. Spellbound with wonder, they watched it as it circled the village and then started north. Then, all at once, without warning the mechanical bird careened before their eyes and dropped to the snow at the edge of the settlement. It had all happened so quickly and unexpectedly that for a moment everyone stood motionless with shock. The next minute, led by Ahnook and the white doctor, the whole village were racing towards the landing place.

Pinned beneath the wrecked plane and calling for help, they found the pilot and his companion. With the assistance of other Eskimos, Ahnook succeeded in getting the men out from under the twisted mass of wreckage and the doctor administered first aid. Later they were removed to the doctor's igloo, which also served as a hospital.

"It might be weeks before you and your companion can leave the village—that was a bad fall you had," explained the doctor after a

thorough examination of the men. The pilot's face clouded at the doctor's words.

"But I can't stay here and let those men starve!" he declared. "I must get that food to them somehow." Then he told the doctor and Ahnook, who was there aiding him, all about the ice-bound Endurance and their call for food and how the government had despatched the airplane which he was piloting to them filled with provisions. "By this time they haven't a drop of food left on the ship—the men are going hungry."

For a moment there was silence. Then Ahnook spoke up. "I'll take care of that," he promised. "You just forget all about those men out there. I'll see that they get that food as quickly as I can get it to them." The Eskimo realized it would be no easy job hauling those supplies by dog-team a hundred miles over the Arctic ice, but in the hour of need he had never refused to go to the rescue no matter what the difficulty. Certainly here was a real need! For want of food, white men were facing death! He would take it to them.

After Ahnook had left the igloo to take charge of the relief expedition the doctor turned to his patient. "Rest assured that if it is humanly possible to get that food to the ship, Ahnook will do it. He has the fastest dog-team in the North with a lead-dog that's a marvel in picking a trail. Besides being able to endure almost any hardship, that Eskimo youth has brains, too—and a heart as big as all outdoors. When his people are in trouble they always call on him and he never fails them!"

At the doctor's words the worried look on the pilot's face vanished. His burdens which a moment before had felt so heavy had now been shifted to other shoulders—shoulders more able than his own now that his plane was wrecked—and he was satisfied. Despite his pains, he was soon asleep.

It was a strange caravan that left the wrecked plane that night and guided by the North Star started the hazardous journey to the icebound Endurance. The plane's cargo had been but slightly damaged and in a few hours it had been transferred to a dozen sleds. Ahnook had picked the best dogs and drivers in the village for the trip and now, only a few hours after the crash, the much-needed provisions were once more on their way.

Traveling single file with Ahnook's dogs in the lead, the procession was nearly a mile in length. Although Ahnook was familiar with part of the route they were taking from having been that way before, he also carried with him maps, compasses and other instruments borrowed from the plane so he was in no danger of losing his way. On the maps was marked the exact position of the Endurance and the Exkimo had learned from a visiting mariner once how to ascertain his own position as sailors often do at sea; so even if they journeyed through a trackless wilderness he did not fear becoming lost.

Nor was the weather unpleasant. The season of blizzards and gales and frigid storms had long since passed. It was early in May now and warm chinook winds were blowing across the snowfields. In the North the days at this time of the year are very much longer than the nights.

This gave the drivers ample daylight to cover long distances between camps. Instead of a hindrance, as it usually is in the snow country, the weather was really an aid to the men making that unusual journey over the ice, thus far, in so far as personal comfort is concerned.

No, it was not the weather that made it a hazardous undertaking, this crossing the ice in late spring. Nor was it the entire lack of trails to guide them on their way. Rather was it the threatened thaw! The Arctic ice was due to break up now any day. Longs hours of shunshine combined with warm winds were already melting the snow that lay like a white blanket over the ice and before many hours or, at the most, days, the ice-pack would break into a million bergs and floes to drift aimlessly about on the surface of the sea.

Ahnook noted the melting snow and he was afraid the break-up would come before the supplies could reach the Endurance. On this account he kept the expedition going early and late and at a speed that caused much grumbling among the other drivers. He had been adrift on the ice-pack once before and realized only too well its perils and dangers. In fact, there was nothing he feared as much. Every mile of advance meant just that much father removed from safety when the crack-up came.

Each night at dark a camp was made wherever they happened to be at the time. Fires were kindled and a warm meal provided for drivers and dogs. Following this, sleeping bags were spread in a row on the ice and no time was wasted in getting to sleep after the long hours on the run. Men and beasts were thoroughly exhausted and they realized in only a few hours they would again be on the move in that race against death. Conditions were ideal and the Eskimos meant to make the most of it.

Then, one night, the Eskimos were awakened by the booming of the ice guns! The anticipated break-up had at last arrived! And they were still twenty miles from their destination! Ahnook ordered the dogs hitched up at once and the journey continued. "We've got to go without a stop now until we get there," he declared.

"We've got to go without a stop all right," replied one of the others, "but it'll be in the opposite direction. I'm leaving this food right here that's on my sled and I'm driving home before it's too late!"

To Ahnook's surprise the other drivers began unloading their sleds, piling the food on the ice. He pleaded and he threatened. He told them about how much it would mean to those starving men to receive the food they were now throwing away. He appealed to their sense of a higher duty and chided them for their childish fears. He argued. He begged. He commanded. He implored. He entreated. But it was all in vain.

"If you want to risk your life on the drifting ice eighty miles from land, you can do it—we won't" the last driver called back as they cracked their whips high in the air and their dogs leaped forward on the homeward trail. Ahnook watched them until they had disappeared into the night and then he turned his attention to the big pile of provisions stacked on the ice beside his sled.

"Maybe I am foolish not to get out of this while I can," he reflect-

ed. "Tommorrow it will be too late! I may never get this food to the ship but it won't be because I gave up, anyway. Those men on the Endurane are expecting me to carry on and I will!"

All night long Ahnook worked hauling those provisions toward the ship. He would take one load a mile ahead, unload it and return for another. He made a dozen round trips and when the first rays of dawn broke over the ice-world every pound had been moved one mile nearer to its destination.

With the coming of daylight, the Eskimo examined the ice about him. Here and there he found thin spots showing up and there were innumerable cracks zig-zagging their way across the ice-pack. In two or three widely separated places he even discovered holes in the ice through which the sea water splashed and tossed. And the boom of the ice-guns continued off and on at frequent intervals as it had done all night with a noise like distant cannonading. The thaw had set in at last and the enormous ice-sheet covering the top of the world like a carpet was breaking up!

All at once that morning as he was driving the last load of provisions to his next relay point he felt the ice quiver beneath him. He could almost see it roll like a sheet of rubber for some distance ahead. It was the swell of the ocean underneath that was pushing the ice up and down, and he looked for it to crack open most any moment now.

He did not have long to wait. While he was loading the next sled with supplies he became aware of a peculiar scratching sound. He walked around to the other side of his pile expecting to find a polar bear nosing about. But there was none. Scratch! Scratch! Scratch! Then there followed a snapping and a crunching. Suddenly Ahnook leaped into the air. The ice was cracking under his feet!

When it broke open there was a yawning abyss close to his stack of provisions. The pile of boxes nearest the edge swayed a moment and then, before he could catch it the top box pitched off into the open water. For a few minutes he worked frantically lest he lose more of the precious food. Finally he had the whole stack moved back to a safe distance several feet from the edge of the ice.

On all sides of him the ice was cracking and breaking up into large floes. Stunned by the suddenness of it all, Ahnook stood motionless. He could't think what was the best thing to do next, there was so much happening all at once. Finally he decided to keep moving on regardless of the commotion. Perhaps he could even yet get to the ship without much delay.

He located a place where his own ice-floe touched the next one and then calling to his dogs started them in that direction. Cubs leaped across the crack without any trouble but the sled dogs held back. This was something they had never learned to do and they stubbornly refused to pull across to the next floe. It took the combined efforts of Ahnook and his lead-dog to make them move. He had the same trouble traveling to the next floe and the next but finally they got used to it and finding no disaster resulted soon paid no more attention to these open cracks between two ice-floes than if they

weren't there.

Picking his crossings with caution and extreme care, the Eskimo made very good progress during the next few hours in moving the supplies. The ice was far more stable than he had expected it would be once it had broken up. At first the ice-floes were of enormous area but now and then they divided up into smaller floes or lost good-sized chunks from an end or corner. A good average size, however, seemed to be around two or three acres in area with a thickness of several feet. Some were even larger than this and many smaller but most of them still held to this size.

Later in the day, Ahnook found plenty to worry him when upon returning to the stack for his third load he found a goodsized channel separated him from his supplies. At this particular point the two ice-floes had drifted twenty feet apart. He followed up and down the edge of the ice in both directions in an effort to find a place to cross but the channel ran for some distance and it seemed to widen rather than come together the farther away he got.

While he stood pondering what to do it disappeared as the two floes once more came together. He crossed to the next floe quickly. For the moment his problem was solved but it set him to thinking. "What if that happens again?" he asked himself. "Perhaps next time it won't come together. Would I be prepared for this?" He answered his own question by immediately dividnig the supplies up into a dozen units, each one of which contained the same foods as the other in so far as that was possible and also a variety of the most essential supplies. This, in case part of the provisions became separated and lost, insured against the starving men receiving all one kind of food and that perhaps a food that couldn't be eaten alone. Thereafter Ahnook worried less about keeping all the provisions together. If only one sled got through that would be enough to sustain life for several days, and relieve the situation.

It was well that he went to the trouble of taking this precaution. That night the floes began to move about. Not only were they drifting but they also rose and fell with the waves. At intervals they would draw apart a few feet and then sweep back and crash together again with a sound like muffled thunder. Everything was turned topsy-turvy. Nothing seemed firm. The floes heaved and rocked.: Great numbers of them would rise fathoms high with the waves only to drop back again a half minute later, dipping like ducks in the surf. All about was a terrific uproar. Pandemonium had broken loose. Ice-floes were jumping about like footballs, for miles in every direction.

Ahnook had just returned for his last sled load when all this began to happen. With difficulty he got it loaded and after binding it securely with rope he started back to the next depot where the rest of the provisions had been stacked. But he got no farther than the next ice-floe. Beyond was open water.

Through the darkness he could see the shadowy forms of floes passing by at racing speed. Then the floe upon which he stood commenced to spin. His sled coasted first one way and then another. He dropped to the ice and clutched at the back run-

ner-posts, digging his toes into the ice to keep from sliding himself. The dogs managed to hold the front end of the sled resonably steady and he held the rear.

It was terrible, this being caught amidst an ocean pitching ice, ninety miles from shore, and Ahnook almost envied those other drivers who by now should be out of danger. With empty sleds good time over the slick ice doubtless had been made by them on that homeward trail, which was well marked all the way back to the Eskimo village.

After much spinning the floe upon which Ahnook and his dogs rested swung out into the open channel and carried by the current speeded along behind the others at a fast rate. The channel was wide so there was no immediate danger of a collision but he and the dogs had to hang on to keep from being hurled into the sea as the floe bobbed up and down with the waves. How far he drifted in this fashion the Eskimo did not know but it must have been for miles. When morning came he was still moving.

Through the morning haze to his surprise, he thought he discerned the Endurance yet some distance away but in the direction towards which he was traveling. He was overjoyed. He had not imagined himself so close to his destination. According to calculations the ship should still be many miles away but it might also have drifted. As he came closer, however, he discovered that what he had thought was the ship was a huge iceberg, nearly a half mile in length, and as high as a mountain.

As he neared the colossus, he noticed it formed the center of a mass of splintering and twisting floes, all driving with irresistible force towards it. A big floe directly ahead of him rose up on edge and capsized. He wondered if his would suffer the same fate?

Suddenly he realized he was drifting in towards the big berg, now only a bare two hundred yards ahead. All about it floes were leaping like frightened sheep and being smashed to bits against it. Straight toward its south end rushed his floe. Would it be likewise smashed to pieces in the welter of broken ice at its base or would it escape this fate and clear it? Ahnook held his breath and clung desperately to a projecting knob on its surface, as it hurled itself forward. But it missed the berg entirely and came to rest in the open water beyond. Ahnook relaxed his hold and breathed a sigh of relief. That danger was passed.

To his surprise, the ice-floe on which the Eskimo was riding was now only a fraction of its former size. Large areas had broken off and every now and then corners were being knocked off by collision with other neighboring floes. The result was that the floe had now become a long, narrow splinter, very badly balanced. But there was no chance of moving to another on account of the ice cake being completely surrounded by open water. Being out of balance it rocked back and forth so violently at times that the Eskimo and his dogs experienced difficultly in hanging on.

This kept up for a couple of hours and Ahnook began to despair of ever reaching the ship with the much-needed supplies. He had long since given up all hopes of rescuing the remainder of the provisions that had been stacked on the ice. If he got

through with his sled-load he would be satisfied. It was more likely that the cake of ice he was now on would soon break up into pieces too small to hold him and his dogs and drop them into the ice-cold waters. If this happened the food would be damaged and lost for it would be hard enough to save himself.

As quickly as open water had appeared, however, it now disappeared. To his joy, Ahnook once more found himself in the midst of a close-crowding pack of ice. He leaped to his feet and urged his dogs on. They were glad once more to be able to move forward and they sprang to the harness. But sledding over drifted and packed ice it no fun. High piled ice blocks and tilted floes made progress very slow and difficult. It was a constant pull, lift and slide to get the heavily loaded sled over the edges of overhanging ice cakes. Slowly the Eskimo and his dogs toiled on. Frequently they found it necessary to rest.

During one of these rest periods, Ahnook took a telescope he carried on his sled among the other instruments and climbed with it to the top of a small berg that had been wedged in between the pack ice. Here he sat while he focused his glass and swept it over the ice fields. Suddenly he stopped breathing. He could see the ship! The Endurance was but a mile away!

When, an hour later, Ahnook halted his dog team on the ice beside the Endurance, he received a welcome such as few ever recieve. Someone aboard had seen him coming at a distance and had notified the others. Those able to do so had come down on the ice to greet him.

And such a greeting! Men almost too weak to stand, men who had not tasted food for days and days, men starving and gaunt grasped him by the hand—by both hands—and choked up when they tried to thank him. Men who had forgotten how to smile were happy enough to laugh out loud. The famished and the hungry threw their arms around the Eskimo's shoulders and told him he was the best friend a white man ever had. Tears of joy rolled down bony cheeks freely and unchecked.

"You saved our lives!" they told him, again and again. To these men, hardened adventurers of the North, Ahnook was a real hero. They knew what he had come through in order to bring food to them. They knew how he had risked his own life many times that they might live, and words failed them when they tried to express their humble gratitude.

And how they enjoyed that first meal! Strengthened they went to work, and, in a few days, once more had the ship's engines going. Before the food Ahnook had brought on his sled was gone they had located the stake of provisions the Eskimo had lost still intact on an ice-floe and with this aboard they started once again on their interrupted journey to the southland via Coronation Gulf.

"The first thing to do after one has done wrong is to feel sorry for it; the next thing is to confess it to God, and lastly, to resolve not to do it again."

(Selected)

ARE WE NEGLECTING CULTURE?

(Smithfield Herald)

We often hear people say that America is a nation built upon materialistic principles. America has often been criticised for its notions and ideas that all that counts in this world is the accumulation of wealth. The critics remind us that our nation was founded by the less educated or the castoff of England. As a result they say our people are not generaly a thinking people. As a nation we lack culture and love of learning.

Maybe a great proportion of this criticism has been too harshly dealt; but no doubt some of it has foundation. Perhaps it is a fact that America lacks the culture that the older European nations have developed. Nevertheless, America has hope. There are numerous forces working today which are helping to stimulate in our people a passion to learn and to become acquainted with the cultural side of life.

Perhaps an important force in the cultural movement in this country has been the radio. People in the remotest parts of the nation are able to sit in their homes and listen to fine music played and sung by the greatest artists. Programs like the Music Appreciation Hour of the National Broadcasting Company conducted by Walter Damrosch have wielded no little influence in the development of a greater appreciation of fine music. Furthermore, programs presenting drama of a fine nature have aided in stirring up the desire in people for bringing themselves in contact with things of cultural nature.

Perhaps another force that has been influential in the movement (and it is a movement) is the Chautauqua series of entertainment that brings to the smaller towns and cities good music, interesting and informing lectures, excellent drama and other entertainment of a high nature.

Book clubs, music clubs, and other such cultural societies have done their share in the development of culture among the masses.

But the schools have the biggest opportunity to stimulate the cultural spirit in the youth of America. All of American life comes together in our public schools; every class touched, and the instructor who can present the finer things of life so that in some measure they become a part of the pupils whom they teach, can do more than any other agency.

A wrecked automobile has been placed on a concrete base by the Rotary Club at Lima, Peru, in South America, as a reminder to autoists on the road between Lima and Callao that "he who goes slowly goes far."—Selected.

CORRECT SPEECH HABITS

By Helen Gregg Green

Everybody talks! But how do they talk? Are their voices melodious and pleasing? Do they speak correctly?

Mothers and fathers have much to do with determining the kind of speech habits their boys and girls will acquire. Correctness in grammar and a growing and improving vocabulary are worth striving for.

A child should learn to use good English before he is old enough to go to kindergarten. If he hears only correct expressions, he will have little difficulty in forming correct habits, but any faulty sentence of his should be followed by the proper wording without any reference to his mistake. This should never be done in a manner to produce irritation or stubbornness. If correct language habits are formed in childhood it is an almost certain rule that they will be carried through life.

Good English is both a business and a social asset. It is not easy to succeed along commercial lines unless one has it: it is impossible to possess charm and poise without it.

Recently I entered a room filled with strangers. One young girl was particularly lovely. She seemed to glisten, so beautiful and attractive did she look. But when she spoke, ah me, all the glisten faded. Her voice was loud and rasping, and her English was lamentable. It was difficult to find any subject on which she could talk intelligently. This reminds me of another plea I wish to make—it is for the lost art of conversation.

Why not get into the habit of talking things over? Encourage the children to talk. Discuss places of interest and important things that are going on in the world. If some member of the family discovers a new word, why not look it up in the dictionary, talk about its use and make it a family possession?

The habit of correcting the speech of different members of the family can be made into a good-natured game for little and big. For the very small children, there are many devices that help. Appeal to a child's imagination. Tell the story of Have, Gone, and Went. Have and Gone play happily with each other, but Have and Went do not enjoy doing the same things so you do not find them together.

Ask your small son to wait outside of a room while you and father go into the room. One of you will knock at the door. He asks, "Father, is that you?" You answer, "No, it is I." Son says, "It it not he, it is mother." Of course you can vary this game almost indefinitely.

Try writing words on cards—such words as he, set, teach, learn, me, I, for, fur, came, she, they—and ask the children to play with you the game of making sentences with the words on the cards. Or if the children are too small to read, suggest: "Now I shall tell you a word. See what a good sentence you can make with it. Ready. My word is lay." "All right, Mother, I'm ready. I lay the book down." "That's fine!"

Don't forget to commend.

As we said, before, these are merely devices. Most children enjoy them, and often they are very helpful; but of course the only dependable method for establishing good speech habits requires, first of all, that we employ the continuous assistance of good examples as daily teachers.

WHAT BRIGHT EYES CAN SEE

(Selected)

"Daddy," called Dick, suddenly from the next room, "there's a part of the tree trunk moving! Come and see!"

Daddy laid down his newspaper, smiled across the table at mother, and left the breakfast table. It delighted him when his little boy had bright eyes, and he wondered what new thing those eyes had seen.

"So the tree trunk is moving," he langhingly said. "It must be a queer tree. Does the whole trunk move?"

His father looked carefully, but nothing about the trunk looked differently. "There, daddy!" cried Dick. "Did you see that? Don't a part of the trunk move?"

"It certainly looked so, son," replied daddy. "Go upstairs and get the bird glasses. There is probably a bird on the trunk, but we cannot tell from here."

Daddy looked through the glasses, and smiled as he passed them to his son "Fix them to suit your eyes, and then you will see something that will surprise you."

Dick did as daddy said, and then clear as could be seen was a little brown bird creeping up the trunk of the tree! "I see him! I see him!" he cried. "What is he?"

"He is the brown creeper," replied his father. "He is a bird that nests further north in Canada or near the border. He comes down to spend the winter months with us."

"He's just the color of the bark," said Dick, still looking through the bird glasses.

"That is why we could not see him. It looked as if the bark was moving. This is a bird that illustrates 'protective coloration," explained daddy.

"What's that?" asked Dick. "Those words are too hard for me to understand."

"It means that this bird's colors are like the place where he gets his food. His colors protect him from his enemies," explained daddy slowly. "If he was a red bird we could have seen him easily, and if he was yellow he would be seen, but he is brown, and his enemies do not find him easily."

"I like him," said Dick. "See how he goes around the trunk. He never goes straight up as the woodpeckers do."

"Good for you, son! Your eyes are worth something. That is one thing that helps us tell what bird he is. He is the only bird that goes spirally," continued his father.

"Just see how busy he is. It seems as if he never rested."

"Oh, he's flown to this tree in front of us!" exclaimed Dick. "Where is he?"

"Always look toward the foot of the tree," said daddy. "Brown Creeper always begins low down on the trunk and works up. He is a good workman and a good hunter. His great passion is hunting for food under the bark. He picks up stray insects, but he loves the best a mass of eggs."

"There he is!" cried Dick, happy to see his new friend again. "I hope he likes our trees enough to come tomorrow."

And Brown Creeper did, for he came on many occasions, and Dick had many opportunities to watch him as he worked.

NORFOLK GIRL WINS COVETED HONOR OF KING'S DAUGHTERS

Miss Ruth Harrison Wilson, member of Wendy (Junior) Circle of the King's Daughters, has been chosen Virginia's representative of the King's Daughters for the coming season at the Lake Chatauqua encampment, according to Mrs. John H. Butcher, chairman of the junior work in the State. This scholarship is awarded to one girl from all junior King's Daughters in the State each year, and is quite an honor. The candidate has to meet the qualifications of a junior King's Daughter and be approved by the senior organization. Miss Wilson won over three other candidates.

Last year there were 17 states represented at the encampment and this year there will be more to take this 6 weeks' course which gives them five accredited college units, Mrs. Butcher said. The girls live at King's Daughters Chatauqua House, a home owned by Lake Chatauqua Circle and supported by the International Order of the King's Daughters and Sons.

The scholarship is awarded by the following committee: Mrs. F. F. F. Cassell, of Staunton; Miss Edith Butler, of Warrenton; Mrs. Robert Sexton, of Roanoke; Mrs. Warren Brown, of Richmond, and Mrs. Butcher, of Norfolk.

Mrs. Henry S. Eley, president of the Virginia branch, will be a guest for a part of the course.

Miss Wilson is the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. F. D. Wilson.

—Virginian Pilot

MONROE CENTENNIAL MEMORIAL COMMISSION IS NOW AT WORK

(Selected)

July 4th, 1931, is the 100th anniversary of the death of James Monroe, and the 105th anniversary of the death of Jefferson and Adams.

Monroe was closely identified with the University of Virginia, having been a member of its first Board of Visitors with Jefferson and Madison. A close friend of Jefferson for 20 years, he lived a large portion of his time at Ash Lawn, two miles from Monticello. He had a law office on the grounds of the University of Virginia, now known as Monroe Hill.

Governor John Garland Pollard, has appointed a Monroe Centennial Commission, whose duty it will be to co-operate with administrative officers of the University of Virginia and the Institute of Public Affairs in commemorative exercises on this 100th anniversary.

The President of the United States has been invited to make an address on this occasion and if he should not accept some other high official of the government will take his place. Members of the Monroe Commission are:

Dr. Charles G. Maphis, University, Va., Chairman.

Hon. Henry L. Stimson, Secretary of State, Washington, D. C.

Hon. W. N. Doak, Secretary of Labor, Washington, D. C.

Hon. Claude A. Swanson, United States Senate, Washington, D. C.

Hon. Carter Glass, United States Senate, Washington, D. C.

Hon. Simeon L. Fess, United States Senate, Washington, D. C.

Hon. R. Walton Moore, House of Representatives, Washington, D. C.

Hon. Sol Bloom, House of Representatives, Washington, D. C.

Hon. J. W. Fishburn, Congressman-elect from the Seventh District, Charlottesville, Va.

Hon. Edwin A. Alderman, President, University of Virginia, University, Va.

Hon. Nicholas Murray Butler, President, Columbia University, New York.

Hon. Harry Flood Byrd, Winchester, Va.

Dr. William Penn Cresson, Washington, D. C.

Hon. Stuart G. Gibboney, President, Jefferson Memorial Foundation, New York City.

Mrs. Fairfax Harrison, Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Lowell Fletcher Hobart, President General, D. A. R., Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Rose Gouverneur Hoes, Washington, D. C.

Mr. Jay W. Johns, Ash Lawn, Charlottesville, Va.

Dr. John H. Latane, Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, Md.

Mrs. Archibald McCrae, Grove, Va.

Mrs. Stuart N. Michaux, Richmond, Va.

Hon. Hugh Gordon Miller, New York City.

Mrs. Thomas W. Murrell, Richmond, Va.

Mr. L. S. Rows, Director, Pan-

American Union, Washington, D. C.

Hon. C. Bascom Slemp, Washington, D. C.

Hon. Alexander W. Weddell, Richmond, Va.

Many rich and wondrous promises there be,
And quite all of them are comforting to me.
Yet it gives real joy indeed,
When I take God's word and read,
"He will give his angels charge over thee!"—Geo. W. D'Vys.

THE ROADRUNNER

By Walker Young

The deserts of the West are inhabited by a peculiar bird that resembles the pheasant in build, is a cousin of the cuckoo, and is known mainly by the appellation of roadrunner. He derives that name from his habit of racing ahead of a horse for varying distances, sometimes for over a quarter of a mile. Since the days that fast-moving autos entered his domain, however, this roadrunner diversion has been largely abandoned, but not until many of the birds had met death under the wheels.

Another name by which he is known in some localities is the lizard eater. Lizards and snakes seem to form about seventy-five per cent of his diet. Poisonous snakes are supposedly killed by this bird in the following way. A sleeping snake will be discovered on the sand. Immediately the roadrunner, so the story runs, will gather the armored branches of the cholla catus and build a corral around the dozing reptile. When the prisoner awakes and tries to get out he finds his way blocked. He becomes madder and madder, and finally is so enraged that he bites his own tail and dies. The above is interesting,—but it is far from true! In the first place snakes have been found reposing in the branches of a cholla by their own volition, and in the second a rattlesnake is immune to his own poison.

The nest of a roadrunner is usually situated in some thorny cactus, such as the prickly pear or cholla, but sometimes they are found in the branches of a cat's claw mesquite. A bird which I flushed from a nest near Tucson, Arizona, ran along the ground, mimicking an injure in an effort to lure me away. Strewn about the edge of her home were two young desert rats and several lizards. Unfortunately roadrunners eat young quail, but their beneficial acts far outweigh their bad ones.

BISHOP PFOHL

Charity & Children

Dr. J. Kenneth Pfohl, for 23 years the pastor of Home Moravian church, has been appointed pastor of Salem congregation embracing all Moravian churches in Winston-Salem, on March 2 was elected bishop by the unanimous decision of a special synod convened at the instance of the Provisional Elders Conference for that purpose. Bishop Pfohl succeeds a man in that high and honorable office who for forty years filled it full of useful service. The man he succeeds is well known all over the state and in many other states of the Union. Bishop Edward Rondthaler of sainted memory. Bishop Rondthaler more than filled the office of bishop, which he did with great efficiency and wisdom, but he was a splendid citizen and served the state with equal efficiency. His memorabalia which went forth at the end of each year, was a record of events that was intensely interesting to thousands of North Carolina people. We do not know whether Bishop Pfohl will continue this fine service or not, but we hope he will do so. He is a man of fine intelligence and like Bishop Rondthaler, is deeply interested in the state and its doings throughout the year. Bishop Pfohl is pastor of the church in which he was born and has never had any other pastorate. We hope for him a great measure of success in the responsibility and usefulness in the office filled so well by his great predecessor.

If you had only twenty-four hours to live, what would you do with it? How would you spend your time? Would you devote it to reading the Bible, talking to friends, alone with your family or in revelry? Arthur Brisbane talks about such a position as follows:

What is your answer to this question raised by the Philadelphia "Etude?"

"If you had only 24 hours to live and could hear just one piece of music, which would you select?"

Billy Sunday would like to hear "The Sweet Bye and Bye." Former Governor Alfred E. Smith would prefer "Holy Lord, We Praise Thy Name." The Rev. Henry Vandyke wants a regular concert, Beethoven's "Heroica," also "Lead Kindly Light," "Abide With Me," and Handel's "Largo."

Some of us in our last 24 hours would say "No music thanks, this is a time for thinking, not for tunes." Cyrus H. K. Curtis would like to hear at the last moment, "Softly, Now the Light of Day."

Many not so high-brow, would like to hear the old song, "Long, Long Ago," for when age, disease and death approach, not the present hour, but earlier, happier days seem worthwhile.—The Marshville Home

INSTITUTION NOTES

Dr. Davis, from Concord, spent Thursday morning at the school extracting teeth.

—o—

Mr. Leon Godown is spending a few days in Asheville attending a Masonic Convention.

—o—

Dermont Burkhead from Cottage No. 2 returned to the school yesterday from Lexington were he was called on account of the serious illness of his sister. We are glad to report she is improving.

—o—

Dr. and Mrs. J. E. Smoot, of Concord, spent last Sunday at the Training School, visiting their daughter, Mrs. Virginia Smoot Haywood, secretary to Superintendent Boger.

—o—

Rev. T. W. Fogleman, pastor of McGill Street Baptist Church Concord, conducted the regular afternoon service in the auditorium last Sunday, and made his usual very interesting talk to the boys.

—o—

Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Sappenfield, of the 14th Cottage, were called to Concord on account of the death and burial of Mrs. Sappenfield's mother which occurred on Sunday night. The funeral was held Tuesday.

—o—

The boys were in quite a lot of excitment on Tuesday when one little fellow yelled at the top of his voice; "Look yonder" pointing to the skies as a Goodyear blimp flying low, passed over the school. A flying machine of this kind is something new for lots of the boys as well as some of the older ones here.

Instead of the regular session of the Sunday classes the entire assemblage remained in the auditorium, where a delightful Mothers' Day program was rendered. This program consisted of appropriate songs and recitations by a number of the boys, who are to be commended for the manner in which they rendered their respective parts. An additional feature was a recitation by little Miss Elise Boger, daughter of Superintendent and Mrs. C. E. Boger. Near the close of the program Superintendent Boger made a brief address in which he explained to the boys the meaning of Mothers' Day; also admonishing them to keep a close watch on their conduct at all times, and to endeavor to live so that their mothers might be proud of them, rather than grieved because of any misconduct. He said it was not so important that we become wealthy, or that we should gain world-wide renown, in order that our mothers might take pride in our existence; but that we should live clean, upright, Christian lives. Due to the late spring season, our rose bushes in various sections of the campus did not bloom as early as usual, but when the boys assembled near the school building last Sunday morning, we noticed that most of them wore either a white or red rose, in honor of their mothers. In the course of his remarks Supt. Boger brought out the point that wearing the rose was a formal honor to our mothers but a clean upright life was a real honor to them.

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THE UPLIFT

VOL. XIX CONCORD, N. C. MAY 23, 1931 No. 21

THE NEW MEMORIAL DAY

"Under the roses the blue;
Under the lilies the gray."
Oh, the roses we plucked for the blue,
And the lilies we twined for the gray,
We have bound in a wreath,
And in silence beneath
Slumber our heroes today.

—Albert Bigelow Paine.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

MEMORIAL DAY

A day of tender memory,
A day of sacred hours,
Of little bands of marching men,
Of drums and flags and flowers.

A day when a great nation halts
Its mighty, throbbing pace,
It pays its meed of gratitude
And love with willing grace.

A day when battles are retold,
And eulogies are said,
When dirges sound, and chaplains read
The office for the dead.

A day when fairest, sweetest blooms
Are laid upon each grave,
And wreaths are hung on monuments,
And banners, half-mast, wave.

A day to keep from year to year
In memory of the dead;
Let music sound, and flowers be laid
Upon each resting-bed.

—*Emma A. Lent.*

CELEBRATED SINCE 1921

The date, May 12th, all over the country was celebrated as National Hospital Day, honoring the birth of Florence Nightingale, because of the life

she lived, helping others and building a standard for the greatest profession in the world. On each anniversary of this day, the hospitals honor her memory , at the same time informing people as to the needs of the community in hospitalization.

Just about one hundred years after the birth of Florence Nightingale, on May 12th, hospital day was first observed in the United States. From this date, the idea of observing hospital day spread till it became nation-wide.

The life of Florence Nightingale should be familiar with every one—it was she who sacrificed a life of ease in a luxurious home, with friends, to risk health and life on the battle fields in the cholera-striken camps of Crimea.

Longfellow, in a poem dedicated to Florence Nightingale calls her "The Lady With The Lamp, and as the "Angel of Crimea," she has set a standard for nurses and hospitals that has been held aloft through these many years—a demonstration of sacrifice, ser vice and love.

It is particularly fitting that the anniversary of the birth of Florence Nightingale has been chosen as National Hospital Day. Hospitals were never intended as money making institutions, but a refuge for the sick where health is restored and lives saved, Some one has written:

> "Nursing is an art; requiring as hard a preparation, as extensive a devotion, as any painter's or sculptor's work. For what is having to deal with cold marble or dead canvas to the human body, the temple of God's spirit? It is one of the fine arts, I had almost said the finish of art."

* * * * * * * * * *

COMMENCEMENT DAY

This is the season or graduation, one grand and great day for young people, when they will pass out from the portals of some institution, public, private, secular or denominational and take their place in the activities of the world either to succeed or fail, to make life brighter or dimmer, to save a soul or pass through life passively without leaving an impress. This thing of education is a serious problem, not the question of raising funds to defray expenses alone, but the paramount question is to turn back into the home life, spiritual life and business life men and women of character.

Fifty years hence the success or failure of graduates will not be determined by the institution, or course pursued in some place of learning, but the use made of the preparation received during the early life while in school.

Today we enjoy the inspiration of youth, it covers a multitude of faults, but in the course of events men and women are judged, appreciated and placed according to accomplishments.

The true significance of graduation day, or commencement day, is the participation in the activities of this busy world, using the material, either in practice or theory, acquired day in and day out, without a realization of the changes being made. The home and the school are companion pieces, they hold dominant places in the building of character.

* * * * * * * * * *

FINE WORK OF PARENT-TEACHER-ASSOCIATION

The Parent-Teacher-Association of the Elemantary School, Albemarle, is doing a work that is vital, and the results of the same will be felt in the future generations. This association is sponsoring a pre-school clinic and 36 children out of the 65 examined were found to either have diseased tonsils, adenoids, teeth, gums or defective hearing. Besides this work, the County Health officer, Dr. W. I. Hill was present, giving to 57 children anti-smallpox vaccine. We note with pleasure Mrs. H. P. Guffy, a trained nurse attached to the State Board of Health, and most pleasantly remembered by her many friends of Concord, as a representative of the State Board, gave the eximination to the 65 children who were found with physical defects.

This work on the part of the Parent-Teacher-Association seems most fitting. It relieves the embarrassment to the parents if unable to give the child medical attention, besides it insures a sound mind within a sound body with greater possibilities, without the loss of time in school on account of illness that would naturally occur if defects were not corrected.

It is quite impossible to give the value of this pre-clinic work without going into numerous details and making the argument too long. The sum and substances of the whole matter is it gives a child a chance to fight the battles of life and become an asset instead of libility either to the home or State.

* * * * * * * * * *

THE WINTER—AN IRISHMAN

The Nation wide Camel cigarette contest has been closed, and again the unexpected has happened, but the decision shows that the contest was with-

out favoritism. The winner of the first prize, $25.000, is a 32 year old Irishman who came to this country sixteen years ago. At the age of sixteen the young fellow landed at Ellis Island unaccompanied, in quest of work, and no doubt with determination to succeed. He accepted a job as milk distributor, at some point near Boston, and continued to serve to the best of his ability till today he holds a responsible position in the work he first chose. One is led to conjecture that the young Irishman has continued to use his native wit and has profited thereby—so we salute you "Pat" and trust that life in your adopted country will be made more delightful by smoking a North Carolina product—the Camel cigarette.

* * * * * * * * * *

THE HIGHEST BUILDING IN THE WORLD

The Empire Building, New York City, the tallest building in the world was formally presented to the public on the first day of May by Alfred E. Smith. It towers one quarter of a mile in the air, and from this height the speaker viewed the surroundering landscape with his friends and political associates. From the telegraph room of the White House the President pressed a key that filled the skyscraper with a flood of light. This is a 600.000.000 pound structure, with rooms for a capacity of 25.000 tenants. It was on the 86th floor that Governor Smith and 200 guests took luncheon. This is an achievement that justifies pride in every one who had any part in its conception and will long remain one of the outstanding glories of the city.

* * * * * * * * * *

HONORING THE FOUNDER

On the 21st of this month one thousand guests, representing 52 countries, will attend a banquet at the Willard Hotel, Washington D. C., honoring the memory of Clara Barton, the founder of the American Red Cross organization. She organized the American Red Cross at her home in Washington May 21st 1881, and to day is recognized as the greatest woman soldier that ever lived

At this celebration officials of the American Red Cross will speak, besides there will be a hook-up of the Radio stations paying tribute to the

founder, and incidentally giving a history of the greatest humanitarian organization in the country, and not excepting any.

Mrs. Emma L. DeGraw is the only survivor of the group of women who founded the American Red Cross. She will be a guest of honor at the organization's Golden Jubilee dinner.

* * * * * * * * * *

WHY?

Why send across the waters to find a Queen for the Shenandoah Apple Blossom Festival in the valley of Virginia? Miss Patricia D. Morton, from England, the Apple Queen of the festival, is planning to visit Washington and other points of historical interest before returning to New York and from there depart for home. Again we ask why should Virginia of all the States in the Union, with her wealth of history, and family trees go over the waters to find a young woman to be crowned queen of this annual festival? Possibly this young woman is a hyphenated English-Virginian by birth. We know by keen intuition there is some such reason, or a Virginia beauty would have been selected.

* * * * * * * * * *

BELASCO

Belasco, the aged dean of the American stage, is dead at the ripe old age of 77 years. He wrote his first play at the age of 14 years possibly with no thought of a career so rich in tradition that time and experience permitted. He has been recognized as a leader in stage effect, besides extraordinarily successful as a playwright.

Mr. Belasco is an illustration of a man who in spite of age determined his course and gave to the public the kind of pastime most desired. He was an artist in the way of interpretation and presentation—though dead at 77 his latest play remains one of the current hits on Broadway.

* * * * * * * * * *

MEMORIAL DAY

Memorial Day was first known as the Ladies Memorial Association, organized by Mrs. John Tyler, with other friends in her courtly mansion, Columbus

Ga., April 26th, 1866, nearly 65 years ago. Mrs. Tyler and her friends pledged themselves "to perpetuate a religious costom to wreathe annually on thegraves of the martyred dead." With the pledge, or vow, they set about to have at once a formal service commemorating the loss of loved ones. Since the date of the first organization the idea swept the States with favor, and in 1868 Congress passed an act making one day of the year Memorial Day, the date though being optional with the different States. This Memorial Day, is an evidence of patriotism, showing that the great loyal heart of America has an appreciation of ideals, and the value of manhood, making the supreme sacrifice for home and people.

* * * * * * * * * *

In this issue of the Uplift is an excerpt from an address of the Vive President of the Southern Public Utilities Co., John Paul Lucas. He gives facts and figures for the benefit of the farmers of his State about raising cotton and tobacco when the market is already glutted. He makes impressive the fact that we are living in an diversified age and it is time to have diversified farming in the agricultural world. We wish we had the address in its entirety, but trust this little magazine will fall into the hands of some good farmers, the address read, and good results follow.

Mr. Lucas has a correct estimate of the women of the rural districts, they are keen and anxious to supply their homes with all of the modern conveniences made possible since the power lines have been extended throughout the country—this we know from experience.

From observation we judge that the women, as a whole, are quicker to adopt the improved equipments, than men. The reason for this might draw out many angles of an argument.

RAMBLING AROUND

By Old Hurrygraph

"The butcher thinks the baker
has an easy time through life;
The baker thinks the doctor's
path is ever free from strife;
And to us all this truth comes
home as through life we bob—
It's the other fellow every time
that has the easy job."

—o—

Sir George Paish says that "the way to fight communism is to make the world properous." That's good; but the trouble is that so many tell us this, but omit to tell us how.

—o—

One of the great problems of the present day is, What to do with erring sons and daughters. A trip to the woodshed with dad used to be a part of correctional discipline in my young days, and it was very generally observed. But the woodsheds are few now, and corporal punishment hurt parents more than they do the children, so discipline has become lax. But there's one thing parents cannot safely dodge. Children must be disciplind or the chances are that they will go wrong.

—o—

It has been claimed that the world has been turned upside down during recent years, which may be because the people are trying to stand everything on its head.

—o—

A fellow was having an argument and pointing to an item in the paper that said a new potato peeling machine was proving very popular in Europe. "There," he said, "get those potato peeling machines over here and you'll put the short order divorce business at Reno on the rocks." But I don't think so. The woman that is glad to peel potatoes, and pleased to have the potatoes to peel isn't the kind that goes to Nevada questing a hurry-up divorce. The women who shriek for quick divorces never saw a potato except when it was mashed, or fried, and brought into the dining room by the butler.

—o—

Statesmen don't seem to have time to do much these days except form investigating committees, and explode president, and vice-president booms promoted for them by well-meaning friends. And I might add, spend the people's money instead of trying to save it for them.

—o—

So Al Smith got lost trying to take guests to the top of his new 1,250-foot skyscraper in New York. There's food for philosophy in a civilization that lets men get beyond their height, just as sometimes they get beyond their depth. Perhaps ex-Governor Smith realizes that as a rule there's more advancement possible in this life by avoiding both the elevated and the subway and just stepping along on the street level a little more briskly than does the common herd.

—o—

A Kansas paper tells it that some of the young fellows of the Maryville Teachers' College have adopted the slogan: "No dame who smokes a cigar-root shall park her lips beneath my snoot." My observation is, that very few of the dames will be

kissed, or that slogan will not last very long. The dames will smoke the boys out.

—o—

We hear of the flutes of silence. That "silence is the secret of success." Silence is constructive. It is the motif of Nature—the soundless key note of the cosmic scheme. Silent are dreams—and yet one day they pierce the heavens—monuments of granite or of gold. Silent are the stars that wheel we know not why—and silent is the sunrise—the mighty, magic miracle of dawn. Silent is the pallid moon that binds with silver bands the troth of lovers—and silent the transcendent love that flames in a mother's heart for her babe first-born. Silent is progress, and power, and attainment, and—say! Wait a minit! What about the pneumatic riveter? Pritchard and Nye's congressional committee? The North Carolina general assembly? And Heflin, and Will Rogers and Henry Ford? What's the use of talking about silence? anyhow?

—o—

What is more difficult than to be able to remember the exact moment at which you dropped off to sleep? Memory is very snappy with some folks. I have observed that there are some persons, who, in one hour after they have heard a sermon, cannot tell you what the text was, yet they extol the discourse.

America is the greatest buck passer in the world. In fact, in invented the practice. The great aim of our beloved country is not so much to do a thing as to pass the responsibility of doing it to somebody else. We pass it to congress and congress passes it to some one else. In Washington the buck is passed to bureaus and the bureaus pass it on again. It's passed to commissions and the commissions pass it to committees. Big business passes it to politicians, and the politicians pass it to the police, and the police pass it back to the politicians. In North Carolina the House passes it to the Senate and the Senate passes it back to the house, and legislation is a shuttlecock, and it will finally be passed over the people. This buck passing thing is a circle that has no beginning or end. Circles are like that. When any of us find ourselves holding the buck we realize that somebody slipped it over on us when we weren't looking. So we gum shoe around and pass the buck to somebody else who is asleep at the switch. When that bird wakes up and finds the buck tied around his neck he slips it to somebody else, and that fellow to another one, and so on. Passing the buck is not only a great American institution—it's the favorite national game.

Beware of selfishness. It is extremely dangerous for it is a foe to everything that is really worth while.—Exchange.

HOME WITHOUT DISCIPLINE BRINGS US THE GANGSTER

(Liberty Magazine)

Undisciplined homes are a serious menace to the future of this nation. There you will find the modern gangster in the making.

Parents often love their children not wisely but too well, and they neglect to properly control them. They grow up like weeds in a garden, without the direction so essential in character building.

When children are properly trained they usually acquire understanding at maturity. They automatically give due consideration to other people, and they are keenly imbued with a proper respect for their parents. They do not refer to them as the "old man" or the "old woman." They do not automatically class them as out-of-date—back numbers.

Parental love is a dominating force, but it should be intelligently directed. Too much coddling by doting parents is an evil influence of great import. Neither body nor mind can properly develop such circumstances.

Loving parents naturally desire to protect their children from hardship. They want them to taste to the full the happiness they may have missed. And they often make the serious blunder of protecting them from unpleasant experiences so important in character building.

The school of hard knocks is said to furnish a superior education. And when a child is shielded from difficulties of all kinds he cannot acquire complete development, either mentally or physically. He will lack the strength of character and vigor of body so badly needed in the struggle for life's great prizes.

When the home has failed to furnish proper direction we find tempers that cannot be controlled, dominating characteristics lacking intelligent guidance, determination to have one's way regardless of the cost.

And such unbalanced characters are heavily penalized for their mistakes. Premature destruction is their fate in most cases.

Faults of this nature should be curbed and controlled in the home.

Mother love is often the source of divine inspiration; but when it is so extreme as to find excuses for outbursts of temper, thoughtless selfishness, and, even cruelty, it becomes a devastating force.

There are occasions in training children when one has to be cruel to be kind, when you have to correct faults with a firm hand or suffer from the sins of renegade offspring.

The modern American home has, to a large extent, cast aside the old-time discipline. Much of it should come back. It is sorely needed.

A strong character, intelligently guided, fervently imbued with human sympathies, will find life wonderfully alluring.

But recklessness, selfishness, at times even thoughtless cruelty of

some undisciplined characters ultimately bring severe punishment.

It is mental defectives of this kind —greedy, sordid, mean—that are crowding the underworld. They are making us the most lawless nation on the earth.

And it is the crumbling of the discipline of the old-fashioned American home that is to blame for this chaotic situation.

This is a problem that begins in the cradle. It is a problem, therefore, for young mothers and young fathers. Those whose children are just entering upon life must give things thought—and give them thought now.

When a person gets into the habit of wasting time, he is sure to waste a great deal that does not belong to him.—Exchange.

THE PASSING OF LITTLE IGLOO

N. C. Advocate

Dr. Claudius B. Spencer of the Central Christian Advocate, Kansas City, is the dean among Methodist editors, both north and south. But this veteran with more years of service behind him than he will admit, has not lost his interest in what is going on about him. Whether it be men or dogs, boards or bishops, conferences or collections, politics or business, he is alert to every affair of the present.

Even the death of little Igloo interested him. Hear him on dogs:

"Rear Admiral Byrd canceled his chain of lecture engagements in the mid-west and south to rush to the side of little Igloo, the little dog who was his comrade at the North Pole and the South Pole. When Byrd reached Chicago to get an airplane to Boston he learned that Igloo was dead. He went back to his lectures. The affection between dogs and their masters is often heroic as well as touched with pathos. Not infrequently dogs grieve to death when their masters die. A dog and its mistress had a long cry together at the dog hospital, and for an hour after she left he whined and kept his eye on the floor. Then he died. Frederick the Great buried a pair of his dog companions in the front lawn of his Sans Souci at Potsdam. The graves are there still. He said those dogs were the only friends real and true he ever had. In Edinburgh castle, and in a spot in Hyde Park and elsewhere are cemeteries for these faithful friends and the epitaphs on the little gravestones speak of a deep as well as genuine sorrow. Thus the passing of little Igloo."

ASH LAWN

Southern News Bulletin

The restoration and opening to the public of Ash Lawn, the home near Charlottesville, Virginia, where President James Monroe spent the most active 26 years of his life, has created another national shrine on the lines of the Southern Railway System. The ancient estate, built sometime prior to 1798, the year that Mr. Monroe made it his home, according to his letters, has survived the years in a remarkable state of preservation. The garden of fine old boxwood hedge, now said to be the finest of its kind in America, has survived almost as he planted it, and despite almost a century and a half of use, the old estate continues to be much as it was when it was designed by him with the aid of Thomas Jefferson.

The restoration of Ash Lawn was effected by Jay W. Johns, of Pittsburgh, who purchased the property this year and has completed repairs, making it possible to show the old place to the public again. Through the co-operation of descendants of Mr. Monroe and of citizens of Charlottesville, and also through purchases made throughout the country, many relics of Monroe's time have been assembled in the house. One of these is a desk used by Mr. Monroe, which, has been loaned to Mr. Johns by W. O. Watson, freight agent of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad in Charlottesville, whose father was secretary to Pres. Monroe.

Estimates placed on the value of the boxwood garden at Ash Lawn gives an idea of the fineness of the trees. These range from $100,00 to $250,000 the maximum value being placed on the hedge by landscape architects.

Among the unusual features of the old estate are the kitchens, which are very extensive, and a chimney which serves fireplaces in two opposite rooms. A hallway runs directly through the chimney, the bottom of which is arched to allow room for the passageway. A gigantic Norway pine, planted by Mr. Monroe, stands in the center of the garden. The house was built in such a way that Mr. Monroe could stand on the porch and see Monticello, the home of Thos. Jefferson, his close friend.

Ash Lawn faces the Piedmont plateau. The ancient highway from Charlottesville runs past Monticello and on to Ash Lawn. Here at the entrance to the old estate the ancient mounting block has survived. Mr. Monroe mounted his horse from this block when he rode off to Washington to his inauguration as president of the United States. It stands also near the entrance to the garden, which is distinctly French in its motif and design, and is laid out to form an oval at the exact center of which towers the Norway pine planted by Mr. Monroe. The perimeter consists of a hedge of English dwarf, and is flanked by an extremely tall boxwood hedge, the terminal apexes being especially striking and beautiful.

Ash Lawn is another of the many ancient shrines in Virginia which have been restored in recent years and which are attracting thousands of men and women to the Old Dominion annually.

POPPY DAY

(The Catawba News)

Among the French farmers who till the battlefields of the World War there is a tradition that where the men fell thickest the little wild poppies push up their blooms in the greatest profusion. A symbolic connection is seen between the blood of the slain and the bright red blossoms of the poppies. The poppy has become recognized the world over as the hero's bower.

In America on Saturday before Memorial Day, May 23, the poppy will be worn by millions in tribute to the World War dead. Where true patriots dwell the thickest the bloodred symbols of sacrifice will be seen in the greatest profusion. It is to be hoped that no city or town in America will be able to show a more unanimous wearing of the poppy than Newton.

Everyone can wear a poppy. The person who does not have a poppy on his lapel on Poppy Day gives evidences that he no longer remembers or honors the deeds of the war dead and has no interest in the welfare of the disabled veterans, their families and the families of the dead. Let us hope that we have no such persons in Newton.

The women of the American Legion Auxiliary who will be on the streets with the poppies on Poppy Day, in reality do not sell the flowers. They offer the poppies to everyone who wishes to honor the dead in exchange for a contribution to help the living. No price is fixed for these little flowers shaped by the patient hands of disabled veterans. The child who drops a penny into the coin box of the poppy seller, the financier who tucks in a ten dollar bill and the penniles unemployed who can give nothing at all will be given the same bright red poppies.

And every penny of the money which goes into these coin boxes will come out in service to needy disabled men and their families during the coming year. The bulk of the money will be expended right here in our own city by our own Legionnaries and Auxiliary women, who, because of their intimate knowledge of the veterans to be aided and the volunteer character of their service, will make it go farther than almost any other charitable contributions.

Paying honor to the men who have died for the country should be a natural impluse with every patriotic American. Helping better the lot of the war's living victims is an obligation upon all of us. We can do both by wearing the Legion and Auxiliary poppy o Poppy Day.

Your better self will lift you when you fall, correct you when you're wrong, instruct you when you're ignorant, but your better self will not tolerate cowadice.—Exchange.

A NEWSPAPER ANNIVERSARY

(Asheville Citizen)

On April 26, 1731, Daniel Defoe, author of "Robinson Crusoe," died in London. Thus just 200 years ago there passed away a great writer and newspaperman. Few people of today know of Defoe as aught save the author of the immortal "Robinson Crusoe." Yet that was the culmination of long life of literary activity and of newspaper work. Defoe's career belonged to the later seventeenth century and particularly to the age of Queen Anne. This was a period of great importance in English literature.

The reign of Anne witnessed the foundation of modern journalistic activity and the development of the modern style of newspaper writing. The age of Elizabeth was the brilliant era of Shakespeare, of the drama and of glorious prose and poetry. The seventeeth century produced Milton's lofty verse, as well as many plays and poems. But these were all high sounding, fanciful and intricate. The early eighteenth century saw a reaction against the lofty conceptions and extravagant style of the preceding generations. It was the striking era of Addison, Steele and Swift, of the Tatler and the Spectator. Literary men chose simpler themes and sought to write briefly in neat well turned English.

The Spectator may be taken as the precursor of modern jurnalism Addison and Steele wrote ably for it in the age of active political strife between Whigs and Tories, when the great War of the Spanish Succession was raging and when Marlborough was winning brilliant victories for England and her allies. Party politics in England and newspaper activity contributed to the successful outcome of that mighty world conflict. Also in the Sir Roger de Coverley papers Addison produced an immortal picture of the English country gentleman.

Defoe thus lived and wrote in an era of stirring conflict, of political strife and of economic and colonial development. He contributed much to the literary production of the time and helped to lay the basis for modern newspaper writing. Like his contemporaries he emphasized clearness and simplicity of style and avoided extravagant subjects as well as lengthy productions. His career was one of immense literary activity

Robinson Crusoe was the greatest production of a long life. It is the first adventure novel of all times and will live for centures—unlike most of the numerous novels of adventure that are produced today. Its distinction is in its simple yet vivid and forcible style. Thus it has an appeal for all—for the unsophisticated child as well as the educated man or woman.

Thus the press and the reading public school commemorate the career of Defoe. He was a master of simple direct style of writing and contributed much to our age of journalism.

THE PUZZLE OF THE HILLS

By Russell Allen Hoke

Chick Halloran, superintendent of construction, strode into the herdquarters building near one end of the great concrete dam and entered the office of the president and chief stockholder of the Jacob Santleys Company. Santleys sat at his desk, deep in the details of the hydroelectric plant his company was constructing on Turn-about River at Picardy in a hollow among the Stubborn Hills, known as One-in-a-Thousand Valley. According to Halloran, an intimate knowledge of all the men under him was necessary to success, and now, with the ease arising from their combined efforts on the work, he said:

"I've been milling over that matter of taking current from Lower Valley to that place called Alveno. It would do us a lot of good in the way of prestige and swell our revenue at the same time. But stringing wires over there is going to be a tough job, if it can be done at all. I don't see how it's to be done but I know someone who can do it if anyone can."

"Who? Santleys asked.

"A chap in our Planning Department named Rice. He's red-headed and if stringing a high-tension wire across the Atlantic would boost him with the company he'd find a way of propping it over the waves."

"Anxious to advance, eh?"

"Ambitious must be his middle name," declared Halloran. "Got some hidden spring of energy in him. All he talks about is getting on to success, but he's not tactful and hasn't got very far in the Planning Department."

"Why?"

"Well, Garfield—head of the Planning Board, you know—isn't keen about Rice because he doesn't like routine work and isn't backward about expressing his opinion about being kept at it."

"You think he'd grab the chance to tackle this Alveno proposition?"

"Fall all over himself to do it. He hates an inside job and wants to be outdoors. This would be a spectacular job and he'd eat that kind. He's got a complex about working for someone else. Says it doesn't get a chap anywhere. His father drummed it into him to go out and do big things. Up and at 'em! That kind of stuff."

Santleys nodded. "Send Rice in," he agreed, "and I'll talk the thing over with him."

When the word reached Rice he lost no time deserting the Planning Department, in another building, and crossing the area to Santleys' office. He was received quietly and told to be seated.

"Are you familiar with what we're finishing up here in One-in-a-Thousand Valley?" was Santleys' first question.

"Every phase of it," Rice returned.

Santleys nodded approval. "Then you know," he said, "that our dam here backs up enough water for our plant here at Picardy and also enough for the other plant twenty miles up Lower Valley. You know all about the water being carried through a flume, but there are two things you could hardly know be-

cause the superintendent and I are the only ones who do. The first is that our entire undertaking here is coming rapidly to a close. When we're through I'll weed out a lot of employees and take the ones that are left into a new company I'm forming and that I'll call the Santleys' Power Company.

Rice's eyes fired with interest.

"Yes." Santleys went on, noting the change. "I'm going to give you the chance to do something that would place you in line for the new company. I'm picking the men who have success qualifications to take with me. Only self-defense, you know. Now for the second of the two things you don't know." He paused, reached for an ink-well, an eraser and a packet of pins, and placed them on the desk before him. "Let the inkwell be Picardy, where we are now. I put the eraser, here twenty miles south of the inkwell. That's Lower Valley where our subsidiary hydro plant is finished. All right. The pins go twenty miles west of the eraser. That's the town of Alveno. A booming, charming little place in the center of a ring of hills. It would take a large part of the power we can now furnish—if we could get it over there."

"What is the difficulty?"

"There are only five ways of getting wires into Alveno and everyone means the toughest kind of trouble as well as expense. Erecting costly towers for a long swing across an unbridged river, going over a high mountain or supporting the lines over a deep and wide canyon. Most of the townpeople want the benefits of electric power, but the terrain is like an enemy determined to defeat all attempts to run current into Alveno."

Rice rubbed his hands enthusiatically. "And you want someone to try to run it in, eh?"

"I want someone to run it in," Santleys amended.

"Then you've got him," Rice declared, confidently. "I'll do it."

He left and not long afterward was summoned to the office of the superintendent.

"I understand you've taken on the Alveno job," Halloran said.

"I certainly have."

"Did Santleys tell you what success would mean to you in his new company?"

"Not in so many words," Rice answered, "but I took it that I might have a pretty decent job with the Santleys Power Company."

"I'd say more than decent," Halloran said. "Santleys has put the weeding out job on me, so I knew what he has in mind. He'll undertake anything in the way of electrical engineering and get the reputation of succeeding at everything. Get me? That's why he'll want only the successful type of employee. In his new company there'll be a Field Department, something new, and its job will be to get out at the first crack to the territory to be operated on and solve every problem confronting successful completion. Solve this Alveno situation, Rice, and you're headed for chief of the Field Department. He wants a man who'll dare anything and do it."

"Then I'm chief now," Rice declared.

"Oh, you are?"

"I'll run wires into Alveno if I have to hang them on balloons."

"Shoot me your plans."

"Don't have any yet. Too soon. But the wires are as good as in Alveno right now."

"But your plan musn't be too expensive, you know."

"I'll see to that, too. I'll keep you posted. But I must be taken out of the Planning Department and have time to work this thing up."

"Go to it," said Halloran.

Rice lost no time in starting. He made up a simple camp equipment and moved twenty miles west to the hills enveloping Alveno. Near the base of the first one, known as Beehive Mountain, he pitched his small tent and began exploring. To his dismay, the problem proved to be far more puzzling than he had imagined when he had boasted so confidently to Santleys and Halloran that he would solve it. Everywhere he turned some natural formation blocked him—a river, a wide canyon, soaring heights or interminable and costly detours. Baffling days brought him to the border of despair, but he kept on prowling for ways and means. Always his father's injunction, as he was leaving home, sounded in his ears and spurred him on:

"Don't ever be afraid of anything, son," he had said. "I don't mean you're to have physical courage as much as moral determination. Don't be afraid of men's opinions as long as you know what's right, what ought to be done. Sticking to your belief, with fearless action, is the way to success. As long as you push on and do something you're on the way. But once you hesitate or give up, down you go to defeat. And above all things do not be afraid of a failure."

Seeming to hear his father, who was still living, repeat again and again to him, he pushed on, found an answer to the puzzle of the hills and prepared to carry a plan into execution.

One morning he stood studying where the river started its course under Beehive Mountain. Its contour resembled the highpeaked dome of a beehive, and the mouth of the underground river, near the base of the eastern face, was sufficiently like an opening for bees to have suggested its name. For some moments he regarded the bulk rising before him in silent antagonism. This was the first time he had been face to face with a stolid, lifeless, implacable enemy.

He heard the rasp of shoes near him and, turning, saw a small, wiry man, with sharp unfriendly eyes, regarding him.

"Been down to the Santleys' works," he said, "and got a tip you're the chap that's trying to hit on a way to get wires into Alveno. Right?"

"I don't see any reason to deny that," Rice answered.

"Well, then," said the other, "I'm warnin' you that some of us down there in Alveno don't want any wires run in or any of your electric juice playin' hob with some business. It would knock our gas works out of business and play havoc with some steam power plants. Some of us have money in them and don't want to lose it."

"You can't stand in the way of progress like that," Rice answered, rather impatiently. "Gas works and steam engines have got to make way for electricity. And that man Santleys down there won't stop his plans

because some of you don't want him to go on."

"Mebbe you're right," said the mountaineer, as he turned away.

On several following mornings Rice stood at the same spot considering the likelihood of being able to follow the course of the river under the mountain. If he could get a light line through, a flexilbe conduit could be attached and drawn through also. That was the only cheap way of getting a wire into Alveno.

At last one morning, with the urgent words of his father ringing in his ears, he made ready to risk everything on the experiment. Removing his coat and vest and securing one end of a light, strong twine, rolled into a ball which lay in a large tin container fastened around his neck, to a bench of rock, he waded into the water and up to the dark entrance. As he plunged into the gloom he had not observed that the mountaineer, who had been spying on him every morning, was watching him closely from behind a hedge of laurel.

Almost instantly light was left behind, the channed narrowed, the current flowed more swiftly and the surface of the water rose nearer the granite roof of the tunnel. He kept carefully paying out the line, keeping it as taut as possible. Suddenly as he tugged on it he was startled to feel that it pulled freely, as if the end, fastened around the rock, had become loose. He was sure that he had made a knot that had not come untied of itself. Instantly his fears darted back through the passage and recalled the mountaineer. It was plain that he had cut the line free so that his dangerous passage under the mountain would be useless.

He stood debating. It was plain, too, that the current had become too strong for him to retrace his steps without tremendous strength and the danger of falling exhausted into the water. The only way was to go on and if he succeeded in getting through he would do it again, with someone at the end to guard the line.

He pushed on, with the slackened line behind him. Suddenly he felt a tug on it. He pulled and discovered to his relief that, as the end had swirled about in the current, it had become fastened around some projecting rock in the bed of the stream. Then on he went. He had not considered that there might not be any breathing space under the roof and he came to a halt. The river rushed noisily on, the darkness grew heavier, and his very lack of motion increased his uncertainty. He thought of the colossal weight of the mountain above and how easily it might crush him. The icy cold of the water was spreading to his heart, and, almost panic-stricken, doubting the success of his experiment because the eddying current might unfasten the line and send it tangling after him, he was on the point of trying to retreat, when from out of the hollow his father's parting words seemed to sound: "As long as you push on and do something you're on the way to success. Above all things not to be afraid of is failure." Pushing on was the secret of it all, to be afraid of nothing, especially failure.

His nerve restored he forced himself on. At times the water almost lifted him from his feet and swept him forward. He was just as eager to progress, but, without knowledge

of what might be ahead, he hung back again. But, in the end, he did something. He struggled on, inch by inch, step by step, feeling his way and unwinding the twine. Ticklish work it was, there in the dark. He had brought no flash with him. If he had it would have been useless, for at times he was completely immersed, or rolled over and over, or shot through narrow stretches where the current was like a mill-race.

But he went on, always keeping contact with the unknown point where the line had caught. The line was a priceless thing and he guarded it jealously. Guarded it from harm until the roar of falls deafened him, and, almost before he could get control of himself, he felt himself falling. It was terrifying; water in his eyes, ears and nose. He felt his breath going, his lungs compressed, his head aching. In the blackness false lights flared before him. Then, suddenly, a blinding radiance and he thought it the imagination of semi-unconsciousness. But it was the outside world, the world of light and air, easy breathing and safety. He had completed the perilous trip, solved the puzzle of the hills. But the current was strong, and, weakened by his exertion, he could not struggle to the shore. Then came a deadening thud as his head struck a jutting rock, and night fell about him.

Grisly images seemed to float about and grin at him in the darkness and a confusion of ideas swirled in his brain. Then, with a start, there was blinding light again. He expected to feel the rushing current of the river and to have to battle against it again, but, when he looked dazedly about, he was not lying in a tumultuous stream but in a snowy bed. And in the mist stood a nurse. Beside the nurse he slowly recognized Santleys and Halloran.

"It was foolhardy, kid," Halloran said, "but you did it. We'll get the wire through to Alveno now."

"Yes, I got through, all right," Rice said weakly, "but I'll have to do it all over again. Somehow the line got loose and maybe caught on something away back in the tunnel."

"No, you won't have to do it all over again," Halloran explained. "When we found you caught in the bushes we thought you were a goner because you'd had a hard knock on the head. Then we found the line gripped in your hands. We saw that you'd done what you said you would —found a way to get a cable through to Alveno. It was up to us to see what had become of the other end of your line." He stopped with a chuckle of deep satisfaction. "We went up to the other end of the tunnel to investigate. Some mountaineers were there, looking on, and one of them, a good friend of mine, quickly pointed one of the others and said he'd been unfriendly to us and had watched you and cut your line. But we settled with him all right. We forced him to wade into the river, find the other end of your cord and bring it out to us. And now success is just ahead."

"Thanks to the head of the Field Department of our new corporation," exclaimed Santleys, clasping Rice's hand. Any chap that could solve the puzzle of these hills here can get away with a lot of hard ones."

WHAT ARE YOU WORTH?

N. C. Advocate

Henry Ward Beecher once said: "There are millions and millions of people in this world tonight who, if sunk into the deepest depths of the deepest ocean, the bubbles that come up where they went down would be of as much service to the world as they are today." That is a doleful sort of estimate, but what are you worth? What difference does it make whether you are in the world or not?

Are you of the same value as a bubble on the ocean? Possibly so. But no one would say that of Florence Nightingale, "The Lady of the Lamp," who led the way for the establishment of the Red Cross. Nobody would think such a thought of Frances E. Willard, the founder of the Woman's Christian Temperence Union and the unapproachable crusader for every moral reform.

A tree sitter, a champion raw egg eater, or champion flag pole sitter may be worth no more than a bubble, but not so with the martyrs, prophets and apostles who have been the chosen instruments of the Most High God in establishing his kingdom upon earth.

What are you worth? Not in dollars and cents, but in terms of service.

ROCKNE'S CONTRIBUTION

There is no dispute among those who have followed the game most closely that Knute Rockne was the greatest football coach of his time. His influence upon football has been profound. Under his inspiration and guidance this ancient pastime, perhaps the oldest of all games, took on a new life and a new color. He made the game more open and hence, not only less dangerous for the players, but also far more interesting for the spectators.

His fame rested, of course, upon his amazing ability to put out winning teams. But it was larger than that. His name became a symbol of clean and high sportsmanship. The success which he achieved was a continuing demonstration that to win it is not necessary to do anything that is not absolutely above question. It was a demonstration, too, of the value of leadership. Rockne got credit for the victories of Notre Dame, and he deserved it; for it was his skill at sizing up the material which came to him and in bringing out the best that was in that material which made Notre Dame so consistently triumphant.

Born in Norway and brought to this country as a boy of five, Rockne made a great contribution to American sportsmanship and through that sportsmanship, to American life. He was a splendid figure of a man

—Asheville Citizen.

IRIS LORE

By Leonora Sill Ashton

Again the days of the "poor man's orchid" draw near. Through April and May the firm, sturdy shoots of the iris have sent their strength of green higher and higher in the air, carrying with them the embryonic buds which will soon be ready to unfold their beauty and wonder to the June skies.

About eleven years ago the American Iris Society was organized and began a systematic study of the habits and ancestry of the bearded iris, which is the species most often found in our gardens.

Long years before this, however, garden lovers had transplanted the blue flag from our native swamps. Root stocks of iris species had been brought from Italy, Greece, and France, and garden slopes and paths had been freely planted with the radiant blooms, whose roots adapted themselves to almost every kind of soil.

As someone has said: "It is easy to understand why the fleur-de-lis was chosen as the emblem of a royal house, for in both form and color it is one of the most royal flowers."

The family name of the iris comes from the Greek word for rainbow, and was bestowed because of the rich and varied hues of the blossoms.

The blue flag, our native iris, is well-known to all students of wild flowers. Its intense blue-purple grows in the swamps and wet meadows in early June.

Longfellow has hailed it with the verse:

"Born in the purple, born to
joy and pleasance,
Thou dost not toil nor spin,
But makest glad and radiant
with thy presence
The meadow and the lin."

The propagation of iris is an interesting study for one who looks into the mystery of flowers. Tven in its cultivated state, the result of rasing iris plants from seeds is very uncertain. The seedling of a rare species from Japan will in all probability produce a blossom with no resemblance to that borne by its parent plant.

This beautiful lily-like flower seems to have carefully guarded itself against self-fertilization. The stamens are placed in such a manner that their pollen could not easily reach the stigmas of the same flower because they are found on the inner surface of the over-arching styles. No seed can be lodged here unless the pollen of another flower is secured.

Here follows the marvelous plan, the like of which we see so often in the flower kingdom. The wild iris blossom is very showy in its size and peculiar formation, and for these reasons, as well as for its conspicious color, is almost certain to attract the attention of the passing bee. Moreover, blue and purple, the dominant colors in the iris family, are most often sought by the humming creature. One of the recurved sepals of the flower forms a very convenient landing-place for the bee, and following the deep purple veins, which instinct tells him lead most surely to the nectar, he pushes his head beneath the another, brushing off the

pollen as he does so, and eventually carrying it to another flower.

The bearded iris, so-called because of the tufts that grow at the base of the petals, has the typical shape of the fleur-de-lis of France. The German species of this flower has the same shape, but the Japanese is a distinct variety of a different formation, with its petals appearing to lie on the air. Someone has said they spread like the outstretched arms of a sun worshiper.

Like all other flowers in Japan, the native iris has both its legends and its poetical names. There are about seven hundred varieties, and they bear such fanciful names as "Waves in Moonlight," "Angry Lion," "Smiling God of Fortune." One royal purple beauty of the iris world goes by the name of "Laughing Doll."

According to Dr. George M. Reed, plant pathologist of the Brooklyn Botanical Gardens, who has made a very recent pilgrimage to Japan for the express purpose of studying this plant from all its angles, an iris festival is held in Japan the first week in June and is one of the greatest among the many fetes held in honor of the flowers.

Dr. Reed has brought back with him many of this favorite of the flowery land. He says that many of the white, beardless irises are named in some form after the sacred mountain of Fuji-yama. A deep purple one is named "Dark Clouds." Yet another group of gorgeous coloring is named for different brocades, which are the richest of Japanese fabrics. One blossom goes by the name of "Datedogu" (Extravagant Display), and is named for a nobleman whose main characteristic was love of fashionable attire.

While the irises are hardy plants, more care is needed in the placing of this latter variety than in that of the bearded type. The American plant adapts itself to any location and thrives even in inferior soil; but the Japanese iris needs a well-watered spot. It is in no sense a water plant, but its whole contour seems to belong in company with a stream. Careful observation has shown, too, that the plants thrive better and blossom more profusely here than in a drier spot.

The roots are delicate, however, and should never be planted in a moist spot where water would freeze around them. Indeed, a light layer of leaves or some similar covering is suggested as a protection from heavy frost. Transplanting and separating of iris roots of all kinds should take place in April or September.

As to the placing of iris in our gardens, the mere thought brings up with the colored petals outlined against a green background, and sunny banks with the same colors reaching upward to the sun. It is possible for you to have iris in bloom in your garden in the months of May, June, July, and August.

The dwarf iris is a most lovely little plant, no higher than a heliotrope, with dark purplish blossoms. Once I saw these purple petals filled with the snow of a storm in early May, and the wonder and the beauty of it lingers with me still. I may add that the growth of the iris was enhanced rather than hindered by this unusual fertilizer.

With the dropping of these small irises there blossoms in June the

bearded or native American variety. What gardener does not know with deepest affection those luscious blue white petals that open so lavishly when the syringa blooms? And can he ever forget the purple and the sturdy little yellow variety, which arrive just a shade later than their lily-like sister?

Then in July and August come the wonder colors of the Japanese iris —blues and red-purples, blue lavender, and whites with yellow centers and with their creasts tipped with violet.

And all through the green of the year stand the spikes of leaves of this plant, the knightly harbinger and reminder of a knightly blossoming. That spot is rare and sacred where the iris blooms.

OUR ROBES

I suppose we may say roughly, in our more modern phraseology, that the robe so frequently spoken of in Scriptures answers substantially to what we call character. It is the self—and yet it is a kind of projection and making visible of the self, the vesture which is cast around "the hidden man of the heart." This mysterious robe, which answers nearly to what we mean by character, is made by the wearer. That is a solemn thought. For every one of us carries about with him a mystical loom, and we are always weaving—weave, weave, weaving—this robe which we wear, every thought a thread of the warp, every action a thread of the weft. We weave it, as the spider does its web, out of its own entrails, if I might say so. We weave it, and we dye it, and we cut it, and we stitch it, and then we put it on and wear it, and it sticks to us. Like a snail that crawls about your garden patches, and makes its shell by a process of secretion from out of its own substance, so you and I are making that mysterious, solemn thing that we call character, moment by moment. It is our own self, modified by our actions. Character is the precipitate from the stream of conduct which, like the Nile Delta, gradually rises solid and firm above the parent river and confines its flow.—Alexander Maclaren.

FIVE GOOD THOUGHTS

Boys' Industrial School Journal

Some one has said that the way to test the value and importance of the problem confronting you is to sit down and think about it—to think it through; think! think! think! Don't bother about breakfast, dinner or supper if you have a real problem. Think it through if it takes two, three or four days. Edison Burbank, Bell, and hosts of men who have thought things prove that you can reach hard conclusions in no other way—Think!

He was an honest citizen, a skilled workman, and a dependable man. Everyone likes and respects him. He is going to retire, and he is able to do so now, as he had been a success. And most of us want to make a success of our lives, and some who know our friends above wonder how he did it. Although he engaged in an humble calling, he is now independent, but not rich, and has earned his security and comfort by doing his "stuff" well. There is no other secret in his success, or in any worthwhile success. He was a barber.

No matter how good the walls and materials in a building are, if the foundations are not strong, the building will not stand. By and by in some part of the structure a crack will appear, and then it will be known that the fault lies in the foundation. Foundations are laid for life's building during the days of youth. Let this foundation be laid "crooked," warped, uneven, and of poor materials, and you will doubtless some day see all life's efforts collapse, not as the result of a small crack appearing just before the fall, but the faulty construction of years ago. Guard well the construction of life's foundation in the days of your youth. Life will contain many successes and failures, the causes for which you are developing now.

Henry Ford said that much of the advice given to young men about saving money is wrong. He claims never to have saved a cent until he was forty years old. He had invested his money in himself—in books to study, in tools, and mastering their use, and in preparing himself. There is no surer way to make money after a man is forty than to invest it in himself, so this man who has made good says. At forty he had nothing except a vast amount of knowledge, far more than his competitors. At fifty he was about the richest man in the world. Learn to do your work better, quicker and with a surer touch, a little sounder judgment than others, and you can surpass them, and Henry Ford knows by experience that this it true.

It is not only important to think, but that thinking must be straight to be beneficial. I remember once hearing of a local politician of whom it was said "if you push a piece of wire through his head, his thinking was so crooked it would come out a cork screw." What you think about today develops into tomorrow, and that into your future character.

Newton H. Riley said in one of

his books:,"In talking with many convicts who had nothing to conceal, I have learned that crime often begins with an evil suggestion. The suggestion repeated finally becomes embodied in nerve cells, which forms the physical basis of crime. Thus, what at first is only an evil thought or desire, by being entertained and persisted in, becomes an integral part of the man, a controlling factor in life and conduct."

THE BEAVER

By Walker Young

At one time the beaver was America's most important fur-bearing animal. In colonial days, settlements were founded in regions where this semi-aquatic creature was plentiful. Canada considered their value high enough to portray them on a stamp, and Russia used Alaska (when under Russian control) as a large, natural fur-farm from which to derive huge profits. Continual trapping, however, diminish the beaver population down to the verge of extinction, and they survived only in remote wilderness spots. For many years their status was a constant worry to foresighted conservationists,. The high price of their pelts made poachers disregard all laws. They remained scarce for years, and then an attempt was made by various organizations and individuals to introduce them back into their former haunts. With stringent protection and a little encouragement they started to multiply. Now the danger has passed.

At Bear Mountain Interstate Park there are about twenty-five beaver colonies spread out in all directions. The inhabitants are all descendants from ten pairs which were introduced a number of years ago. I have had the opportunity to visit and study the beavers in this region many times. Always there is something new to hold my attention. As dam builders they are past masters. They know how to bend their log blockade to withstand the strong currents, and they know within a few minutes after a break in the dam has been made just how best to repair damages. They are nocturnal in habits, and during the day usually stay within the confines of their "log hut" in the middle of the pond. Hence, in photographing these animals it was often necessary to make a slight rent in the dams in order to make the beavers come out while there was still enough light for photography.

There is enough salt in the ocean to make a cover a mile and a half thick for the United States.

MEMORIAL DAY

(Reidsville Review)

Memorial Day was born in a stately old Colonial mansion in Columbus, Ga., the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Tyler, on April 26, 1886. The women of the South were stealing to cemeteries to bedeck the graves of loved ones, sons and husbands, who had died fighting for the blue and gray, Mrs. Tyler called the women of her town together and organized a Ladies Memorial Association, and this association held its first Memorial Day exercises that year. The idea swept the nation and in 1868 when Commander of the G. A. R. General John A. Logan secured an act of Congress setting aside one Memorial Day each year as a day of tribute. The date, however, was left optional with the states themselves. Several Southern states still observe the orginal date of April 26, but most of the states observe May 30.

The mystic chords of memory, stretching from the thousands of battlefields and the millions of patriotic graves distributed all over our great nation, to every home and hearth within its boundaries, compelled instant approval of the Memorial thus inaugurated.

Memorial Day was not set aside exclusively for another bank holiday, nor even for a double-header at the ball park. It is a day which in its majestic significance ranks close to Easter itself.

Memorial Day is the day of all days in the patriotic calendar of America, and its sacredness and significance becomes more and more manifest as the years go by. The Memorial exercises held all over our broad land in memory of the soldier dead of all our wars, attest the fact that the great loyal heart of America is still as steady and true in its appreciation of American ideals, and the value and sacrifices of those lives which have been freely offered on its altars, from Bunker Hill to Flanders Field, where 50,000 crosses mark the resting place of our brothers and sisters.

Memorial Day has its lessons for the rising generations—the lessons taught by the Carpenter of Nazareth, and for which every Christian church stands as a pledge. America is the polar star of hope for the burden bearers and for the peace of the world.

It is not what a man gets, but what a man is, that he should think of. He should think first of his character, and then of his condition, for if he have the former, he need have no fears about the latter. Character will draw condition ofter it, circumstances after it. Circumstances obey principles.—H. W. Beecher.

"THE LADY WITH THE LAMP"

(Selected)

"A lady with a lamp shall stand
In the great history of the land,
A noble type of good
Heroic womanhood."

So wrote Longfellow as he tried to portray the heroic service of Florence Nightingale, "The Angel of the Crimea," as she has been called. She was an Englishwoman, but her name is revered wherever the story of her life has been told.

She was the daughter of a wealthy banker, accomplished and highly educated. She was proficient in at least four languages. Hers was a sympathetic nature, and she was always touched by the sight of suffering. By the time she was twenty-one we find her giving herself to a study of conditions in hospitals, for which purpose she traveled over the most of Europe, all the while preparing herself for what was to be an unrivaled service of mercy.

When the war broke out between England and Russia in the Crimea every mail brought news of added horrors in suffering. Florence Nightingale wrote offering her services to her government, expressing it as her belief that the soldiers needed good nursing such as only women could give. While this letter was on its way another was being sent to her from the War Department, requesting her to go to the scene of conflict and organize a nursing service in the great hospital at Scutari. When she undertook the work the death rate was forty-two per cent. After she had effected the necessary reorganization and installed a system for treating the sick and wounded, the death rate was two per cent. So greatly was this woman beloved that when she passed the patients they would reach forth their hands to touch the hem of her garments; if not able to do that they would kiss her shadow as it crossed their pillows. The service she rendered during that war was considered greater than that rendered by any English statesman or officer during the same period. It was her love, sympathy and devotion that sent her to this stupendous task, and that gives her name an honored place among the truly great of all time.

The blossom can not tell what becomes of its odor; and no man can tell what becomes of his influence and example that roll away from him and go beyond his ken.—Beecher.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Mr. Grier and his boys have been building a barbed wire fence around a section of our pasture.

—o—

The barber-shop boys under the direction of Mr. Hobby are busy giving the boys haircuts and trims.

—o—

A group of boys under the direction of Mr. Hobby, spent the past few days cleaning up various sections of the campus.

—o—

Rev. L. C. Baumgarner, pastor of St. Andrews Lutheran Church, Concord, conducted the regular afternoon service in the auditorium last Sunday.

—o—

Mr. W. W. Johnson, our school principal, is enjoying a vacation, and Mr, C. B. Barber, bookkeeper is spending a few days at his home in Kings Mountain.

—o—

The boys working on the garden force made the first gathering of English peas last week. Thirty-six bushels were picked and issued to the cottage kitchens.

—o—

In going over our farm land we notice the fields sown with Austrian peas and crimson clover in full bloom, presenting panorama of color not usually seen in fields of growing crops, but confined to flower gardens.

—o—

Bob Russel from the Sixth Cottage was paroled yesterday by Supt. Boger and left for his home in Roxboro. Bob's work was in the shoe shop. We believe Bob will make good and hope he will come to see us as time goes along.

—o—

Among the old boys back to visit the school this week was Robert McDaniel, from Wilmington, he was in the first cottage. Robert has been in the army. We were glad to have him visit us.

—o—

Our farm manager reports that the spring crop of alfalfa, covering about eighteen acres, was cut this week and stored in the barn. It is estimated that more than twenty-five tons of excellent hay was gathered as the result of this cutting.

—o—

Several members of our staff recently received invitations to the graduating exercises of the Rowland High School. On the list of members of the graduating class we notice Jack Page's name. Jack was formerly a student at the Training School, and while here made an excellent record. We understand that he has also made a fine record at the high school, and our congratulations are tendered herewith.

—o—

Robert McDaniels, one of our boys, who was paroled several years ago, called on friends at the Training School last week. Robert had just completed a three year term of enlistment in the U. S. Army and was the proud possessor of an honorable discharge. At present he is undecided as to whether or not he will re-enlist or seek employment elsewhere. "Mac" seemed glad to renew old friendships and acquaintances here,

and was very appreciative of what the institution had done for him.

—o—

The 1931 baseball season was ushered in at the Jackson Training School last Saturday afternoon, as the local ball tossers defeated the White Hall team by the score of 7 to 3. Linker, the visitor pitcher fanned sixteen of our boys, but was wild at times, walking four batters and hitting one. This coupled with some costly errors, was responsible for most of the school lads' runs. Brewer, Thompson and Williams did the hurling for the Training School and but six hits were secured off their combined deliveries. The only extra base hits registered by the local lads were triples by Hedrick and Whitehurst. Poole, our center gardener secured three singles out of five trips to the plate. Bost, third baseman, with two singles, was the only visitor to get more than one hit.

Prof. Don Richardson of Charlotte, one of the South's outstanding musicians, has been interested for some time past in trying to organize a class for violin instruction, among the boys of the Jackson Training School. Last Tuesday afternoon, Prof Richardson together with a corps of teachers, visited the institution and gave a demonstration of his modern method of instruction. About twenty-five of our boys signified their interest in learning to play the violin. The results obtained by these youngsters with just fifteen or twenty minutes, instruction was indeed marvelous. Prof. Richardson has made a very attractive offer to those interested, to furnish a violin and a course of seventy lessons, to be given weekly, at an unusually low rate. These boys are writing to their home folks to ascertain whether or not they can furnish the necessary funds to enable them to take this course.

THE FIGHT FOR SUCCESS

One of the most important lessons in life is that success must continually be won and is never finally achieved. There are those who look upon the supposed fortunate in our social efforts, who have achieved places of influence and distinction, as though they had in some way gained a citadel in which they stand secure against every attack. In truth, all they have done is to gain another level of responsibility in which they must make good. Every day is one of test. Every day puts at risk all that has been gained. The greater the apparent achievement the greater risk of loss. The farther you have climbed, the more disastrous the fall. As has well been said, it is not worth while to talk of the end of a period, for you are always at the beginning of a new one. You cannot rest content. You have been vigilant; it remains to be yet more vigilant. You have been faithful, but fidelity is an active virtue which demands its daily sacrifice of any counter interest, its daily response is energetic service.

—Charles E. Hughes.

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XIX CONCORD, N. C. MAY 30, 1931 No. 22

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A SQUARE DEAL

The bad habit
Of fault-finding
Is one to which we
May be prone;
So, if we must
Look for some faults,
Let's start by looking
For our own.

—Exchange

PUBLISHED BY

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. *J.* P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

THE VALUE OF FRIENDSHIP

One of the most interesting and most worthwhile talks of this year was given by Rev. J. D. Harte a few days ago. He spoke on the value of friendship, particularly those formed in high school. How do we choose our friends? Is it by the clothes they wear or by what they really are? Mr. Harte said that one of the truest friends he ever had was a little, ragged negro boy. It is true that the most unbiased, unexacting friendships are formed in grammar and high school. We take our classmates as they are and never question whether or not their "family tree" is as good as ours. How many older people do you find forming their friendships in this manner?

Mr. Harte spoke of friends which are assets, and cautioned us to pick worthwhile friends as we go through life; those that we are able to help in some way, and who will stand by us always. Make friendships now! Cultivate the art of friendliness. It's easier to make friends than enemies and a lot more worthwhile.—Monroe Enquirer

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A DEGREE CONFERRED

We carry in this issue of the Uplift a splendid article from the pen of Mr. C. W. Hunt, of Mecklenburg county, captioned "The Doctor Of Friendship." If you read the article you will understand that there is a degree other than college degrees to be acquired. To have "D. of F." after one's name is a compliment to any man or woman. This degree can be acquired without expense, or study of sciences, but realized by daily practice—think kindly, speak charitably, act discreetly, in short "do as you would have others do unto you.

There is fine thought in Mr. Hunt's contribution. Let us hope the idea will prove contagious and many will aspire to attain the degree of "Doctor

of Friendship.'' It can be done.

Incidentally, we take pride in calling attention to this week's leading editorial, "the Value of Friendship'' by Rev. J. D. Harte, pastor of Baptist church, Monroe. We happen to know that Rev. Harte, in his home town, regardless of denominational lines, is considered the friend of man. He has an appealing way of getting the confidence of people, and never fails to give a balm for every heart ache. We term him, with his already most worthily bestowed degree, D. D. as a man entitled to the new dergee suggested in Mr. Hunt's article—''Doctor of Friendship.''

It would be quite apropos for the Uplift to be the first to confer the degree of ''D. of F.'' upon Mr. C. W. Hunt, for the reason he has been a most constant friend of this little Magazine. Remember the portals of the Jackson Training School are open to these two splendid citizens, laymen and preacher, to come over and talk to the boys.

* * * * * * * * * *

KIND WORDS HELP

The Concord Tribune recognizes editorially the great work done on the farm of the Jackson Training School, that was previous to the establishment of the school in 1909, a land of gullies and waste places. This development does indeed cite the possibilities of similar fields in this vicinity that could be reclaimed, by proper cultivation and fertilization, making homes with delightful and productive surroundings fit for the abiding places of the most elite.

The reclaiming of the old, worn out land though is not the most astounding piece of work accomplished in this institution—the work the greatest of all is transforming boys, who have been termed ''bad,'' into upright citizens, the finest of works in God's great universe. As a whole the beauty and productivity of the fields can be seen as one rides through and around the magnificent Jackson Training School farm—this is one reflection of the great work carried on—but to know the activities in the entirety one has to see the dairy, work shop, print shop, ice plant, bakery, sewing room and last but not the least the school rooms where over 500 are taught the rudiments of an education. Without these privileges the boys, a big percent, would never be brought in contact with the finer elements that make real men. Keep in mind the Jackson Training School is their only privilege

and there are boys here who could measure up in intellect with any of college attainments if permitted. The editor of the Tribune is very generous in saying that "the State does not possess an institution of greater value than the Jackson Training School," and we appreciate the kind expression, for no one knows better than home folks the great work accomplished in this institution. Thank you Editor Sherrill.

* * * * * * * * * *

A FINE SELECTION

The citizenship of Concord is well pleased in the selection of Alfred S. Brower, a native son, to fill the important post of purchasing agent for the State. We feel that Governor Gardner has signally recognized Cabarrus county, and we commend the Governor that he sought a man other than within the realm of politics to fill this position that carries with it a great responsibility.

The duties of the purchasing agent are the directing of buying supplies, materials and equipments for state departments and institutions, a new office created with the hope of saving the state annually about $400.000.

In the words of the Governor, Alfred Brower has the "ability, experience, personality and intergrity that seems to fit to the requirements of the office." It is evident hat Governor Gardner recognizes character for in this intsance he has chosen wisely—young Brower will safeguard the confidence imposed in him and measure up to every requirement. He is a fine fellow, having a noble parentage.

* * * * * * * * * *

THE FUTURE CITIZENSHIP

The graduating class of young men and women, Central High School, Charlotte, 309 in number, in caps and robes, made a most impressive picture as they passed into the First Methodist church to hear the baccalaureate sermon delivered by Dr. Edgar Gammon, pastor of Myers Park Presbyterian church. The leading thought of the sermon was "education without a purpose is of no avail," and that the secret of success is "faith in God" to guide in every life work. "What am I to do with life" was the potent question. The answer was—a life of service." The scene presented the true spirit of

christian democracy for there were assembled people from every avenue of life, proud parents of the sons and daughters, members of the graduating class, the hope of the country.

It brought to mind a fact that our schools are the bulwarks of the nation, and the greatest caution should be taken to inspire, christian citizenship of the highest type, a loyality to our flag, and not teach subjects alone to measure up to the requirements of the standardization. Because temptations will loom to the young graduates as never before and each will have to face life with a courage that youth alone possesses.

* * * * * * * * * *

MADE IN NORTH CAROLINA WEEK

From June 1-6 inclusive is the time set aside by Governor Gardner for North Carolina's second industrial exposition, "Made In North Carolina Week," sponsored by the State Department of Conservation and Development. This week's program will receive the attention of civic organizations, schools, the Women's clubs and retail stores featuring home products in a way that will attract the public. The whole affair might be termed "booster week" staged to create an appreciation for home and the things made right within the borders of the Old North State. Such a celebration not only brings the merchant and manufacturer closer together, but gives an opportunity to bring the local, industrial developments to the door of virtually every citizen of the State. It is impossible to boost one's State without first hand information, so "Made In North Carolina Week" is an opportunity to learn of the achievements also the possibilities yet to be accomplished.

* * * * * * * * * *

JUST FACTS

There were recorded in North Carolina during the month of April 43 automobiles fatatities, according to the report of the States Bureau of Vital Statistics. Since the World War 264.449 persons have been killed in the United States, besides millions crippled or injured. These indisputable facts that confront us daily make it imperative that something be done towards bettering traffic laws. The automobile is a great convenience and joy

when used properly, but when put into the hands of reckless, inefficient drivers they are a menace to the country.

Such items as the following brings to mind that the General Assembly of 1931 should have designed some measure to conserve human life:

> Traffic toll last year was 777—an increase of 87 from the 690 of 1929—and the slaughter goes gruesomely on as the legislators sit and sit and start to begging to commence a revenue bill and return home.

* * * * * * * * * *

THE VALUE OF LITTLE THINGS

The following article makes clear the power of little things, showing that every thought, word and act should be carefully guarded if the impress of a life is to rebound for good. The thought is a sermon within itself if properly interpreted. Remember it is the little deeds of kindness and humble service that build character, and make an abiding impression for good upon the world:

> I remember in the physics class room in the university where I was trained, we found one day an iron beam hanging from the ceiling, held there perfectly passive. And our professor, Professor Tate, took little paper pellets and threw them at the iron beam. It seemed like child's work, and at first nothing happened. But he kept on throwing these little paper pellets, these little nothings, at the iron beam until we saw it begin to vibrate, then to thrill, then to move, and at last to swing. Now what created that movement of the iron beam? Accumulative trifles. Every trifle contributed its little quota and helped to make the movement.
>
> And everything in my life, the little pellet of idle wish, the little pellet of idle thought, the little pellet of courtesy, the little pellet of discourtesy, everything helps to create the movement, the drift, the swing, the destiny, either toward God or toward the devil.

* * * * * * * * * *

There comes another echo of merging churches of different denominations. This time the merging interest is considered by the representatives of the Congregational and Christian churches at a meeting in Greensboro of recent date. The Western and Eastern North Carolina Christian Conference and the Congregational Conference of Virginia and Carolinas had representatives at this meeting. Before the merger is effective the proposal must be approved by the general conference of the Congregational church, at Seattle, Washington, June, 1st, also approved by the general conference of the Christian

church. We will wait and see just how many different points against merging will be raised, church government for one, we predict to keep separate these two Christian denominations.

* * * * * * * * * *

To the "live-at-home" slogan of Governor Gardner there has been added another "preserve your food and live at home this winter." The latter slogan if carried out makes the first possible, or at least makes living very much less expensive. If the people are educated as to the necessity of saving their vegetables and fruits one can readily see the money the farmers obtain will be "over and above," a clear savings, a nest egg for a rainy day.

Canning demonstrations will be put on throughout the State, backed by the Council of Unemployment and Relief, with the hope of realizing a great savings by conserving the fruits and vegetables that otherwise will go to waste.

* * * * * * * * * *

In this issue of the Uplift is an excerpt from an address by John Paul Lucas, vice-president of the Southern Public Utilities Company. Although editorially mentioned last week, the article was inadvertently omitted. It is very fine, read it.

RAMBLING AROUND

By Old Hurrygraph

"Before you start complaining,
Please read this bit o' verse,
Although the bad might be better,
The better might be worse!"

—o—

A vivacious Miss snapped into a Durham store and accosted a clerk with: "I'd like to try on that rose dress in the window." "Sorry, Miss," replied the clerk, "that's a lampshade."

—o—

What puzzles me is that droughts and floods function so much more speedily and efficiently than congress and legislatures do.

—o—

Illiteracy is deplorable, but it is not as bad as being able to read everything and believing it all. That is rueful.

—o—

It has been observed, as a general rule, those who like everything they have are happier than those who have everything they like.

—o—

My idea of a reign of terror is what the couple in a rumble seat gets during a thunder shower.

—o—

Business men who are waiting for "good times" to advertise are only helping to delay the game. Think it over.

—o—

For quite some time the headlines in the various publications have been reflecting what some people of more or less admitted prominence and experience in business claim to "see" in connection with the wanted return of what, for the lack of a more comprehensive name, are called "good times." While it is most reasonable to suppose, in view of past history, that it is about time for the thing known as business to begin to convalesce, I feel safe in saying that it will have to actually take place before the most astute watch on the outer-walls of the realm of business can really see anything, except in the mind's eye. However, it is there and will be coming along in due course. Let confidence increase with the days, and that will hurry the thing along fast as we have any good reason to anticipate. There have been worse "times" than those we have passed through, and from which we have duly emerged. Keep faith and hope in the heart.

—o—

I am never surprised when a mule is stubborn and balks. That is a mule's privilege—and that is about all the fun a mule has. There is this to say about the mule—he acts like a mule. You never catch a mule acting like a man. He has too much sense for that. I have often seen men, however, who act like mules. Every once in a while my wife tells me I act like a mule. I think she is mistaken, and some day, when I am in an exceedingly good humor. I am going to tell her that she is.

—o—

Last year we had nothing but drought, drought, and then more drought. Now we have rain, rain, and plenty more rain. People moan-

ed last year because of the drought and now they moan because of the rain. Well, if it's not one thing it is another. Man, in the concrete, is never satisfied, and as the poet said, "always to be blest."

—o—

The din of a more or less big city is diverting. A disturbing element. I recently read in the Saturday Evening Post, where some fellow who was writing on the hour of 10 o'clock said: "The completeness of his insulation within the vast cushion of silence had distorted the proportions of time so that the hours had seemed drenched with the essence of an obligatory solitude." No such insulation in Durham, where, "all through the night," you hear the swirl and whir of automobiles, that sound like the roar of the ocean, and living on a corner, you get the double benefit of the fellows who honk their horns in the stillness of the night, when no one is in sight, and keep silent in the day when the streets are more or less crowded with pedestrians. And then before "the morn's early dawn" the trucks of the milkmen come around belching and sputtering as if in the throes of death and their last gasps; and to this add the turmoils of the street sweeper and the street flusher that try to get around before dawn of day, and then the moving of the big business trucks, and you see why so many Durhamites are not looking beautiful in the mornings, because they have lost their beauty sleep. I do not look so charming myself quite frequently. A big city is a continual bustle

—o—

An absent-minded Durhamite, recently back from a trip to Europe, bought a post card of Durham county's handsome court house and jail on top, and mailed it to a relative in Omaha. Scrawled across the corner of it was "Wish you were here." Habit is strong.

—o—

Most folks who want allopathic doses of everything else, are perfectly content with a homeopathic dose of religion.

—o—

It is hard to tell what may happen in Durham before the summer is over. They may be playing Tom Thumb golf with midget cars.

—o—

The most up-to-date simile is: Thincker than bootleggers in North Carolina.

—o—

Do you know that there are really some people who have the idea that Dun and Bradstreet are a cil-

---

"Life's road is old, it is bitter and cold,
And you never can travel it twice;
Then warm it with Love, else in passing above
Some Soul may be lost on the ice."—Exchange.

DOCTOR OF FRIENDSHIP

By C. W. Hunt

Every one even slightly acquainted with letters knows there are many degrees conferred by institutions of learning upon men and women who have distinguished themselves in any way: M. D. for doctors of medicine; D. D. for doctors of Divinity, men who have distinguished themselves as great preachers and teachers; Ph. D. for doctors of philosophy, men outstanding as philosophers; L. L. D. doctors of law, applied to men who hove distinguished themselves in many ways, as scholars and statesmen and teachers. These are but a few and those best known to the average man and woman, but there are many more, the meaning of which is too complicated for all except those distinguished in letters to know and feel and express; but I am about to coin a new appendage to the names of a rather new class in distinction, one you will not find in the dictionary of the catalog; A "Doctor of Friendship." It came about this way: a new man was in the chair as superintendent of an adult Sunday school department, who was short on a program for want of notice, and without notice to a friend and leader whom he had called Doctor on account of the way he trimmed his whiskers and of his activity in good works in and out of his church; called on doctor H. to know if he did not have something to read fitted to the occasion. This raised a laugh to the embarrasment of the caller and the called and the incident called for another popular song, and was apparently closed for all time. But one lady more thoughtful than some others followed "Dr. H." to say: "Mr. M did not say which set of doctors you belonged to, but I want to give you the title of Doctor of Friendship." Thus she coined a new title of distinguishment by which to dub a friendly man. This man had always made it a point to be friendly with all who came and went attending his church and Sunday school and this lady friend had thought a new thought about him and coined it into a title, Doctor of Friendship. Mr. M. had felt this one he had called Doctor H. needed some title of distinguishment, but had never used this title in public before. "You know," said the man who had been thus dubbed," I rather like the soubriquet Doctor of Friendship, coming under the circumstances it did come, and had for its meaning one who goes out of his way to be friendly, for I have reached the age and that stage in life when I desire friendship and seek friendliness in all things rather than the opposite!" Some one said:

"If thou wouldst have friends show thyself friendly."

That is so well said there is no evasion of the meaning or its intent. No recluse or grouch ever had many friends, but I have found that to have friends we must be friendly. So if you find the title D. of F. after

a mans name you may know it a man's name you may know and is the title given a man or woman who shows himself or herself friendly at all times and in all places.

A FINE JOB OF RECLAMATION

Concord Tribune

The farm at the Jackson Training School is one of the best in the State, and part of the fine spring crop has been raised on what several years ago was nothing but a succession of gulleys. Tons of dirt had to be hauled to these fields, terraces had to be built, and the soil enriched, yet all of this has been done within the past several years, and the crop this land is now producing is striking demonstration of what can be done when scientific methods are adopted.

When one rides now past these fertile fields it is almost impossible to believe a transformation could be made in such short order. Some persons wondered why the Training School officials wanted to embrace this apparently barren stretch of land in their holdings, but if they will ride over these broad acres today they will understand and appreciate the foresight of these officials and the able manner in which they have made much from what appeared to be nothing.

Thousands of acres of North Carolina lands could be as easily reclaimed if the same methods used by these school officials were put into general practice. We are permitting great areas to grow up in underbrush and to become unsightly gulleys simply because we are either too lazy or two indifferent to apply modern methods to their upkeep. What has been done at the Training School can be done on other apparently useless tracts.

Reclamation of this land at the Training School is but another evidence of the thorough, efficient and scientific manner in which the plant as a whole is operated. We reiterate a belief often expressed: That North Carolina does not possess an institution of greater value than the Jackson Training School.

An aviator in a single-seater British Air Force plane flew upside down for four minutes and forty-five seconds, thus setting a new record.—Exchange.

FINE PROPAGANDA

(Mecklenburg Times)

John Paul Lucas, vice-president of the Southern Public Utilities Company, made a very interesting address to the county women at their clubhouse, Saturday at 1 o'clock.

"We are in an era of transition," Mr. Lucas said, "and need this work more than ever. Changes come so fast that we cannot keep up with them. I realize, that I'm talking to women, but I know they are just as much interested in the work of the farmer as the men and I want to say just a few words about cotton."

"Texas and other states have add- from 16,000,000 to 18,000,000 acres of new land for growing cotton. They can produce cotton at a very much lower rate than the farmers in North Carolina can, because they do not use fertilizer and practically all their work is done by machinery. This increased acreage will of course not raise the price of cotton."

In Russia, the government tells the farmer what to do. Last year farmers of that nation grew two million bales of first quality cotton. This year they are planning to grow three million. This is of better grade and quality than is grown in North Carolina. It is time for North and South Carolina to get into some other fields and lines of agriculture.

"We have had a wonderful industrial development in North Carolina during the past two decades, which resulted in a rapid building up of town and communities. This is fortunate for our state, for these towns call for food products and the towns cannot produce them. This a diversified age and a time for diversified farming in the agricultural world. There is a market for all food products. Our state sends millions of dollars into other states each year for food products. We are employing ten thousands of farmers in other states to produce our food, while we have better climate, longer growing season and every other advantage over these states, Mr. Lucas pointed out.

"Why does the Carolinas produce cotton and tobacco which nobody wants, and place these produce on an already glutted market? The average farmer of this state only receives about five hundred dollars each year for his products, while in Wisconsin and other states the farmer, received from $2500.00 to $3,000,00 per year income. They produce higher price products and sell them right at our door, where there is an every ready market. The plight the farmers are in is appalling and it is a problem for business men as well as for the farmers to work out. No permanent or staple prosperity can ever come to our state as long as we send millions of dollars each year into other states for food. The farmers are face to face with a readjustment period weather they desire it or not. The farmers must co-operate. There is no reason why we cannot have canneries in this state and feed our own people instead of buying from states far away and paying freight charges and the

commission on foodstuff going through the hands of several other dealers. It is a co-operative problem of equal importance. After all our state is just like our body when one unit is afflicted the entire part suffers.

"Today," the speaker continued, "the proposition of partnership and co-operation is needed more than ever before."

He touched lightly upon the problems of youth and said that in all ancient literature we read of "the wild youth."

"I think there is more smoke and noise than fire," Mr. Lucas said. "I find the youth of today ready to accept responsibility and honest and square."

"I think in the next few years," Mr. Lucas continued, "we will witness a revolution in farming. Industries will spring up. The market will be supplied and people will be fed with food grown from their own gardens," and with this Mr. Lucas concluded his address on farming.

Mr. Lucas spoke a few minutes concerning the work of his organization and of electric service in the country. He told the women that they had more electric range per hundred citizens in the county than in the city.

"We are serving 1500 families in the county today and have 150 miles of power lines in the county. As to rural extension we are going ahead with that as rapidly as possible."

A BOY WHO WANTED AN EDUCATION

The days seemed long, terribly long, to the boy who had to begin at four in the morning to do a hard day's work in the salt furnaces. Hour after hour, as the boy's hands kept working his mind was thinking about how he wished for just one thing. It wasn't for money though he was very poor. It wasn't for food though he was often hungry. It wasn't for clothes, though his were very ragged. But, oh, how he did wish that he knew how to read and write! How he longed to go to school!

At last his family said that if he would work in the salt furnaces from four in the morning till nine he might go to school the rest of each day. That was a happy day for him, and in his queer, old ragged clothes the boy went to school.

When the teacher began to call the roll, this new pupil discovered that all the boys and girls had two names, while he had never heard of his having but one. He had always been called Booker, but when the teacher said, "What is your other name?" he thought to himself, "I have no other name, so I'll have to give myself one. I'll be Booker Washington." And so when his name Booker was called, he promptly said, "Booker Washington."

—Selected.

NORTH CAROLINA FORGES AHEAD

Conservation & Industry

Not so long ago North Carolina was referred to as a "valley of humiliation between two hills of conceit." She was the butt of jokes. School books made her famous as the "tar, pitch, and turpentine" State.

Today she does not have to apologize for her rank among her sister States in manufacturing, agriculture, highway building, population growth, education, social legislation or any other great field of activity. She leads in the following respects:

In the number of cotton mills.

In the number of active cotton spindles.

In the consumption of cotton.

In the manufacture of cotton goods, including denims, napped fabrics, cotton flannels, bed spreads and quilts, sheets and pillow cases, ginghams, shirting, damask, cotton yarns for sale, weaving yarns and combed yarns.

In quantity of hosiery produced (but not in value).

In manufacture of cigarettes, chewing and smoking tobacco.

In the manufacture of wooden bed room and kitchen furniture.

North Carolina has the largest hosiery mills, towel factory, overall factory and second largest aluminum reduction plant in the world. She has the largest denium mill, damask mills, underwear factory; one of the largest pulp paper mills and one of the largest rayon mills in the United States.

The State ranks third in the production of hydro-electric power, the manufacture of work clothing, and the manufacture of fertilizer; fourth in the production of lumber and fifth in the production of knit underwear.

She leads the South in the number of furniture factories, value of products of furniture factories, capital invested and number of operatives in such plants.

She also leads the South in the number of mill and factory wage earners employed in all types of plants, in wage paid these employees, and in value added to raw material, by manufacture.

North Carolina has a larger percentage of native born population than any other State. Now hanks 12th in total population and from 1920 to 1930 only six States had a greater percentage increase in population.

There are 284 native minerals found in North Carolina, a greater number than in any other State. For this reason North Carolina has often been referred to as the sample case. She has more than samples though. She is the largest producer of crude feldspar, pyrophyllite, and residual kaolin clay, the second largest producer of mica, and few States are better supplied with building stone and clays.

She has more square miles of inland waters than any other State.

North Carolina has one of the best paved systems of State highways in the United States and is the first State to assume complete responsibility for the maintenance of all county and State roads within her

borders.

The State ranks first in the production of tobacco; second in the production of peanuts, soy beans and sweet potatoes; third in the production of early Irish potatoes. In 1930 she ranked seventh in the farm value of the 22 principal crops and sixth in the form of the 75 principal crops.

I KNOW SOMETHING GOOD ABOUT YOU

Wouldn't this old world be better
If the folks we meet would say:
"I know something good about you!"
And then treat us just that way?

Wouldn't it be fine and dandy,
If each handclasp, warm and true,
Carried with it this assurance:
"I know something good about you."

Wouldn't life be lots more happy,
If the good that's in us all
Were the only thing about us
That folks bothered to recall?

Wouldn't it be nice to practice
That fine way of thinking, too;
You know something good about ME;
I know something good about YOU!

—Selected

SEEING WHAT WE WANT TO SEE

(Charlotte News)

Travel, if the old saying is to be believed, broadens the mind. This may be so and it may not; but one thing, at least, is sure. You can get a great deal more fun out of your travels if you put your mind in the right mood before you start out.

By that, of course, we simply mean that the traveler, be his journey long or short, sees only what he wants to see. If when he sets forth he gets in shape to see unpleasant things and disagreeable people he will see them in abundance; and if he prepares to see things that will delight him, he will be delighted.

Here's an illustration:

Suppose that you start on a railroad journey of several hundred miles. During that journey your train will whirl you through a multitude of small towns and villages. There will be stretches of open country that are monotonous and dreary, and there will be places that are almost disquieting in their beauty; and the picture that lodges the most deeply in your mind will depend chiefly on the kind of mind you have.

If you're feeling bored, dispirited and generally out of sorts with yourself and the rest of the world, you'll remember only the dull stretches. If you're feeling cheery, hopeful and contented you'll remember the beauty spots; more, you'll be able to see beauty even in the dull stretches.

The same thing holds good of the cities and towns. The outskirts of such places, especially along the railroad, are apt to be rather shabby and depressing; and if you're in the mood to notice such things especially, that'll be what you remember most clearly about your trip. But you'll also get glimpses of other things; tree-lined streets, comfortable and inviting houses, green yards where children play— and these things will stay by you if you give them a chance.

We see chiefly what we look for, at home or abroad. And when we come back from any kind of trip and complain that it was all very dull—dull country, ugly cities, unpleasant people—we're not describing our trip; we're more apt to be describing ourselves.

DON'T QUIT

When things go wrong, as they sometimes will;
When the road you're trudging seems all up hill,
When the funds are low and the debts are high,
And you want to smile but you have to sigh,
When care is pressing you down a bit,
Rest, if you must—but don't you quit!

—The Fraternal Record.

HUMAN SIDE OF EDWIN ALDERMAN INTERESTING INCIDENTS REVEAL

Note: Interesting memories of Edwin A. Alderman during the seven years he lived in Chapel Hill (three years as professor and four years as president) are chronicled by Louis Graves in an article in the Chapel Hill Weekly. Extracts from the article follow).

Edwin A. Alderman was a national figure, and at his death recently newspapers and eminent men all over the country paid tribute to his services as an educator and to his gifts as a public speaker. But when a celebrated man passes on, his home folks always have memories of him that are quite apart from his position in the world at large; and so it is natural that those of us who dwell with Mr. Alderman here in Chapel Hill remember him chiefly not for his great achievements in the world at large but for his life in the University and the village. We think of him first of all not as a public character but as a man whom we saw day in and day out and whom we knew intimately.

My strongest impression of him, as I look back upon our long acquaintance, is that he was never dull. Whether he was talking to the professors or students in Chapel Hill, or a gathering of school teachers, or a commencement crowd—on the campus, at the table, out in the yard under the oak trees, or wherever he was—he had that rare quality that made everybody want to listen and keep on listening. Nobody but a deaf man could have ever walked out on him. This quality of being always interesting is something that nobody can explain or define. It is related to content and to words and to manner, but it is more than the sum of all these. I suppose that the single word that comes nearest to describing it is charm. Mr. Alderman possessed charm in superlative degree.

His friends here recognized this quality of his long before he became known beyond North Carolina. I have seen him saunter out upon the porch after dinner, join a group of students, and keep them enthralled while he talked of politics, or books, or atheletics, or the latest saying of Tom Dunstan, the Negro barber, or the new fad of bicycling, or fashions in women's clothes, or the current campus news, or any old thing that happened to come under discussion. And I have seen him weave the same sort of spell over a throng to whom he was preaching the gospel of universal education.

His constant chum while he was here—and forever afterward, even across the bridge of distance—was M. C. S. Noble. They were students here together in the late seventies and the early eighties and they were co-workers in the campaign that laid the foundation for North Carolina's educational structure of today. Mr. Noble influenced Mr. Alderman to accept the public school position offered him by Edward P. Moses in

Goldsboro; and sixteen years later, Mr. Alderman, as President of the University, brought Mr. Noble to Chapel Hill as a professor. After Mr. Alderman left the state in 1900 they arranged for frequent meetings —in Chapel Hill, in Charlottesville, in New York, in Canada, at Lake Placid—and, when they met, the years fell away from them and they frolicked like a couple of boys.

Once a man who lived near the place in Maine where Mark Twain and William Dean Howells spent their summers told me of going out to their cottage in the woods one day and seeing the two old men crouched on a lean-to roof. They were reaching out over the eaves tying a sign to a tree whose branches brushed against a second-story window. The sign, in crude letters fashioned by Mark Twain, read: "To the birds: Please do not sing near this window before 10 o'clock in the morning." I remember that when I heard this tale it reminded me of the sort of fantastic nonsense that Mr. Alderman and Mr. Noble used to carry on in their hours of ease. The last time they were at Lake Placid together the house was resounding with their laughter when they heard a tap-tap tap on the wall of the room beneath. They became quiet to listen, and they heard the voice of Mrs. Alderman from below: "It's way after midnight and you boys'll have to go to bed now."

In its editorial tribute last week the Greensboro News said that Mr. Alderman was courtly without being a courtier. One aspect of his courtliness was a predilection for good clothes. He always dressed well. Soon after he became President here the students nicknamed him Tony. This was a word in common use in those days. I find that the Century Dictionary defines it as follows: "Of a high tone; genteel; swell. (Slang, U. S.)" In front of the New West building wagoners had been driving across the grass, against the rules, and four large stones had been set up as abarrier. One night some students equipped themselves with a brush and a can of black paint and decorated the four stones with four letters: T-O-N-Y. The next morning Mr. Alderman, on the way to his office, with his lordly gait and his head held high, caught sight of the barrier. He stopped, puzzled. His nickname was new then, and he had not heard of it.

"T-O-N-Y," he read aloud. "To New York. I wonder why they put that there."

Later in the day one of his colleagues in the faculty explained the mystery to him.

Discipline was stricted in the nineties than it is today, and the University authorities frowned upon the students' going over to Durham too frequently. These trips were regarded as destructive to habits of study. George Pickard kept most of the hacks that served in those days as the only means of cross-country travel, and one day Mr. Alderman voiced to him the suspicion that the hacks were being used too much for students' good. "Well, Doctor," Mr. Pickard replied, "they're not being used any more now than when you and Mr. Noble and Frank Dancy were in college and used to go to Raleigh and Durham and over to see

the girls in the Nash school in Hillsboro.'' The President smiled and walked away and did not say anything more to Mr. Pickard about the traffic between here and Durham.

Soon after bicycles came into vogue he bought one, and frequently he used to go a-wheeling through the campus and the village. One accident in his career as a bicyclist has a comical side in retrospect but was far from comical at the time.

He had rooms in our home (where the Carolina Inn is), and, since there were steps leading down from the front yard to the street, he had to push his wheel down the length of the path and ease it down the steps before mounting. My brother Ernest proposed to make a continuous cycle path around by the pump and out of the back yard along the wagon road to the campus gate. (This road was about where the state highway runs now; it was separated from the yard by a stone wall, but there was an opening in the wall near the pump, to permit the passage of wogons.)

Mr. Alderman thought by brother's idea was excellent and encourged him to carry it out. The rough road had to be made smooth, and to obtain earth to fill up the ruts Ernest dug a hole some ten or fifteen yards away in what we called ''the field.'' The time came for the President of the University to make his first test of the new route, and we all stood around to observe. Mr. Alderman did not allow for the steepness of the slope at the opening in the wall and failed to apply his brakes. He lost control of the bicycle and, instead of making the turn to the left, he plunged straight ahead into the field at high speed.

Horrow-struck, we saw him going directly for the hole from which Ernest had obtained the earth to smooth his way. He could not stop or turn aside; he rode into the hole, and fell; and the result was a sprained arm which kept him abed for several days. Nearly a quarter of a century later my brother, as an Army engineer, was building roads in Mexico and with the A. E. F. in France. ''He got his earliest training building a road for me,'' Mr. Alderman remarked to me one day in Charlottesville. ''It was a good road, too; and the only troouble was that I couldn't stay on it.''

A New York editor who had heard all of America's celebrated public speakers for half a century once told me that he considered Woodrow Wilson and Edwin A. Alderman the two greatest. I have heard Byan and Wilson and Bourke Cochran and Choate and three or four Presidents of the United States, and others of nation-wide fame, but I have never heard one who seemed to me quite the equal of Alderman. Bryan was not in his class, for Bryan was mostly Voice. Alderman had all of Wilson's force and felicity of phrase, and he had more of humor and charm.

His greatest triumph on the platform came when he delivered his memorial address on Wilson at the joint session of the Senate and the House in December of 1924. The President and Vice-Presidnet of the United States, the cabinet officers, and the justices of the Supereme Court occupied the front rows; be-

hind them were ranged the Senators and Representatives; and the diplomates' and spectators' galleries were crowded. Of this occasion the New York Times said in its editorial last Friday:

"It was more than the case of a friend commemorating a friend. The public saw in it a significance beyond that of one leader in the educational world paying tribute to another. Above these minor incidents stood the fact that one of the finest living American speakers had been summoned to deliver an elegaic oration upon one of the greatest among the dead, and that the lofty discourse then pronounced by President Alderman marked him out to the whole nation as not only an academice figure, but as a man who deserved by his large ideas and noble utterance to be called a statesman.

"Far beyond the limits of Charlottesville, the fame of Dr. Alderman penetrated throughout our academic life. Above all and everywhere it was the charm of his personality that won all hearts and was able to persuade men almost out of their settled conviction. His grace of manner, his felicity and pungency of speech, his ready and almost instinctive adapability to every variety of audience that he was called upon to address, have often been recorded and made the theme of admiring comment. Often he was observed to rise late before auditors who had been made weary by the long buffetings of hum-drum speakers, and who rose with refreshment and delight to the witty and gracuous and thoughtful worlds with which Dr. Alderman wooded and caught their attention.

TEACHERS SALARIES

(From The Winston-Salem Journal.)

"State School Facts" for February presents a mass of interesting and important figures dealing with the salaries of white teachers in rural and city schools of North Carolina. Boiled down to their essence, these facts yield five definite conclusions.

The average annual salary of a white teacher in North Carolina in 1928-29 was $927.21. A teacher in a rural white school received in the same year an average salary of $809.27, while the teacher in a city school gets $1,268.85.

The average salary of teachers tends to increase from year to year. In 1912-13 the average salary of the rural white teacher was $216.95, and for the city teacher it was $415.61. This is a gain of $592.31 for the country teacher and $853.24 for the city teacher.

The figures also show that when compared with other economic groups the average salary of teachers of the United States is greater than only one, that of wage earners. That means that every vocation that requires special training receives greater financial rewards than does teaching.

THE STORY OF THE FOREST

By Leonora Sill Ashton

The word forestry has a large meaning in our country today. Behind the splendid study and knowledge of trees and their relation to soil, which has come to us of this generation, there stretches back into history a long and interesting story.

The word forest comes from the Latin foris, which means "out of doors;" but, quaintly enough, for many years in England it was thought the word was a combination of the literal words "for rest," and was supposed to refer to the animals and birds that, sought by the hunter in the open spaces, resorted to the depths of the woods for safety and sleep.

In very early times in all European countries the forest was preserved for just such reasons as this: to provide a shelter and breeding place for game, which formed one of man's chief articles of food.

Back in the old feudal days, the lords of the huge estates owned the forests and gave permission to the serfs of the land to gather wood for themselves. This gathering probably resulted in picking up the broken twigs, branches and pieces of bark that fell from the trees to the ground. So there comes to us the figure of the faggot in the fairy stories.

Later, the forests of Europe were owned by wealthy religious houses, and again by communities. The old world, unlike our country two or three generations ago, always had a reverence and regard for the forest, realizing its necessity to the life of man. The serious study of forestry, however, is a science of comparatively recent origin.

In our day, all civilized countries except China, have a definite program for the care and maintenance of their forests.

Japan has a national forest school, and with her characteristic nicety and care in everything she undertakes, has developed a most comprehensive forest service.

In Norway, Sweden, Italy and Austria, forestry is established in the national life of the country. That is, it is included in the plans for maintaining and enlarging the material prosperity of their lands.

Turkey and Greece, Spain and Portugal, while not giving as elaborate care to their trees as some other countries do, still give attention to their forests as state orgainzations. Native woods are a distinct source of revenue to their national owners; and a few years ago Russia drew enormous profit from her great tracts of forests in her thinly peopled districts.

But it is in Germany, with her wondrous depths of woods, that the scientific treatment and care of trees has reached its highest development.

A close second to Germany, in this great endeavor, comes France. She, besides having perfected a throughly practical and efficient system of forestry, has also been able to overcome, to a large degree, the difficult art of controlling floods from the mountain torrents, by planting trees whose roots prevent erosion of the soil, and thus help hold back the rush of waters.

Switzerland has a very wonderful policy of forestry, which is maintained by the government, and which grew out of public interest and concern in 1834, when there were great and serious floods in that country. This interest grew and developed, until in 1875, a federal forest inspector was appointed in Switzerland. A year later the first Swiss forest law was passed. This law is interesting in its function, in that it affects only the Alps and the steep forest hills of that wonderful land of mountain heights and passes. It was maintained by those who drew up the law, that if the highlands were protected and cared for, the lowlands would naturally pass into safe condition.

Important advances are being made continually in Australia and New Zealand in the care of their trees; and in Canada, England has made real progress with the wealth of flourishing native woods. Here there is an elaborate system of revenue and government control. The government of Canada sells the timber from its forests, but retains possession of the land itself, and employs a fine network of men through the entire tract of forest, as guards against that arch enemy of trees—FIRE.

It is said that even at the Cape of Good Hope there is an excellent forest service.

As for our own land, the history of forestry here, like the woods themselves, is a blending of sunlight and shadow. It must be confessed that the wanton destruction and neglect of our great primitive forests is a very black shadow indeed across this page of our history. Before this destruction, our forests were the richest in the world in beauty, extensiveness, and valuable woods; and as a great American forester has said they can be made so again.

The forests of the United States cover different areas, which amount in all to about 699,500,000 acres, or more than thirty-five per cent of the surface of the whole country. The early settlers, bringing with them the ideas of thrift of the old world, revered the forest when they first landed on these shores. Then as time went on, and the almost limitless wealth and what seemed endless miles of forest land became known, the wanton destruction of our trees began.

However, there were some of our first Americans who early realized the value of the maintenance of forest lands. Chief among these was William Penn, who in 1681 made an ordinance that for every five acres of land that were cleared, there should be left one acre covered with trees.

In the early days of Congress, following the Revolution, we read of laws being put into effect to protect timber, and especially oak trees, for the building of our navy; and in 1795 a committee of the Society for the Promotion of Agriculture, Arts and Manufactures in New York State made public a report on the best way to preserve and increase the growth of timber.

History tells us that in 1828 Governor DeWitt Clinton of New York made a public address on the reproduction of our woods; and about that same time, on the banks of the Hudson River, midway between New York and Albany, Dr. James Hosack, founder of the College for Physicians and Surgeons in New York City, was collecting on his beautiful estate

at Hyde Park, one of every species of native tree from New England to the Carolinas. These trees with the native growth which was left undisturbed in many places on the estate, together with Crum Elbow Creek, a stream of rare beauty, lives as great reminders that the love and care of trees in America has not always been absent.

In 1872 the Yellowstone National Park was established, and the following year Congress passed the Timber Culture Act, which gave government land in the treeless regions to whoever would plant one-fourth of his claim with trees.

One of the foremost pioneers in forestry in America was Dr. Franklin B. Hough; and in 1876 he was appointed special agent in the Department of Agriculture.

Thus was begun educational work in forestry in Washington; and the present Bureau of Forestry was established as one of its divisions in 1881.

President Benjamin Harrison was the first one to have the power of executive to set apart national forest reserves; and President Grover Cleveland in his turn followed his example. These tracts lie chiefly in the high mountain regions among the Alleghanies, the Adirondacks and the Rockies.

During the last thirty or forty years, the study of forestry and the thought and care expended upon trees has spread with great strides over the United States. Many states have taken individual interest in the particular and practical application of the subject. Foremost among these are New York and Pennsylvania, both custodians of mighty mountains ranges.

In 1898 our first forest schools were establisher: one at Cornell University in New York, and one at Biltmore, N. C.; and in 1900 a forest school was opened at Yale, New Haven.

A short resmue of the localities of some of our best known woods will give an idea of our forest wealth.

In the northern states, as far west as Minnesota, is the white pine forest belt from which the greater part of our lumber has come. From the Middle Atlantic states, south, we find the yellow pine belt. The Mississippi Valley is rich in the hardwood trees—the oaks, the hickories, the ashes and the gum trees. In the Rocky Mountains we find the evergreens: spruces, firs, hemlocks, and cedars; and out on the Pacific Coast the famous redwoods of California.

While the study of forestry is a college course, parallel in importance and in the length of time that is demanded for its perusal to any other course leading up to diploma and degree, the knowledge of trees and their nurture may be gained by every man, woman and child who desires to have it.

The 4-H clubs have taken forestry for their topic for study in many parts of the land, and have been instrumental in planting miniature forests by the thousands.

To study trees one must train the eyes to almost as many details as the music student before the music page. You must ascertain the color of the bark, its texture, whether smooth, furrowed, scaly or firm; the twigs, whether brittle or tough. slender or coarse; the shape of the buds, long or round, terminal or at the side; the shape of the leaves and

their positions, whether they are single on the twig, or compound,—that is, in clusters. After all these things have been noted, you will link them as family traits in the different races of trees. As you study, you will find many ways of ascertaining these traits and their propensities. The great characteristic of the tree is the wood, and upon this depends the use to which it is to be put.

First of all, watch the different barks. This is that part of the trees which remains the same all the year round. Especially in winter you can fix these fibres in your memory, as well as the twigs and the general formation of the twigs and branches

When summer comes you can give your whole time to studying the opening buds and leaves and blossoms of the trees. The thoughts of trees which probably come first to the lay mind are those of their beauty, their shade, their flowers and fruits, and the uses to which their woods are put.

But like the deep undercurrent of a stream, which guides the destiny of the waters, the most wonderful propensities of a tree lie in its roots underground. These roots hold the moisture which nourishes the wealth aprove the ground, and a forest in this way has a water-storing capacity like a reservoir. When it reaches its capacity there is an overflow. You can easily picture what would happen if the walls of a reservoir were removed. Very much the same thing happens when a forest is cut down. The fact of our forests being cut down so carelessly and wantonly explains to a large degree the presence of devastating floods in parts of the country.

Forests are most effective in steppe lands, from which, if they were not there, the rain fall would rush off, carrying with it the fertility of the top soil. But forests perform a great work in the lowlands, too.

The influence of forests upon freshets is that, instead of a vast volume of muddy water rushing off in a brief period, the "run off" is of clear water, and that of a reasonable flow. Forests hold back this run off and bind the soil in place. They retard the melting snow, while the trees themselves and the underbrush beneath them, with its mat of leaves and fallen twigs, together with the roots, hold back the dangerous water with a restraining touch.

There are many popular guide books for trees, but these should always be accompanied by a notebook for your own observations. In this, divide your experiences into parts headed by the four seasons, each of which will hold out a special aspect for you. It will be a fortunate coincidence if you begin this notebook in the winter. Then the knowledge you gain of each species of tree may be tabulated as follows:

Winter

Bark: color, texture, whether smooth or furrowed, scaly or firm.

Twigs: whether brittle, though or pliant, slender or coarse.

Spring

Buds: color, terminal or at the side of the twigs, opposite or alternate.

Summer

Leaves: simple or compound, shape of the margin of the leaf; has it breaks or is it smooth; has it a stem, what is its texture.

Flowers or blossoms.

What is the general formation of

a tree in full foliage.

Autumn

Fruit: seeds, nuts, and how they are protected and developed, whether in a cone or pod; has it wings whereby the wind may carry it, or is it encased in burr or husk. What time do the seeds mature.

A notebook like this is very likely to grow into a genuine diary of trees; and with it you will couple the study of their care and transplanting. You will also learn of the subject of erosion, the breaking down of the soil bereft of tree roots; the importance of the forest in its relation to agriculture and industry, and the value of the different trees in producing crops of timber.

These facts can all best be realized by a study of trees in your own vicinity; and the knowledge of them will bring you endless joy and satisfaction.

A Greek merchant was caught in a traffic storm. At the height of the storm he got down on his knees and promised his god that if his ships arrived safe in port he would make an offering of one hundred head of cattle.

After two days the storm abated and he decided that one hundred head of cattle was too much; fifty would be enough. Upon further thought, he made another reduction and decided that twenty-five would do. Other reductions followed until when the day came for making his offering to his god, all that he had when he left his home was a handful of dates, and when he reached the temple all that remained of the dates were the pits.

Might it not be that often we are like the Greek merchant when it comes to our offering unto the Lord? We believe in God, we call upon Him when in distress, we make promises. BUT how different when we go to show our thanks and love and gratitude in the form of things material! We think we must look after self first. We think we must have this and that and something else. We are so busy providing for self that little, very little remains with which we worship our God Some Christians pay, a year in advance, more to the state for a set of automobile plates than they give on the offering plate for God's cause. When one reads the figures which are presented by the government showing what is spent for amusements, pleasures, jewelry, tobacco, pleasure cars, confectionery, cosmetics and what is spent on religious, the comparison is as one hundred head of cattle to a handful of date pits. —Parish Bulletin of St. Paul's Church, Richmond Hill, N. Y., C. G. Toebke, Pastor.

HOW ROBIN GOT HIS RED BREAST

Industrial School Journal

Every one knows and likes the bright little bird with the lovely red breast that hops about all day on the grass or flits among the trees. Yes, the robin is a universal favorite, not only at the present time, but far back when the world was much younger than it is now.

All people like Robin Red Breast and many indeed are the beautiful tales of it, especially of how it got its red breast, for it is through gayly-colored feathers that are such a conspicuous part of its plumage that restless little bird is so easily known.

Even the Indians of North America have a lot to tell of this favorite bird, and of the reason of its gay red breast feathers.

Long, long ago, say California Inlians, the world was a cold dreary place, always plunged in darkness, with no fire, no light to make things bright.

The Robin, an alert, obliging little bird, was one day wandering afar from its home in a tall tree near an Indian village.

Far, indeed, the bird flew, observing with its sharp eyes many strange objects. Finally he saw something gleam and glitter and sparkle lighting up the surrounding gloom, of a large village.

"What can that be?" said Master Robin as he flew down, determined to reply to his own question by going close to the mysterious light.

When the Robin approached the strange sight it saw a fire in the cave, the flames crackling and shooting upward in a merry dance, and the same flames were so brilliant that all around was so bright that the Robin could see plainly as it had never seen before.

Robin perched himself on a tree that grew close to where the fire sent out its heat waves, even reaching almost to the very branch on which Robin was sitting.

Finally, when all the people seemed to be asleep and the fire had died down to a few sparks, Master Robin very warily flew down, carefully lifted one of the embers and flew swiftly away;

It was a long journey and although the Robin flew with great rapidity, it took many hours to reach its own home village, and it was a very weary little bird that did arrive there at last.

It was a cold windy day that the Robin had to travel and it was much concerned about the sparks of fire it carried, and to keep it warm and protect it from the wind, which seemed anxious to snatch the fire away from its shelter. It held it close, close to to its breast.

To make sure that there would always be a light, the robin deposited a spark in the buckhorn tree, so that whenever a stick of buckhorn was rubbed against dry wood a flame of fire would come from the friction.

But ever after the breast of the brave little Robin was red, for the fire had burnt all the dark feathers and red ones remained, a constant reminder of the long journey with the fire clasped to its breast.

"WHERE THE BLUE BEGINS"

By G. A. Leichliter

Christopher Morley has written a book with the above title, in which he tells the story of a restless dog making repeated attempts to get closer to the beautiful blue rim of the world.

He awakes early and races off across the fields in the direction of yonder horizon, blue with the lovliness of breaking day. He steals quietly through underbrush that he might leap upon it unexpectedly in the clearing. Now it is just at the top of that nearest hill and he makes a wild mad dash toward it, feeling that the quest will end there. But always the thing he seeks is just beyond the place at which he had last seen it. Yonder it was, still on the illusive horizon; still blue with the blue of bewitching beauty; just the things he wanted. Then Morley says the dog looked back and the thing that fretted and puzzled his senses was the fact that the beautiful blue he so much wanted was ever spreading its radiance over the exact spot over which he had come but a few monents before.

The dog (in this story) and the men are much alike if we are not badly mistaken. Men are trying to find "where the blue begins" and missing the blessing of the blue all about and above them. And they whine (men do) not a little because they can't get to the place of the beginning, not realizing that that is not the one thing of value at all.

Here is the fellow who chases "lady luck." He is always looking for the "breaks"; some fortunate turn for him no matter how greatly someone else has to suffer for it. Henry W. Longfellow said the whole thing so well:

"Heaven is not gained by a single bound,
We build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And mount the summit round by round."

Your back may fairly "break" at times by the weight of the task, but that is the only "break" I know that is always honorable.

Or here is the fellow waiting for just the job he wants; the right combination of pay, hours and work —not too much of one and too little of the other. Waiting for that occasion and satisfied with no other.

But—

"The busy world shoves angrily aside
The man who stands with arms akimbo set
Until occasion tells him what to do;
And he who waits to have his path marked out,
Will die and leave his errand unfulfilled."

Far better will men be as they see the beauty and blue casts about and behind them rather than to waste a life chasing on to see where it begins.

One problem solved opens the way to solve a bigger one.—Exchange.

INSTITUTION NOTES

The first crop of cherries was gathered from our young orchard last week and issued to the cottages.

—o—

Mr. H. D. House, a former member of our staff, and Al Massey, one of our old boys, both of Charlotte, attended the baseball game here last Saturday afternoon.

—o—

Hubert Apple, who was paroled in 1926, and Walter Massey, paroled in 1927, called on friends at the school last Sunday. Both of these boys are 21 years old and are employed in a shoe repairing shop at Reidsville, where they are getting along well.

—o—

For some time Mr. A. C. Sheldon, of Charlotte, has been telling us about a variety of squash, grown extensively in the Northern States, but rather sparingly in the South. Last Sunday he gave us some of these seed which will be planted in our gardens.

—o—

Last Saturday afternoon each boy at the Training School was given a a new cap, which made a very noticeable improvement in their appearance as they assembled for Sunday school the next morning, Straw hats for every day use were issued at the same time.

—o—

Mr. Carriker and his carpenter shop boys spent several days at Webb Field, Concord, where they assisted in the erection of the huge stage and in placing trees for the outdoor setting to be used in the presentation of the pageant, "The Voice of Cotton."

—o—

Although the present weather is not suitable for making hay, we hear the click of the mowers on all sides as we go about the farm. The combination of Austrian peas, oats, wheat and barley were ripening so rapidly that we could not wait for settled weather, but cut it at once, taking chances on catching the sun as it shows itself between showers.

—o—

The Roberta Mill team visited the Training School last Saturday afternoon and easily defeated the local ball tossers by the score of 13 to 1. Mason the visiting pitcher, hurled a very good game, holding our boys to four scattered hits and fanning ten batters. Although the Roberta boys secured nine hits, including two triples, and a double off the deliveries of three pitchers, errors were largely responsible for nearly all of these runs. The local team was very weak in the field, making thirteen errors.

—o—

The service in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon was conducted by Mr. A. C. Sheldon, of the Charlotte Y. M. C. A. After the opening songs and Scripture recital, Mr. Sheldon presented Rev. Rollins, pastor of Calvary M. E. Church, Charlitte, who made a very helpful and interesting talk to the boys. In the course of his remarks the speaker pointed out the necessity of having the right sort of purpose in life;

to purpose in our hearts, as did Daniel, to do the right at any cost, which if closely adhered to, will assure us of success. While pastor of a neighboring church, several years ago, Rev. Rollins, made many friends at the Training School, and we were all glad to have him with us again.

—o—

Jack Pressley, a former member of the printing class, who was paroled in 1922, called on old friends at the school last Wednesday. Jack informs us that he and another young man are conducting a printing office known as the Commercial Printing Co., in Wilmington.

—o—

Mr. Hinson, manager of the Fox film distributing agency, Charlotte, visited the institution last Sunday afternoon. In conversation with school officials Mr. Hinson stated that the number of available silent picture films were becoming less all the while, but he still had quite a list of films from which we could draw, if suitable for presentation at the school. He asked that representatives be sent to Charlotte look over films and make selections. Mr. Hinson was very much interested in the boys having pictures as long as it is possible to furnish them.

—o—

The cold rainy weather keeps Mr. Presson and his boys busy battling with the bugs and grass in our watermelon and cantaloup patches. From the amount of lime and arsenate of lead carried out, we feel sure there will not be any bugs left in these patches. This is one crop raised at the Training School in which every boy is very much interested. The school has always been noted for the quantity and quality of melons served under the big oak tree from time to time during the summer months and these feasts are events always thoroughly enjoyed, the memory of which the boys will carry with them all through life.

To have a good friend is one of the highest delights of life; to be a good friend is one of the noblest and most difficult undertakings. Friendship depends not upon fancy, imagination or sentiment, but upon character. There is no man so poor that he is not rich if he has a friend; there is no man so rich that he is not poor without a friend. But friendship is a word made to cover many kindly, impermanent relationships. Real friendship is abiding. Like charity, it suffereth long and is kind. Like love, it vaunteth not itself, but pursues the even tenor of its way, unaffrighted by ill report, loyal in adversity, the solvent of infelicity, the shining jewel of happy days. Friendship has not the iridiscent joys of love, though it is closer than is often known to the highest, truest love. Its heights are ever serene, its valleys know few clouds. To aspire to friendship one must cultivate a capacity for faithful affection, a clear discernment.—Industrial School Journal.

CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XIX CONCORD, N. C., JUNE 6, 1931 No. 23

Carolina Collection
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"It looks bad," says the Kiwanis Magazine, "to own two automobiles and give nothing to charity; to keep two dogs and not pay the doctor; to have an idle boy and hire the lawn mowed; to belong to four clubs and be a stranger to your own family; to be extravagantly dressed and in debt." These things not only look bad, they are bad. We need some "Poor Richard," another Benjamin Franklin, to drive home the practical virtues of everyday life.

—Exchange

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

ANYWHERE IS AN ALTAR

Close by an altar in the Notre Dame Cathedral, Paris, we saw a young woman whose face reminded us of the pictures of medieval saints, lingering in prayer and meditation. It was perhaps a daily practice with this devout spirit to visit the cathedral altar for the cultivation of her spiritual nature and to hold communion with God. The altar of her church was her place of worship.

But according to Mrs. Nina Hembling in the Central Christian Advocate there are altars outside of cathedrals. Burning candles and the cruifix are not necessary in the establishment of an altar. Those spirits stayed on God can find an altar anywhere. Listen to her poetic homily—

Anywhere is an altar to the soul bowed down with grief.
Anywhere is an altar when a heart seeks God's relief.
Anywhere is an altar where love in truth abides,
Where life is dedicated, and the Holy Spirit guides.

Lord, before thine altars, behold thy children kneel—
Some are on the highways, some are on the keel,
Some are by the firesides, some on ocean's wave,
Some on happy errands, some besides the grave.

Anywhere is an altar when souls are on thee stayed—
It matters not, the circumstances,
They worship, unafraid.

—N. C. Christian Advocate.

THE VOICE OF COTTON

Prior to the presentation of the pageant, "The Voice of Cotton," written by Mrs. Mary Frix Kidd, with the support of the theme committee, sponsored by the Woman's Club with Miss Jenn Coltrane as president, Concord

received publicity beyond the bounds of the State. From the date the decision was made to glorify cotton, Miss Coltrane begun to work to that end. She marshalled forces from all parts of the country to make her project strong, and she succeeded in a most splendid manner She combined the best talent possible, engaged Eugene Trader, a professional kermis producer, before attempting the stupenduous task of emphasizing the beauty and value of the fabrics made from cotton, one of the basic products contributing materially to the welfare of the country.

Miss Coltrane has shown herself to be interested in the cause that concerns the people, the economic question; she has proven to be a tireless worker, and is entitled to the unanimous vote of appreciation of the people of Cabarrus, as well as other sections of the country interested in the production of cotton, for the manner in which "King Cotton" was glorified on this eventful occasion. The thousands of people who witnessed the spectacular event at Concord last week were highly pleased, and expressed the wish that it be made an annual festival with the hope that the fleecy staple will remain triumphant especially in the South.

The project in its entirety presented a fine thought, put over at the psychological moment, that will without the shadow of doubt give a greater impetus to the wearing of cotton apparel.

* * * * * * * * * *

THE LAST REUNION—MONTGOMERY ALABAMA

The thin gray line of Confederate veterans will assemble this week, June 2nd - 5th, at Montgomery, Alabama, the "Cradle of the Confederacy," for the forty-first and last reunion. The word "last" is an echo of pathos, because these old men, as long as life lasts, will breathe the spirit of loyalty for the cause they lost, but so nobly struggled for. Only a handful in comparison with the 600,000 men who courageously wore the gray for the South remain. Of these between six and seven thousand will, if possible, answer the muster, and view for the last time the rustic cradle of the Confederacy. They are feeble in body, but surcharged with the spirit of the cause, the love of the Southland, they so nobly espoused.

Despite the age of these valiant men the strains of "Dixie" will serve to quicken the pace of feet grown feeble, lending a military spirit from reveille to retreat.

In this beautiful city, resembling a huge amusement park, the magnificent

buildings of every modern device, and varied industries will greet them, instead of the scenes presented prior to the passing of the first ordinance of secession in 1860—but there will remain to the end of time the same southern hospitality in Alabama.

It was on the 20th of December, 1860, South Carolina unanimously passed the first ordinance of secession.

On her invitation, six other Southern States sent delegates to a Convention in Montgomery Alabama, for the purpose of organizing a Confederacy. The Convention assembled on the 4th of February. The calibre of the men was varied. There were some timid, others unfit by character and temperament with little knowledge of public affairs, but many with rich experience, having statesmanlike grasp of the situation, calm and clear in views of the policies pursued Alexander H. Stevens characterized the Convention as the "ablest body with which he ever served, and singularly free from revolutionary spirit.

Here a provisional government under a provisional Constitution was adopted. Then President Jefferson Davis, and Vice-President, Alexander H. Stevens were elected with a complete cabinet.

But after the collapse of the Confederacy the people accepted gracefully conditions, endeavoring to pass through the transition period without a wreck, working out most faithfully the future policies of the Unites States.

It is well to conceive with such a store of history and tradition, an interesting background of historical significance this last reunion will prove doubly interesting to the veterans who are fortunate to view the scenes again.

Not a class of soldiers in the history of the country ever stood upon the battlefield with a greater courage, or higher purpose "to establish rights" than those who wore the gray. If there is a desire to test the mettle of those old fellows now just speak desparagingly of the cause, and before you know it there will be a knock-out."

* * * * * * * * * * *

KNOW YOUR STATE

The governor's proclamation calling attention to the "Made in North Carolina Week" is two-fold—educational and commercial. If the program of advertisement is carried out as intended the educational feature will prove unlimited. The merchants are expected to fall in line and feature in

the most attractive way in every nook and corner home made products. The effect will be fine, the results far reaching and the project will prove to be a state-wide-exposition, giving a prospective, informative picture of the magnitude of North Carolina's manufacturing interest.

Both merchants and manufacturers will meet for the purpose of disseminating information and at the same time increase sales. It is a fine way to "boost" the development and progress of the Old North State.

* * * * * * * * * *

HER FIRST INQUIRY—HOW IS THE SCHOOL?

We were glad to note that Miss Vernie Goodman, Mooresville, N. C., the efficient secretary of Superintendent Boger of Jackson Training School for seven years, is in the finest spirits after her nervous breakdown. She is spending much time in the open looking after her vegetable garden, trying to "live-at-home" according to the slogan of Governor Gardner, and to use a common expression "live and board at the same place."

Miss Goodman is versatile in her attainments, along with her domestic duties around the home she is looking after the interest of the Mooresville Enterprise, while the Editor H. P. Deaton is attending the reunion in Montgomery, Alabama. The enterprise is one of the best exchanges that comes to this office. By-the-way we are glad to acclaim that Editor Deaton is a Cabarrusite.

* * * * * * * * * *

IMPORTANCE OF GOOD TEXTBOOKS IN EDUCATION

In times of financial strain and stress many well meaning people immediately turn their thoughts towards the costs of public education, and do so with the feeling that school costs must be reduced. One of the first items of costs to be scrutinized is that of expenditures for textbooks. Claims are often recklessly made that expenditures for textbooks are far and above what actual statistics prove them to be. A feeling, probably due to prejudice, leads many to the belief that textbook companies are becoming opulent through extortionate prices on textbooks, and this arises without first determining the facts as to the true cost of the books, or estimating the benefits of textbooks to effective school work.

Statistics have been compiled by the Federal office of Education showing that the average public school pupils during the year 1927-28 spent $1.35 for textbooks. Of course there were instances where the costs were greater than this. The requirements in some school systems are much greater than

in others, the costs for different grades vary considerably, but in many instances textbooks are transferred within families, and children of one family trade with others, so that the costs are really very low. There have been effected great economies in textbook costs within recent years. In 1913 costs per child were $2.73, or double what it was in 1927-28, thus indicating that this item has been reduced $1.38 per child, or cut practically in half.

Furthermore we must not lose sight of the benefits of good textbooks in an educational program. It is generally admitted that the farmer of to-day, who deliberately clings to farm implements and methods of the days of long ago, fails in the game of making a living. The carpenter with antiquated tools of trade is relegated to the class of "has-beens." The textbook to the school child represents his "tools of trade." If he would have the benefits of the latest stories and the latest contributions of scientific discoveries and inventions, he must get the newest and best. If he would profit from the most modern knowledge in methods of instruction, he must have access to the latest editions. Just as truly as there are improvements in the tools of trade for other artisans, just so truly are the textbooks undergoing constant improvements.

We cannot afford to quibble and complain so long as textbook costs are so much less than what we expend for chewing gum, cigars, cigarettes, and other luxuries, which mean so little to the advancement of our civilization.

Expenditures for schools in North Carolina as compared with Expenditures for other items.

Expenditures for Automobiles, 1928		$236,620,600
Expenditures for Luxuries		
Tobacco 1928	$22,054,566	
Ice cream, chewing gum candy etc	19,057,472	
Theaters amusements etc,	11,152,737	
Jewelry, perfumes etc	8,525,722	
Sporting goods, toys	5,146,498	$65,936,995
Expenditures for Life Insurance		$44,981,850
Expenditures for Public Schools		$38,990,052

RAMBLING AROUND

By Old Hurrygraph

"There is a destiny that makes
us brothers,
None goes his way alone;
All that we send into the lives
of others
Comes back into our own."

—o—

I notice that out West eggs are selling at one cent each. Out there ham and eggs ought to be a popular dish—provided one can get the ham.

—o—

The reason we think some people are so wonderfully smart, and we admire them immoderately, is because they so well express our own opinions.

—o—

It may be true that all men are created equal. But they do not stay that way. Some get married. And their wives are more than their equals.

—o—

The term "service" is a much overworked word these days. You have to pay for all you get in these piping times of peace, when they are still thinking and talking about war.

—o—

I see it reported in some sections that five-dollar bills are in circulation. Well, this is another time when the man who does not have a $5 bill is saved from worry.

—o—

One way to start the week off wrong is to walk out into a heavy rain for the morning paper, shake the water out of it, unfold its rain-soaked pages carefully, and find that the weather forecast is: Partly cloudy.

—o—

A woman's eyes never grow too dim not to detect the make-up of another woman. Bobby Burns once said something about the power of seeing ourselves as others see us. It makes a big difference.

—o—

I have decided not to come out in favor of paper napkins until they gum one corner of them so you can stick them on your vest, so they won't blow away into an inaccessible corner of the room.

—o—

One expects women to be more or less foolish about their looks, but when men try to be pretty and take permanent wave treatment, they should have been drowned when they were little.

—o—

It has been considered the duty of the strong to aid the weak. It becomes the former's duty to set an example worthy of emulation by the latter. It is the duty of those stronger in financial resources to lead the way in bringing their larger treasures from their burying places. It also becomes their duty to seek the counsel of wisdom in placing the treasure where it will be of most value, whether it be invested in good oil or mining stocks, earning large dividends, or in risky business ventures is the problem for the investor to decide. To invest in unsound business is to bury the treasures anew. Investigation will reveal the worth of the undertaking.

So therefore let the treasure be brought from its hiding place and invested where the returns are great.

—o—

The question has been raised as to when the chigger season begins—a question of considerable importance in this part of the country to picnickers, golfers and all persons who like to walk on turf. Those repositories of information, the Encyclopedia Britanica and World Almanac, are equally silent on the point. Indeed, the Britannica, and some of the smaller dictionaries, insists upon calling them "jiggers" and is otherwise inadequate in their discussion of the insect, the bite of which the writer mildly observes "causes extreme irritation." Private inquiries, however, disclose a general agreement that the chigger season begins after the first "dry spell." One authority declares that "when the dandelion pest ends, the chigger begins to bite," while another dates it approximately from the straw hat season. I am informed that there is no need to worry about chiggers until the first prolonged period of dry weather. Perhaps I am unduly skeptical, but I cannot avoid that old question "I know it, you know it, but does the chigger know it."

—o—

A bulletin on health comes to my working desk urging me to eat a can of tomatoes a day. I have been previously instructed to eat an apple a day; drink a quart of milk a day; drink six glasses of water a day; eat three bars of yeast a day; drink coffee fresh from the roasters; and see my dentist twice a year. Can't do it, gentlemen. If I followed all the advice on dieting I would get very little solid food, and would be eating specialties and drinking liquids all day, with never a chance to work. No—I'll stick to the good old-fashioned way of eating, and let it go at that.

—o—

I went down to a corner store the other day to take advantage of a sale on alarm clocks. I found my next door neighbor there buying a lawn mower. So of course, I didn't need the alarm clock, and I didn't get it.

—o—

Not long ago I walked into one of the many eating places, which are these days located in all towns, and as the attendant came forward to take my order I marveled at the snowy whiteness of his apron and jackets, but, alas, as he turned around to make my sandwich, thereby giving me an unobstructed rear view, my idea of his cleanliness rushed out of the door. His trousers, once while looked as if he had been unloading coal all day. The thought ran through my mind there and then that books were not the only things that one "can't tell by their covers."

—o—

June is here. "June is bright roses gay, harebells bloom around her feet." All you pollyannas are supposed to smile now, a hearty, broad smile. But the cold mornings sort of freezes the smiles before they get well started And old Man Prosperity is still sneaking around behind the corner, and there doesn't seem any good way suggested yet to drag him out in a hurry. Even that grand old village cut-up, Tom Edison, has stopped a lot of good cheer by giving up the search this year for

the smartest boy. Nobody cares about catching the smartest boy; there's too many of him around anyhow. I shall miss Tom's questionarie very much; it contained many good hearty laughs. These days we need laughs. There ought to be a special session of congress; or the Wickersham committee should make another report; or the Democrates and Republicians ought to publish their platforms for 1932; or the State legislature ought to return to Raleigh and see if they have left anything undone—anything to take our minds away from things general and start us off in mad peals of mirth.

Children have more need of models than of critics.—Selected.

REV. NEAL LARKIN ANDERSON, D. D.

By C. W. Hunt

The daily newspapers of May 20th carried the announcement of the sudden and unexpected death of Rev. Neal Larkin Anderson, pastor of the First Presbyterian church Savannah, Ga., while visiting friends in Montgomery Alabama, where he was formerly pastor. Many who never saw him felt that they knew him, as he had been in the public eye so many years as pastor of the largest Presbyterian churches in North Carolina, Georgia and Alabama.

It is not my purpose to attempt an obituary or to tell of Dr. Anderson's birth place nor atecedents, but to tell of just one incident of the only time I was ever in his presence. Three years ago at Blowing Rock he was a guest of the Green Park Hotel there, and was stopping over Sunday. It was a quiet day, few guests, but as the evening drew to a close he asked that he might conduct a short religious service in the large parlor to the right as you enter. Just a few people gathered to hear and worship, and what impressed me most was his singing of "Abide With Me," almost alone:

"Abide with me; fast falls the even tide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide!
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me!

"Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day:
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O thou, who changest not, abide with me!"

This seemed to be his favorite hymn, I could but note the deep pathos in his voice and the reverence in his mein, as he stood there and offered a feeling prayer and conducted evening worship

"Ere he laid him down to sleep."

A TALK IN FIGURES

(Charlotte News)

An improvement in the manner of compiling and arranging census facts is in manifestation in work just issued by the Bureau of the Census of the Department of Commerce, in the pages of Volume 1, which is devoted to number and distribution of inhabitants, it being evident that the Bureau has drawn upon experienced editorial hands. In condensed way the volume not only presents figures of the population situation in this country "as of" 1930, but shows the rate of progress from the days of earliest figure-taking. It is now an old story that Charlotte, with a population of 82,675, is "the largest city" in North Carolina, but what Charlotte has grown from has been a matter of but limited information. It made the 1930 jump to the head of the list by an increase during the 10 years, of 36,337, which was only 10,000 less than the entire population in 1920. It may be more interesting, however, to start at the bottom of the column and move upward. In the year 1850, Charlotte boasted a population of 1,065, and during the next 10 years it began to manifest growing pains, for it had a population of 2,265 in 1860. Ten years later, it had almost doubled its number of inhabitants, the population then figuring 4,473. By 1880 it had grown into a "city" of 7,094. In 1890 it boasted a population of 11,557. By 1900 this had grown to 18,091. Between 1900 and 1910, Charlotte made a gain of 15,923. The next decade scored a gain of 12,324, which lifted its population to 46,388. It was then that Charlotte got the impetus that placed it at the head of the State in 1930.

In the case of Fayetteville, the record goes as far back as 1820, when 3,538 people lived there. Then something happened, for by 1830 the town had lost 664 people. It is interesting to follow the varying course of Fayetteville's population. It gained 1,419 in the 10 years up to 1840, and 505 the next 20 years, but scored a loss of 130 in the 1870 census and a loss of 1,175 by the 1880 census. Then Fayetteville began a steady expansion—1,185 the next 20 years, 4,587 the next 20 years, and 4,172 from 1920 to 1930.

Coming closer home, there is our next door neighbor—Gastonia. That town had 236 people in 1880. It now counts 17,093 noses. In 1870 Concord had 878 people. Its total now boots up 11,820.

It is interesting to note that in 1850 Salisbury had 21 more people than Charlotte, but in 10 years Charlotte had gained 195 on Salisbury, which, by the way, now has a population of 16,951.

Shelby has grown from 990 in 1880 to 10,789 in 1930. Statesville had 215 people in 1850 and now counts 10,490. Thomasville's growth is represented by 3,877, 20 years ago, to 10,090. These are embraced in the 21 places in the State having a population of 10,000 and over.

The total population of the State in 1930 was 3,170,276. From 1920 to 1930, North Carolina gained 611,-100 people, an increase of 23.9 per

cent, giving an average number of inhabitants to the square mile 65, an increase from 52.5 in 1920. Of the 100 counties in the State, 95 scored increases in population, leaving only five to show losses.

Interested in the Status of Kannapolis, an industrial town established in recent years, The observer fails to find its name mentioned in any part of the report, but this may be explained in the fact that Kannapolis is an unincorporated town and perhaps one of the largest of that class in the South. However, Township 4, Cook's Cross Roads, give a population of 13,766, indicates location of the unincorporated town, which lies partly in Rowan County. Mount Pleasant, Rocky River, Poplar Tent and No. 11, known as Baptist Church, figure as the principal rural population-gainers in Cabarrus, of course, outside of No.12, which includes Concord.

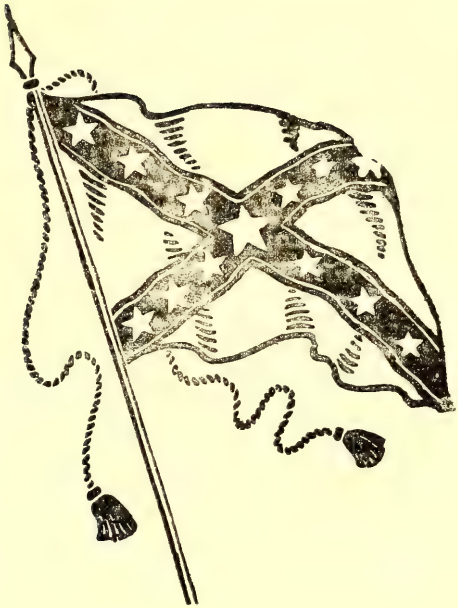
The population of Mecklenburg is placed at 127,971, which is a rise from 80,695 in 1920. Davidson is the largest county town, with 1,445, Cornelius being a close second, as well as close neighbor, with 1,230. Pineville is third largest, with 1,-080. Huntersville has 800, even, and Mathews 454. Crab Orchard is the most populous township, with 4,325, Paw Creek being next with 3,865. Charlotte township is rising to the 100,000 mark, already scoring over 91,000.

EDITORIAL BLUES

Getting out this magazine is no picnic.
If we print jokes people say we are silly;
If we don't they say we are too serious,
If we clip things from other magazines
We are too lazy to write them ourselves;
If we don't we are stuck on our own stuff,
If we stick close to the job all day,
We ought to be out hunting up news.
If we do get out and try to hustle,
We ought to be on the job in the office.
If we don't print contributions, we don't appreciate true genius;
And if we do print them, the magazine is filled with junk.
If we make a change in the other fellow's write up, we are too critical;
If we don't we are asleep.
Now lik as not some guy will say
We swiped this from some other magazine.
— WE DID!

MONTGOMERY

(Selected)



THE CRADLE OF THE CONFEDERACY

Montgomery, in 1861, was an agricultural river town, with less than 9,000 people, no paved streets, no great buildings, and little evidence of a city of great potential importance. But it was the Capital City of the State and the political and cultural center of Alabama, and, even more at that time, it was the home of William L. Yancey, whose fiery and passionate oratory and fervid zeal for State's Rights had already swept like a raging fire from one end of the South to the other.

Alabama was then, as now, the Heart of Dixie and Montgomery, the Heart of Alabama.

Just as "The man and hour met" at Montgomery on February 17, 1861, when Yancey introduced the President-Elect of the Confererate States of America—Jefferson Davis—to the people of the South, so the men of the South soon left their own firesides and came to kneel at the primal shrine of the Confederacy at Montgomery, and with them came the belles of the South, too, for Montgomery had overnight become "the Holy City" where brave men and fair women came to swear allegiance to a new flag and give their

hearts and hands to the struggle of a new and perfect Confederacy—a new and beautiful freedom. Here convened the first Cabinet of the Provincial Government of the Southern Confederacy, and from the Council Chambers of this new republic went out orders and commands that changed the destinies of a great people, and wrote on the pages of history such deeds of heroism as had never before been recorded.

Much is still to be found that was of loving interest at Montgomery 70 years ago. The old capitol of the Confederacy stands as of 1861, with two beautiful modern wings, denoting the march of progress. The building from which was issued the order to fire on Ft. Sumter still stands, a weather-beaten sentinel of that order to fire for liberty. The "White House" as it was when Mrs. Davis presided as first lady of the land.

There are old homes and sturdy trees and running rose-bushes that gave shelter and shade and fragrance when Jefferson Davis was President of the proudest republic ever born among nations. They still stand, as do the principles for which men dared to live and die.

Montgomery is no longer the little town of the '60's, but memories dear and sacred still cling to the old buildings which have long since become shrines where lovers of the Old South reverently worshipped.

THE HEART OF THE CONFEDERACY

Montgomery is an old city, with a people whose hearts are golden, and whose love for sacred things of the Confederacy grows more certain as the days go by.

Montgomery is a young city, in that we have grown and prospered and kept pace with a progressive age, but we have maintained a citizenship in whose herats the memory of the in whose hearts the memory of the

Montgomery is a cultured city, and our proudest claim is that this was the first Capital of the Confederate States, and that out of disappointment and ruins we have grown beautiful and prosperous.

Montgomery is a kindly city and a city where much happiness prevails.

Montgomery is a comfortable city, for it is a city of homes, a city of excellent health, pure water, good streets, wonderful trees, and beautiful flowers.

Montgomery is a capable city, for it provides good government for its people, friendly care for its unfortunates, opportunity for its ambitious youths, and brotherly love for those who come to live among us.

Montgomery is a convenient city, for we have seven trunk line railways, and this is the hub of the great highway system of Alabama and the Southeast.

Montgomery is a thoughtful city, for it looks to the future with full hope, yet it clings to the sacred memories of the past with the love of a mother, and a pride that only worth-while memories can make possible.

Every child in Montgomery has stood on the sacred spot where Jefferson Davis was sworn in as President of the Confederate States. Every girl in Montgomery has trod

the sacred steps leading into the First "White Houe of the Confederacy." Every Montgomery boy has stood where the order was given to fire on Fort Sumter. Our ears still ring and our hearts still leap in memory of those stirring words proclaiming the doctrine of States' Rights and Local Self-Government.

The Confederacy had its birth in the hearts and on the soil of Montgomery. Jefferson Davis knelt in prayer at old St. John's, and asked Divine guidance for the sacred cause he represented. Time has not dimmed the memory of our people, nor their love of the South. We shall hand down to our children and to our children's children a love that passeth all understanding for that noble band who stood guard to preserve memories no true Southerner can ever forget.

THE ANVIL

Last eve I passed beside a blacksmith's door,
  And heard the anvil ring the vesper chime;
Then, looking in, I saw upon the floor
  Old hammers worn with beating years of time.

"How many anvils have you had?" asked I,
  "To wear and batter all these hammers so?"
"Just one," said he; then said, with twinkling eye,
  "The anvil wears the hammers out, you know."

And so I thought the anvil of God's word,
  For ages skeptic blows have beat upon;
Yet, though the noise of falling blows are heard,
  The anvil is unharmed—the hammers gone.

—National Observer.

WILLIAM COWPER, FAMOUS HYMN WRITER, BORN 200 YEARS AGO

By Bernhard Ranger

One immortal hymn and half a dozen deathless epigrams assure an eternity of fame to William Cowper, that brilliant, melancholy genius whose bi-centenary is being celebrated in England this year Dean Inge will preach a sermon in Cowper's parish church, and Gilpin's famous ride will be reproduced in the streets of Olney (Bucks). School children will sing Cowper's hymns in the market square.

Cowper has been called, with accuracy, the "farmers' poet." He it was who coined the epigram, "God made the country and man made the town." He sang the wholesome joys of life, of health and virtue, as revealed in the titles of his poems—"The Garden," "The Winter Evening," "The Lily and the Rose." He is masterful in his humorous painting of the tame hare, the postman's horn, and the sound of church bells across the snow.

His poetry and prose are eminently quotable, and certain piquant phrases have become an inextricable part of our language. Often, we use Cowper's metaphors, like those of Shakespeare, wihout knowing their fatherhood. He put Robinson Crusoe into poetry, and so produced an imperishable line, "I am monarch of all I survey." He wrote the proverb, "Variety's the very spice of life." He summarized the anti-war doctrine in two lines:

> But War's a game which, were their subjects wise,
> Kings would not play it.

And he reduced the power of evil to its correct proportions:

> For Satan trembles when he sees
> The weakest saint upon his knees.

Fish was a favorite food with him, and so he christened himself "the most ichthyogaphous of Protestants." Quite seriously, he thanked God for "the cup which cheers and not inebriates—a cup of tea."

But, his best-known phrase is contained in a hymn which has been sung millions of times the world over. In matchless verse, it portrays the poet's faith as he battled with the grim goblins of insanity. Even in despair, he could believe that "behind a frowning providence, God hides a smiling face." This hymn, it has been said, "is a lyric of high tone and character, rendered awfully interesting by the circumstances under which it was written—the twilight of departing reason." Because of its melodious beauty and fervent faith, it will endure as long as the English language is spoken. If Cowper had written nothing except

> God moves in a mysterious way
> His wonders to perform;
> He plants His footsteps in the sea,
> And rides upon the storm.

his place in human history would be secure.

A hymnal minus Cowper's hymns out a Bible. We sing then, almost

out o Bible. We sing then, almost every Sunday, without realizing the tragic story of his life. "There is a fountain filled with blood," yes! that hymn is by William Cowper. He is a Saint of Hymnology, and the stars in his crown, so to speak, include: "Oh, for a closer walk with God!" "A glory gilds the sacred page." "Sometimes a light surprises." "Jesus! where'er thy people meet, there they behold thy mercy seat." "Hark! my soul! it is the Lord."

The dominant note of his hymns is peace, thankful contemplation, and trustful, reassuring faith. Many of them, perfect in structure, are marked by a streamlike cadence. He wrote them because he had resolved to "make religion poetical and poetry religious," frankly avowing—

> I who scribble rhyme
> To catch the triflers of the time,
> And tell them truths divine and clear
> Which couched in prose they will not hear.

Few but poignant are the facts of his life. He was born in Berkhamstead on November 26, 1731. His mother died when he was six, but her influence remained; years later, her maternal love was "still legible on memory's page" when he wrote his poem "On the Receipt of My Mother's Picture." He studied law, practiced it for a while, and refused a political office because he feared it had been improperly obtained. Finally, he turned to literature—"Despair made amusement necessary and I found poetry the most agreeable amusement."

Innocent recreations and tender friendships filled his life. He had a genius for provoking loyalty. His letters are masterpieces, full of humor, gentle sarcasm, anecdotes and acute remarks. He was charitable to excess. Loving jest and laughter, he had an exquisitely gracious gift of creating both. He loved animals, comradeship, and above all, life in the country. He worked steadily and persistently, with enjoyment.

And still, his life was a tragedy. Clouds of despair obscured his brain. Gloom oppressed his shy and sensitive spirit. An illogical pessimism caused his reason to decay. He was the pitiful victim of fatal delusions—that he had committed the unpardonable sin, that his soul was lost, that he should kill himself. In fact, during periods of insanity, he attempted to take his own life, as he confesses, "by laudanum, cord and knife."

His chief consolation, during these fits of melancholy, was poetry. This is a bizarre remedy for madness, but it worked—alas, only in part!—for Cowper. And so, to quote Mrs. Browning, "from a maniac's tongue was poured the deathless singing!" It was this "deathless singing" which permitted Cowper to escape from the fantasms of his disordered brain. It also compelled him to concentrate, to use his own words, on "the manners and arts of rustic life ... temperate wishes and industrious hands ... health and gaiety of heart." So, a semblance of peace and calm was restored to his troubled spirit.

Incidentally, English literature was greatly enriched by his poetic cure

for Cowper's mental derangement. For he revealed himself as a poet of first order, who inaugurated a new spirit in English verse. He brought a sense of humor, which most poets before him had lacked, to his poetical task. In clear, crisp English, he chanted the simple, human affections, Benjamin Franklin, no mean literary critic, wrote of his poetry: "There is something so new in the manner, so easy and so correct in the language, so clear in the expression, yet concise and so just in the sentiments, that I have read the whole with great pleasure, and some of the poems more than once."

Two hundred years after his birth, we can read (quoting Mrs. Browning once again):

Through dimming tears his story,
How discord on the music fell, and darkness on the glory. And how, when one by one, sweet sounds and wondering lights departed,

He bore no less a loving face because so broken-hearted. His voice is stilled, but his accents ennoble the English tongue. He is gone, but the majesty of his hymns can never die.

He passed away in 1800, comforted by the loving ministrations of genuine friends. "The expression upon his countenance," it is recorded, "was that of calmness and composure, mingled as it were with holy surprise."

A pretty fancy? Perhaps, but who can doubt that it symbolized the simple truth?

There is a life that is worth living now as it was worth living in former days, and that is the honest life, the useful life, the unselfish life, cleansed by devotion to an ideal. There is a battle that is worth fighting now as it was worth fighting then, and that is the battle for justice and equality; to make our city and state free in fact as in name; to break the rings that strangle real liberty and to keep them broken; to cleanse so far as lies in our power, the fountains of our national life, from political, commercial and social corruption; to teach our sons and daughters, by precept and example, the honor of serving such a country as America—that is work worthy of the finest manhood and womanhood. The well-born are those who are born to do that work; the well-bred are those who are bred to be proud of that work; the well-educated are those who see deepest into the meaning and the necessity of that work. Nor shall their labor be for naught, nor the reward of their sacrifice fail them; for high in the firmament of human destiny are set the stars of faith in mankind, and unselfish courage and loyalty to the ideal.

—Henry Van Dyke.

GRACE HOADELY DODGE, WHO GAVE HER LIFE IN SERVICE TO OTHERS

By Maude Gardner

It has not been so many years ago since a woman dreamed a dream of practical education for women, and as a result there rose on the heights of a great city a Teachers' College. This same little woman saw women and children bewildered and unprotected in travel, and under her leadership came forth the Travelers' Aid Society to help them. Through her persistent efforts, and long before social and educational needs for women were generally recognized, clubs, with their wholesome environment, were organized for working girls. Then the need of better education for children enlisted her attention, and we find her at work as a commissioner on a school board.

That woman was Grace Hoadley Dodge, who, because she went about her great life's work in such an unassuming manner, has been called the "least known prominent woman of her generation." Her noble life ended in 1914, but her influence still lives and will live through the years to come, for through her unselfish service thousands of lives have been enriched, developed, made happier, brighter and better.

It is most often the case that the ones who have given their years in service to others are those who have felt some lack in their own lives, who have longed for opportunities which were denied them, and out of the memory of their starved, pitiful years have, when the chance came, brought help to others equally unfortunate.

But this was not the case with Grace Hoadley Dodge, who was born in New York City, May 21, 1855, of wealthy parents, with a house in town and a beautiful country home on the banks of the Hudson a few miles away. No money or pains were spared in the education of this young wofan, and, had she preferred, she could have taken her place in society, followed the usual round of social gaieties and given no thought to the thousands of others who had had but little chance for the finer, better things of life. But she voluntarily turned from this life of ease and pleasure, which to her was unsatisfying, and gave herself wholeheartedly to the work of helping others.

Even in her schooldays the tender heart of Grace Hoadley Dodge went out in deepest sympathy to the tired, careworn girls who served her in the shops where she went with her mother to buy hats and gowns, and, comparing their lot with her own, she would wonder why she had so much and they so little, or why things were so unevenly divided. All she had to do was to drive to the stores and select the pretty clothes which her father bought, while these clerks who waited on her had to stand through long, tiresome days behind counters to earn money for the necessities. If only there was some way she could help them!

Her schooldays were scarcely over when Grace Hoadley Dodge announced to her parents that, instead of entering society, she was going to spend her life in trying to help those less fortunate than herself, and this resolution she kept all through the years.

For some time she observed the young women who worked in factories—girls who left their homes at an early age to earn their living, and therefore had little chance to improve their minds or to learn the things which would fit them for making and keeping the homes to which they would eventually go. Her first work was with a group of girls of this class. Once a week they met, and in her simple, earnest way, Grace Hoadley Dodge would tell them of the books they should read, of how to care for their health and how very important it was to know the art of making a home and keeping it.

Her manner was so simple, so friendly, that these girls came to look on her as their personal friend and to bring their little joys and sorrows to her, knowing full well that her sympathetic heart would always give the advice and counsel they needed. The class grew and grew, until finally it became so large that different groups had to be formed, and in this way clubs for working girls were started, and Grace Hoadley Dodge was a pioneer in this great work which has never ceased to grow.

Night classes were started to give these young women a chance to have practical instructions in sewing, cooking and other household subjects, and it was this step which brought home the fact that there were few, very few, teachers trained to do this particular work. And so she set about, this ambitious young woman, to establish a school where teachers might be fitted for all the different branches or departments. It was a long, hard struggle, but discouragement could not overwhelm her, and at last as a great triumph the Teachers' College, now affiliated with Columbia University, was founded. From this institution, each year, thousands of well-trained students go out into the world to give practical instructions to others.

Grace Hoadley Dodge had often looked with deepest pity on women, sometimes children, traveling alone. She had observed them in railway stations, frigtened, anxious, unused to travel, confused by the roar of traffic and the great cities to which they were unaccustomed. To better this condition she set about to establish a means of protection for them, and as a result of this labor there was started the Travelers' Aid Society, which has been of untold help, for in each station of our large cities today there is an experienced woman ready to meet each strain and to give kindly counsel to tired, unprotected women and children making a journey alone. And all bebecause Grace Hoadley Dodge willed it so!

Made a member of the New York City Board of Education, she investigated school conditions with that thoroughness so characteristic of everything she undertook, and through her influence better schools were established, better trained

teachers engaged and general conditions made more healthful and happier for little children. For some time she was president of the National Board of the Young Women's Christian Association, in which organization she took great interest, and she also served as trustee for the American College for Girls in far-away Constantinople, and as a member of many international committees her influence was felt throughout the world.

The story of Grace Hoadley Dodge's life is one of intense labor and glorious achievement, a story of dreams that came true, all of which goes to show that victory is sure for those that trust God and do right.

Every time one man puts a new idea across he finds ten men who thought of it before he did—but they only thought.

AHEAD OF THE SIGNAL

By George D. Robertson

Stan Meyers ran out of the gym, his coat thrown around him over his track suit. With him was Happy Sloan, the school yell leader, fairly pleading with Stan to win the hundred-yard dash.

"But, Stan, you've just got to win. Here Elsworth's got the football and basketball champ, and we haven't won a thing this year. The whole school's counting on you today." Happy wasn't far from tears, so tense was the athletic situation between the two high schools of Marquand.

"Sid'll be harder than ever to beat after what was said last year, but believe me, I'm going to do it this time if it kills me." Stan snapped his mouth shut in a thin, determined line; and the two boys walked over to the cinder track in silence. Stan was too excited to talk. His victory today would mean not only the coveted school letter for himself, but, as Happy had said, in all probability the winning points for the school, also. It was going to be close with Elsworth conceded first in the long runs and Wilson the dashes, except the hundred-yard, which was a toss-up between Stan, of Wilson, and Sid Casey, of Elsworth, an athlete with a doubtful reputation.

Elsworth had won the cup for two years running, and, if they won it today, it was theirs to keep. The Wilson team was set with a bulldog determination to prevent any such catastrophe as that, and the entire student body was keyed up to the highest pitch of excitement.

"Make a good get-away, that's half the race," Stan's dad had cautioned him at breakfast. "If you

win your letter today, I'll buy you the best sweater in town to wear it on."

Stan knew his dad was up there in the stands somewhere, waiting to see him win. The coach's last words to him in the gym were also running through his head. "It will be a stiff fight, but I believe you can win. Get a good start and give us all the speed you've got."

The coach's confidence in him gave Stan confidence in himself. The boys all liked Coach Davis, a husky, good-natured fellow who never scolded them except when someone tried to get by with foul play. Then he went after them a-plenty as the boys expressed it, and since he had come to Wilson "playing the game square" had become a slogan of the athletic teams. Stan, as captain of the track team, had tried to instill that spirit into his team.

"No shoving or tripping, fellows," was his last word before every meet. "Let's win because we've got the fastest men."

The hundred-yard dash came first, and Stan was impatient to be off. As he shook his coat from his shoulders and began warming up, Sid Casey swaggered over and drawled patronizingly, "Think you can pull a second of this, Meyers? Our man Smithy is awful fast in the hundred, most as speedy as I am."

"I'm not trying for second," Stan retorted, barely holding his temper, and trotted down the track, leaving Sid staring after him with an uneasy laugh. This was not like the nervous runner he had so easily tricked out of victory a year ago.

When the dash was called, a tense silence reigned in the bleachers. Six excited boys toed the line, poised, alert, ready to spring at the crack of the pistol.

"Make a good get-away, make a good get-away," the words beat a rapid tattoo on Stan's whirling brain. Over-anxious, he sprang forward, beating the pistol by the barest fraction of a second. It was so close that no one saw, not even the starter, and with head thrown back he sped down the track with swift, space-covering strides. Soon above the pounding in his ears, he heard a sharp panting close to his shoulders and knew that Sid was almost even. On they raced, gaining speed with every stride, but the hard breathing was now at his very side, and it was a struggle to the finish who would win.

Both schools were going wild in the stands. "Come on, Stannie, good ol' boy," Happy bellowed above the din. "You can do it, Stan, come o-o-on," clamored the rooters as they rose to their feet and leaned far forward, with clenched fists and agonized faces, demanding a victory.

Two yards to go—and it was anybody's race. Stan, spurred on by the shouts, put all he had into one last effort. Throwing both hands into the air, he lunged forward, breaking the tape a full six inches ahead of Sid. He had won!

The crowd swarmed down out of the stands onto the field, zigzagging about in noisy celebration, and it was some time before the officials could announce the results of the dash.

The Wilson team, by close finishes, won the other points which they had

counted on, and the afternoon ended with them three points in the lead.

Back in the crowded locker room. Stan tried to dress with a group of fellows around him slapping him on the back with a "That was a showing, Stan," and "Good work, ol' scout," all of which Stan took with a broad grin. The Coach's brief, "Nice work, Meyers," after the meet meant the most of all.

"We've got things coming our said, who peeked in to admire it, a substantial addition to the half-empty trophy cabinet in the hall.

Coach Davis was busy in the gym office, making a final check of the boys to receive awards, when there came a quick knock at the door and Stan came in.

"How's our champion sprinter —," Davis began jovially, but stopped when he saw the gray pallor on Stan's face. The boy strode across to the desk, only a quiver about the corners of his mouth showing the stiff fight going on inside.

"I came in to tell you I didn't win the hundred fairly yesterday. I started ahead of the signal." The words came as though he were pulling them one by one from under a heavy weight, and he struggled with his voice to keep it from breaking.

Davis looked his amazement. Stan admitting unfairness and at this late hour!

"How did it happen, Meyers?" he asked quickly, forcing back his anger, the boy's face was so miserable.

Stan blurted out a jerky explanation, anxious to have it over. At best, the coach would know that he had meant to keep still and accept his honor letter at assembly.

"I should have told you sooner," he began, glancing at the preparations Davis was making to go upstairs, "but—" he broke off in confusion, fumbling about for words to go on.

"I understand, Meyers, a technical irregularity which needed thinking out," the coach said, greatly relieved. "I don't see how the official missed it. Of course, it disqualifies you, and I'm mighty sorry for I wanted to see you wearing the 'W' before you leave us." He said nothing of the defeat to the school. Rising, he laid a broad, friendly band on the boy's squared shoulders. "But you've shown some fine sportsmanship, fellow. I know what it's cost." His voice was deep with feeling. No one knew better than he what Stan had put into that track team.

"I hate like everything to disappoint the school," Stan managed, swallowing hard. "I know what the fellows will think."

"They will think just as I do," the coach assured him, although he was far from sure that what he said was true. The sound of yelling was drifting down from the assembly where the crowd had already gathered. It was a toss-up which way the tide would turn when they heard that Stan, their hero of the track, had thrown the meet for them.

"Time to begin," Davis said, gathering up the pile of purple letters from the desk. "Going up now?"

"Think not," Stan answered in a hollow voice. He watched the coach go out and close the door. The bottom had suddenly dropped out of

things for him.

When it was time for the coach to award the letters and the cup, the room became perfectly quiet. Everyone expected Stan to receive his first; and there was a little stir of surprise as each name was called. Davis was well aware of what was going on and he would have preferred to be at the bottom of the pile in a football game than in his present position. Necks craned about in search of Stan, and possessive eyes turned often to the silver trophy which Davis had had no chance to remove from the platform.

When all the letters had been given out, the coach stepped to the edge of the platform and clearing his throat once—twice, began to speak.

"Students, in the hundred-yard dash yesterday afternoon, Captain Stan Meyers accidentally started ahead of the signal, thus disqualifying himself. In this case, both first and second places go to Elsworth."

A gasp of astonishment swept the room, and then a hard silence. Everyone in the room knew how Stan had worked for three years for this letter and he had uselessly thrown it away. Every fellow there would have sworn by Stan's loyalty to Wilson, and he had sold them out to their bitterest rival. He had gone a little bit too far. Condemnation was breeding rapidly.

Coach Davis stood and waited. How far would the boys support Stan in his sacrifice for straight playing?

The silence grew uncomfortable though it lasted only a minute. It was finally broken by an implusive freshman who sprang to his feet and sent his challenge ringing across the room.

"I'm for Stan! We'd rather have Stan than the cup."

This brought Happy to his senses and he leaped to the platform beside the coach and called for three cheers for the best track captain the school ever had. The yell started off weakly but gradually gained in volume and ended in a deafening roar. The tide had turned in favor of the big captain. Red and Happy ran down to the office after Stan in response to the demands of the crowd.

But Stan had heard the cheering for him and had slipped out the gym door and away, feeling more like a skunk than a hero. He wished he might never have to see the fellows again.

way now, nothing can stop us," Stan exclaimed, fumbling excitedly with his shirt buttons. "Let's go after the baseball pennant next. The new equipment's up in the gym now."

"Yes, you've broken up the jinx, Stan; maybe we can get somewhere now," Happy croaked with what was left of his voice, and picking up his cap went out with a bunch of boys.

Gradually the crowd thinned out, and Stan was left alone to finish dressing.

He had wanted to be alone. This victory meant so much to him that he couldn't share his joy with anyone, not even his team. He began with pleasure to think over the details of the hundred-yard, beginning with the finish and going backward to the good get-away he had made.

Suddenly it flashed across his mind that he was in the air when the pistol cracked. Why hadn't the official stopped him, or started them over again? Why had he been allowed to run and be officially announced as winner of first place- There was only one answer to these questions: the starter hadn't seen. Then he was safe to keep still about it, was his first defensive thought. But without that advantage he might not have beaten Sid.

Sick at heart over this obstacle suddenly looming between him and victory, Stan dropped down on a bench and slowly began to pull on his shoes. His face was sober and his dark eyes stared unseeing at the gray cement floor.

"Heh, there, Stan, have you gone?" shouted a voice from the door, and Red Warren's sandy head was thrust through the opening. "Coach just told us upstairs that he is going to award the letters at assembly tomorrow, football, basketball, track and everything." Red's voice was pitched high with excitement. "Going to turn the whole period into one grand celebration; have speeches, award the cup, n'everything," he rattled on, not noticing Stan's lack of enthusiasm. "See you down town tonight." And he was gone.

It was just like Coach, Stan thought to award the letters now instead of at the end of the year as he had always done, for so many of the boys were seniors. He could see himself in a new gold sweater with the long-coveted "W" emblazoned on the front, and he stubbornly decided to have it no matter what it cost to his conscience. "Let the officials make the decisions," he stated emphatically to himself as he left the gym.

Nevertheless, he didn't feel quite so sure about it when his dad handed him a bill after supper and commended him on the pretty race he had run. His eyes shifted uneasily as they met his dad's, in spite of his effort to hold them steady, and he didn't feel nearly as elated over vic-

Instead of joining the boys at Macy's that night where they were celebrating their victory, Stan took the direction opposite to town and struck out across the open country. Turning down the rough, narrow road which led to the scout camp, he wandered aimlessly along, tired and stiff in body and low in mind.

The chill of late April was in the tory as he had expected to do.
air as darkness came on, and when Stan reached the camp he decided to build a fire on a rocky ledge overlooking the river. Gathering up a few dry sticks he soon had a crackling blaze shooting skyward.

When he sat down before the fire, he frowned as he mulled over the affair of the afternoon. To tell the coach would mean that he would be disqualified likely, and the meet and the cup would go to Elsworth. He could hardly do that when the fellows had been such a loyal bunch, out every night for practice and all that. He could scarcely let them down that way. Still, there was a principle involved. "Let the swiftest runner win," was his own slogan, and he couldn't be sure, when they hadn't started even. He poked at the fire, sending a spray of sparks

up against the dark background of pines. Why did it have to happen anyway! If he had done some dirty work, it would be a clear case. He would know what to do. But he hadn't; even the thought of getting an unfair advantage at the start had never occurred to him. To let Sid have first place again was much more than he could bear.

The fire died down, and the moon arose and traveled high in the eastern sky before Stan finally jumped to his feet, surprised at the hour, stamped out the few remaining coals, and started for home. As he swung along the road, there was the same grim determination about his mouth that had been there in the afternoon before he ran the dash with Sid.

Friday morning came and the assembly committee were admitted to the building early to decorate the hall for the big athletic program which was to come first period. And it was to be an assembly indeed. Three years of waiting for the silver cup to come to Wilson, and there it stood, bright and dazzling, on a small table in the center of the platform. It was a beauty, everyone

However, when Coach Davis called a few of the boys to the gym that night to check in the new baseball equipment, Stan reported with the rest. No one spoke of the afternoon but the coach could see that Stan was grieving at heart, and he wished the boy had not been called upon to pay so high a price for his ideals.

While they were inspecting the bats from the crate Red had just opened, Coach Seivers, of Elsworth, breezed into the gym unannounced.

"Hello, everybody," he called cheerily. "I came to see Davis, but I am glad you boys are here, too. I have something to say which I think will be of interest to all," His voice carried an air of- impor tance

"Fire away," Red said indifferentlly. The boys cared little for Seivers at any time and tonight least of all. Stan went ahead with unpacking, not looking up.

"We had a called meeting of our athletic association this afternoon after we heard what had happened over here, and refuse to accept any change in the official decision in regard to the 100-yard dash or the final outcome of the meet. The Wilson team won."

"We can't accept any points we don't win fairly," Stan spoke up in quick protest, emphasizing his words with gestures of the bat.

"Don't be a fool, Meyers," Seivers silenced him. "Your start in the hundred, so close to the others that even the starter don't notice, couldn't possibly have made any difference in the finish. All our fellows know that."

The boy looked anxiously at Coach Davis, and Stan's face began to brighten with hope.

"He's right, Meyers," the coach said. "I've thought so all the time, but it wasn't for me to say it. This is mighty square of you and your men, Seivers."

The younger man turned to Davis and spoke in a low tone. "I tell you, Davis, when a boy gives up his letter twice, once because he wouldn't squeal on another, and

once because he wouldn't keep still about himself, it gets under your skin."

And he turned abruptly and walked out.

Coach Davis chuckled to himself as he watched the coach who had stood for more dirty athletics than any man in the conference, disappear through the door.

Then he turned to Stan, whose eyes were shining like polished diamonds.

"What do you suppose ever struck Elsworth?" the boy exclaimed, happy and bewildered.

"Clean athletics, Meyers, clean athletics," Coach answered with a satisfied smile. "Come on in the office, fellows, while I award Stan's 'W.'"

MY CREED OF LIFE

I would like to feel in my advancing age,
That I had engraved a line on memory's page.
To others I had been of use,
Been free from slander and abuse.
I would like it known and understood,
That I had made my promises good.
I want to feel with no regrets,
That I have paid my honest debts.
I want to feel it next to crime,
To idly waste my precious time.
In reviewing life from age to youth,
I find nothing so grand, as beautiful as truth.
To undefiled truth will happiness blend,
To feel and know you have a true friend.
To my neighbor in sorrow I would bring relief,
But never burden others with my personal grief.
My brother's misfortune I would help repair,
And in my work and actions be on the square.
I want to live my whole life true,
But never tell others what they should do.
By my work and actions my future depends,
May I never be a burden on my family or friends.
To humbly live without brag or boast,
He serves God best that serves mankind most.
May my final act be a happy smile,
To prove that I had been worthwhile.

—T. B. Aldridge.

HONOR ROLL FOR MAY

Room No. 2

—A—

Roy Bryant, Howard Fralix, Harry Hill, James Medlin, Wilson Williams, and Clyde Kivett.

—B—

Cecil Bailey, Fred Conner, Jack Cook, Garland Moore, Clinton Whitehurst, Ben Woody, Walter Sistar, Russell Smith, and James Rivenbark.

Room No. 3

—A—

Harvey Causey, Marshall Hollifield, Charles Morrow, Joe Roughton, Raleigh Styles, Lee Tucker, John Williamson, and Henry Smallwood.

—B—

Thomas Hicks, Boyce Stafford, Winfred Luck, and Theodore Crabtree.

Room No. 5

—A—

Robert Benfield, Linwood Butler, Charlie Goodman, Neal Howell, Junior Hoyle, Nevin Little, George Nelson, Lee Shields, Jim Turnage, Chas. Wagoner, Harvard Winn, Verlin Cutshall, Woodrow Denton, Charles R. Hodgin, James Jones, Haywood Journigan, Bennie Lee Simpson, Ray Terres, Lee West, and Edgar Lee White.

Room No. 6

—A—

John Phillips, James Upton, Lonnie Spivey, Marvin Watts, Frank Overby, Astor Davis, Kester Sutphin, Russell Dorsett, and Allen Braddock.

—B—

Frank Lett, James Allison, Hubert Gray, Tom McCausley, Idus Wilkins, Melvin Gautier, Lawrence Young, Hubert Grant, and Chester Caple.

Room No. 7

—A—

Ernest Wright, Clayton Waters, Lucus Rufus, William Miller, Robert Futral, Ralph Bradley, Austin Talent, Leroy Owens, Jess McLaughlin, Henry Irby, B. T. Ransome, Floyd Causey, Lewis Hanner, Ernest Revis, Allen Barrett, Bobbie Poole, and Lee Pearce.

"There is little difference in the hearts of men. The difference is in heredity, environment, opportunity."

"We admit that environment plays a big part in moulding character, yet we throw youthful offenders in among a lot of hard criminals with the idea that they can be reformed by it.

"The time for reform is before we have scarred their souls with the branding iron of social contempt. The time to find out whether they can be made useful citizens is before we have made the task harder both for them and ourselves."

INSTITUTION NOTES

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Lisk, members of our staff, are again on duty, after enjoying a pleasant vacation.

—o—

The farm boys are now very busy hoeing cotton, gathering vegetables and setting out sweet potato slips.

—o—

Mr. W. E. Poole, a member of our teaching staff, has been quite ill for several days past.

—o—

Mrs. W. N. Reynolds and Mrs. Patterson, of Winston-Salem, the former a member of our Board of Trustees, called on friends at the Training School last Thursday afternoon.

—o—

We all enjoyed a delicious rabbit dinner last Sunday. Ninety large rabbits, raised in our own rabbitry, were killed in order to provide this unusual feast.

—o—

Dr. Abernethy, of the U. S. Department of Agriculture, visited the institution last Monday and made a tubercular test of our herd of Holstein cattle. The report of this test will be made later.

—o—

Lee Young, who was paroled from the Training School more than ten years ago, called on friends here last Monday. He is making his annual visit to his home in Lexington, having motored down from Camden, N. J., where he is employed as a meat cutter by the A. and P. Company. Lee informs us that his present position is much better than the one he held last year with the same firm.

The usual order of the Sunday afternoon service was changed somewhat last week by having a lady talk to the boys, instead of the regular service conducted by one of the local clergymen. After the opening songs, Miss Jenn Coltrane, president of the Woman's Club and prominent church worker, of Concord, addressed the boys in a very interesting manner. Miss Coltrane has always been interested in the boys and said that it had been her desire for some time to talk to all of them. In the course of her remarks the speaker reminded the boys that they were here at the institution because of lack of self-control, and urged them to take advantage of the opportunities offered them while here in order that they might become useful citizens of a great State in the future. She called attention to the beauty of working with growing things, also to the fact that life is just a growth, which if properly nourished and cared for in youth, will blossom out into most useful manhood and womanhood. Miss Coltrane then read and explained the Twenty-third Psalm. The boys gave very close attention to the speaker and all present were delighted with her apt and fitting illustrations. We can assure Miss Coltrane that she will receive a hearty welcome when she finds an opportunity to visit us again.

—o—

Mr. G. R. Lackey, of Taylorsville, an inspector employed by the Dairyman's Association of the district composed of Cabarrus, Mecklenburg and Gaston Counties, spent last

Tuesday at the school. His visit was for the purpose of making a milk production test.

—o—

The local ball tossers had an easy time defeating the Oak Grove team last Saturday afternoon by the one-sided score of 27 to 1. The first man up for the visitors in the first inning walked, stole second and scored on a single, but during the remainder of the game they succeeded in getting but one man beyond second base. After the second inning the game developed into a comedy, the Oak Grove boys making more than a dozen errors. This poor fielding coupled with the bombardment of three visiting pitchers for 21 hits, produced six runs in the third, seven in the fifth and nine in the eighth. In the eighth frame the Training School team batted around; pinch hitters, including the nine-year-old mascot, the little bat boy, and several old timers, one of whom was playing ball when Dewey destroyed the Spanish fleet, hit safely and sent nine runners scampering across the plate. Williams, Thompson and Lisk did the pitching for the local team and held the visitors to two hits, one in the first frame and another in the seventh. Poole led the local attack with a home run, a double and a single, while Williams also connected for a four-ply wallop.

JUST TO BE GLAD

Oh! heart of mine, we shouldn't worry so!
What we have missed of calm, we couldn't have, you know!
What we have met of stormy pain,
And of sorrows' driving rain,
We can better meet again,
If they blow.

We have erred in that dark hour, we have known;
When the tears fell with showers, all alone,
Were not shine and shadow blent
As the gracious Master meant?
Let us temper our content
With His own.

For we know not every morrow can be sad;
So, forgetting all the sorrow we have had,
Let us fold away our fears
And put by our foolish tears,
And through all our coming years,
Just be glad.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

U. N. C.
CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XIX CONCORD, N. C., JUNE 13, 1931 No. 24

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U. N. C. Library

HER PLEDGE TO THE FLAG

A thirteen-year-old Japanese girl won a silver trophy in the California American Legion contest with the following pledge to the American flag:

"I pledge allegiance to you, flag of my United States, in word and deed. I believe that you will help me to be a loyal citizen in peace and in war. I believe that you will lead the world, not only in strength but in righteousness. I believe that your stars are the shining symbol of the eternal brotherhood of man in this world. Old Glory, as I stand and salute your heroic colors of red, white and blue, I promise to follow your ideals of liberty, justice and peace, not only for America but for the world."

—Selected.

PUBLISHED BY

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

The flag of our country has a very interesting history. Time will not permit me to trace it. However, allow me to say that its origin goes back to the eighth century and the cross of St. Andrew of Scotland; thence to the thirteenth century and the cross of St. George of England. These two banners were merged in the year 1606 and the Union Jack of Great Britain appears for the first time. We then come to the Revolutionary period of this country, when the original 13 colonies gained their independence from Great Britain. In 1777 the first continental congress passed an act creating the Stars and Stripes. From that date on to the present time I think all of us are familiar with the glorious history of the Stars and Stripes.

The flag speaks in a language learned in the service of country.

That flag says "that all that is red is not hardiness or valor."

That flag says "that all that is white is not purity or innocence."

That flag says "that all that is blue is not Justice or vigilance."

That flag says, be vigilant so that the valorous and clean ideals of good citizenship may be safeguarded and transmitted to the one million boys and the one million girls attaining majority each year.

—Selected.

FLAG DAY—JUNE FOURTEENTH

Long before Old Glory become the symbol of our country, standing for patriotism, loyalty and fidelity, the ideals of America, scores of other flags were presented expressive of the hopes and aspirations of our forefathers.

Over a century and a half have passed since Old Glory, our Flag, was unfurled and so far tradition has failed to prove definitely who designed our national flag, beautiful with a blue field and 48 glistening stars signficant of the number of states in the Union.

But tradition points to Betsy Ross, a needle woman of Philadelphia in

collaboration with some leading citizens of her day as the ones who worked out the pattern, and her deft fingers wrought with loving care the first Stars and Stripes, almost identical with the flag we have today.

No authentic records can be found of the "first flag," but Betsy Ross told the story of the making of the flag to her children, and likewise the story was repeated to her grandchildren till today her decendents vouch for the authenticity of the historic incident.

There is glory enough just to realize that Betsy Ross had a part in the designing of the flag, that stands out preeminently "most beautiful of all national flags," that inspires a feeling of the highest esteem and respect whenever and wherever seen by patriotic loyal citizens of the United States.

* * * * * * * * * *

AT LAST APPRECIATED

At the Veteran's reunion in the historic Montgomery, where clusters the traditions of the Southland, General Rice A. Pierce, of Tennessee, fittingly commemorated the birth of Jefferson Davis, when describing him as the only president of the Confederacy, also the first in command of the Mississippi regiment, first in the hearts of the Southern people, besides ranking preeminently as a soldier, statesman and patriot. A little late to be so overwhelmingly recognized by his own men who followed Lee and Jackson, but the reaction, a kindly and charitable sentiment in favor of Davis, is another proof of the old time expression "truth will rise though crushed to earth."

Many outstanding citizens in an endeavor to render a service to country or humanity have been just as Jeff Davis the victims of opprobrium without "rhyme or reason"—sometimes because of ignorance, jealousy or right down meanness. Either cause is bad enough and develops a spirit that eats like a cancerous sore and nothing but the grace of God can utterly wipe it out. —time helps only.

* * * * * * * * * *

THE TRAFFIC LAWS NOT OBSERVED

Do you have nerves—either normal or shattered? If so avoid living at the intersection of two streets where automobiles go spinning by at a break neck speed without the least regard for pedestrians or traffic of any kind. There are times when an impact is averted just by a hair's bredth, these close shaves keep one's nerves tuned pretty tight, and then again the inevitable

comes when least expected—a crash that can be heard for blocks, bringing out the entire neighborhood. This is what happened just a few days ago: A terrible crash, a big Buick had been struck by a milk-truck. The Buick lay on its side. In a moment a woman's hand was seen to reach out as if asking for help. Some nervous creatures exclaimed, "oh, its a woman in there." Quicker than words could be spoken a nice young fellow, a Davidson student we learned, hopped out spick and span, then four women, one after the other were pulled through the window for the impact had locked the door in some way. Not a soul was hurt. It seemed all a miracle. Then came up the question as to who was to blame. After a curb stone argument as to the rules of traffic, it was unanimously decided the law should require all traffic hesitate at crossings, giving no one the right-of way, but making every one his brother's keeper.

The question was asked during the discussion "what determines the right-of-way? A young lady about seventeen, who is termed a swift driver, amusingly replied "the fellow who can run the fastest." The answer was accepted as significant. The crowd dispersed feeling the young miss had the correct interpretation of the traffic laws.

* * * * * * * * * *

The announcement comes that Col. Charles A. Lindbergh and wife will fly the great Pacific this summer, so that they may make an aerial tour of Japan and China. This will be the most hazardous trip in air Col. Lindbergh has taken since he electrified the world with his flight to Paris in 1927. Mrs. Lindberg will be co-pilot on the Pacific flight. She is an experienced aviatrix, recently passing the government's test for a pilot's license. We thought it was about time to hear from Col. Lindbergh since Capt. Hawks is gaining nation-wide recognition as an aviator, Capt. Hawks has made air trips that nave attracted the attention of the people far and near, especially those air-minded.

* * * * * * * * * *

THE TEACHERS IN SUSPENSE

The new school law lately enacted after months of wrangling in the General Assembly, and one that the general public is familiar with, has proven an occasion for serious consideration among the school officials. Just lately during an educational conference in Raleigh for superintendents and members of school boards from all parts of the State, Dr. A. T. Allen gives in full

all details of the new school law.

One point that is impressive is that all schools in the State will be on the same basis so far as the distribution of the money goes, and another is (and too bad) that there is to be a 10 per cent cut in the teacher's salaries to measure up to the provision of the Legislature—the State taking over the schools for six months terms. In short it is plain the teachers have to contribute towards financing the schools, but this is a ruling for two terms only, if we are properly informed. The suspense to the teachers during the months of adjustment, before announcements of elections of teachers are made, is agonizing. There is not only an uncertainty as to the salary but no assurance of a job. We believe that when all of the wrinkles in the new school law are ironed out things will again assume normalcy, and the teachers will come into their rightful positions and be more highly appreciated than ever. The schools with their teachers are companion pieces to the homes presided over by noble parentage—the one is very essential to the other if good results are realized.

* * * * * * * * * *

The champion American flyer, Captain Hawks, is recognized across the waters as the "American Meteor man." After taking breakfast in London he made the flight to Berlin in due time for luncheon and then on to Paris where he had dinner. The trip was made in less than 8 hours. With Capt. Hawks, the champion flyer, the 115 Gold Star mothers and the 21 American mayors, who evidently have been observing the prohibition laws, this country has a fine representive body abroad, receiving considerable attention.

* * * * * * * * * *

A SUGGESTION OF THE CAUSE

We have reasons for expressing the thought that the problems today in rearing a family are greater and more varied than the problems of yesteryear. This premise is built upon things seen as well as the experiences realized some fifteen years or more ago. We learn by contrast, visualizing the social and home life of the past and present. There are reasons, the unsteadying influences of the World War, easy money, high prices, the automobile, apartment houses and cafeterias, for the changes in the home and civic life of every community. The conditions have opened up new avenues, given different points of contact, diffusing modernized ideas, absorbing old customs and traditions till there is hardly a suggestion of the old regime

of the former days. Figuratively speaking the viewpoints of the "old timers" have been junked along with the many old family portraits that once graced the walls of the old home.

It is impossible to return to normalcy, in fact impossible to do so anytime soon, due to the financial obligations incurred during the prosperous era of inflated prices and the disposition to continue to live the life of ease. The trouble with the country to day is there are few Wendels, content to live the simple life without every convenience and device of up-to-date equipment with luxuries. The installment plan of buying the non-essentials is inductive and seems easy, but proves a detriment to prosperity.

The levelling influence of this restless age is to be realized only through a return to the home-fire-side, contented to live the simple life, and live within one's means. No one man can bring about an adjustment, not even the efforts of the government in helping the unemployed, but the step towards normalcy can be made by the efforts of every individual to practice what is preached—economy. When this live-at-home program is again instituted, cutting out much of the club life that is consuming the valuable time of the younger people, it will be the means of lifting the moral of the country to its former standard, establishing the home, with its restraining and sweet influences, as the corner stone of any Christian nation. The masses are living too far from the home and the church.

It is impossible to get the best results in rearing a family outside of the walls of a home with a christian parentage. The restlessness of the age, is the spirit of the age, receiving a stamp of approval because of the fact the "masses are moving." Independent thinking along conservative line of an economic life will contribute greatly towards a happy contented and prosperous nation.

* * * * * * * * * *

It is hard to conceive that nearly $7.000.000 was distributed to former service men in North Carolina, through the United States Veteran Bureau, Charlotte, in the month of April. That is a big pile of money. Let us hope that it was used discreetly. It is hard to conjecture just how it was spent for there are all kinds and conditions of people in the State. The spending of the amount is an individual question, but there is one thing that we all know—war is not only cruel, but a costly business.

RAMBLING AROUND

By Old Hurrygraph

"A smile is like a little wedge,
That often keeps us from the edge
Of getting sad, or feeling blue—
I love to see a smile don't you?"

—o—

There are sound waves in the air, and wave sounds in the ocean. It convinces me that the unseen is just as real as the seen.

—o—

Richard Hoy says "There are very few good-looking women." I have not seen any that wasn't. They are the best lookers I know of—they know everything that is going on around them, and then some more.

—o—

Just as I thought we were getting back to normalcy because another man had gone over Niagara Falls in a barrel, I turned to the financial news and found one of the pet stocks had also gone over some kind of falls in a barrel. And it's falling yet.

—o—

Who started this "minded" thing anyhow? Now, the butchers have started a crusade to make us "sausage minded." Go to it, butchers, I'll trail. When anything like that starts we all fall in and go right along like a flock of sheep. Hurry up, let's all get sausage minded and have it over with. Then what minded do we do next?

—o—

The Evanston (Ind.,) experts who examined the students of the women's Class of Fancy and Applied Auto Driving asked them all about ignition systems and what was a clutch, and why was a brake and when, but omitted one very important question. It was this: "In powdering the nose on a curve or in heavy traffic, should one release the transmission lever or should the powder rag be fastened to the steering wheel and the nose rubbed deftly against it?" And if so, why? And it also seems that those Evanston women, like all women drivers, experience trouble in backing A good way to train the girls to back deftly would be to tell them when they are ambling forward to look behind. Then have somebody hold up a sign reading "Wonderful Bargains in Suits! Were $10.00; Now $5.99." Oh, the way those girls would back their autos would be simply nobody's business.

—o—

A man who played the radio after 11 p. m. was shot by irate neighbor, out in Taylorville, Ill. The man who played the radio is in a hospital. I point this out as a mournful warning to people who turn on the loud speaker at 11 p. m., but I must also point out that the man who shot the radio owner is in jail. This is equally a warning and equally mournful to people who shoot radio owners. Hospital or jail—well, suit yourself.

—o—

I do not believe that God intended for man to know everything, although some of the genus homo try to make people believe that they do. God, in my opinion, meant we were to understand just so much and no

more. These little craniums of ours could not begin to hold one iota of the workings of the Almighty. The paramount thing was not to know all, but to have faith. Some are making an effort to conquer space. The theory is that a trip to the moon is possible. Something else to make man a little more discontented, for has not always the other pasture looked the greener? If by the will of God we are able to travel through space, what will it gain mankind? If when the rocket line becomes a reality, will it be the same old thing, the planetary traveler eventually becoming as bored as the continental traveler? Will he not decide there is, after all, no place like home? Home and God! Sounds a bit old-fashioned, doesn't it? Something our grandmothers used to embroider into their samplers. Yet what home is complete without faith in God? Why can't all of us realize that faith is the paramount thing in human life after all?

—o—

The real joy of human life is the joy of work. Many men do not regard work as a pleasure. But it is found to be a pleasure and finally a joy in the experience of men of quality. To be useful in the world is every true man's desire. Work is the only sure way to be useful, either to one's self or his fellows. In our civilization a man usually becomes useful to others, to society, by first becoming useful to himself. It is as sure as the sun shines that the man who does not work, and will not work, will become a liability to his fellows, and never an asset. Those who do an honest day's work are not only helping themselves but the community, and thereby increase their own joys. This is human experience. When a man deliberately plans to do as little work as he can get by with, he abandons all the higher hopes and incentives that bring human happiness. So it is even selfish work benefits a man, and inevitably helps others, because the prosperity of one man is always shared in some way by others. Work is never a loss if it is honest and constructive.

—o—

A Durham benedict went home the other evening and found an article on the table his wife had just purchased. He looked it over and inquired if it was a bowl, a vase, or what. His wife replied that she did not know. The salesman just called it a bridge prize.

—o—

An eminent German once beautifully wrote, "Music washes away the dust from the soul." And Shakespeare said, "He who loves not music is fit only for treason, stratagems and spoils." So patronize freely the fine concerts wherever they are given. You'll feel better. And you need to have your soul washed occasionally.

"These rich people make me sick. What's the use of having money if you don't know how to enjoy it?"

"Well, what's the use of knowing how to enjoy it if you haven't got it?"

TRIBUTE TO THE AMERICAN FLAG

(Selected)

Because of the sentiments expressed, the choice language as well as the expression and diction of the speaker, the following address given by Judge E. F. Hensel of Whitehall, Wis., is well worthy of reproduction here.

"It is both fitting and proper that we pause for a few moments to pay a just tribute to the American flag. It should cause us to pursue our labors with a deeper conviction of our responsibilities and with a firmer resolve to put forth our best and noblest efforts in the performance of the duties before us.

"As we gaze upon this starry emblem we are reminded of the heavy sacrifices by our ancestors that we might enjoy the blessings of liberty and freedom and are comforted in the thought that we are citizens of the grandest nation upon the face of the earth.

"About a century and a half ago a number of American statesmen assembled in a little hall in Philadelphia and there solemnly declared that 'All men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, that to secure these rights governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed.'

"This solemn and well studied pronouncement was by far the greatest statement of American ideals and American statesmanship that had ever been written or said. Well may we contemplate the gravity of this solemn declaration, for it meant the throwing off of the shackles which bound America to the mother country, and was immediately followed by that awful struggle upon the part of the American soldiers to defend those principles and ideals even at the hazard of their lives.

"During this stormy period our flag was born; and it was immediately unfurled to the breeze as an emblem of those ideals which were proclaimed to the world as symbolic of freedom and justice.

"And when the clouds of war were hovering over; when poverty, starvation and the rigors of the seasons had given this army of patriots every reason to become disheartened and despondent, a sight of the American flag embodying all the noble qualities of mankind, gave them new life and new hope; and they fought on and on. Every setback and every retreat proved a psychological victory, and each success became greater because of the noble aims which they possessed; and at the end of the struggle those American principles and American ideals became the very foundation for our government and our growth.

"As we see this starry emblem we are deeply moved by its beauty; its symmetry, its grandeur; but we love and revere it because of its birth in such an atmosphere of deepest concern for posterity; because it is symbolic of honesty and square dealing; and emblematic of equal opportunity, it promotes love of service

in the cause of humanity, fidelity in adherence to American ideals and American principles, faith in the demands of honor and justice and that purity of heart and rectitude of conduct which should actuate us in our dealings with each other.

"Flag of the free—we hail thee not as a piece of bunting or an article of woolen or silken texture but rather as a living entity that guarantees to us that freedom, that protection, that opportunity for service and that love of honesty and truth which should command the respect and reverence of all liberty-loving people.

How proud we should be to hear the name of 'American citizen!' And as we look at that splendid banner dedicated to our service, may we see in its folds purity, honesty, justice and freedom, and with those thoughts uppermost in our minds may we dedicate our lives to a bigger and better service to mankind.

"We cannot hope to become a perfect people, we know that there are many who do not live up to that high standard of life which is typified by the American banner; but we do believe that if we reflect upon the many blessings which we enjoy as citizens under that flag and will strive to emulate the principles for which it waves we can fulfill our station in life with greater honor and with greater success.

"And then we may the better appreciate the words of the dying soldier upon the field of battle when he said 'Wrap the flag around me, boys; to die were far more sweet with freedom's starry emblem, boys, to be my winding sheet.'

"Flag of the free, we love it because of the ideals for which it stands. An emblem which has never been lowered in defeat, yet one whose every thread is emblematic of universal peace—peace with honor, peace with love, peace with purity and peace with chastity.

"May we all emulate those great principles and give our every ounce of devotion to the end that we may come closer to that deeper and more sacred ideal of 'PEACE ON EARTH, GOOD WILL TO MEN.'

A TRUE STORY

At a recent meeting of the Jacksonville, Florida, Humane Society, the humane officer told the following story:

"I have a hero I want to mention. He is none other than a large police dog owned by a woman in Springfield. He located a cat out in a back lot with its head in a tin can that it could not get off, so he went to the house for help. At first members of the family did not know what he wanted, but he kept on until he got them to go with him and he led them to the poor cat. It would have been impossible for the cat to have gotten the can off its head. The people called me and I soon had it out of its bad fix. The dog acted as though he was glad to get help. However, they were not friends, for as soon as the cat was liberated it wanted to put up a fight.—Our Dumb Animals..

THE FLAG SPEAKS

By Frank A. Marshal

I am dauntless but afraid.

I fear no foe that fires a shot or rends me with a sword.

I fear only the indifference of those who care not for what I mean and forget what I have won.

I am called Old Glory because the glory of a love of liberty and of native land is as old as the glory of God.

I have waved over a hundred fields but never at the head of a host of aggression.

I have wrapped my folds about the captive and his chains have fallen from him.

I have led the legions of liberty against oppression and victory has perched upon me.

I have been waved by heroes clad in many garbs during the century and a half since I was placed in the sainted hands of Washington.

I have been the rallying point of men who fought for many causes, but always for freedom, for civilization, for native land and justice.

I have dyed my stripes of red in heroic blood that has made them redder.

I have gained a deeper azure from the blue of skies of peace and a purer white from the fineness of white ideals.

I have counted among my defenders only the brave and noble knights of truth and right and love of country.

I have never floated over the hosts of greed, the legions of tyranny or the cohorts of rapacity.

I have been likened to the sheet music whereon was written the anthem of the free, and my stars have been as the stars that God has planted in His heaven.

I float over the temples where men worship God according to their rapt desire and that is the blessing of religious liberty I have brought.

I float over the schoolhouse and that is the blessing of the universal enlightenment that is my proudest boast.

I float over the courts of justice, over towering capitols and every seat of civil power and that is the blessing of civil liberty I have brought.

I summon all who love me and all who are worthy of the blessings I symbolize to remember, not forget; to worship, not ignore; to love me, not praise with thoughtless words of unmeant hosannas.

I call for the adoration of the heart and not the lips; for a devotion of service and not of proud parading of constrained salute.

I am the ultimate citadel of all your liberties, the last resource of all your courage, the pledge of all your fidelity, and symbol and the test of all your ideals, the final seal of all you deserve.

I am the flag.

Happiness is not perfected until it is shared.

THE FLAG: WHAT I AM

Franklin K. Lane

I am not the Flag; not at all. I am but its shadow. I am whatever you make me, nothing more.

I am your belief in yourself, your dream of what a People may become.

I live a changing live, a life of moods and passions, of heart breaks and tired muscles.

Sometimes I am strong, with pride, when men do an honest work, fitting the rails truly.

Sometimes I droop, for then purpose has gone from me, and cynically I play the coward.

Sometimes I am loud, garish, and full of that ego that blasts judgment.

But always, I am all that you hope to be, and have the courage to try for.

I am song and fear, struggle and panic, and ennobling hope.

I am the day's work of the weakest man, and the largest dream of the most daring.

I am the Constitution, and the Courts, statutes and statute makers, soldier and dreadnaught, drayman and street sweep, cook and counselor and clerk.

I am the battle of yesterday and the mistakes of tomorrow.

I am the mystery of the men who do without knowing why.

I am the clutch of an idea, and the reasoned purpose of resolution.

I am no more than what you believe me to be, and I am always all that you believe I can be.

I am what you make me, nothing more.

I swing before you as a bright gleam of color, a symbol of yourself, the picture suggestion of that big thing which makes this Nation.

My stars and my stripes are your dream and your labors.. They are bright with cheer, brilliant with courage, firm with faith, because you have made them so out of your hearts. For you are the makers of the Flag and it is well that you glory in the making.

TOAST TO THE FLAG

Here's to the red of it,
Every bright thread of it.
Dipped in the blood of its sons brave and true.
Here's to the white of it,
Courage and might of it,
Pure as the lily that's sprinkled with dew.
Here's to the blue of it,
What would we do for it,
Little the world ever thought of or knew.
Here's to the whole of it,
Stars, bars, and soul of it,
Hail to the glorious red, white, and blue!

—Author Unknown.

THE FLAG OF PEACE

By Joseph Fort Newton

'Tis said that the Flag of our Republic was born in 1777, but that can not be true. It was stitched into form at that time, in a little back parlor, but he who would know its origin must look far into the dim, pathetic, aspiring past. It was woven on the Loom of Ages—woven of the dreams and the heartbeats of humanity, of the warp of sorrow and the woof of hope—by a Great Hand stretched out from the Unseen. All those who on red fields of war died that their sons might be free; all who in dark prison cells suffered for the rights of man; all who in the long night of tyranny toiled and prayed for a better day, added threads to our Flag. It floats today in the blue sky swayed by happy winds, held aloft by innumerable hands of the living and the dead, at once a history and a prophecy.

In old mythology Minerva and Ceres presided over the laboring classes—robed in flaming red, and that color became their emblem; but it was an emblem of blood-making not of blood-letting; symbolizing the victories of peace, not those of war. Color in ancient Rome separated plebian from patrician—blue the color of the aristrocracy, white the war symbol, and red the emblem of labor and peace. All these colors are blended in our Flag, making it the sanctifying symbol of Unity, Fraternity, and Good-will among men. So may it ever be—Flag of Freedom and Friendship—woven of "the mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land," proclaiming the time-glorified principles wrought out by the tears and the prayers of our fathers.

Let all those who stand under it join hearts in one faith, join hands in one purpose—for the safety and sanctity of this Republic; for the rights of man and the majesty of law; for the moral trusteeship of private property and public office; for the education of the ignorant; for the lifting of poverty, through self-help, to comfort; for the dignity of the home and the laughter of little children; for social beauty, national glory, and human welfare. Long may it wave rendered for all ages holy by the faith of the men who lifted it up, and the valor of the men who defended it in an hour of madness and peril. May it never again float over a field of war, but ever and forever over scenes of peace, honor, and progress.

Put out of your thought the past whatever it may be; let go even the future with its golden dream and its high ideal and concentrate your soul in this burning present moment. For the man who is true to the present, is true to his best; and the soul that wins the ground immediately before it, makes life a triumph.—Davis.

"MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME"

(Exchange)

On Federal Hill, near Bardstown, Ky. still smiling in the sun, is located the country home which gave Stephen Collins Foster his inspiration for the composition of his well-loved song, "My Old Kentucky Home." Foster, a native of Pittsburgh, Pa., was of Southern ancestry. When he was a young man he went to visit his cousins, the Rowans in their stately old home on Lexington Pike. Here in the idyllic, pastoral atmosphere he learned the melodies of the negro slaves. His musical nature responded to the haunting measures, and he became one of the first writrs of negro songs.

"Old Kentucky Home" was composed in 1852 when Foster was about twenty-six years old. This composition was followed by many negro songs, "Old Black Joe," "Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground," "Nellie was a Lady," and "Nelly Bly," became almost as popular as was the "Old Kentucky Home." His songs of homesick blacks, mourning for loved associations, lost companions, and dead masters, have re-echoed in lonely hearts in every land under the sun.

Kentucky has made a shrine of the old Rowan mansion, which inspired the song. The original house, built in 1795, was partly destroyed by fire, and its third story was not restored. The Mansion has been restored in the period of Stephen Foster, who was born July 4, 1826.

HOW IT CAME ABOUT

Said Washington to Betsy Ross, "A flag our nation needs,
To lead our valiant soldiers on to high and noble deeds;
Now can you make one for us?" To which she made reply,
"I am not certain that I can; at least I'll gladly try."
So she took some red for the blood they shed, some white for purity,
Some stars so bright from the sky overhead, some blue for loyalty,
And sewed them all together, for loyal hearts and true;
And hand in hand as one we stand for the red, white and blue.
Said Betsy Ross to Washington, "Your country's flag behold."
And through his tear-dimmed eyes he saw the Stars and Stripes unfold,
Then to his breast he clasped it, and looked to heaven above,
"O may it ever stand," he cried, "for right and truth and love."
She made the flag as we all know, with stitches strong and neat,
And neither on the land nor sea has that flag met defeat;
The Stars and Stripes shall evermore above our country wave,
Our land of truth and freedom and the homeland of the brave.

—Masonic Chronicler.

PRIDE OF NAVY IN WAR OF 1812 TO VIE WITH MODERN DOGS OF WAR

(Asheville Citizen)

The peaceful York river will present an unusual spectacle when the Frigate Constitution—pride of the first American navy—runs her stalwart ribs against the dock at Yorktown during the celebration next October of the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the surrender of Lord Cornwallis.

Proud "Old Ironsides," as she was affectionately dubbed after she had destroyed the Java in the War of 1812, will come from Boston harbor under her own sails. Steaming into the York alongside her will be the most modern dogs of war of the United States and France. She will represent the old and vie for favor with the new in the elaborate naval maneuvers planned as one of the features of the sesquicentennial.

Bearing historic mementoes such as the flags of the Guerriere, Cyane, Levant, Java and others of ships captured by her while she was making history for America on the high seas, the Constitution will sail into Virginia waters as a message from the past—a message of character, of heroism of patriotism of the preceding generations who trod her decks.

During the Constitution's stay at Yorktown she will be open for public inspection, and relics appertaining to her activities from the time she went into action in the French War in 1798 until her usefulness on the seas came to an end will be on display. They will include flags of the ships she captured, original logbooks giving the history of her operations, letters from her commanders, gifts bestowed upon her by her captains, guns captured by her and other historic mementos.

A few years ago when increasing decay was about to make necessary the dismantling of the proud old ship, there was waged a successful campaign for her restoration that she might continue as a symbol of patriotism and a monument to those brave souls who fought and died on her ancient decks. Previous to this the Constitution had been reconstructed in 1833, 1858, and again in 1897.

"Old Ironsides" was launched in Boston in 1797—one of the first frigates authorized under the constitution of the United States and one of the three that marked the beginning of the American navy.

The United States had been unsuccessful in efforts to make satisfactory terms with the Barbary Corsairs, due to the defensless state at sea. It was for this reason that the United States government authorizd a naval force, and it resulted in ultimately putting an end to the depredations of the Corsairs and privateers.

The Constitution went into commission in 1798 and immediately saw active service in the French War, gaining many telling victories over the French Republic cruisers. A few years later she was bombarding the forts of Tripoli and was one of the

vessels that aided in throwing off the control of the Barbary States to which an annual tribute had been paid. It resulted in giving protection to American commerce and helped bring considerable wealth to the nation.

In the War of 1812 she won a succession of victories and threw terror into the British navy. Early in the war she created a sensation by capturing, after a brief battle, the British frigate Guerriere off the Gulf of St. Lawrence. This was the first British frigate ever to surrender, and it proved of inestimable value in inspiring confidence of the young nation. Another important victory came when she destroyed the Java, and then followed many lesser victories.

Her usefulness as a dog of war long since gone, she now serves as a message from the past to the fuaure generations.

OLD GLORY

"Old Glory," the story we're wanting to hear,
Is what the main facts of your christening were,
For your name just to hear it, repeat it, and cheer it,
'Tis a tang to the spirit, as salt as a tear.
And seeing you fly, and the boys marching by,
There's a shout in the throat and a tear in the eye,
And a longing to live for you always or die.
If by dying we still keep you floating on high,
And so by our love for you floating above.
And the scars of all wars and the sorrows thereof.
Who gave you the name of Old Glory, and why?
Are we thrilled by the name of Old Glory?
The old banner leaped out, like a sail in a blast.
And fluttered an audible answer at last,
And it spake with a shake in its voice as it said:
By the driven snow white and the living red,
Of my bars with their heaven of stars overhead;
By the symbol conjoined of them all skyward cast,
As I float from the steeple or flap at the mast,
Or droop o'er the sod where the long grasses nod,
My name is as old as the Glory of God,
So I came by the name of Old Glory.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

AN INDIVIDUAL MATTER

(Charlotte News)

This is the age of big corporations, merged business and gigantic industrial enterprises. Some quite intelligent folk have told us that the individual no longer amounts to much; that he is simply a cog in the huge machine of modern industry. They hark back to the good old days when they say there was more individualism and when each man was his own boss.

They tell us that greater opportunities existed then for young men to achieve success through individual efforts. But are they correct? Don't they fail to realize that men and women—individuals—are back of our modern giants of industry?

These huge enterprises did not just happen to come into existence or grow to their present size. Many of them are the fulfillment of the dreams of individuals—the culmination of their individualism. For after all big coporations are individuals—not machines.

Many a successful executive of a large enterprise will tell you that the biggest problem of his corporation is man power. What does he mean? Simply this—the number of men capable of displaying that individualism necessary to fill prominent executive positions is always less than the demand.

Business is constantly on the lookout for promising men. It is willing to give them every opportunity to display that ability and if the young man shows over a period of years that he has that individualism necessary to execute success, he will be rewarded far more liberally than in the old days.

Individualism is not only necessary in the more responsible positions of a business, but it pays dividends, to the so-called "cogs" in the machine. Consider the large number of prominent business men today who have worked up from the humblest jobs to the positions of great responsibility and financial success. It was their individualism—their unwillingness to be just a cog—that made success possible.

American business of today has expanded so that it offers millions of opportunities to young men to demonstrate their individualism. Just remember that gigantic industrial enterprises are the result of individualism and that they are still made up of individuals.

Do you know that when you face wears a smile other people smile, too, without knowing why, or when you look cross or downcast other faces become shadowed? It is a fine thing to pass your lightness of heart along; but how about the opposite? If we are feeling sad or out of sorts, let us try to keep it to ourselves, and not, by an overcast face, pass it on to someone else.—Selected.

WHICH CALLING WILL YOU CHOOSE?

By John R. Scotford

The banker deals with two interesting commodities—money and people. He sits in a place of importance, often with a marble and mahogany backgound. Few men are entrusted with more secrets. Most people approach a banker cautiously and circumspectly, for he is a man of weight in the community.

Naturally many boys dream of either being a banker or else marrying the banker's daughter. Few positions are outwardly more desirable.

And yet banking in an increasingly difficult field in which to achieve advancement. Consolidations are ruthlessly diminishing the number of bank presidents and other officials. Every boy who gets a job in a bank hopes to rise to the top, but obviously only a very few can attain this ambition. Competition is severe, and promotions painfully slow.

The young man who would work in a bank must like figures and have a pleasing personality. In spite of the adding machine the bank clerk must still keep his arithmetic well lubricated. Without matematical aptitude he cannot get far.

But the bank clerk must also be personally attractive. Like the animals in the circus, he is commonly on exhibition in a cage. No matter how empty his pockets, he must look prosperous. More than that, he must be able to get on with people, both his fellow-workers and the public. Especially in his earlier years the banker has more to do with people than with money.

Other qualifiications are the willingness to work hard, paying scant heed to the clock around the first of the month, and the ability to live for a long time on a low salary.

According to one banker the only way to find out whether a young man will fit in a bank or not is to try him out. "Some boys come to us highly recommended, and in three days we know that they are impossible, while others about whom we know little or nothing make good. There are men who claim that they can pick the successes, but I know I cannot."

In the small bank or the small office of the big bank the best opportunity for a young man is at the teller's window. Here he is in continuous contact with the public for five hours a day. He learns to deal with all sorts and conditions of people. To remember names, faces, and signatures becomes second nature. When questions arise which go beyond the limits of his knowledge, he acts from intuition. In theory the teller is supposed to look up every strange signature and verify every uncertain account, but practically he judges the man and acts accordingly. This requires a cool head and considerable courage, for to trust the unworthy means financial loss, while to question the credit of the responsible is to risk their ill-will. It is not at all flattering to have the teller take your check into some dim and distant region for verification before cashing it.

But any young man who sits for

long in the teller's cage will learn much. The finances of family after family will pass beneath his eye. He knows the salaries which men receive, and what they do with them. As a silent witness he sits in on a multitude of business transactions. Whether he continues in banking or passes into some other line of business, he will have had an invaluable experience in judging human nature and in general business procedure.

After he has graduated from this elementary training the path before the bank employee forks in many directions. If he loves his mathematics he can specialize in accounting systems and become an auditor. Or he may learn the art of appraising real estate and pass on mortage loans.

The trust department of a large bank offers endless possibilities. Comparatively young men find themselves shouldering strange responsibilities. All sorts of situations can arise in connection with the settlement of an estate. Through its representatives a bank may serve as a board of arbitration for family squabbles or as the foster parent for growing children. One year a man may find himself responsible for the management of an office building, while the next he may oversee the running of a hotel. Some branches of banking are pure routine; others offer endless novelties.

More than in most lines of work, the bank overshadows the individual. Years must pass before he is allowed any large measure of independence. Sound banking procedure has been developed through much experience, and must be followed. Behind it all lie the dictates of common sense, but these must be pursued with uncommon fidelity. Only after much training can a man conduct little experiments of his own. During his youth he must merge himself with the machine of which he is a part.

Yet banking has a very human side. The head of a small bank, whether it be branch or independent, is quite frequently the father confessor to the whole community. He knows the problems of the storekeeper and the troubles of his family. People even consult him about such intimate matters as how to get married!

Perhaps the noblest aspect of the banking business is its sense of responsibility. The public entrusts to the banker its surplus wealth. His duty is to conserve that which he has received and at the same time so use it as to promote the public good. The banker is both inspired and sobered by his task. He considers himself the servant of society.

Wisdom allows nothing to be good that will not be so forever; no man to be happy but he that needs no other happiness than what he has within himself; no man to be great or powerful that is not master of himself.

—Seneca.

BY ARBITRATION

By George H. Hall

"There is no use, Chester, for us to discuss the matter any longer unless you agree to go where I want to."

Chester Hartley hesitated before replying. When he spoke it was with a tone of regret but determination. "I'm sorry you don't see it my way, Aubery, but you know how much this trip will mean to me. I did hope that we were going to spend our last vacation before leaving Avalon together."

"We can spend it together," retorted Aubery, "if you will go to Quebec."

"But I don't want to go to Quebec," declared Chester for perhaps the fiftieth time. "I want to go to Bermuda. I want the sea voyage and the foreign setting. It will be the next best thing to a trip abroad."

"We'd get the foreign setting in Quebec," contended Aubery. "And a chance to practice our French as well. I could go abroad if I wanted to, but I'm willing to give it up for the sake of being with you if you will only be satisfied to go where I want to."

"Well, my father can't afford to send me abroad or anywhere else for that matter. But I've earned and saved enough for this trip to Bermuda and now the best of it will be spoiled if you don't go along with me. Can't you see it?"

For an hour or more the boys went over the ground again and again. For two weeks now they had argued this matter of their coming vacation. And for two weeks they had always reached the same decision; that they could not agree. Tonight with the vacation only a few day off the discussion became more earnest than ever. Pro and con they went over the same old arguments until at last a shade of annoyance, then actual anger, for the first time entered into the controversy.

"Well, I tell you, Chester," Aubery finally broke out, "if we are going to part for the vacation we'll part for the next term as well. Cunningham wants me to take over his room. I told him I wouldn't leave you, but now I think I will make the change."

A wave of disappointment swept over Chester at this announcement. Not to spend his last year at Avalon in Aubery's company! To have to room with some other boy after the three years he and Aubery had been together! It was unthinkable. But then there was the longed-for trip to Bermuda. He couldn't give that up. It was unfair of Aubery to take advantage of him in this way.

"I'm sorry you feel that way about it, old man," he finally said ruefully. "It will be mighty lonesome without you."

"It's your own choice," flung back Aubery. "And as for being lonesome, you might as well get used to that right now. Cunningham is away until commencement and he told me to take possesion whenever I wanted to. I think I will move in

tonight. There's no reason to wait."

Silently Chester sat at his desk, pretending to study while his erstwhile roommate packed up his personal belongings and moved into his new quarters at the north end of the dormitory. The clock had just chimed nine across campus when Aubery, with a curt "good night" left the old room for the last time.

The folliwing hour was the longest that Chester had ever spent at Avalon. In vain he tried to study, to read, or even to think coherently. His life next term would indeed be very lonesome without the companionship of Aubery Thompson. After all, was he making a mistake in being so obstinate about the vacation? Or was it Aubery who was obstinate? Aubery, having a rich father, could go anywhere he wanted to. Why, Chester wondered, couldn't he see what this trip would mean to him Aubery well knew how Chester had to count every cent and should understand that Chester was so anxious for this trip to Bermuda because it was "the next thing to a trip abroad."

By ten o'clock Chester decided to think no more about the matter for the night and went to bed only to toss and thrash for an hour or more while he thought of nothing else. At last he dropped into a fitful sleep only to dream the most fantastic dreoms. He was first on a steamship, then in Aubery's car, and they were traveling through a strange country in which Bermuda palms and coral isles mingled with Canadian rivers and habitant villages.

"Clang! Clang! Clang!" Chester sprang from his bed almost automatically. The fire alarm! Oak Hall in which the boys lived was the only wooden building on the Avalon campus and, due to the possibility of fire, Dean Brayton had made night fire drill a part of the regular routine. At least once a month the boys were turned out by the alarm until they had become so perfected in the practice that the three floors of the dormitory could be completely emptied in less than three minutes.

Almast without thought, Chester now followed the regular procedure. Trousers, shoes, coat; that was all that the boys were allowed to put on; then to their place in the line. For Chester another duty had come to form a regular part of the night drill. He must awaken Aubery. Never had he known Aubery of himself to wake up at the sound of the gong. Now, as he turned to Aubery's bed across the room, the recollection of the quarrel and the parting of the night before came to him like a flash. He smiled coldly as he thought of his former room-mate now sleeping through all the uproar, of his chagrin in the morning at finding that he had failed to be present at the roll call and the resulting demerit.

"Clang! Clang! Clang!" There was no time to spare. "It's his own fault," Chester muttered as he took his place in the line of students as they filed in perfect order down the two flights of stairs on to the lawn outside.

"Brayton must have wanted to give us one more airing before the term ended," grumbled the boy next in line to Chester. "We had a drill only last week."

"This isn't any drill," shouted another. "It's the real thing. Look! Old Oak Hall is really afire this time!"

Glancing in the direction indicated, Chester saw a dense cloud of smoke rolling from one of the windows in the north end of the building. A flame shot from another window, then from a third. The old building was going fast. And Aubery was asleep up on the third floor!

In defiance of all rules of the drill, Chester dashed from his place in the line. The call of his fellow students to come back fell unheeded on his ears He had but one thought. He must awaken Aubery at all cost.

The ground floor of the dormitory was fairly clear of smoke, but as he reached the second floor, by the south stairway, he encountered a stifling, stinging cloud that swept across the corridor from the north side of the building, where the fire was evidently burning most fiercely. Through choking fumes and increasing heat Chester dashed up the second flight of stairs to the upper floor.

"Aubery! Aubery!" he shouted, but the roar of the flames was so loud that he had little hope of being heard. At the top of the stairs he found himself facing a dense cloud of hot, acrid smoke. He knew enough about fires to realize that this smoke came from the floor below and was "mushrooming" and that a vent should be opened in the roof. Unaided and without proper tools this was beyond his power to accomplish. He must carry on alone.

Wrapping a handkerchief about his nose and mouth he dropped to his knees and crawled as swiftly as possible across the floor of the corridor where the smoke was less dense. On and on he went until, panting, struggling, suffocating, he felt sure he had reached the vicinity of Cunningham's room at the far north end. Rising, he assured himself that he was at the right door. It was locked.

"Aubery!" he shouted. "Wake up! The building is on fire!" No response.

Again and again he shouted through lips that were so parched with the heat that they could hardly form the words. And still silence from within. How could anyone sleep through such a racket? He must take more effective means to awaken the sleeping boy. Backing across the corridor he mustered all the strength that was left in his nearly exhausted body, then sprang with full force against the door. The woodwork shattered at the impact. A few heavy kicks and an entire panel fell in. Chester reached through the opening thus made and unlocked the door.

What a relief came to him as he entered the smoke-free room. The window was open and the air still clear and sweet. As he drew a reviving breath to the very botton of his lungs he felt new life returning. And there was Aubery, calmly sleeping through it all! Quickly Crester sprang across the room and vigorously shook the unconscious figure.

" 'Tisn't time to get up yet," came the sleepy response from Aubery who, with eyes still closed, appeared to think he was receiving his

customary morning call.

"It's long past time to get up!" shouted Chester. "The building is afire!"

At last Aubery was sufficiently awake to realize the situation. The smoke, now pouring through the broken door, warned the boys that the fire had entirely cut off any posibility of escape by the corridors and the stairs.

"How are we ever going to get out of this?" cried Aubery in dismay.

"We'll go down the fire rope." Chester was already busy loosening the long coil of rope that had for years hung unused at the side of the window. This primitive type of fire escape had always been considered by the boys at Avalon as more or less of a joke. Now the value of Dean Bravton's foresight in thus equiping each room of the dormitory was to be put to a crucial test. As he threw the unfastened end of the rope from the window Chester called out to Aubery to slide down.

"You go first," protested Aubery.

"No. You go first. There's no time to lose." The crackling of the flames told Chester that the fire had reached the upper floor outside of the room.

Still Aubery hesitated. "I can't go first," he insisted. "I got you into this scrape and I want to see you safely out of it."

"You're going down the rope first," declared Chester. "Don't let's argue now or we'll both be caught."

"Then get under way," countered Aubery obstinately. "The rope won't hold us both at the same time. As soon as you reach the ground I'll follow."

Without replying Chester busied himself in pulling the rope back into the room. There was, indeed, no time to be lost in argument. He must act quickly. Aubery he was determined should be the first to go down. As the end of the rope was drawn back into the room Chester spoke. "See if you can see any of the fire companies coming. They ought to be here by this time."

Unsuspicious of his room-mate's intent, Aubery leaned out of the window and tried to make out through the darkness if anything was coming up the road leading from the town. "Yes," he cried excitedly. "There's something coming. Looks like them. That looks like the hook-and-ladder in the lead. See if you —" His words were cut short by Chester who, as soon as Aubery's back was turned, had thrown one arm around him, pinioning his arms at his sides. With the other hand Chester rapidly passed the rope around Aubery's waist and with the dexterity of a sailor, quickly and securely tied it around the struggling boy.

"See here, Chester," Aubery protested. "You can't do this. You'll be caught by the fire before I get to the ground."

No reply from Chester. With a quick motion he toppled Aubery across the window sill and with all his remaining strength began pay-out the rope. Slowly and cautiously he guided it as it slid through his smarting hands. The strain was terrible, but he dared not let go. If he did Aubery would be dashed to the

ground below. He just must hold on. The flames were now licking the shattered door. In a few minutes they would be in the room itself. Could he hold out? Still foot by foot he guided the rope. Would it never reach the ground!

The wail of a siren rose above the roar of the flames. At least one of the fire companies had arrived. Good. They could take care of Aubery. Then, at last, the rope slackened in Chester's hands. With a prayer of relief he realized that his task was finished. Now he must look after his own safety. He started toward the window.

But where was the window? The smoke had become so thick he could no longer see a foot ahead. And the room seemed to be going round and round. Why wouldn't it stand still? Just long enough for him to find the window. Ah, there it was. A slight breeze for the moment blew the smoke aside. Chester started toward the opening. Then the smoke closed in, this time in a hot, stinging embrace that sent the room whirling around again faster than ever. He panted for breath to inhale strong, acrid fumes that burned to the very bottom of his lungs. As he struggled he felt himself falling. The glare of the flames seemed to die out. All was black. With a final gasp Chester sank unconscious to the floor.

When he awoke he was in a clean cot and the sun was shining brightly outside. For a minute he could not understand where he was or how he came here. Then the memory of the fire came back to him. He recalled the siren that he had heard just before he fell. The firemen must have reached him and brought him out safely he supeculated. And now he recognized his surroundings. He was in the college dispensary. Everything had come out all right for him. But how about Aubery? Chester glanced at the other cots. They were empty. Then, without realizing that anyone had entered the room, he was conscious that Miss Greene, the dispensary nurse, was standing beside him. She smiled at seeing him awake.

"Well, my young smoke eater, I thought you were never going to wake up. How are you feeling now?"

But Chester's thoughts were not of himself. "How is Aubery?" he asked anxiously. "Is he all right."

"He certainly is," the nurss assured him. "You got him down just as the firemen arrived. And they got you down just before the walls collapsed. You had a close call."

"Well, so long as I got Aubery out all right I'm satisfied. Now I'm awfully thirsty. May I have some water."

"Of course you may, but take it slowly," Miss Greene cautioned as she handed him a glass. As he reached for it Chester, for the first time, became aware that his hands were swathed in bandages. "Did I get burned?" he asked between the sips of cooling water.

"Quite a little on your hands," she replied. "Your heavy coat and trousers prevented more serious injury, but they were afire when you were brought down."

"Well. I don't feel very bad," de-

clared Chester stoutly, at the same time realizing that every movement sent stinging, shooting pains through the burned hands.

"Do you think you will feel like seeing Aubery after you have had a bit of breakfast?" asked Miss Greene solicitously.

"That's what I want more than anything else," Chester replied promptly. "Why not let me see him before breakfast? I'm not very hungry and I have something to tell him."

"All right. He's been waiting just outside all the morning," and the nurse turned quietly toward the door. As it opened Aubery impulsively sprang into the room, followed more slowly by a tall, pleasant-faced man whom Chester at once recognized as Aubery's father.

"How are you, old man?" cried Aubery, shaking his own hands, Chinese fashion, as he noticed the bandages on Chester's hands.

"Oh, I'm all right," Chester assured him. "I'll be ready for that trip to Quebec by the time vacation begins."

"But we're not going to Quebec," countered Aubery. "We going to Bermuda."

"No, Aubery, we will go to Quebec. You were right. We need the French practice."

"But you need the sea voyage more than ever. After all you did for me last night I would be all kinds of a cad not to go where you want to. We are going to Bermuda."

"No," began Chester again, "we are—" But he was interrupted by Mr. Thompson who, until this time, had been silently enjoying the reunion of the two friends.

"Now, boys," began. "Don't start the old argument all over again. Now that you have each given in to the other you are still just as set as ever. How about submitting the matter to arbitration?"

"That might be well," said Chester.

"Suits me," declared Aubery. "Who will be the arbitrator?"

"I think I will," Mr. Thompson volunteered. "As the case now stands, Chester you wanted to go to Bermuda for the sea voyage. And you, Aubery, wanted to go to Quebec for the French practice."

"Not now, sir," Chester demurred. "I want to go to Quebec with Aubery."

"And I want to go to Bermuda with Chester," supplemented Aubery.

"And I am beginning to think that neither of you really knows what he does want," exclaimed Mr. Thompson in mock desperation. "So the decision of this court of arbitration is that you both go to Europe as my guests. England for the sea voyage, France for the languages practice, possibly Belgium and Holland. Oh, we can work out the plans later. Is the decision accepted?"

"But, Mr. Thompson," protested Chester as soon as he could comprehend the full meaning of the proposal.

"No buts or ands, my boy. It's enough for me to do. But for your bravery and courage Aubery—well, Aubery might not be able to go on any vacation."

"In spite of the pain Chester

reached out and grasped Aubery by the hand. "It will be wonderful!" he exclaimed.

"And we'll find a room together next term," declared Aubery. "The old dormitory is now a thing of the past and so is our only disagreement."

ROOM ENOUGH FOR ALL

Don't crowd and push on the march of life,
  Or tread on each other's toes,
For the world at best, in its great unrest,
  Is hard enough as it goes.
Oh, why should the strong oppose the weak
  Till the latter go to the wall?
On this earth of ours, with its thorns and flowers,
  There is room enough for all.

If a lagging brother falls behind
  And drops from the toiling band,
If fear and doubt put his soul to rout,
  Then lend him a helping hand.
Cheer up his heart with words of hope,
  Nor season the speech with gall;
In the great highway, on the busiest day,
  There is room enough for all.

If a man with the tread of a pioneer
  Steps out on your track ahead,
Don't grudge his start with an envious heart,
  For the mightiest once were led.
But gird your loins for the coming day
  Let nothing your heart appall;
Catch up if you can with the forward man,
  There is room enough for all.

And if, by doing your duty well,
  You should get to lead the van,
Brand not your name with a deed of shame,
  But come out an honest man.
Keep a bright lookout on every side,
  Till, heeding the Master's call,
Your soul should go, from the world below,
  Where there's room enough for all.

—Attributed to "Miles O'Reilly," Brig.-Gen. C. G. Halpine, U. S. A.

WHAT THE LEGISLATURE DID

The Morganton Herald

With the adjournment of the 1931 legislature, one begins to cast back and summarize some of the outstanding things accomplished.

Although the assembly failed to entirely relieve property of the burden of the six months schools, it did provide substantial tax relief, through its road and school legislation, and despite the general impression gained from its long deadlock that it has accomplished little, the general assembly did:

Adopt the principle of the MacLean school law providing for state instead of county operation of the six months schools.

Give state supervision and control of 45,000 miles of county roads and some 4,000 convicts to be used in maintaining them.

Create an eleventh congressional district but fail to redistrict for the state senate or reapportion for the house.

Create a central purchasing agency.

Create a personnel commission.

Consolidate North Carolina State College and North Carolina College for Women with University of North Carolina.

Provide $400,000 for the erection of a new central prison.

Create a local government commission and give it control over all local government finances.

Organize a new state system of bank supervision.

Enact largest revenue bill in history, estimated to raise about $26,000,000 annually including a 15 cent county ad valorem tax, (Experts estimate that it will result in a $4,000,000 deficit.)

Enact largest appropriations bill in history, estimated to spend about $28,500,000 annually, even after reducing salaries 10 per cent.

Defeat a luxury tax, but adopt a general sales tax under the guise of a merchant's license levy.

Kill three attempts to legalize pari-mutuel betting.

Create a constitutional commission to study a redrafting of the state constitution.

Provide postponement of sale of land for taxes until November, discretionary with county commissioners.

Provide for postponement of revaluation until 1934 but recognize revaluations already made by allowing a 10 per cent "adjustment" in the discreation of commissioners.

Reorganize the state board of agriculture, the department of labor, the board of health, the state park commission and the state highway commission.

Authorize the issuance of no bonds, state or county, not previously issued or allowed. Power to approve the issuance of bonds for certain purposes is vested in the local government commission.

Enact child labor legislation.

Enact bill to permit regulation of public service corporations.

Change basis of licensing automobiles, increasing gasoline tax one cent per gallon.

INSTITUTION NOTES

David McLamb, was permitted to go to his home in Clinton last week. Our best wishes for success go with him.

—o—

Superintendent C. E. Boger and Assistant Superintendent J. C. Fisher made a business trip to Raleigh last Thursday.

—o—

Miss Sara Boger, daughter of Superintendent and Mrs. C. E. Boger, recently returned from Lynchburg, Va., where she attended Randolph-Macon College.

—o—

J. C. Gilbert, who was paroled in 1927, made a brief visit to the institution last week. He is now 21 years old and is a member of the U. S. Marine Corps, and is a fine muscular specimen of young manhood.

—o—

Rev. Paul Hardin, Jr., pastor of Forest Hill M. E. Church, Concord, conducted the service in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon, and talked to the boys in his usual interesting manner.

—o—

Mrs. A. C. Groover and Mrs. C. W. Hill members of the staff at the Berry School, Mt. Berry, Ga., have been spending several days here. Mrs. Groover was formerly employed at this institution.

—o—

The first peaches of the season were gathered from our orchard last Wednesday. Several bushels were distributed among our large family of boys as they assembled on the campus.

—o—

Jack Page, of Rowlands, another of our old boys, called on friends at the school last Sunday. Jack recently graduated from the Rowland High School, where he made a good record, and informs us that he expects to enter Duke University next September.

—o—

"Fixin's," a one-act Carolina folk play, was presented last Thursday night, under the direction of Mr. W. J. Wingate, a member of our teaching staff. This sketch of mountain life, was presented in a manner that was enjoyed by all present.

—o—

Frank Cotton, a former student at the Training School, called on us last Sunday. He is employed as time-keeper at the aluminum plant at Badin, where he has been working for the past ten years, and is married and has three children. Frank has great ideas of what the school has meant to him and was very enthusiastic in expressing his appreciation of same, and the officials here rejoice that he has taken such an attitude. It is always very pleasing to get such reports of our old boys, and makes us feel that our efforts in their behalf have not been in vain.

The White Hall team furnished the opposition for the Training School ball tossers last Saturday afternoon and were defeated by the score of 11 to 9. The visitors jumped into an early lead by scoring three runs in the first inning on a base on balls, two errors, and a double by Arthur. In their half of the same frame our boys came right back with four markers by virtue of two errors, two singles and a double. Again in the fourth inning with the bases full, Dark blasted a double to center, his third hit of the game, which scored all three runners. Another was added in the sixth on a single and a double. A single and two errors allowed the visitors to tally once in this same inning. Three more were added to our score as Lisk singled, Monroe was safe on an error and Andrews belted one to the treetops in left field for a home run. The White Hall boys staged a rally in the ninth, scoring four times on a walk, two errors and three singles, but fell two runs short of tying the score. Lisk held the visitors to seven hits and fanned eight, while the local lads connected for eleven hits, including three doubles and a home run.

THE FRIENDLY GOVERNOR

Governor Gardner is loyal to his friends. Those who have in the years gone down the line for him are not forgotten. And he is not forgetting those that stood with him during the "Long Parliament," as some prefer to call the recent Legislature. He has picked out Gurney Hood and put him at the head of the banking commission. He made E. B. Jeffress chairman of the reorganized highway commission. He tendered the position of purchasing agent to another member of the assembly. He put Dr. Burrus on the health board. He has named E. M. Gill as his secretary. Will Neal was also put on the highway commission. It is reported that Frank Dunlap can have the office of personnel director if he chooses. And he has moved his secretary, Tyre Taylor, up to the office of executive counsel. He made his old friend, A. S. Brower, purchasing agent, and put Charles M. Johnson in as head of the local government commission. Those are his most recent appointments, and with the exception, possibly, of Johnson, he picked a long time friend or trusted lieutenant, and maybe Johnson comes under one of those classifications.—The Durham Herald.

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XIX CONCORD, N. C., JU[illegible] 1931 No. 25

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How can he rule well in commonwealth
Who knoweth not himself in rule to frame?
How should he rule himself in mental health
Who never learned one lesson for the same?
If such catch harm, their parents are to blame:
For needs must they be blind, and blindly led,
When no good lesson can be taught or read.

—Selected.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

THE GAME

We sit in a Game which men call Life,
And Fate is the dealer there;
And oft, with a feeling of anger rife,
We call the play unfair.
There are times when Luck seems only to frown
Whenever we lead or dare,
And we're ready to throw our cards all down
And finish the game right there!

Yet that is the time we must play the game,
And play it strong and straight;
For the turn will come; and what a shame
If we haven't the nerve to wait!
We must play the game with the cards we hold,
No matter what Fate may deal;
We must play with a smile and a manner bold,
No matter how down we feel!

We must play the game as best we know,
Though the deal be fair or ill;
We must play, though the stake be high or low,
For the turn must come—and will.
For it's only a test when Luck retards
A player's winning spell.
The secret of Life's not in holding good cards,
But in playing a poor hand well! —*Selected.*

A SOURCE OF SORROW

The old saying "What happens twice happens thrice," has seemed quite true in the triple misfortune that has lately befallen the Jackson Training School. Following close on the trail of two disastrous fires, of incendiary

origin, the hay barn was burned on June 13, about 6:30 o'clock A. M., just after milking hour, when the boys who do the chores around the barn yard were getting ready to bottle the milk. The barn had just previously been filled with new mown hay, at first there was every reason to believe that the origin was "spontaneous combustion," but a story from one of the boys proves to the contrary. In a penitent manner he said he slipped off in the hay loft to smoke the stub of a cigarrette picked up on the road. The young penitent said, after lighting his cigarette he intended flitting his match to the open, but by accident it fell in the pile of hay. In his attempt and haste to extinguish the flames the fire gained headway, making it impossible to save the hay barn. This is one of the mistakes of flaming youth, and there is nothing left to do but attempt to catch up the broken threads of a misdirected life by precept and example. The way though for those in charge of reform work is that of long suffering. There is no life without its ups and downs, and there is nothing to do but follow in the ways of the Master, temper justice with mercy.

The loss of the section of building burned and its contents is covered by insurance, all live stock was driven to safe quarters and every effort taken to confine the flames to the barn that was quickly destroyed because of the fact it was a frame structure.

The dairy barn as a unit was one of the "show-places" of the school, and the losing of the building seemed a tragedy, especially so since following so soon after two other disastrous fires. The officials of the school extend great appreciation to the firemen of Concord for the quick response and service rendered, for without them the loss would have been greater.

* * * * * * * * * *

SCHOOL OFFICIALS BUSY

The unbounded amount of preliminary work confronting school authorities, all over the State, prior to ironing out the kinks in making up the school budget according to the new school law, can only be realized by those thoroughly conversant with the requirements. Every news item relative to the adjustment in an evidence of the fact that the strictest economy will have to be practiced—in short things will have to be measured by the funds, so as to live within the bounds of the revenue that is more or less fixed.

All control has been taken from the local boards both in urban and city schools all over the State, so it is natural to suppose the economy practiced will be reflected in the personnel and equipment, but let us hope the results

of work will measure up to past records, in fact better results realized, due to the elimination of many non-essentials.

This thing of changing some things about school life and government was obliged to come. Great events cast their shadows. Some of our greatest educators have declared our educational system a "costly failure." and the only remedy a "complete reorganization of the whole educational structure." The State sees the need of economy in the strictest sense, and that the main thing in teaching is sincere dignified teachers who can teach and at the same time exert a wise influence upon the youth entrusted to their care. The object of this "economy" is not to deprive the youth of the State of their birthright—the training of their physical, intellectual and moral natures, but to perpetuate that right, realizing greater efficiency.

* * * * * * * * * *

MUCH IN SPEECH

In the course of pleasant conversation as to the characteristics, or personality of some one of the modern girls of today the whole argument concluded in one great sweeping finality "well, she is fine till she speaks." That remark carried a volume of thought. We gathered at once the person in question possessed the grace and poise of a thoroughbred, but by absorbing and indulging in the nonchalant, modern style of impressive speech, cuss words when the occassion presented, all of her innate beauty and attractiveness was lost.

It is a fact that we know no one till we hear them speak. Socrates showed he realized the power of speech when saying, "speak, that I may know thee." Within the human voice there is power—either to attract or repel. It in a sense is turned or mellowed to what one is thinking about, it indicates the mental food living upon as well as the way one feels towards his fellowman.

While passing on the thoroughfare, or listening in over the radio or talking over telephone one quickly discerns differences in voices and draws conclusions. It is not difficult in either case to detect affectation, that is disgusting at all times.

The voice is a vehicle that carries the message we entrust to it, therefore, it is essential to get the habit of fine thoughts and tender feelings, in fact more important than to train for expression in speaking. Speech betrays as much as one's countenance does. The whole moral is: "we should be thoroughly sincere within," for our speech reveals a great deal more

than we suspect.

* * * * * * * * * *

All hope of the recovery of the 18 men trapped in the British Submarine, Poseidon, one of the largest and swiftest submersibles that sunk off the coast of China following a collision with a merchant vessel has been abandoned. Every effort of the deep-sea divers has proven futile, not even a response comes after pounding on the outside of the craft with a hammer, neither is there a hope that the submarine can be pulled to the surface in shorter time than a week. There remains 35 survivors of the tragedy to review the harrowing experience of being entombed in a watery grave at the bottom of the sea. It seems that every tragedy given carries in details gruesome pictures, more horrible than the one previously recorded.

* * * * * * * * * *

Colinel Frederick H. Payne, assitant secretary of war, in addressing the 296 West Point cadets who received their commissions, June 11, as second lieutenants in the regular army, said in substance: there is no room for jingoist in this country, least of all public servants of the government. Our army is maintained to preserve the peace, not to provoke war. It keeps itself ready, and as far as possible the nation ready, to defend our liberties and our rights, but under our national polices it can never be an instrument forced to violate the rights and liberties of others.

* * * * * * * * * *

The American Forestry Association claims for itself the distinction of being the oldest national conservation association in America, having been organized in 1875. In the language of the officials of the organization: it is working to provide a land of trees and flowers for the enjoyment of this and future generations and a wood and water supply to meet their daily needs. A fine objective.

* * * * * * * * * *

A MAN IS KNOWN BY HIS WORKS

The power of a man is reflected through his "definiteness of purpose," first having an objective, then the choosing of co-workers, then expecting each head to marshall forces, and dispatch work with the hope of splendid results. Throughout all of the reorganization of State government Governor Gardner has watched his steps, chosing with the greatest care superior men for the heads of the new commissions, or positions created by the members of the past Legislature. To serve the people, a noble ambition, directs aright

the energy of Governor Gardner. He, the power behind the throne in all of this reorganization program, now absorbing the attention of the people, has done nothing towards launching a personal propaganda, but through his works he is seen and appreciated. In every instance the "friendly Governor" emphasizes the work without a suggestion of "Ego."

This week the 13 members authorized by the general assembly to draw plans for a "greater University of North Carolina" will assemble, the governor acting as ex-officio chairman. As a result of this new undertaking we see looming in the future an institution ranking as one of the greatest Universities in America. Every detail of reorganization is holding the attention of our chief executive and he expresses himself highly pleased with progress made since and during the general assembly. The history of the 1931 General Assembly will be recorded as doing constructive work, and Governor Gardner accepted as having the courage of his convictions.

* * * * * * * * * *

A GOOD LAW FOR ALL

The best school law in the Union is the Ohio's compulsory school laws, and there is an appeal from the National Child Labor committee to follow Ohio's lead.

> The Ohio law provides that children under 16 cannot leave school to go to work, and those between 16 and 18 must complete the seventh grade before leaving. Exceptions are made of those who finished high school before 16, those who are mentally incapable of getting any benefit from schooling, and of certain other special cases.

We have always maintained that every child should be required to finish the grammar grades before being permitted to stop school if mentally capable If this was the prevailing compulsory school law throughout the states there would be greater interest on the part of parents, and this lackadisical manner of killing time till reaching a certain age would be eliminated. Besides a considerable sum of money would be saved in salaries paid welfare and other school officers to follow up delinquent children. The machinery of the entire school system would run smoother, there would be a finer cooperation between parents and children—eliminating so much parent-teachers activities—if every child when starting out in the very first grades realized that the goal is the grammar grades, and no halt till that course is finished. We believe the adoption of such a law would have a salutary effect upon the entire school system—there would be smoother sailing for all concerned, and much finer results.

RAMBLING AROUND

By Old Hurrygraph

"Nay, speak no ill, but lenient be
To others' failings as your own;
If you're the first a fault to see,
Be you the last to make it known."

—o—

Pleasing all the people all the time is just like trying to fool all the people all the time. It can't be done.

—o—

In the old days many of the grandmothers smoked a clay pipe and knocked the ashes into the fireplace. Nowadays their granddaughters smoke cigarettes and scatter the ashes all over the Persian rug.

—o—

Energy and faith in yourself is a great motive power in this life. It reminds me of the little girl who pulled up a cornstalk and remarked to her father: "Daddy, look how strong I am. I pulled up this cornstalk and the whole world had hold of the other end."

—o—

A Durham family the other day paid off the last installment on their furniture, the radio, the car, and the building of the garage, and celebrated the occasion by having mashed potatoes and home-made bread for dinner. A big time was had by all.

—o—

What this country needs is more old-fashioned pick-nicks, and getting together in friendly intercourse, where nobody cares a whoop if you get your face greased from ear to ear with fried chicken.

—o—

There is an old saying that "Opportunity knocks once at every man's door." There is a good deal of knocking these days. I do not think opportunity is having a hand in much of it. It is a habit people have gotten into. And a bad habit at that.

—o—

I have all along heard the expression that "straws show which way the wind is blowing." It is literally true. Let the wind lift off your straw, and you see it rolling along the street, under and around passing vehicles, and you giving chase, you have no difficulty whatever in determining the way the wind is blowing.

—o—

Patience is a virtue that seems to be losing ground these fast-moving times. We must do all things "right now." If you destroy a spider's web he will build it again, and every time you destroy it. The same way with the English sparrow. No matter how many times you destroy this bird's nest they build again, in the same place. The spider and the English sparrow get what they want. And they can show you the way to do the same thing.

—o—

The Federal Reserve Board is talking about "Lazy Money." I have never seen any of it. All the money I get moves fast enough. It seems to have airplanes attached to it the way it flies.

We are rich in blessings, yet how few of us appreciate them fully. Peoule count riches in dollars and cents. It takes more than material things to make us wealthy. What we own is but a small part of our wealth. We may be getting more good out of the property owned by others than they do themselves. The owners pay the taxes, and live in beautiful houses, with lovely lawns and shade trees, I get some benefit from the improvements and the beauty of their homes and farms, because I can say good morning to the trees and flowers, I can watch with interest the appearance of the leaves and in the summer listen to their rustle, and in the fall the changing colors will register uplifting emotions in my soul. Our wealth depends more on our capacity to appreciate the good, the true and the beautiful than on ownership. The birds, the trees, all of the beauties of nature in the valley and on the mountain, in the heavens and in the ocean, are ours to enjoy. It is not money that first of all limits us in our appreciation of the beauties of nature, but it is the lack of the development of our appreciation of these beauties. Every one ought to think of some trees as his companions to whom he says good morning as faithfully as he does his neighbors. Others may own and beautify. But it is ours to admire and appreciate. This spirit of appreciation is wealth itself and far outweighs a money valuation.

—o—

Religion is life. It is something to live; not argue over. Or put on and take off at will. You cannot doubt your own birth, because you live and strive in the world around you, and do not remember the day you were born. You will know when you are "born into the kingdom of God," by water and the spirit That is as equally as mysterious as your coming into the world. Faith in it will lead you to know when you are in this spiritual kingdom. When you are slow to anger. When you have a brotherly feeling for your fellow man. When you begin to love your neighbor, which is all men. When you act honest with yourself and your God. When you begin to love the church and its services. When you love Christ and believe in Him. When you begin to estimate things in terms of the kingdom of God. When you control your earthly desires and make sacrifices of time and means for the sake of your Lord. When you begin to find your strength and joy in prayer—then you may know that the new life, which will lead you into eternity with the salvation that Jesus established, has begun in you. And you are a better citizen, and a happier one.

Nothing is too small to be thoroughly done. A small thing is a pin for example; yet it takes seven men to make a perfect pin.—Edward Bok.

EVERY ONE SHOULD SAVE SOMETHING

(Smithfield Herald)

Figures compiled some time ago by the National Civic Federation are interesting, and if read carefully furnish food for thought. In interviewing 14,815 persons over 65 years of age, the Federation found that

29.6 per cent owned no property.
8.4 per cent owned up to $999.
5.1 per cent owned $1,000 to $1,999.
5.2 per cent owned $2,000 to $2,999.
9.2 per cent owned $3,000 to $4,999.
10.6 per cent owned $5,000 to $7,499.
6.1 per cent owned $10,000 or over.

It was also found that:

40.3 per cent had incomes under $1,000 a year.
24.0 per cent of $1,000 to $1,-999.
16,5 per cent of $2,000 and over
19.2 per cent had no annual income.

Life insurance carried by the men interviewed:

1 out of every 100 had $10.000 or more.
21 out of 100 had $1,000 or more.
45 out of 100 had no life insurance.

It is everyone's duty to see where he stands in this list, and to try to improve his rating before it is too late. It is interesting to note that nearly fifty per cent of the people interviewed had no life insurance. It is also of interest to know that 29.6 per cent of those old people owned no property and that 19.2 per cent had no annual income. It is a pathetic picture for old age. Those who make a good living are too prone to forget that it may not always be so, and before they realize it age creeps upon them without their having prepared for it. To save something each month develops selfcontrol, and at the same time makes provision for a comfortable old age.

I'd like to think when life is over
That I had filled a needed post;
That here and there I'd paid my fare
With more than idle talk and boast:
That I had taken gifts divine,
That breath of life and manhood fine,
And tried to use them now and then
In service for my fellow men.
—Edgar A. Guest.

THE PROPER PREPOSITION IN CHILD TRAINING

The Orphan Helper

When it comes to the question of training children in the homes, the school or institution it seems all too easy to put the emphasis on the wrong preposition. Some one may say: "Well what's the difference? Prepositions are rather inconsequential parts of speech." But in training and developing children it does make a vast difference whether the worker puts the emphasis on "with" or "for."

Before now we have heard parents say: "I do not know what to do with Johnie or Mary." This preposition might be used in connection with a horse, a dog or a cat. These can be kept shut in or tied or led out for exercise. Or you may sell or give them away. You decide what to do "with" your animal.

But in the case of the care and training of children the thought that should be uppermost is: "What can you do for the child?" In this case one is brought face to face with the supreme task that which is of the most vital concern—namely, the good and development of a child.

But the emphasis on "with" may mean that deep down and possibly unconsciously the mother, teacher or matron is prompted by a consideration, of self. She has had a problem, she has had a trial, she is exasperated, she is at her wits end. She says: "What can I do with the child?" Which may mean: "How can I get rid of this problem?" It is a desire for easement for herself. He may be passed on to another Home and matron. He may be made to sit in study hall Saturday afternoon. The whole matter may be speedily disposed of by giving him a sound thrashing "he surely needs." He may be given demerits which he shall have to work off at hard labor. He may be taken off the team, or other things may be done in dealing "with" the child.

And yet the doing of any one or all of these combined may not result in anything really constructive "for" the child. In all our doings there should be had a consideration of what this will mean "for" the child. "For" the child transfers the center of interest distinctly to the child with a view to his good and highest development.

The concern "for" the child and effort "for" him will always lead to a consideration of that which lies back of failures or infractions.

We recall that in dealing with the man brought into court on some charge, effort is made to discover all the external facts in connection with the charge. But beyond that the court must know the motives which lay back of and prompted the deed. Proper punitive and remedial measures can not be intelligently applied by the court without knowing the why of the action.

So in working "for" children with a hope of the best, it is necessary to get down into the inside of the child and discover if possible

the prompting causes of his actions.

It is not enough to know that a child ran away. Why did he run away? One child is inexpressibly homesick. He "can't stand it." But another may chafe under restraint and refuse to line up. He won't submit." It would hardly take an expert to tell you that the two would have to be dealt with differently if you are working "for" the child. If you are only working "with" children they might be treated alike.

AT THE CIRCUS

My Pa, he goes to the circus,
  Jes' so us kids can go;
For he's too old— but, gracious!
  Us kids enjoy it so!
Pa says that he's mighty busy
  With lots of things to do,
But he must take us. I think he's
  A dandy Pa, don't you?

And he pats the elephant's trunk, sir,
  And he ain't a bit afraid;
And he gets us kids some popcorn
  And colored lemonade,
And he buys himself some peanuts
  To keep us company—Gee!
He doesn't 'spesh'ly like 'em,
  But he's polite, you see!

He shows the nag'rie to us
  And 'splains each bird and beast;
For, my! I guess he's seen 'em,
  A million times, at least.
And we climb over the benches,
  "Look out!" he says, "don't fall!"
Until he calls, "I reckon
  From here you'll see it all!"

Pa laught at the clown like sixty,
  And cries, " Well, I declare!"
And onest he said, " Now, Willy,
  I think that's pretty fair!"
But I heard him tell our preacher
  It wasn't to see the show
He went; he felt he ought to—
  Us kids enjoyed it so.

—Selected.

GIVE THOUGHT TO TRUTH

By Dr. Alvin E. Bell, Toledo, Ohio

The Christian religion is a religion which appeals to the human mind as well as to the human heart. Our Lord Jesus not only said, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart," but also "with all thy mind." His is a rational religion the profound truths of which challenge the greatest minds of the race. He is not afraid to ask folks to think. "Come now, and let us reason together," is God's method with us.

In closing his friendly letter to the Philippians, Paul suggested lines of thought for them which he was sure would be productive of visible results in their lives along these lines. "Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honorable, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things. The things which ye both learned and received and heard and saw in me, these things do: and the God of peace shall be with you."

The Bible repeatedly emphasizes the connection between our thought life and our conduct. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he" (Proverbs 23:7). "Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life" (Proverbs 4:23). So, here Paul says, "Think on these things, . . .These things do." Our thoughts are the stuff of which our growing lives are made. "Think" and "Do"! "Think" and "Be"! That is God's order for growing lives.

"Sow a thought, and reap a deed;
Sow a deed, and reap a habit;
Sow a habit, and reap a character;
Sow a character, and reap a destiny."

Not only because of this very direct connection between thought and conduct, character and destiny, but also because evil thoughts, when wilfully entertained and harbored, are in and of themselves sinful, we should guard our thought life as cities guard their water supply from impurities that would poison life.

We are glad, too, that Paul's program for our thought life is positive and constructive rather than negative and prohibitive. He suggests lines of thought that will prove wholesome. As the surest way to exterminate weeds is to plant a field with good seed, so the best way to exclude impure and vicious thoughts is to fill the mind with thoughts of truth, honor, justice, purity and loveliness. As the architect's vision precedes the building, and the inventor's dream precedes his invention, so our thoughts are the ladder on which we climb to nobility of character and life. "Where there is no vision the people perish." Wordsworth says, "We live by admiration, love and hope; as these are well and wisely fixed, in dignity of being we ascend." So, as the occupants of ancient castles stationed guards at the outer gates to examine every stranger seeking entrance, to determine whether he were friend or foe,

we should examine the thoughts that apply for entrance to the golden palace of our minds.

False ideals, false teachings, false philosophies that are vicious and destructive in their every tendency apply for entrance daily at the outer gate of our castles of thought. We are constantly driven to ask the question Pontius Pilate asked of Jesus, "What is truth?" (Not, indeed in the sneering, contemptuous manner in which Pilate asked the question, but as those who esteem truth and seek it as merchants seek goodly pearls.) Jesus points the way to truths' richest mine when He says, "I am the way, and the truth, and the life: no one cometh unto the Father but by me." And, again, "Every one that is of the truth, heareth my voice." "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." Paul points out the same way of truth: "If so be that ye heard him, and were taught in him, even as truth is in Jesus." So, as we carry a new suit of clothes to the daylight before we can be sure about its color, let us bring our thoughts into the clear, white light of the presence of Jesus. Some thoughts just cannot stand that light of truth! Like the ugly, slimy bugs we send scurring when we overturn a stone, false ideals, theories and philosophies cannot stand the light of truth as it is found in Jesus' life and teachings.

For example: A young business man thinks that honesty is a hindrance to success because others follow the policy of "dog eat dog"; an attorney thinks that perjury may be used to win a case because others say, "Every man has his price"; a young woman thinks that virtue will keep her out of certain social circles where she seeks happiness because "when you're in Rome, do as the Romans do"; a young man thinks that a pure moral life is all right for his mother, his sister or the girl he expects to marry, but not necessary for himself because folks say, "Every man must sow his wild oats."

Let all such false and erroneous ideals and philosophies be brought into the presence of Jesus Christ incarnate truth and they wither and turn black. Test every thought in His presence if you would know whether it deserves to be classed with "whatsoever things are true." When folks close their ears to truth the devil has his day.

The business world closed its mind to truth and reason in a mad orgy gambling a while ago, persuading itself that something could be gotten for nothing, and refusing to listen to caution or to think on things sane and conservative, and the result is the worst depression in our national history. It is just as silly now in its inordinate pessimism as it was then in its mad optimism. It refuses to think prosperity, and prosperity refuses to come. Thus do men's thoughts influence their lives and their circumstances. The impoverishment that has brought us into and is still holding us in nation-wide and world-wide depression is an impoverishment in mind and heart rather than in natural resources or material possessions.

God's eternal truth as taught in the Bible and exemplified in human living in Jesus Christ is not only practical in business life, in social life and in national and international affairs: IT IS ESSENTIAL. It not

only works in every day life, but life cannot work without it. Thinking upon the great truths of Christian faith and life is not just the pastime of visionaries and impractical folk; it becomes the most essential and practical part of the conduct of practical folk engrossed in the daily grind of business, professional or domestic life.

We must not only think on the truth to know it intellectually, but we must love it and live it enthusiastically. "Whatsoever things are true,. . .think on these things,. . . . and these things do, and the God of peace shall be with you."

A SHIP THAT WENT A-SAILING

(Selected)

Peter had a little wooden ship. Uncle Jack had carved it from a piece of oak and Peter was very proud of it. He had named it the "High Ho."

One day when Peter was playing sailor with his boat in the water trough, one of his little playmates came running up to him.

"Oh, Peter," he called. "Bobby hurt his foot so he can't play sailor with us this afternoon. We'll have to play by ourselves."

"That is too bad," said Peter. "I wonder if we could do something for Bobby?"

The two little boys looked at each other. They knew it would be very lonesome for Bobby to sit all alone by himself on the porch.

"I know," said Peter smiling. "Let's fill the 'High Ho' with something and then take it to Bobby. We'll make believe it sailed to his house on a journey and we were the sailors. Then we can unload our cargo at Bobby's house because that will be our port."

"Oh, that is just great," said Jimsie in a very much excited voice. "But what shall we put in our ship?"

"We can find an apple in the orchard, and I know mother will give us some cookies," said Peter.

"And I will put in some of my marbles," said Jimsie.

"And I will put in one of my story books," said Peter.

And so they did. Down to Bobby's house sailed the "High Ho" with its loaded cargo and the two happy sailors. Bobby was on the porch as the boat sailed into port.

"We were sorry you couldn't play sailor with us, Bobby," said Peter, "so we decided to sail down to your house. The cargo belongs to you."

Bobby's eyes glowed as he thanked Peter and Jimsie.

"I am so glad you did sail down here to me," said Bobby. "This is lots of fun."

And both Jimsie and Peter thought so, too, as the three happy boys played together.

A RECIPE FOR SUCCESS

By J. A. T. in Square and Compass

Many years ago it was my good fortune to read a little book, entitled, "The Magic Story." The tale itself, though cleverly written, made little imprint upon my mind, but the recipe for success which the story contained was a spur to my ambitions and has ever since been an encouragement and a tonic for the "blues."

At the time I read the story I made a copy of this recipe and the other day I ran across it, mixed in some old papers, yellowed, blurred but still readable. Its inspiration was just as great as when I first copied it. I pass it on to those who may find in it something of the inspiration it was to me.

"Man should not be blinded by whatsoever merit exists in the opportunity which he hath in hand, remembering that a thousand promises for the future should weigh as naught against a single piece of silver in one's possession.

"Fortune is ever elusive and can only be retained by force. Deal with her tenderly and she will forsake you for a stronger man. (In that, methinks, she is not unlike other women of my knowledge.)

"Failure exists only in the grave. Man, being alive, hath not yet failed; always he may turn about and ascend by the same path he descended by; and there may be one that is less abrupt (albeit longer of achievement) and more adaptable to his condition.

"Seek comrades among the industrious, for those that are idle will sap your energies from you.

"The Ishmaelite and the leper are the same, since both are an abomination in the sight of man—albeit they differ much in that the former may be restored to perfect health. The former is entirely the result of imagination; the latter has posion in his blood.

"Whatsoever you desire of good is yours, you have but to stretch forth your hand and take it.

"Learn that the consciousness of dominant power within you is the possession of all things attainable.

"Have no fear of any sort or shape. for Fear is an adjunct of the Minus-entity.

"If you have skill, apply it; the world must profit by it, and, therefore, you.

"Make a daily and nightly companion of your Plus-entity; if you heed its advice, you cannot go wrong.

"Remember, philosophy is an argument; the world which is your property is an accumulation of facts.

"Go, therefore, and do that which is within you to do; take no heed of gestures which would beckon you aside; ask of no man permission to perform.

"Life is an emergency most grave, meet it like a man."

I do not know who wrote the above lines, or who the publisher of this little book might have been; whoever they were, they have grasped the true secrets of Life's success, not only in a financial way, but in a moral and spiritual way as well.

SLEEP MORE IMPORTANT THAN FOOD

(Exchange)

Although people have been sleeping ever since the beginning of the world, even our most learned medical authorities still differ on the scientific definition of it. Beyond telling us that it is an unconscious state during which we relax our muscles, breathe more slowly and deeply, have a slower pluse and less pressure in the blood vessels, the physician isn't able to explain what sleep actually is.

Have you ever stopped to think that sleep is so important that we may go without food for a much longer time than without sleep? Even the loss of a single night of rest has a marked effect upon most persons, while any of us may fast for several days at a stretch without harming the body. In fact, many authorities claim that short, regular fasts are very beneficial because of the rest that they give to the overworked digestive system.

There are some persons who are able to get along on a small amount of sleep, but the great majority of people require the normal eight-hour rest to be at their best. Napoleon, Wellington and Frederick the Great kept going with very little sleep, while Edison has spent a most strenuous life with only four or five hours of slumber each night. The few times during which Edison has varied this program were when he was concentrating upon his inventions. Then he often went without rest for two or three nights, but after the ivention was perfected he would immediately retire and go into a sound sleep for twenty or more hours.

Sound sleepers require fewer hours of sleep than light sleepers, but even those who sleep soundly should get eight hours of rest. As people in good health usually sleep very soundly, with a minimum of dreams, this indicates that persons in ill health should get all the sleep possible. Strange to say, those in poor physical condition most often suffer from nervousness and sleeplessness.

THE IMPORTANCE OF FRIENDS

It makes no difference, in looking back five years, how you have dieted or dressed; whether you have been lodged in the first floor or the attic; whether you have had gardens and baths, good cattle and horses, have been carried in a neat equipage, or in a ridiculous truck; these things are forgotten so quickly, and leave no effect. But it counts much whether we have good companions in that time.

—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

THE EMPTY PEW

Kings Mountain Herald

The empty church pew in America is a tragedy. A recent check-up in the city of Washington, the nation's capital showed 4,000 people at church on a certain Sunday, while a check-up at the movie houses and thetres revealed 40,000 present on the same Sunday. This can be duplicated in almost any large city in this country. There are many things that contribute to the decline in church attendance: The automobile, the Sunday news papers, the radio, the Sunday excursion and a disease which we call morbus sabbiticus.

The automobile properly used is a great blessing, but the wrong use of it has become a great curse. The automobile has become a great helper in bringing about the empty pew. While one car brings people to church there are a dozen to take people away from church. Sunday excursions, picnics, sight-seeing, birthday dinners, swimming pools, golf, moving pictures and ad nauseam attracts the multitudes away from church on Sunday. The radio, one of the greatest inventions of all time keeps many people away from church. Of course, there are some good sermons on the air but there are lots of other things not conducive to building the moral nature.

The radio is a blessing to the shut-ins. God says: "Seek my face." That is, come to church.

"Forget not the assembling of yourselves together." "Canned" sermons are not apt to save sinners. Few people are ever saved over a radio.

With many the Sunday paper is read more than the Bible. The average Sunday paper loaded with all sorts of crime and jazz has nothing in it to bleach the soul.

And there is abroad in the land a very peculiar disease that affects people on Sunday. The doctors might call it Morbus Sabbaticus, Sunday sickness. This disease has peculiar symptoms The attack comes on quite suddenly every Sunday just before time for church service. No symptoms are seen or felt on Saturday. On Saturday night the patient sleeps well, eats a hearty breakfast Sunday morning, but about church time the attack comes on, and continues till services at the church are over for the morning. Then the patient feels easy and eats a hearty dinner. In the afternoon he feels much better, can take a good nap, is able to walk or ride, can go anywhere he wants to, can talk about golf, politics, business, can read the newspapers, go to the movie or anywhere else. In the evening he has another attack about church time which compels him to stay home.

He retires early, sleeps well, and wakes up on Monday morning refreshed and able to go to work, even in bad weather, and does not have another symptom of that disease until the next Sunday.

The peculiar features of this disease are:

1. It always attacks professing church people.

2. It never makes its appearance except on Sunday.

SEEN, SAID AND SURMISED

By Mary Vaughan

Those of us who are comfortably housed, fed, and clothed don't realize the destitute condition of many in our midst, and particularly those who pass through Fayetteville enroute from place to place. But the travelers aid mother of mercy at the Atlantic Coast Line depot knows all about the woeful want of the migratory folks who find a heaven of rest at the railroad station, no matter whether they arrive by train or afoot. And many walk in.

I go to the station often and talk with Mrs. ——— (she asked me to call her Mrs. Aid.) I get many heart interest stories from her contacts with needy and suffering that have wrung her heart at times with sympathy until her whole expression is mellow and benign. I actually want to tell her all my innermost feelings, lay bare the skeletons in my closet.

I refrained, however, and listened the other day while she told about a mother and three boys, 4, 8, and 13 years old, who came in late one cold and rainy night, recently, and spent the night in the depot. They were going from their home in Kentucky to Florido, where the woman's husband had gone several months ago looking for work, and had found it on a farm. He was hit by a truck and badly hurt a short time ago, so the man he worked for wrote his wife to come. Her baby had just died and she had to sell the cow to pay the burial expenses. The four year old boy was just from pneumonia, but her man needed her and she was going. So she packed her few household things, her only belongings, left them with a neighbor and started on foot without even a change of clothes. They went through W. Va. and Virginia, occasionally catching a ride,spent nights in railroad stations, had slept in bed but one night during the week they were on the way.

When they reached Lillington they were so petered out that two traveling men paid their fare on the bus to Fayetteville. They then repaired wet and beragged, to the depot, as was their custom, and snuggled down on cold hard benvhes for the rest of the night. When Mrs. Aid reported early next morning for duty and looked the situation over, it was water on her wheel. Sympathy just oozed from her, and the stranded wayfarers cottoned to her like chichens to the mother hen. In less time than I can write it she had the whole story, even about the baby girl's death. They were incredibly dirty, so Mrs. Aid corralled them all in the bath room, and scrubbed the 4 year old's neck and ears, while the mother and the other two boys attended to their own ablutions. She works on the theory that nothing boosts up the flagging spirits like soap and water.

They were hungry, of course, having eaten very sketchily for the past week, so she led them across the street to a restaurant and paid for four hearty breakfasts, hovering near, with joy in her soul, while they devoured it. There might be other matters at her desk that re-

quired attention, but they could go hang. She was busy. After breakfast she herded the boys to a barber shop, and demanded the best hair cut in the shop.

Next came the question of transportation. The woman's mate lay sick in Florida, and she was going to him if she walked every step of the way. Mrs. Aid decided she had walked far enough. When they got back to the depot she passed the hat around. The station agent ticket sellers, porter, a few loafers on the outside and in fact, everybody hanging around chipped in and in about ten minutes she had eight dollars. She said if it hadn't have been between trains and so few people there she would have had a hundred dollars in another ten minutes.

About that time an orange truck drove up. It might be going to Florida. She interviewed the driver and learned that he was starting right then. She explained the situation, and would he carry them? Of course he would. She offered him the eight dollars she had collected.

"Me take candy from a baby?" he exclaimed indignantly. "Not on your life! Let 'em keep it. They can eat swell on the way." Another of God's gentlemen, you see.

It was still cold and raining, so Mrs. Aid hurriedly sent to the Salvation Army headquarters for blankets which she tucked around them, and as she wished them God speed when the truck,Florida bound pulled out, they were happy and smiling, and waved her a grateful farewell.

In justice to Mrs. Aid I want to explain that I have peddled this story somewhat. She gave me the bare facts, carefully concealing her part in it. But knowledge, I have told in my way—not hers.

Her kindness in the management of a most important adjunct to a big corporation has made Fayetteville a bright spot on the long trail from the North to the far South, and, incidentally, along the highway of life.

LIKE A CRAZY QUILT

We don't believe another section of the State—and we wonder if any section of the United States—affords such a conglomeration of county boundaries as one finds near the Stokes Ferry bridge on State Highway 62 from New London to Asheboro. Within a radius of several hundred yards one finds the highway crossing Stanly, Rowan, Montgomery and Davidson counties, and a short distance along the highway comes to Randolph.

To make matters more complicated for the stranger the county boundaries are so arranged that on his right he finds Davidson county and on his left Montgomery, and a short distance along the road—about 25 feet—he finds Rowan on his left and Stanly on his right.

Just across the railroad tracks in the direction of Asheboro, the driver can halt his car with the rear wheels in one county, the front wheels in another and the running board jutting over into another.

How in the world boundary settlers ever devised such a crazy-quilt sort of arrangement we can't understand.—Concord Daily Tribune.

FRED LANSDOWN'S DISCOVERY

By Stephen Cornish

Harvey Dent was ill at ease as he hastened across the campus amidst the throng of students, all bound for eight o'clock classes. For the most part, they were a gay, light-hearted lot, and he felt as one alone and apart. He was acutely conscious of his run-down shoes, his rather venerable hat, and of his suit of clothes, which had fitted him much better before he had done that last four inches of growing.

After all, a fellow needed money to go to college. He was rather sorry that Aunt Martha and Aunt Emily, the maiden aunts who had reared him, were so determined that he should complete an engineering course. It would have suited him better to take a job in Mr. Martin's grocery store. He would certainly have had better clothes and more money to spend. As he thought of it now he decided that he would write to Mr. Martin and find out if the job was still open. He would never be able to go through with four years of this.

Just then he noticed a student ahead of him who was dressed even more shabbily than himself, and, strangely enough, the sight served to cheer him. This student was small and youthful in appearence and he was wearing a pair of trousers evidently designed for a larger man. As if this were not enough, the trousers had been patched in the seat with material of a slightly different color. The patching had been so clumsily done that Harvey shrewdly suspected it of being work of the wearer.

In place of a coat, this student was wearing a sweater of a nondescript color. As a fitting climax to his rather unusual attire he was wearing a battered straw hat, although it was the first week of October.

Since many of the students were bare-headed, Harvey saw that the wearing of this hat was a touch of the theatrical. The student might have attracted less attention by going bareheaded like the others, but he had declined to do so. He had apparently decided that since he had to wear unfashionable clothes, he would make a thorough job of it.

Although there were many amused glances cast in his direction, the youth strode along quite unmindful of them. With hands thrust into pockets and shoulders thrown back, his manner was jaunty, almost swaggering.

As Harvey came abreast of him he turned and nodded a greeting.

"Good morning, Dent," he said.

"Good morning," returned Harvey.

Then, recognizing him, he continued: "You're Lansdowne, I believe."

"Yes; Fred Lansdowne. What's your front name, Dent?"

"Harvey."

"Well, Harve, have you got those 'trig' problems?"

"All but the last one. Have you got them?"

"Unfortunately, no. And I'd like to have a look at yours if you don't care. You see, I have no book. After paying tuition and fees, I simply

didn't have the mazuma. But I'm going to buy a second-hand one this afternoon.

When they reached the room the instructor had not yet arrived. Fred Lansdowne borrowed Harvey's book and remained absorbed in it until the class came to order. When the instructor asked him a question he was able to make a correct answer in spite of his hasty preparation.

After classes were over the two youths left the building together Harvey was beginning to feel as if they were old friends. He found himself telling all about Aunt Emily and Aunt Martha, and their unreasonable desire to send him through college in spite of their slender means and personal sacrifices.

"You're lucky," Fred declared when he had finished. "Between the three of you, you certainly ought to graduate. Now as for me, nobody cares three whoops whether I go to college or not. In fact, my stepfather says I ought to forget this foolishness and go to work. As if I were not working here!"

"Are you making all of your own way?" asked Harvey.

"I certainly am. And the going is not exactly smooth. I own the flake factory yonder," Fred concluded, pointing to a shack at the foot of the hill.

"Oh! So you're the fellow who's selling potato-chips!"

"The very one." And he added with pride: "I built the factory myself."

"I can easily believe that," Harvey said frankly. "How is business?"

"Not as good as it might be, Harve. I've just added doughnuts to my line and if business doesn't pick up I'm none too good to add hot-dogs also.

"I've got the job of taking care of several furnaces. That will make me a little money as soon as cold weather starts."

"It will be steady money, too," Fred said gravely. "I sometimes wish I had a salaried job instead of being in business for myself."

When Harvey next passed the flake factory he concluded that business had not picked up, for a large sign boldly announced that hot-dogs were sold there. In fact, Fred was dispensing one to a waiting student at that very moment.

"I see you have added superheated canines to your line," Harvey remarked when Fred had finished and they were starting up the hill together.

"Had too, Harve," said Fred. "I had pinned my faith upon the luscious tater flake, but the public is not sufficiently educated to its virtues."

Later in the morning Harvey and Fred sat together at assembly. The meeting this morning was what was known as a "pep meeting" for the purpose of inspiring interest in the coming football game with Dartmoor.

"Our crowd will be in the middle section," declared an impassioned speaker. "Any student who is not there rooting for old Revere is a Benedict Arnold. He doesn't deserve to walk through the halls of Revere University."

"I have to rise up on my hind legs and take issue with the gentleman," declared Fred. "Unless business suddenly picks up the sum of one dollar is likely to be between me and a place in that middle section. But

you'll hear me cheering for old Revere, just the same.''

Harvey had reason to remember these words during the game that afternoon. He himself was present in the middle section. The dollar charged for admission was no small matter with him, but his aunts had urged him to attend all university activities even though it might necessitate rigid economies in other directions.

During a brief lull in the cheering a stentorian voice floated across the field calling upon Revere to ''chaw Dartmoor into little pieces.'' Hundreds of faces turned in the direction whence it came.: High up a tree which stood outside the fence and yet commanded a view of the field sat the lone cheerer. Needless to say, it was Fred.

Harvey laughed with the others, yet he had a feeling of admiration for the light-hearted freshman, who could make a joyous game of his struggle with poverty. He felt thoroughly ashamed of his own discontent and for his recent thoughts of dropping out of college. After all, he was much better off than Fred, who had nothing but his own brave spirit to sustain him.

Harvey's rooming-place was near Fred's flake factory, and he soon formed the habit of stopping in frequently for a social hour. So also did Bill Webster, who was working his way through college by driving a laundry truck, and Jerry Landon, who had a newspaper route. The four became close friends, for there is something in the vey atmosphere of college life which fosters friendship.

As winter progressed, Fred's business steadily increased. He always kept a warm fire, and the flake factory was likely to be a pleasant refuge from the chill winds. It was the scene of many an informal though spirited debate, and it came to be known as the ''senate'' among most of the students.

One evening when the conversation had drifted around to the ever recurring subjects of finances, Jerry Landon remarked:

''By the way, Fred, that name of Lansdowne means money up in our end of the state. Did you ever hear of E. K. Lansdowne?''

''Yes, but he never heard of me,'' answered Fred.

''You don't happen to be related to him?''

''Well, he's a kind of half-great-uncle or something like that. But don't get excited. He doesn't know I'm living, and he has plenty of children and grandchildren to leave his money to.''

''It looks like he might give you a little,'' said Harvey.

''Why, we never even have seen each other'' declared Fred.

The subject was dropped and speedily forgotten. Several weeks later, when an aged, poorly dressed man entered the flake factory, none of the students had the slightest suspicion that it was E. K. Lansdowne. The old man's entrance did occasion some comment, for it was seldom that anyone past collegiate age made his appearence there.

''Are you Fred Lansdowne?'' the visitor asked, as he looked keenly about him.

''I'm guilty, sir,'' said Fred, coming forward.

''And this is the way you're try-

ing to work your way through college, is it?''

''It's the best I could think of,'' Fred said apologetically, ''Anything I can do for you?''

''I'll take some—er—hot-dogs,'' said the old man, as his eyes fell upon the sign. ''A quarter's worth of hot-dogs, please.''

''I wouldn't go too heavy on these all at once,'' Fred warned, as he held out the package. ''They're probably designed for young stomachs.''

''Thanks,'' the old man said dryly. ''Does this business pay your expenses?''

''So long as expenses are not too great.' '

''Are you doing passing work in college?''

''Well, I haven't got any flunk notices yet. So I guess I am.''

''Well, good day. I'm sorry to bother you so much.''

The old man walked out and stepped into a waiting limousine, while Fred looked wonderingly after him.

''Now, who was that inquisitive old duck?'' he demanded. ''And what was he wanting?''

''It was Sherlock Holmes in disguise,'' suggested Harvey.

''And he was taking the census,'' added Bill.

''He left his hot-dogs after all,'' Fred said sadly. ''Perhaps it was for the best, though. My dogs are as good as anybody's dogs, but they are not for men of his age.''

The opening of the second semester soon after Christmas found Harvey not only satisfied with his new life, but enthusiastic about it. He was now able to laugh at his doubts and misgivings. True, he still had very little spending money, and he found it necessary to make his clothes last a long time, but these things no longer troubled him. He had found that sensible people did not judge him by these things, but by his real worth. Besides, he was surrounded by congenial friends who were in the same situation as himself financially.

He realized that Fred was largely responsible for his changed point of view. If Fred could make a joke out of the necessity for wearing old clothes and using second-hand textbooks, so could he. After all, old clothes were likely to be just as warm as new clothes.

It was late in February when another unusual visitor appeared at the flake factory. This visitor was younger and better dressed than the former one had been.

''Which of you young men is Fred Lansdowne?'' he asked.

''I'm Lansdowne,'' said Fred.

''I am Henry Rogers, your uncle's lawyer,'' announced the stranger. ''Mr. Lansdowne is sick and probably will never recover. He has instructed me to inform you of a gift he has made you. Probably we would better have a private talk.''

''Don't bother about privacy,'' said Fred. ''These are all friends of mine. But I think you're mistaken. I'm practically no kin to Mr. Lansdowne, and never saw him in my life. There must be another Fred Lansdowne.''

''No, you're the one. And your uncle was here to see you early in the winter. He was impressed by your spirit of enterprise and it

seems your professors speak well of you. Anyhow, he has made you a gift of thirty thousand dollars in United States registered bonds, which will provide you with an income of about a hundred dollars a month.''

''It can't be!'' Fred cried incredulously. ''It surely can't be!''

''Here are the bonds,'' Mr. Rogers said with a smile, as he drew out a long envelope. ''I am to keep them as your guardian until you are of age, but the income will come to you. Of course, they are perfectly safe, for they are registered, and nobody can sell them but you.''

After the lawyer had gone Fred had very little to say. The news of his sudden affluence seemed to have dazed him. At first he suspected that he was the victim of a practical joke, but as he recalled the aged visitor who had asked so maany questions, he began to realize that it was no joke. The bonds were really his own. It was not until the following evening, however, that he was able to give a full explanation of the occurrence.

''It seems that that fellow Reynolds in our French class is E. K. Lansdowne's grandson,'' he said. ''That makes him a kind of third cousin of mine. He told his grandfather about me, and you know the rest. And now he's invited me to live with him. What do you think of that?''

''Fine!'' cried Jerry.

''Are you going to?'' Harvey asked gravely.

''Frankly, I am,'' said Fred ''I've always had a sneaking envy for those fellows sitting pretty in their fine house up on the gold coast. I'm glad of a chance to try it. I was just going to talk to Jerry about buying the flake factory. I believe it will beat his newspaper graft.''

In a short time the two had come to terms. Fred shook hands with the new owner of the flake factory and departed. He was exchanging its bare and draughty walls, its narrow cot, and its lack of convenience for a truly luxurious home.

After he had gone his friends spent a rather dull evening. His absence was depressing to them. It was a tribute to his nature that not an envious word was spoken of him. All three took a personal joy in their friend's good fortune.

The three did not see much of Fred after that. Occasionally he would drop in at the flake factory and visit them, but his visits were brief and tended to grow less frequent. Late in March he came in one evening wearing one of those raccoon coats so popular in the collegiate world.

''They're all wearing them, so I had to have one, too,'' he explained. ''It came pretty steep, though. It was lucky for me a little interest had accumulated on those bonds. A hundred dollars a month doesn't seem to go so far, after all.''

It was nearly a month before Fred visited the flake factory again. He was greeted hilariously and he tried to take his old part in the conversation, but something seemed to be lacking. He was preoccupied and the old spontaneity was gone.

''What's eating on you, Fred?'' Bill finally demanded. ''You don't

seem like yourself."

"I may as well come clean," said Fred. "It's financial troubles. I'm living with a rather wealthy bunch and I feel like I ought to keep my end up. Well, I can't seem to do it on my hundred a month. I've worried more over money matters since I've been living on the gold coast than I ever did in my life before. In fact, I never worried at all before. I didn't have it, and that settled it."

"Do you mean that?" Harvey demanded.

"I certainly do. I've made a big discovery, too. When a fellow gets enough to eat and has enough clothes to keep him warm, he's just about as well off as he'll ever be. Well, good night, fellows. I'm just a killjoy around here."

Two weeks later Fred appeared at the flake factory again. This time he arrived early Saturday morning and sat about until noon. He did not have much to say, but he nevertheless seemed more like his old cheerful self. He had apparently come to some sort of decision.

"Keep an eye on that filling station until I get back, Jerry," he requested, indicating a building across the street. "Keep count of the number of cars that fill up there while I'm gone."

He returned early in the afternoon, and his first question was concerning the number of cars that had patronized the filling station during his absence.

"There were twelve," said Jerry. "But why do you want to know?"

"Curiosity, I guess," said Fred, as he strolled away.

Late in the afternoon he appeared again. His face bore a broad smile. He was buoyant, exuberant. In short, he was the Fred Lansdowne of old.

"Congratulate me, comrades," he cried. "I'm the owner of ye olde filling station across the street there. It averages about five hundred gallons a day, which means a ten-dollar profit a day."

"And you've really bought it?" asked Jerry.

"Just made the deal. And now, Harve, I've got my eye on you for a partner. It will beat the furnace business all to pieces, and I'll sell you a half interest at what it cost me. We'll sleep in the back room and save expense. We'll arrange our schedule next year so that one or the other can always be there. I've got it all figured out, you see. We'll do our studying between customers."

"It sounds good," Harvey agreed. "But I've got no money."

"Neither have I," Fred cried happily. "They let me have it on credit; on the strength of my hundred a month, I guess. I'll sell to you on credit, too. We'll soon have it all paid for."

"I'm with you," Harvey said briefly

"Good!" declared Fred. "Now, I'm myself again, as Shakespeare says. Uncle E. K. meant well, and I thank him, but between you and me, you'll never catch me on the gold coast again."

And then Fred uttered an old and everlasting turth.

"What you make for yourself is worth a whole lot more than what anybody can give you," he said.

BOUNTIFUL BAMBOO

By Adrian Anderson

Of all the grasses of the earth, none can be said to serve more purposes than bamboo, that amazing plant of the tropics that, in several species, grows to towering heights of forty feet or more.

According to investigations made some years ago by Bradford K. Daniels, the bamboo, to many Filipinos, is essential for existence, this grass constituting the whole or part of every article that they manufacture.

The Filipino's house is made entirely of bamboo, except on rare occasions when a grass thatch is used instead of bamboo roofing. The building is constructed on high posts made of large bamboo poles. The floor is made of bamboo slats bound together by bamboo strips, while the walls are formed of a thin variety of bamboo, split open and flattened out into boards. Doors and windows are of bamboo, and open and shut by means of hollow bamboo, that slide upon smaller bamboo.

Bamboo rafters are fastened to bamboo plates, without nails or other metal fasteners. Only bamboo pegs and pliable bamboo rope is used to hold the roof in place. The ladder which reaches the single door is all bamboo, sapling bamboo rungs inserted into two large bamboo poles, the whole bound together with bamboo strips.

The rice of the Filipinos is frequently cooked in a hollow joint of bamboo, over a fire of bamboo twigs. Among the poorer natives, even the tender sprouts of certain varieties of bamboo itself are often used for food, being boiled and eaten immediately or pickled and later eaten in the place of asparagus.

The well of the Filipino is scooped out with bamboos, while the water is drawn by means of a hollow bamboo joint suspended from a bamboo rope. If water is to be brought from a stream, the native takes a stout bamboo eight feet long and removes the partitions between the joints, leaving one at the butt end. Filling the tube with water, he balances it upon his shoulder with the open end barely high enough to avoid spilling the contents, and easily carries it to his home.

Musical instruments, mainly flutes and crude violins, are made entirely of bamboo, even to the bow, strings and pegs of the latter instruments.

The farming implements, fish traps, fishing gear and weapons are all made of bamboo. Even the sails of the small boats are unfurled from bamboo masts.

When the Filipino dies, he is carried to his final resting place upon a bamboo mat suspended from bamboo poles, and laid to rest in a grave dug with bamboo scoops. And, finally, as a monument to his memory, a simple bamboo cross is raised.

Whatever you start, start it by knowing the facts.—Henry L. Doherty.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Earl Faulk, a former student here, called on us last Wednesday.

—o—

The barn boys have been busy for several days past harvesting oats, two tractors and two harvesters being used in this work.

—o—

The carpenters have finished laying new floors in Cottage No. 4, and the painters are now putting the finishing touches on the interior decoration.

—o—

Rev. T. W. Fogleman, pastor of the McGill Street Baptist Church, Concord, conducted the service in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon, making a very interesting talk to the boys.

—o—

Raymond Keenan, one of our old boys, called on us last Monday. Raymond has been crippled for several years, but in spite of his physical handicap, maintains an unusually cheerful disposition, and makes a living by selling magazines and newspapers in Charlotte.

—o—

Last Monday we enjoyed the first string beans of the season. This is just six days later than they were gathered last year. So far this season our gardens have been very productive, having furnished us with a good supply of beets, onions, cabbage, lettuce and other vegetables.

—o—

Doctors Elliott and Lafferty, and Mr. J. B. Ivey, of Charlotte, recently donated a number of dahlia bulbs and iris roots, which have been planted near the Cannon Memorial Building. We wish to take this opportunity of expressing our appreciation to these good friends for their kindness.

—o—

A group of boys, under the direction of Messrs Lisk and Hudson, spent several afternoons last week working on flower beds in various parts of the campus. We were very late in starting the work on these beds. this year, but with favorable weather conditions a profusion of beautiful blooms should soon adorn our grounds.

—o—

Within the past two weeks two airplanes have been compelled to make forced landings near the Training School. The first pilot was driven to earth when he ran into a severe storm. When he took off the following day, he delighted a large crowd of boys and officers by very cleverly executing a series of loops, side-spins, and other difficult feats before winging his way northward. The second pilot was forced to land because of a broken propeller blade, and after a day or two the necessary repairs having been made, he, too. was on his way.

Zeb Trexler, of Salisbury, who is now employed by the Southern Railway as check man at the roundhouse, was a visitor here last Wednesday. He has held this position over two years. He was paroled from this institution about five years ago and is now 21 years old. Zeb seems to think that the school did wonders for him and is proud of the fact that such an opportunity was made possible for him. He says that there is no reason for a boy who has an honorable discharge from the school to become other than an honorable and profitable citizen of the community in which he resides. He will ever be grateful for the care and direction received at the school. Zeb is a fine looking boy and bears on his face the evidence of a clean life.

—o—

The Training School team played the Franklin Mill second team last Saturday and won easily by the score of 8 to 3. Lisk was on the firing line for the local lads and held the visitors to four widely scattered hits, and caused six batters to fan the breeze. But for errors he would have registered a shut-out. The school boys connected for nine hits, including one home run, three triples and a double. In the first inning a single by Little and a triple by Brown accounted for the first Training Scool run. The visitors took the lead in the fourth, when some erratic fielding permitted two runners to cross the plate. Our boys tied it up in their half of the same frame when Williams tripled and scored on a fly to center. Four more tallies were added in the local half of the sixth on two singles, a double, a passed ball and two errors. In the seventh inning, two more local markers were chalked up as "Swede" Maddox, our shortstop, belted one of Boone's choice offerings, to the tall trees over the left field embankment; Brown swatted his second triple of the afternoon, and Dark drove out a single. In the eighth, the visitors scored their last run when Williams, our center fielder allowed a single to roll through his legs, the runner taking second and scoring later on an error by our second baseman.

—o—

We are in receipt of the following letter concerning the recent test made of our herd of Holstein cattle:

N. C. Dept. of Agriculture,
Raleigh, N. C.,
June 6, 1931.

Gentlemen:

Tests have been completed on the 71 blood samples taken from your herd on May 22nd. All of these were negative. Your herd has a sufficient number of negative tests to entitle you to an accredited certificate according to the rules covering this work. We, therefore, take pleasure in issuing same and sending it to you under separate cover. It is important that no animals be added to the herd or allowed to associate with the herd until they have passed a negative test.

Very truly yours,
William Moore,
State Veterinarian

—o—

The following letter concerning production of our herd and the feed cost of production, from the Extension Service, Agriculture and Home

Economics, N. C. State College, was recently received:

Raleigh, N. C.
June 6, 1931.

Gentlemen:

Enclosed is a summary showing the production and feed cost of production on the herds in the Gaston-Mecklenburg-Cabarrus testing association for the testing year of 1929-30. Your herd is represented by line No. 9, which shows that the feed cost of producing milk was $1.35 per hundred.

No other expense than feed is covered in this cost. These cost figures are not comparable since they represent local conditions on the farms where they were made, however, it is interesting to note that some farmers are able to produce milk at a lower feed cost per hunderd pounds than others, which makes a person desire to know about conditions which made this possible.

Report of herds in Gaston-Mecklenburg-Cabarrus Association.

Herd No. 1—Total feed cost per cow, $89.000; feed cost per 100 pounds milk, $2.16.

Herd No. 2—Total feed cost per cow, $118.00; feed cost per 100 pounds milk, $1.97.

Herd No. 3—Total feed cost per cow, $119.00; feed cost per 100 pounds milk, $2.04.

Herd No. 4—Total feed cost per cow, $125.00; feed cost per 100 pounds milk, $1.70.

Herd No. 5—Total feed cost per cow, $100.00; feed cost per 100 pounds milk, $2.52.

Herd No. 6—Total feed cost per cow, $138.00; feed cost per 100 pounds milk, $2.61.

Herd No. 7—Total feed cost per cow, $78.00; feed cost per 100 pounds milk, $1.69.

Herd No. 8—Total feed cost per cow, $94.00; feed cost per 100 pounds milk, $1.82.

Jackson Training School—Total feed cost per cow, $109.00; feed cost per 100 pounds milk, $1.35.

Herd No. 10—Total feed cost per cow, $130.00; feed cost per 100 pounds milk, $2.23.

Herd No. 11—Total feed cost per cow, $110.00; feed cost per 100 pounds milk, $2.20.

Herd No. 12—Total feed cost per cow, $90.00; feed cost per 100 pounds milk, $1.67.

Herd No. 13—Total feed cost per cow, $93.00; feed cost per 100 pounds milk, $1.62.

Yours very truly,
J. A Arey,
Extension Dairyman.

It is rather annoying, sometimes, when you have gone to some inconvenience to do something for someone, to have him not even say "Thank you." I mean some little thing like holding a door open for someone, or giving up your seat in the car. It dosen't take much effort to smile and say "Thank you," and it makes the other person feel much better towards you.—Selected.

CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XIX CONCORD, N. C., JUNE 27, 1931 No. 26

Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

HOW I WISH TO LIVE

I wish to live without hate, whim, jealousy, envy, fear. I wish to be simple, honest, frank, natural, clean in mind and clean in body, unaffected—to say "I do not know" if it be so, and to face any obstacle and meet every difficulty unabashed and unafraid.

I wish others to live their lives, up to their highest, fullest, and best. To that end I pray that I may never meddle, interfere, dictate, give advice that is not wanted, or assist when my services are not needed. If I can help people, I'll do it by giving them a chance to help themselves; and if I can uplift or inspire, let it be by example, inference, and suggestion, rather than by injunction and dictation.

—Elbert Hubbard.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

BOOKS

1. That is a good book which is opened with expectation and closed with profit.—Alcott.

2. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested.—Bacon.

3. Books are lifelong friends whom we come to know and love as we do our children.—S. L. Boardman.

4. Books are friends, and what friends they are!—Langford.

5. As you grow ready for it, somewhere or other you will find what is needful for you in a book.—George MacDonald.

6. Books are legacies that a great genius leaves to us.—Addison.

7. Books are lighthouses erected in the great sea of time.—Whipple.

"Tell me what you read and I will tell you what you are."

That is what a great teacher once said.

When you die, would you want the Father to judge you by what you have read or have not read? What we read may be a great power in keeping us from a home in heaven, or it may be a great factor in drawing us to that reward.—Selected.

AN ECHO OF A MISSIONARY GROUP

In the March issue of Missionary Voice, the official organ of the Women's Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal church South, there are two pictures, if studied will convey a fine lesson from which all may profit. One picture shows a group of young negroes who have enjoyed the advantages of the public school system, and the other a similiar group without the privileges of an education. The first picture reflects a hopeful outlook, many bright, happy and healthful faces, the second looks dull-eyed, listless, unkept, apparently not far removed from their native inheritance.

By contrast it is easy to discern the effects of the privileged and non-privi-

leged of our school system. These pictures would bring about an argument in favor of education without discrimination as to race, or the proportionate amount of taxation received according to means. Often the uncharitable attitude is taken that the negro pays a small per cent of the taxation and education should be based accordingly.

If this position were tenable on account of the many po' white in our midst, plus the negro, one third of the population of the South, there would be an overwhelming number of illiterates that would prove a hot-bed of crime and disease. These conditions would in this progressive age of science, along with the ambition for higher culture, make the Southland a dark spot in the history of the country.

Ignorance is a shackle to the progress of any country, regardless of race or creed. The voice of our people is heard through the public school system. The State says, civilization must be advanced through the education of its children. Education if properly interpreted should teach the dignity of labor with the hope of making life better and not just making a living.

It is impossible to have advanced civilization where ignorance prevails, but instead we have poverty, disease and crime, therefore, without our system of public schools more than one third of the population of the South would go to waste.

The wealth of a country is based upon the health and intelligence of its citizens. An individual can only prove himself valuable by his ability to do, brought about by the process of good training. It is conclusive that we have to educate so that each citizen may become an asset and not a liability. There are two laws—the law of God and the law of man. The law of God teaches brotherly love, therefore we are justified by His law to care for those unable to help themselves.

* * * * * * * * * *

EQUIPMENT INADEQUATE

We have an interesting boy in the Uplift office who has learned to manipulate the linotype machine in a short time and does his work with a precision that is worthy of comment. This young fellow is none other than Howard Keenan, Charlotte, seventeen years of age. The time came for his parole following his splendid deportment. Instead, feeling that he wanted vocational training, he asked for an extension of time at the school and that he be premitted to go in the Uplife office and there serve till he had learned

to operate the linotype machine. This privilege was granted, and for five months he has constantly been on the job.

Just a few days ago Howard brought to the desk of the "Associate Editor" nearly a galley of proof, clean and the work dispatched in about half an hour. "Howard," said the writer "you deserve some recognition for your earnestness and progress." "I would appreciate it," said he, modestly. You may believe it or not, but Howard has the same impulses, and same ambition as other boys. The only difference between this young man and others is the external appearance—clad in the blue overalls for his daily task, and khaki uniform for his Sunday adornment.

We might add that there is another difference, for Howard shows an earnestness of purpose, planning for his life work, while the young men of the "leisure set" are drifting with no fixed purpose for the future.

This is the story in a nutshell: Howard Keenan will soon be given his honorable dismissal and he will have a trade that will make him a fixture, placing him as an asset and not a liability to the community.

This short reference could be longer, if the stabilizing influence of the Uplift office could be worked into the lives of scores of other boys—but, again the sad refrain is the equipment is inadequate.

You who have read, stop and think for a moment what the possibilities, of this one office at the Jackson Training School, would be if equipment were available for the training of a larger class of boys as linotype operators. It is pretty hard to progress backwards.

* * * * * * * * * *

FAR BETTER TO WEAR OUT

How long is a man useful? That was the topic of an interesting article read a few days ago. The thought conveyed was that "years is not the determinate factor in the equation." This argument is conclusiive, because there are many who forfeit their usefulness before youth is spent, while in other instances the accumulation of years, or old age, never releases some from the activities that contribute in a substantial manner to the productiveness of life.

Then why limit an individual's abilities to a certain area of time as long as able physically, mentally, or otherwise to carry on the affairs essential to one's welfare? It is right down cruel to relegate any one as an antique

to the attic, or some other secluded spot, and there let them rust, or fret out a most miserable existence.

As long as there is a spark of human interest that energizes it is far better for all concerned to give encouragement, despite age, than to continually flaunt the stereotyped, depressing expression—"too old."

In short we approve that it is far better "to wear out than rust out." Longfellow thinks, we infer, that one is never too old to learn. Here are his words:

"Why, you ask me, should this tale be told
To men grown old, or who are growing old?
It is too late! Ah, nothing is too late,
Till the tired heart shall cease to palpitate.
Cato learned Greek at eighty, Sophocles
Wrote his grand Oedipus, and Simonides
Bore off the prize of verse from his compeers,
When each had numbered more than fourscore years,
And Theophrastus, at fourscore and ten
Had begun his "Characters of Man."
Chaucer, at Woodstock, with the nightingales,
At sixty wrote the "Canterbury Tales,"
Gothe, at Weimar, toiling to the last
Completed Faust when eighty years were past."

* * * * * * * * * *

THE WORK ENCOURAGING

There is not a more interesting work in the world than that of reclaimation of the wayward boys and girls. This phase of social service is especially engaging if out is obsessed with the spirit of service to humanity, not having for the goal only the monthly stipend, but the desire to inculcate the finer ambitions that make true manhood and womanhood in supposedly hopeless cases of flaming youth. There is nothing that can be transformed in to a man but a boy, besides all outstanding women of the nation, past and present, positions held in the teen age similar to those of the girls today—some giving hope and others apparently hopeless. So why despair? History continues to repeat itself.

There are pessimist the land over and it is not unsual to meet a fellow who will say, "I have no faith in all of this work practiced in the Reform

Schools of the State, it is a waste of money,'' or words to that effect. The same criticism could be applied to the public school system of the State. It is evident that there is a waste of time and money, a leak when it comes to results, but why exclaim an entire lack of faith in the democracy of the public school system? There would be fewer destructive criticisms if more time were taken for inside information as to results of all public institutions.

It was our pleasure a few days ago to sit in the superintendent's office of the Jackson Training School and review with him a batch of reports, about paroled boys, sent in from welfare officers of three counties, viz: Cumberland, Iredell and Wake. There were in the aggregate about fifty some reports and in response to the question, ''do you consider him (the paroled boy) making a good, fair or poor record'' the answers to 85 per cent of the number were ''Good.'' Even in the face of misfortunes, and handicaps in carrying on the work these re ports were gratifying to the officials of the Jackson Training School. The objective being realized, making men out of boys who upon entering the institution were consireded hopeless.

We would like to expatiate and give the entire list for the benefit of all interested in the school, but that is impossible. We cull a few just to give an idea of the influence the school exerts throughout the country.

According to the reports from welfare officers one boy formerly of Cumberland county is policeman in New York City, making good and contributes $40 per month to his mother's support; then another from Iredell county, Jimmie Stevenson, stationed at Palo Alto, California, is an attendant in the United States Veteran Hospital; two others Jessie Rundy and Hubert Crayton, from Wake county are listed as doing fine: Jessie Rundy is studying embalming at Duke University, Durham, under a medical school embalmer and Hubert Crayton is employed as keeper of State College Hot House. The welfare officer of Wake remarked that "Hubert's reaction was most favorable." This article could be made much longer and very interesting, but these four reports are sufficient to show that this institution is endeavoring to bring about most splendid results—making what is supposed to be ''bad-boys'' into useful citizens.

RAMBLING AROUND

By Old Hurrygraph

"Oh! The world is full of sweetness if you'll only seek it out;
Like the sparkling dews of heaven, it is everywhere about.
There's no special place for beauty and no spot that's wholly bleak,
For God's mercy lies upon us every day of every week."

—o—

It is said that the green apple crop this year is above the average. The doctors are anticipating an early summer business.

—o—

The radio manufacturers are told by one of their speakers that radio can help stop the depression. So I turned on the loud speaker the other night and heard somebody crooning, "I'd like to tie you to my heart strings." It did not help my depression a bit. It just made it lots worse.

—o—

If a certain brand of cigarettes succeeds in prevailing upon the ladies to keep kissable, or mouths puckered for such an osculatory demonstration, there's going to be a lot of trouble formented in this world. They will not be kissed, however, to any great extent, for the men will be following out the advice of another brand of cigarettes and looking after their "Adam's apple" to see that it is kept perfect. I haven't much of an "Adam's apple" to look after. If the men kiss the pouted lips, and the ladies kiss the "Adam's Apple" there's going to be a roasting instead of a toasting.

—o—

Speaking of "Willing Workers," the story is told that when the preacher called for women to stand up and promise to go home and mother their husbands, only one little woman arose. When he told her to go home at once and mother her husband, she said, "Mother him? I thought said smother him!"

—o—

In speaking of being wealthy without money, I have already mentioned the appreciation of the beautiful in this world, and how to enjoy it. Then there is the world of literature, history, science, and art that can be a great help to us in becoming wealthy. A study of these can furnish food for our souls. By studying these we become heirs of the ages, and Emerson, and Longfellow, Whittier and Lowell, and Washington and Lincoln, and Lee and Jackson, and Paul and Ghandi become our companions. Their faith, hopes and aspirations are April showers to our souls. As we get better acquainted with the builders of the kingdom of God in the world, new ambitions, and determination surge through our souls.

—o—

The following letter has come to my desk. It is unique in its discussion of affairs, and quaint in its humor and expression. I pass it on to you my reader:

Blanktown, June 22, 1931.

Gentlemen:

I wish to inform you that the shattered condition of my bank ac-

count makes it impossible for me to send you a check in response to your request, at this time. My present financial condition is due to the effects of federal laws, state laws, county laws, coroporation laws, by-laws, brother-in-laws, mother-in-laws and outlaws that have been foisted upon an unsuspecting public. Through these various laws I have been held down, held up, walked on, sat on, flattened and squeezed until I do not know where I am, what I am, or why I am. These laws compel me to pay corporation tax, capital stock tax, excess tax, auto tax, gas tax, water tax, light tax, cigar tax, street tax and syntax. In addition to these taxes I have to get a permit for this and permit for that. I am required to get a business license, city license, state license, car license, and I am also requested and required to contribute to every society and organization that the inventive mind of man can organize; to the society of John the Baptist, the Woman's Relief, the Near East and Far West, the Gold Digger's home, also every hospital and every charitable institution in the city and the county; the Red Cross, the White Cross, the Black Cross, the Purple Cross, the Flaming Cross, and the double cross. For my own safety I am required to carry life insurance, liability insurance, compensation insurance, accident and collision insurance, and business insurance. The government has so governed my business that I do not know who owns it. I am suspected, expected, inspected, disrespected, examined and informed, required, compelled, commanded until all I know is that I am supposed to supply an inexhaustible supply of money for every known need, desire or hope of the human race, and because I refuse to donate to all and go and beg, borrow and steal money to give away. I am cussed, discussed, boycotted, talked to and lied to and about, held up, held down and robbed until I am nearly ruined, so the only reason I am clinging to life is to see what the hades is coming next.

YOUR DEBTOR.

—o—

To see America first and satisfactorily, it will be necessary to tear down the house-size signs that string along the highways. It is high time to do that.

—o—

It is said that a dollar bill will last about a year, if properly handled. Wonder who found that out. Some miser, I'll wager. With me a dollar bill doesn't last a week. How is it with you?

A Durham man drove down town and purchased shoes at a sale at a reduction of $1.50 from the usual price. Then he went out to the street and found a police tag on his car, calling for the payment of $1.50 for traffic fine.

TODAY

I believe in today. It is all that I possess. The past is of value only as it makes the life of today fuller and freer. Tomorrow depends upon the present—I must make good today.—Anonymous.

THE GREATEST OF THESE

By Lovick P. Law

Love has built every institution for suffering humanity and lifts itself out of the sordid selfishness of the world.

Hate destroys; love builds.

The flowers that grow in the heart of love perfume the world, while the poison of hate that brews its broth in the hearts of men and women sends its death-dealing fumes like poison gas to strangle and steal away the life of man.

The innocent, laughing child is a symbol of love and life; while the sneaking, stealthy, slinking thug that works under cover of darkness, ready to kill and destroy, is the black symbol of hate and death.

Love constructs impossibilities, lifts men out of dungeons, and brings them into the sunlight where the life of the individual is reconstructed and reincarnated into the image of his Maker, the very essence of which is love.

Gather the words of hate from your heart's garden and cast them on the caldron of fire where they will be consumed. Plant in their stead the seeds of love and watch them grow until around you on all sides arise flowers whose beauty and perfume will make you radiantly happy.

The most foolish man in all the world is he who harbors hate in his heart, for he is dead while yet alive.

Be glad you can forgive. Be glad you can forget. It is often easier to forget than to remember. Defend what you remember. The morbid methods of cataloging your unpleasant transactions and misunderstandings with some one is the surest way to hatch out days of unhappiness.

Remember rather as One the world hated and abused, but who could say: "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do." Today He lives in the hearts of millions throughout the entire world, and His enemies, filled with hate, are forgotten.

Why? Just one reason: He knew how to love.

Cultivate that flower in your heart.

THE CABARRUS DISTRICT FAIR

The catalog for the Cabarrus District Fair, which will be held October 13-17, has been received at this office and indicates that the fair at Concord will be better this year than ever before. We like the plan for publishing the catalog early so that the farmers may begin now on the preparation for their exhibits. Mecklenburg county should be well represented at this fair and do all they can to make it a great success. It is hard for one county to support a fair that will attract the crowds and good exhibits, and since Mecklenburg has no fair we should join heartily in the district fair at Concord.—Mecklenburg Times.

MAKING HAPPINESS

Girlhood Days

You have heard the song that all the saxophones are wailing through everybody's radio, of course!

"You'll see your castle in Spain,
Through your window-pane,
Back in your own back yard!"

But sometimes we all feel that we need magnifying glasses to find it! And yet, if we would look carefully, it is there, just waiting for us to occupy it.

The bluebird of happiness has a most disturbing habit of flying down the road, disappearing at the first bend and leaving us to follow. We never discover, until a long, long time has passed, that she flew straight back to her nest in a tree in our lawn and laughed because we went on and on down the low road and up the high road, following birds that always turned black or brown, just when we thought we were going to touch them.

It does not matter what we are called upon to do. As long as we do that particular task as well as we can, and try to enjoy the doing, the bluebird of happiness will draw a little closer, until we shall find her sitting on the window sill.

Long, long ago the sages learned that people can only be happy as they make others happy. The moon has no light of its own, but it sparkles like a silver balloon blown up with dreams, because it reflects the sun's rays. We, too, can shine if we reflect others' joy.

"But it is so hard to do that!" we say. Of course it is, but never was there a task worth doing that was not hard. No climber ever reached an alpine peak without struggling and toiling and grieving a little as he looked towards the distant heights. His hands were probably bleeding and his clothes were bably bleeding and his clothes were torn, but he reached Canaan at dusk, just as surely as they who keep tryst with the little things of life shall do.

Everyone can make others happy! If you can't do anything else, be a clown! Oh, not with a mask and bells and painted face, but with the radiant happiness that laughs lightly, though there are tears just below the surface.

After all, it is a wonderful thing to be a clown, far more wonderful than little boys know. Harlequin and Pierrot and Grimaldi and Pantaloom are names that are cherished because they stand for those who tried to make people forget—who opened the doors into a glamorous world where all the roses bloom and the stars shine and Cinderella's coach never turns into a pumpkin when the clock strikes twelve.

So let us remember, though all the roads are purple when we so longed for the vibrant crimson of gypsies' ribbons, that if we can go "clowning through life," though others wear the crowns which once we sought, life will have been worth while. We shall have helped others, and that is the most any one may hope to accomplish.

PRISONS AND PROBATION

The New York Times

Governor Roosevelt may go down in history as the prison reform Governor. Great changes are taking place in his time and State. The prison system itself is being transformed on the principle of making the punishment fit the criminal as well as the crime. Some need iron bars. They should get them. Some need medical care. They should have it. Some need another chance. They get that too. All need individual treatment rather than mass restraint, and within practical limits the State can afford to give it to them. The State requires bastile to house the hardened criminal, the man guilty of heinour crime and the man judged incapable of redemption. But it already has plenty of these. It needs, and is now building, a new type of prison to house and at least try to benefit men and women requiring less restraint. Under Governor Rooevelt's leadership the parole system also has been reorganized and imbued with a new spirit, and the Legislature is at the moment considering how to give greater flexibility to the fourth-offender law.

The Governor is now turning his attention to probation. Here is a means of dealing with crime, first tried in Boston fifty years ago, which has been widely approved. Every state in the Union has some sort of probation system today, and Great Britain has come to depend on it. Unfortunately, there are no adequate statistics by which one may judge the results. The Governor says that in Massachusetts "80 per cent of those who have been placed on probation have made good." It would be interesting to know how the person who compiled those statistics defined "making good." Keeping out of jail for a few years is one thing. It is hard to believe that any such proportion of probationers were permanently restored to society. Yet probation undoubtedly affords a method of dealing with criminals far more effective even than people. It gets them young, when there is more hope of reformation. Being decentralized, however, the system is often uneven in its workings. An investigation such as the Governor suggests should point the road to making it more effective.

IFS

If you would be great, be humble.
If you would be rich, let it be in love.
If you would be well, rule your appetite.
If you would be wise, seek wisdom from God.
If friends neglect you, remember, God loves you.
If you would be useful, improve every opportunity.—Exchange.

BRUCE AND THE SPIDER

Industrial School Journal

Once upon a time there was a king of Scotland named Robert Bruce. He was a brave king, and had many brave soldiers, but he and his men had suffered defeat from the English, who had come into Scotland with a great army, and were driving Robert Bruce and his men out of their cities and towns.

Six battles had been fought, and each time Bruce led his brave little army into battle but each time he was defeated. At last Bruce was so badly beaten, that his army was put to flight, and he himself had to flee through the woods to escape capture.

Bruce went in hiding in the mountains and lived as best he could from hut to hut. While he was gathering a new army one day he found refuge in a shed that was very old, and lay down on some straw to rest. He was very tired and weary and was glad to find anything to lie down on for awhile.

As he lay here he began to think of the six battles he had lost, and of his scattered army, and of Scotland and her enemies. Overhead a spider had begun to weave a web. The spider was trying to fasten a long thread to a beam to hold his web, and was having a lot of trouble.

Bruce saw him swing for the beam the first time and miss it; then the spider tried the second time and missed it; then the third time and missed it again. The spider rested awhile, and swug out bravely for the fourth time. Then he made a strong effort for the fifth time and came a little nearer, but still he fell back. Bruce began to hope that the spider would succeed, and when he swung out the sixth time he rose up to watch him. But the spider missed it by a little bit and down he fell again. This was the ' six failures.

"I wonder if he will give up," said Bruce to himself. But the spider had no idea of giving up; for he gathered his thread together, and swung to the beam and fastened his thread.

"If a spider fails six times and succeeds the seventh, then surely the king of Scotland can," said Bruce thinking of the battles he had lost.

So Bruce went out and gathered his men and told them about the spider and said "Now for one more brave effort for Scotland, and for freedom." The men cheered as they went into battle and they fought so bravely that the English were defeated and were glad to get back to England with their lives. And from that day to this, no Scotchman by name of Bruce will ever hurt a spider.

If we prefer to meet danger with a light heart but without laborious training, and with a courage which is gained by habit and not enforced by law, are we not greatly the gainers?—Pericles.

AN INDIAN MOTHER

By Anna Belle Rood Ittner

By common consent the most dramatic moment in all secular literature is conceded to be that when Robinson Crusoe discovered the fresh-made print of human foot in the sand of his desert island. With the introduction of another castaway, the reader feels that anything may happen and thrills to a thousand possibilities.

There was once a real, not a fictional castaway, who lived on a bleak, windswept island for eighteen terrible years. Not a strong man possessed of a gun for self-defense, a dog and a parrot for company, but a woman, having only empty hands and a heart full of sorrow; a woman whose name is unknown although her last resting place is marked by a placque dedicated to her memory by the Santa Barbara Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

She was only an Indian woman of a time long gone by; yet then, as now, "the mother-spirit to no land or race could be confined." Then, as now, "the ready sacrifice was always here—to suffer, to endure." Many hearts have been moved by the story of her pitiful, lonely years on a barren island with little more for company than the winds of heaven and the white surf booming on black reefs.

She was a number of a tribe called the San Nicolanos from the name of the island on which they lived. Those Indians differed in language and in customs not only from those on the other islands in the Santa Barbara Channel, but also from those of the mainland.

Because in the very nature of those early times, it was impossible for the padres in the missions of Upper California to voyage frequently to the islands, it was decided to bring the tribes to the mainland and to scatter them among the various missions in order that they might be placed under the constant care and instruction of the holy fathers. The Indians on San Nicolas, numbering in all only about forty, were the last to be transported.

Captain Charles Hubbard, of the schooner Poores Nada, was sent from San Pedro to fetch the islanders. Just as he reached the upper end of San Nicolas, the wind began to howl through the rigging and the sand to blow like fine, stinging rain; while the sailods, lashed by fear, hustled the poor Indians aboard, put the ship about, and rushed out to sea to escape the fury of the tempest. In the confusion and terror, a little Indian baby was left behind. When the young widowed mother discovered her loss, she ran to the rail, leaped into the raging waters and began swimming toward the island. the violence of the gale had so increased as to render the return of the schooner to the island utterly impossible. Moreover, a cold gray curtain of fog, closing down, hid from sight both the little speck of land and the desperate swimmer. It was Captain Hubbard's intention to go back to San Nicolas, after discharging his passengers, to see if

by some miracle the Indian woman had survived, but before he could arrange his affairs to do this, his ship capsized and was lost.

Then for many years the Mission of Santa Barbara was left with only canoes and fishing boats far too small to dare the perilous voyage to this westernmost of the islands. Yet the kind padres kept ever in mind that distraught young Indian mother. So when in 1859 Thomas Jeffries came into possession of a small schooner, Father Gonzales went to him at once with an offer of two hundred dollars if the woman and her baby were brought back alive.

Although Captain Jeffries found no trace of the woman on San Nicolas, he did find otters in such vast numbers that Captain George Nidever fitted out a boat to go otter hunting. With him went Jeffries and a crew of Indians.

Again, as years before, a storm arose and, during its height, Captain Jeffries thought he could discern a human figure running up and down one of the rocky headlands. Again a search was made of the islands, but no form of life was found save the otters, the cormorants, and the gulls. The otter hunting, however, proved so profitable that other voyages were made. On the third cruise Carl Detman (known as Charlie Brown), the fisherman, accompanied Captain Nidever.

Awaiting them there on the beach of San Nicolas, they found human footprints!

Once more a vigorous search was instituted. In a fissure of rock near the spring were found concealed several poles of dried meat, although the grasses around the spring showed no sign of human feet. Cunningly hidden in a small tree in another part of the island was a rush basket containing bone needles, thread made of sinews, fish-hooks carved out of shell, and a lovely robe of feathers. Yet further search still failed to reveal the woman who had sewed the robe together.

Nevertheless, during the weeks the hunting party remained on the island a sharp lookout was kept all the while. Finally, one day, Charlie Brown scaled the steepest cliff and there, some distance off, was a human figure! Stealthily he crept closer and closer, until he could see that the figure was that of a woman about forty years old. At that instant she became aware of him and grew terribly frightened. Yet when Mr. Brown spoke to her she controlled her fears and replied in her native tongue. As one by one the other members of the party came up, she greeted each with a simple dignity and invited them by signs to dine with her on roasted roots which she prepared for them. The firelight, playing over her sleeveless robe, pieced together from the plumage of the cormorant, rendered the irridescent garment of glossy, greenish black so rarely beautiful that the men wished to preserve it. They therefore gave her in exchange a petticoat of ticking, an old shirt and a gay scarf. Later the robes and the woman's other simple belongings were sent to the Vatican in Rome, where they may still be seen.

As none of the Indians in the party could understand her language, she told her tragic story by means of signs. The babe for whom she had risked her life, the babe for

whose sake she had lived eighteen years in an unbroken solitude, had not been found. Possibly it had been devoured by the wild dogs on the islands. Possibly one of the sailors in his mad haste had dropped the child into the hungry sea. She knew not what had been its pitiful fate. She knew only that she was utterly bereft and alone.

For days she grieved until almost dead, but at length she had summoned will and strength to crawl to the spring to make some sort of meal on leaves. By and by, she had kindled a fire in the ageold way by rubbing a dry stick in a groove of rock. This she had kept alive by always covering it when away from it with a layer of ashes. She had caught fish with her improvised hooks and lines, had netted shellfish, and, stealing upon them by night, had snared seals and birds. Barren though the island seemed, it had afforded her a few edible roots and plants.

The lonely days, weeks, months, and years had dragged slowly by. At rare intervals white-winged ships had sailed past. Occassionaly a ship had actually touched upon the island, but she had been afraid and had hidden herself securely. Captain Nidever's boat, however, had come so often and had remained so long that her fears had gradually subsided and she signified her willingness to go away with his party.

Kindhearted Captain Nidever took the Indian woman to his own home, where his wife cared tenderly for the poor creature. The story of her rescue having been noised abroad, people came from miles around to look at that heroic mother as if she had been a freak in a circus sideshow. One man, the captain of the brig Freemont, even wanted to take her to San Francisco and exhibit her there, promising the Nidever family half of all that he might make by so doing. Instead of accepting this offer, Captain Nidever sent far and near for Indians, hoping to find one who could understand the woman's language, but all in vain.

Hours on end she spent in playing with the Nidever children. Soon, however, she sickened. Was it the constant reminder of her loss? Was it the ways of civilization? Or was it only that there was no longer need for her to make an effort to keep alive? We cannot know. Whatever the cause of her speedy decline, death soon hovered near, so near that Father Scanches was sent for to perform the christening ceremony.

She was baptized "Juana Maria," died and was buried in the Mission garden; a lovely, fragrant spot, where, in a long trench lie the bodies of four thousand Indians; where rest the dead of ancient Spanish families of distinguished lineage; where, in very modern concrete vaults, "are entombed the Franciscans who have died at the Mission."

The placque on the wall of the Old Mission was dedicated to the memory of this "Juana Maria" in the only public ceremony ever permitted in the garden. Mrs. Alfred Brousseau, then president-general of the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution, took part in this most impressive ceremony which was attended by hundreds who wished to pay honor

to that heroic Indian woman. In accepting the placque in behalf of the Old Mission, Father Augustine referred to the dead woman as "The Unknown Mother." And, listening to his words, every heart in that large assemblage, took fresh courage from the brave life of the humble Indian woman; every heart thrilled at the story of her heroic act; every heart was touched by the ever-recurring miracle of mother love.

Our judgment of most things is a matter of viewpoint and use. The snow is fine for the boy with his new Christmas sled; it is annoying to many kinds of workmen. What we think of people is colored by how we look at them and influenced by what we expect of them.—Selected.

THE FLICKER

By Walker Young

The flicker is probably the bearer of more names than any other bird in the United States. To some he is known as the Yellow Hammer, to others, as High-holder, White Rump, Yellow-Shafted Woodpecker, Drummer, and many other appelations. Frank Chapman says that "No less than thirtysix of these aliases have been recorded." Some of them described his home, some his flight, food, calls, etc.

The flicker is a woodpecker, but differs in many ways from most of his relatives. It is very rarely that a Downy—his smaller cousin—can be seen on the ground, but flickers are flushed from the ground about as often as they are seen on trees. The reason for this earth-going habit is their fondness for ants. They are by far a flicker's staple food. The United States Biological Survey examined 684 stomachs of this bird, and found ants in 524 of them. Ninety-eight held no other food. Three of the stomachs contained over three thousand ants each. Their next favorite food seems to be wild fruit, such as wild cheries. One that nested on Long Island continually stole my grapes (so I thought), but on watching him closely it was found that he hopped about the vines in search of wasps and bugs.

The home of the flicker is usually placed in some dead stump. They most often chisel out their own nests to a depth of from ten to fifteen inches, but they do not disdain a natural cavity, and will readily take to a man-made bird box. In the spring and summer months their sharp, staccato drumming can often be heard. It seems to be the mating or nesting call of the flickers. Usually their drumming is confined to a single hollow resonant log, but some exceptionally noisy ones love a tin roof!

A STORY OF ANT LIFE

By Eula Lee Nichols

"Mother, are the ants always busy?" asked little Harry as he looked up from his book.

"Yes, they are very industrious little creatures. Why do you ask?"

"My reader tells us about them in our lesson for tomorrow."

"Please, Mother, tell us more about them," pleaded Ethel.

"You have been so faithful in your school work this week that I almost believe you deserve a story."

Joe, Harry and Ethel were eager to hear the story Mrs. Grey promised to tell.

"Now, Mother," said Harry, as they all looked expectantly at Mrs. Grey, anxious to learn something new about ant life.

"Of all the living creatures on the earth with habits and customs resembling yours and mine," she began, "perhaps the ants come first. They build wonderful cities, dig tunnels, construct highways, and sometimes carry on war when their rights are in question. Some are always working, trying to keep the city clean and sanitary, or doing repair work. Some go about looking for food or act as soldiers to guard the city from the enemy's attack. They are very busy little creatures.

"Strange as it may seem to us, they, too, have their nurses. They wash the baby ants, then dress and feed them carefully as the nurses look after the needs of a little human baby. Quite often, when the little ants need fresh air or sunshine, the nurse is on hand to take them out. These baby ants are not perfect insects, but grubs still in little silk cocoons, lively and soft like the silk moth's cocoon, but, oh, so very, very tiny! The warm sunshine strengthens these little creatures so they can soon leave their cradles, but if the air becomes chilly, or a cloud appears, the nurses rush the babies home again.

"The queen mothers are attended by maids of honor, but they are such gentle queens that they do not command their attendants. Everyone knows his duty and does not wait to be told how or what to do. They work together cheerfully for the good of the entire city, so the needs of every member of the family are supplied and no one is either rich or poor. Peace, order and kindness reign all the time. Suppose someone should come from a far-away country and tell you a story like that, would you believe it?"

Joe looked thoughtful a moment, then replied: "But we ought never to be unkind, ought we, mother?"

"No, indeed; the Bible tells us to love one another and to bear one another's burdens. If we do this, we will be too busy to be unkind. Now we will go back to our story."

"Some of the largest cities the ants build are found in the Pennsylvania mountains. They are sometimes called apartment houses. They are made of sand and tiny rocks, and are built like the wonderful pyramids were constructed. Part of these cities is found above the ground as well as below. You will find halls, galleries, nurseries, store-

rooms and granaries under the ground. The ants store their food, move the eggs into the nurseries, and, in fact, are always busy at some form of activity. A city is made up of a number of these houses Their large cities have hundreds of them, and cover several acres.

"Do ants eat insects, Mother?" Harry inquired.

"Yes, sometimes, but they are not the only kind of food they get, for for they have cows in their houses which furnish a good supply of milk."

"How funny!" Ethel exclaimed. "Are they just like our cows, only very small?" And everybody laughed at the idea of an ant milking a cow. They had never heard of that before.

"No, the cows are little, soft, green bugs, called plant lice or aphides. You can find them on rosebushes and other tender plants with sweet sap. These cows give a drop of sweet fluid, which the ants devour greedily. The ants build sheds for their cows and protect them from enemies."

"Do they have queens like the bees have, Mother?" Ethel's interest continued to grow.

"Yes, there are three kinds of insects in an ant's nest—queens, workers and drones. The queen lay all the eggs, as the queen bees do, but, unlike the queen bees, they live very peaceably together. Sometimes, if nothing happens to harm them, the queen ants live five or six years."

"Our book says they have pets and slaves. Do they really?" Harry questioned.

"Yes, the small beetles that live in ant houses are pets. We wonder why they have such pets, but they also capture grasshoppers and take them home as their guests. I have already told you about the cows. They are treated kindly and a tie of friendship seems to exist between them. The cows are liked so well by the ants that they collect their eggs and protect them during the winter. Some aphides or cows salute their ant friends, when they meet them, with little kicks of the hind legs.

"The slaves are black ants. The aggressive captors are red or brown and are known as the shining Slave Makers. They do not capture the grown ants, but they attack a nest and take home the nest and cocoons. When these are hatched they are made slaves. But they seem to be satisfied and happy and make no effort to get away."

"Now, we are through with the story, so we will solve some of those arithmetic problems you have for tomorrow's lesson."

"Hearing about how industrious the ants are, makes me feel as if I must quit being lazy and complaining and improve," Joe remarked soberly.

"Me, too," echoed Ethel and Harry, "and here goes for good lessons."

A gift in need, though small indeed, is large as earth and rich as heaven.—Whittier.

A FRIENDLY ACT

By Olive Burns Kirby

Snipe Henderson had a half holiday. The midsummer examinations were in progress and the subject scheduled for that afternoon was not on his curriculum. He hurried home, ate his dinner and set out for the little lake which lay at the edge of the town. The examination for the following morning was Latin composition. Snipe loathed Latin. But it had to be studied if one wished to enter college.

"I'll paddle down Big Bay. It will be quiet enough there and I won't see a soul all afternoon. I won't need to, if I am going to get up my Latin comp."

The boathouse was at the water's edge and it took but a few minutes to launch the canoe. It was a bright red one, with air chambers at either side and it boasted the picturesque name of Minnehaha. Two lazybacks and several gayly-colored cushions formed the craft's equipment, together with a strip of dark red carpet. The latter was left in the boathouse, it being used only when Snipe's mother or sister were passengers.

"Guess I'd better take along the troll," decided Snipe, eyeing the lake speculatively. "It's a bit sunny, but I might land something. I am glad I don't take German—this is too gorgeous a day to waste on exams. Hope it rains tomorrow!"

A gentle breeze ruffled the placid waters of the lake, but it required little effort to propel the light craft forward. He had barely rounded the Point when he heard the putt-putt of a high-powered motorboat emerging from a sheltered cove directly ahead of him. The Pratt's boathouse was at the rear of their huge estate, half a mile from the village.

"Jim said the Pratts were getting a new boat this year. I wonder if this is it? It makes far more noise than the old one." Snipe urged the canoe to greater speed.

A streak of glistening white, topped by polished brass and shinning glass, shot across the path of sunlight. Behind the wheel of the smart launch sat Bob Pratt, his head bare and thrown back to catch the balmy June breeze. He was alone in the boat.

"Jinks!" exclaimed Snipe, frozen motionless by the splendor and swiftness of the craft. Can't it go, though! Boy, oh boy! I didn't think there was anything made that could travel like that."

He grabbed the paddle and held the canoe steady, as the wash from the boat threatened to capsize it. A moment later. Bob Pratt turned his head and caught sight of him. The boys did not salute one another. There was no love lost between them and each of them knew it. In their younger days they had been in several boyish scrapes and Bob had always managed to edge out of them, leaving Snipe to take the consequences which, while not often serious, were hard to bear when one was not any more in the wrong than the other fellow.

"Snipe Henderson! Why isn't he

at school?" muttered the boy in the motorboat. "I'll bet he is going off somewhere to cram for tomorrow's exams. I'll have some fun with him."

He slowed down and, cutting a wide circle, brought the nose of the launch directly in line with the red canoe. Then he gave the engine more gas and forged full speed ahead, toward the occupant of the Minnehaha. The waves churned frothily on either side of the pointed bow and the spray was flung back against the jointed windshield.

Snipe braced himself and waited. He knew Bob would not dare run him down but he fully expected to get a thorough drenching, if not an impromptu swim. Strangely enough, he was not nearly as angry as he had thought he would be. The sight of that beautiful high-powered boat ploughing through the green waters thrilled him and he found himself numbling "Come on, boy! Atta way, eat her up!"

There was a breath-taking moment when it looked as if eager, leaping whitet monster crash through the frail canoe, then the bow was pulled sharply to the south and the long, rakish craft tore madly past, leaving a white foam in its wake.

"Haw! Haw!" flouted across the rapidly-widening space between the two boats. "Scared you, didn't I!"

"Scare, your eye!" shouted Snipe loudly. "Do it again—I dare you to!" The words were drowned in the sound of the motor, but the taunting gesture which accompanied them was not lost upon the boy. He did not possess the flapping ears to which Snipe referred so derisively, so to prove the fact, he swung the boat around and repeated the performance. This time he did not guage his distance as well as at first and he narrowly missed jamming the canoe.

"Hey, cut it out! Do you want to kill me?" yelled Snipe hoarsely. It took all his strength and dexterity with the paddle to keep himself afloat.

Bob was somewhat shaken. He had not meant to take such risks as that. Besides the engine was giving him trouble and it would be wiser to take a spin down the lake and try her out. He headed for the island.

Snipe watched him go with mingled feelings of relief and anger. He was soaking wet but he did not wish to return home and change his clothing. Fortunately, he remembered leaving an old bathing-suit in the compartment underneath the stern end of the canoe. He beached the craft and, finding a natural dressing-room behind some tall bushes, he changed swiftly from his wet clothing to the comfortable jersey suit.

"That's better!" he observed, dumping the water out of the Minnehaha. "It is a good job I had the sense to put the books in the watertight compartment. They would have been in a fine state by now. That boat could certainly go. I wish we had a motorboat."

Big Bay was on the other side of the lake and it took an hour's stiff paddling to reach it. Snipe did not hurry—he had the whole afternoon before him and the burden of study did not rest too heavily upon his mind. He forgot about the troll until he was halfway to the bay.

"I'll stick it out when I get near the reeds," he mused, trailing his fingers in the tepid water. "Old Joe caught a pike there last Friday. It is as good a place as any in the lake."

But the fish were not biting and he reached Big Bay without having had so much as a nibble. The shadows of the overhanging trees afforded welcome shade from the June sun and Snipe tied the canoe to a stump near the west shore. A huge dragon fly alighted on his arm and he waited patiently for the beautiful creature to take flight again .

"Some people call them darning needles," he muttered scornfully. "Betty Compton says her mother told her they would sew her mouth up if they came near her. Bunk! Silly things—girls!"

The afternoon wore on and Caesar's narration concerning the conquest of the Gauls became more and more boring. Snipe yawned widely. Stupid business, this reading a dead language when your own was alive and far more interesting! Guess he'd have a sleep. He tucked the cushions underneath his head and crossed his legs comfortably over the thwarts.

He had given one or two preliminary snores when a succession of sharp explosions roused him. He sat up suddenly and strained his ears. Another series of staccato noises followed the first and startled the boy into action.

"That sounded like shooting," he exclaimed, fumbling with the tie-rope. "It seemed to come from the lake, too."

He paddled frantically through the still waters of the bay, half fearful of what he should find when he rounded the rocky point. The quarter of a mile was soon traversed and he steered the canoe past the jutting stones. In the center of the little lake was a flaming thing that had once been a smart gull-like yacht. Even from that distance Snipe could discern the white, low-slung body at the bow. The flames had not reached that part of the boat.

"The Pratt's new speed-boat!" he cried excitedly, shading his eyes from the sun. "Bob! Where is he? I wonder if he is safe."

The thought spurred him into motion. There was no remembrance of the mean, petty tricks done by the other boy in the past or the smart action of a few hours earlier. Instead, he prayed earnestly that he might be in time to save the older lad. His mind refused to consider that it might be too late.

The once splendid launch was a mass of burning wreckage when he came within hailing distance. The heat was too intense to allow him to go very close to it, but he plunged ahead until the paint on the Minnehaha began to sizzle ominously. The fire seared his face and he dipped his hands in the water to keep them from blistering.

"Bob! Bob!" he called, his throat parched and dry. "Can you hear me? Are you there?"

Presently, it was borne in upon his consciousness that no living person could be in that inferno. He pulled away from the blazing craft and headed for the village. Poor Bob! A shudder crept over his sturdy frame and he bowed his head upon the paddle.

"He—lp! He—lp!" The call was very faint and came from the other side of the burning boat.

Snipe jerked himself up alertly. He could not have been mistaken—that was Bob's voice.

"He—lp!" The call was repeated.

"I'm coming, Bob! Keep up—I'll be there in a minute."

He paddled furiously, keeping beyond the range of the fire. Bob Pratt, none too good a swimmer at best, was floating weakly two hundred yards from the yacht. He grinned feebly when Snipe drew up alongside of him.

"I hoped you would come," he panted, when the younger boy had helped him over the side of the canoe. "I didn't deserve it, though. You are—mighty decent."

"Forget it, said Snipe, greatly embarrassed at such undue himility. "It's a rotten shame your boat burned. What happened?"

"The engine back-fired. They will replace the boat, so we will not be the losers. Anyway, the boat doesn't matter. I'd willingly lose it to gain your friendship, Snipe."

"Fiddlesticks!" exclaimed the other boyishly. This was a new Bob and one with whom he was altogether unfamiliar. He changed the subject abruptly. "I say, old thing, are you by any chance interested in nature study?"

"Am I?" Bob showed as much enthusiasm as his weak state would permit. "I just eat biology up at school. You ought to see us out on hikes with Doc Edwards. He's a wow at biology."

Snipe sighed happily. "The gang's organizing a club. You'll be in on it. I'll tell you more about it later. You'd better rest a bit now, you look all in."

A WORTHY HONOR

A high school down in Alabama has just been awarded a handsome trophy that it won in athletic competition in an area covering a large section of the state. The peculiar thing about it is that athletic teams of this high school lost more games than they won during the period of competition. But they won the trophy and along with it a warm ovation from the citizens of their city. Here is the basis of the award—

(1) Conduct of team during game.

(2) Conduct of coach and school officials at home and while visiting other teams.

(3) Conduct of players on the streets and in other public places.

(4) Conduct of spectators and their courtesy shown visiting teams.

That fourth point is particularly worth mentioning. Very often the other three depend largely on the fourth. If spectators are not good sports they can hardly expect those who represent them on the field of contest to be very much different. A community as a whole sets the pattern for its youth to a large extent.—Lexington Dispatch.

FEATHERED BUILDERS

By Albert E. Stillman

Oh, bird's-nesting at any season of the year is good, my heart! It turns ennui out of doors and lets in the delight of living. Each year I come to bird's-nesting with new vivacity as I had never done it before. I crave the honor of finding the house in which songbirds learnt their melodies and from whose edge they tilted to their first timorous flights.—Bishop Quayle.

Summer is the ideal time to begin the study of bird architecture, for then the feathered folk have returned from the south and are absorbed in building their nests. We see them carefully exploring every tree and bush for suitable building sites. One may walk through the woods and stumble upon many hidden homes. Then watch for the brooding birds; observe their habits, their songs, their flights and their haunts. In this way any interested parson can acquaint himself with many of our native song birds.

John Burroughs, by far the most famous of American naturalists, devoted the whole of a long life to the study of birds. Each year he went bird's-nesting in the fields and woods. He never disturbed the nesting birds. The naturalist abhorred the robbing of nests. "To see the birds building; to watch for the fragile eggs; to safeguard, if one can, these and the young; to watch the nestlings grow; to be present, if possible, when the tiny crafts are launched in the air—this, after all, is the best way to go bird's-nesting," said Mr. Burroughs.

In the woods we often find a nest built by a bird of high intelligence. What a thrill of delight accompanies the discovery of the little cradle daintily fashioned by the hummingbird, the oriole's perfectly pensile bag, or the gnatcatcher's nest!

The nests of hummingbirds are shallow cups made of plant down or fire shreds of vegetable fibre. Some hummers cover the outside wall with bits of lichen or bark bound on with spiderwebs. Others line their nests with down and feathers.

"The woods hold not such another gem as the nest of the hummingbird," said John Burroughs; "it is the next best thing to finding an eagle's nest," which he designates as "one of the rarest of nests, because the eagle is one of the rarest of birds." As one naturalist so aptly says, "And for extremes, the nests of the hummingbird and eagle make excellent comparisons. The hummer saddles her little cradle on the limb of a tree, where it resembles a fairy's cup rather than a nest; a tiny cup of some vegetable down covered all over with delicate tree-lichens. This rest, just large enough to house the pair of perfectly white eggs that will later hatch out into twin hummers about the size of honey bees, is vastly different from the huge pile of sticks, sod, reeds and grasses, five to seven or more feet high, which the eagle builds, on a rocky cliff or in the top of some inaccessible tree. A corase rubbish heap and an elfin palace."

The gnatcatcher builds a much larger nest than the hummingbird, but resembling it in appearance, neatness and symmetry. This is made of thin strips of vegetable vellum and bark fibre, lined with plant fibre and feathers. The outside walls are covered over with tree-lichens bound on with cobwebs. The nest is placed in trees and bushes.

The nest of a wood pewee is larger than that of the gnatcatcher. This is similar in lichen covering with cobweb fastenings.

The warblers build dainty little nests, composed mostly of plant fibre and lined with hair. These are usually placed in weeds, bushes, or low shrubs. Goldfinches and indigo bluebirds make their deep, cupshaped nests of various fine material and place them in trees or bushes.

About the most exquisite nest that can be found is that of the vireo. The basketlike structure hangs on the end of a low branch of a tree. The little basket is made of bark strips, fine grasses, dry leaves, cocoons and spider webs. I once found the nest of a vireo that was decorated with several hundred white cocoons until it resembled a hornet's nest among the green branches. One naturalist found a nest that was composed mostly of cast snake skins.

Some birds, as the wood thrushes, chats, towhees and crested flycatchers, drape their nests with cast snake skins. The wrens and vireos use the skins as building material.

The oriole is one of the best architects we have. The Baltimore oriole attaches its long, gourd-shaped nest to the slender branches of the tallest trees. The orchard oriole weaves a well-rounded cup of grasses. The swinging cradle is placed near the end of a limb, ten to twenty feet from the ground. Generally, the Arizona hooded oriole hangs its semi-pensile basket-shaped nest on the underside of a fan palm or banana leaf, or in low trees and bushes. The bullock oriole constructs a pensile bag-like nest. The sturcture is fastened at sides and rim to the branches of trees. The scott oriole, which is found on the Colorado desert, swings its pouch shaped nest under the sword-like leaves of the yucca.

Picking the nest of an Arizona hooded oriole to pieces my young field helper found that the birds had used five hunrded and eighty palm fibres of various lengths in the making of their nest. Of these, three hundred and sixty were long strands, one strand being looped through the body of the nest fifteen times. Eight hours of patient work were required to unravel this nest and three more hours to count the strands.

One of the best bird architects is the bush-tit, which is found in the western states. This tiny grey bird, no larger than my thumb, weaves a bulky, pensile, gourd-shaped nest that measures ten inches in length. The nest itself is made of moss, fibre, plant down and lichens, lined with feathers.

On spring my field helper picked a bush-tit's nest to pieces and found that it contained the following materials: three thousand and seventy-two pieces of plant down, seven hundred bits of moss, seven hundred and thirty-two feathers, fifty-

seven white cocoons, two cautus thorns, nine pieces of thread, string, horsehair, lichens and wool.

Some birds, as the mourning dove and cukoo, are poor bird architects. The mourning dove builds a frail platform of small twigs and sticks. The nest of the cukoo is a similar, a loosely constructed nest composed of a few twigs.

Among the birds that build no nests are nighthawks and whip-poor-wills. Other birds, as sandpipers, killdees and woodcocks lay their eggs in a slight depression in the ground.

The nests of sparrows are usually placed on the ground or in low bushes. These birds build cup-shaped nests of grasses, weed-stalks, fine twigs and coarse material.

Robins and wood thrushes use plenty of mud as a foundation for their nests. This is mixed with grass or weed stalks. The robin lines its nest with fine grasses while the wood thrush uses rootlets as a lining for its bowl-shaped nest.

The meadowlark's dome-shaped nest is placed on the ground, usually at the foot of a bunch of grass. Quail hide their nests in the grass where they are rarely seen.

Barn swallows are feathered masons that fasten their cups or bowl-shaped nests to the side or roof of a cave, or to timbers in barns or other buildings. The nests are made of pellets of mud mixed with straws, carefully lined with feathers

Jenny wren builds her nest in all sorts of queer places. Mr. Burroughs says, "the wren will build in anything that has a accessible cavity, from an old boot to a bomb-shell." The cavity is filled with shreds of bark, twigs, feathers, straw and plant down.

The woodpeckers are feathered carpenters that make holes in trees, post sand stubs for their nests. Among other bids that nest in holes in trees are bluebirds, nut-hatches, chickadees, tree swallow brown creepers, sparrow hawks and owls.

Bird's-nesting is a facinating pastime for every boy and girl who loves the out-of-doors. "It fits so well with other things—with fishing, walking, camping-out—with all that takes one to the fields and woods," says John Burroughs. "Secrets lurk on all sides. There is news in every bush. What a new interest the woods have! How you long to explore every nook and corner of them. You would even find consolation in being lost in them. You could then hear the night birds and the owls, and, in your wanderings, might stumble upon some unknown specimen."

A little heart-warmth is far more desirable than heat under the collar at the slightest provocation.—Selected.

TRY THIS ON YOURSELF

(Selected)

It is an old, old story, but somehow the lesson always comes home with new force to me—the story of the great artist in mosaics who lived years ago in Italy. His skill was wonderful. In his workshop was a poor young man whose duty it was to clean up the litter from the floor after the day's work was done. That he was quiet and faithful was all the artist knew about him.

But one day he approached the great man timidly and asked: "Please, master, may I have for my own the bits of glass you throw upon the floor?"

"Why, yes, my boy," was the answer. "Those pieces are good for nothing. Do as you please with them."

Day by day after that any one watching might have seen the young man studying those broken bits, laying some aside and discarding others. Several years passed, and the master artist had forgotten the strange request, when one day he chanced to enter a seldom-used storeroom, and was surprised to find, hidden behind some rubbish, a work of art before which he stood in speechless amazement. Nothing he had ever done could equal it. "What great genius has hidden his masterpiece in my studio?" he asked aloud.

Just at that moment the servant opened the door and entered but stopped in confusion at the sight of his master, a deep flush dyeing his face.

"What is this?" cried the artist.

"Oh, sir," faltered the boy, "it is only my poor work! You remember you said I might have for my own the bits of glass you threw away, and this is the use I made of them."

"It shall have a place in the new cathedral!" cried the master. "Your window shall have the most honored place, for it will be the most beautiful among them all!"

Do you catch the thought! As the servant with an artist's soul gathered up the glass fragments and patiently, lovingly wrought them into a wonderful mosaic, so you and I may gather up the bits of time and opportunity lying about on every hand, and if we work patiently a masterpiece will be the result—by the grace of God!

A business may spread itself over the whole world and may employ a hundred thousand men, but the average person will usually form his judgment of that business through his contact with one individual. If this person is rude or inefficient, it will take a lot of kindness and efficiency to overcome the bad impression.—Selected.

HOW THE FLOWERS TEACH

By Pearl Yorke Hardinge

"Oh, Mother!" exclaimed Emily in a somewhat discouraged tone, "I really can't study in all this noise. I am so uncomfortable when I haven't any nice, cozy corner to be all alone and quiet in."

"Try, dear," replied her mother. "You must expect inconveniences for awhile, until we get settled again."

It was the springtime and the family was in the midst of moving from their old home to a new one, some three miles away. Emily had never been used to so many changes. On coming home from school she foud the whole house in great disorder, everything moved out of its place. So, when she tried to prepare her lessons for the following day, she could not put her mind on her studies.

"Emily, come here," called a voice from the kitchen. It was Aunt Martha's voice, and Emily, glad to escape from her books, ran quickly out to her beloved aunt, who was always her helper and friend in her childish troubles.

"I have something pretty to show you, Emily," said she, and she led the little girl out to the back fence where the woodpile had been, and pointed to a little patch of May flowers, pink and white and altogether delightful.

"Oh, Auntie, the beautiful flowers!" exclaimed Emily. "How did they ever happen to grow in such a place?"

"How, my dear? Why, I will tell you. The little seeds found themselves in this untidy place, where sticks and chips and large pieces of brush and wood were scattered all about. But they did not pay any attention to their surroundings, although they were unpleasant. They just began to grow, to do their duty, and you see the result."

And Emily, looking up into her aunt's face, saw almost a twinkle in her eyes, as if she said, "And you can do the same as the flowers do, can't you?" She thought a minute and then said: "Aunt Martha, then I can do the same with my lessons, and not mind the noise, you mean?" taking both of her aunt's hands in her own.

"Why not, dearie?"

The next day Emily knew her lessons, for she had followed the example of the May flowers, but she had learned something else also. When she could forget herself in doing her duty, she could make everyone happy about her, just as the flowers brighten up dark corners with their cheerful faces.

One example is worth a thousand arguments.—Gladstone.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Miss Sue Powell, Mrs. Moyer, Mrs, Chestnutt and Mrs. Richard Whitaker and son, of Whiteville, came to the school last Tuesday to greet Jesse Caldwell Fisher, Jr., who seemed to be very proud of having the opportunity of entertaining his guests.

—o—

The prospects for a large crop of watermelons this year are exceedingly good. Our farm manager is constantly bragging about the unusual stand secured this spring and the healthy appearance of the vines. The present appearance of the patch indicates that we will have earlier melons this year than ever before.

—o—

We received a letter the other day from Mr. Charles F. Shuman, of Charlotte, informing us that the Oasis Temple Band, of that city, wished to come to the Training School on Sunday afternoon, June 28th, for the purpose of giving the boys a concert, Superintendent Boger readily informed Mr. Shuman that we would be delighted to have them, and the boys are all anticipating a pleasant afternoon.

—o—

We recently received the following letter from one of our paroled boys:

Jonesville, N. C.
6-23-31

Dear Mr. Boger,—

I bet you thought that I wasn't going to write to you at all. Well, I'm sorry for not writing sooner but every time that I would think about it, I would put it off.

Everything going along all right, with me now. Working hard, but I don't mind that. I guess I work about twelve hours every day. I could stand two or three more if I had to.

Every body up here seems to like me all right. I haven't missed Sunday School yet, and I haven't got into any kind of trouble and I'm not going to. You know there is a lot of people that think I can't go straight and that I never will be any body. Well I'm going to fool a lot of them someday. I expect I'll fool some around the Training School.

How is every thing around there? What are the barn boys doing now? Plowing cotton I expect. That's one good thing about this country, they don't raise any cotton. The chief crops are: corn, wheat, and tobacco. Write and let me know how every thing is getting along down there.

If you don't mind I wish you would send me the names of the Welfare Officer of Durham county, and also his address.

Well, its about time to start back to work so I guess I had better close for this time. Write soon.

Very truly yours,
David L. Fountain.

—o—

The White Hall team made their second visit of the season to the local diamond last Saturday afternoon, and were defeated by the score of 10 to 1. The visitors registered their lone tally in the first inning when Christenbury singled, stole second and scored on an error.

Lisk, who was on the mound for the Training School, allowed but four widely scattered hits. Our lads scored three runs in the second inning when Whitehurst, first man up, singled and Brewer was safe on an error; both runners scoring when Lisk slammed a triple over the right field embankment. Lisk scampered across a few minutes later on an infield out. Two more were added in the next frame as Dark tripled and Hedrick doubled, the latter scoring on a passed ball. Three more markers were chalked up in the fourth on singles by Little and Cagle, a base on balls, and Dark's second triple of the game, a lusty drive far over the center fielder's head. In the seventh, a single by Hedrick, who stole second, and a single by Williams, pushed another run across. The last run was scored in the eighth on a single by Maddox, an infield out and a passed ball. Linker, the visiting hurler, was bombarded for an even dozen hits, which included four triples and a double. The Training School boys showed a marked improvement in the field, backing Lisk up in gilt-edged style.

—o—

A memory test in Scripture Catechism, in which nine boys of the sixth grade participated, featured the afternoon service last Sunday. After the singing of he opening hymns, and prayer by Rev. L. C. Baumgarner, pastor of St. Andrews Lutheran Church, Concord, Mr. W. M. Crooks, a member of our teaching staff, called the contestants to the rostrum and proceeded to propound more than 150 difficult questions as found in the Child's Scripture Catechism. In addition to giving the answers in the exact language of the Bible, the boys were required to tell in what part of the Bible they were found. The contest was conducted much the same as the old-time spelling match, the boys taking their seats upon failing to answer the question given them. After going through the entire catechism the questions were then chosen at random until the line of contestants dwindled to two youngsters, who answered all questions accurately and with lightning-like rapidity. As it seemed that these two boys would be able to continue indefinitely, the judges decided to end the contest and both were declared winners. The winners were Clyde Kivett, of Cottage No. 2 and Roy Bryant, of Cottage No. 11. These boys will be awarded the quarterly Barnhardt Prize, donated for several years past by Mr. John J. Barnhardt, of Concord. The boys taking part in the contest were: Clyde Kivett, Roy Bryant, Fred Conner, Ben Woody, Richard Bailey, "Buck" Winkler, Reid Jackson, Sidney Logan and Herman Kizziah. The judges were Rev. Baumgarner and Rev. H. C. Kellermeyer, pastor of the Reformed Church, Concord.

If man could have half his wishes, he would double his trouble.

—Franklin.

U. N. C.
CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XIX CONCORD, N. C., JULY 4, 1[illegible] No. 27

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"The one flag—the great flag—
The flag for me and you
Glorified all else beside,
The red and white and blue."

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL
PUBLISHED BY
The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

THE AMERICAN'S CREED

I believe in the United States of America as a government of the people, by the people, for the people; whose just powers are derived from the consent of the governed; a democracy in a republic; a sovereign nation of many sovereign states; a perfect union, one and inseparable; established upon those principles of freedom, equality, justice, and humanity for which the American patriots sacrificed their lives and fortunes.

I therefore believe it is my duty to my country to love it; to support its constitution; to obey its laws; to respect its flag; and to defend it against all enemies.—William Tyler Page.

RECONSTRUCTING BOYHOOD

We give first place on editorial page of the Uplift to the splendid article, "Reconstructing Boyhood," taken from the editorial page of the Charlotte News. The editor of the News has a charm and style when it comes to expressing a thought that grips one's attention and never fails to be both interesting and convincing. This article has a twofold interest. It not only tells of the splendid reclamation work accomplished, but makes impressive greater possibilities for the school if there were a trades building wherein lads could be sent forth sufficiently equipped to enter some trade, and not by chance pick up something just to make a living.

A trades building is the one need of this institution, and would do much towards making the boys happy while in the school and hopeful when sent out into the world. We appreciate this thoughtful expression of Editor Miller and take this means of inviting him over to speak to the boys and see the school:

It has been our opportunity recently to examine a batch of reports from probation officers of various sections concerning the careers of boys who have been sent under their observation and official care from the Jackson Training School and none can glance over these records with their excellent evidences of reconstructed boyhood without feeling a glow of great pride over the work this institution is doing in the way of salvaging youngsters who get started in the wrong direction.

The reports uniformly show that the boys going out from this school are conducting themselves in manly and praiseworthy fashion and are now applying themselves to whatever it is that they have found to do with a zeal and a perseverence and energy which foretells ultimate achievement and success.

One observation, however, lies on the surface. It is clearly in evidence that the Jackson Training School could do an even more useful and constructive labor if it had a trades building and department wherein these lads could be sent forth equipped with sufficient training to engage profitably in the various trades. These reports show that they are indiscriminately at work now, that they have fallen into anything that offered them a chance to make a little money and that they show as they race on toward maturity that they have not had that technical training that would fit them specifically and equip them sufficiently for the trades and handicrafts.

This addition to the institution would be found to be eminently useful in this regard and we believe and hope, too, that it is only a matter of time when this very superior school will have that addition with which to do an even more excellent service.

* * * * * * * * * *

THE RHODODENDRON FESTIVAL

The Rhododendron Festival that took place last week in Asheville attracted attention from all parts of the country. This festival had its official beginning in 1928 and since that date new features of local interest have been added with a hope of emphasizing the beauty of North Carolina mountains in blooming season, besides challenging the attention of the people that the western part of the State is the chief summer play ground of the South.

This newest festival of the South comes when the western part of the State is most glorious in its riot of colors, flaunting the rich hues of the rhododendron, mountain laurel and azalea, making the whole community "a thing of beauty and joy forever" for all visitors.

This colorful event made a beautiful background where assembled the chivalry and beauty of the many southern States for the final scene, the Rhododendron Ball, fitting climax, made possible by the combined efforts

of the entire mountain community.

There were 1,500 young mountain people from nearby mountain cities and towns who participated in this festival; there were present at the initial festival 30,000 and in 1930 the crowd that watched the parade numbered more than 50,000 spectators. The crowd this year no doubt far exceeded that of any previous year.

* * * * * * * * * *

DR. L. A. BIKLE

In the passing of Dr. L. A. Bikle, teacher and preacher of recognized power and ability, Concord has lost its oldest citizen and most familiar landmark.

Dr. Bikle, as a teacher of superior qualities, did constructive work educationally during the reconstruction era of the Old North State, leaving an impress upon many young men under his care who later proved to be valuable assets in the affairs of the church and state. When a younger man in the vigor of health, Dr. Bikle's thoughts extended to every phase of interest in the community, both in church and civic affairs.

* * * * * * * * * *

THE STATE'S CHAMPIONS

To know the activities of the Jackson Training School one has to have a close contact. The boys of this institution are just as bright and interesting as other boys. In fact there are times when they grip your attention, realizing their mental and physical possibilities if their interest were directed in the right way.

On Sunday of June 21st, the teachers of the school staged an unusual contest. It was a contest appropriate to the day. Professor Crooks, one of the senior teachers of the institution, had printed in pamphlet "The Child's Scripture Catechism," including 150 questions and answers. For the benefit of the audinece the boys assembled for the contest, similar to that of a "spelling-bee." For quite a time the answering of the questions continued without a break in the line. Finally the line thinned to nine, then to two, and those two stood till the teacher said: "we call it a tie between Clyde Kivett, Rutherfordton, 13 years old and Roy Bryant, Durham, 14." This was an interesting picture, and especially so since it is difficult to get the attention of the young people on any subject other than

sports. Now, if you know of a young person in the State who can beat Clyde and Roy in answering catechism just let us know, or in the words of Venus "trot them out." All that any of these boys need is tender care with opportunities presented to burgeon out useful lives.

* * * * * * * * * *

THE NATION'S BIRTHDAY

At this season of the year our minds revert to the events that led to making us a great nation. Independence Day, or July 4th, will soon be celebrated with parades, the unfurling of banners or flags also emphasizing the event with spectacular fireworks. The date commemorates the adoption of the Declaration of Independence, written by Jefferson, that designated the colonies as the United States of America.

We have a right to be proud of our history and proud of the men who fought bravely, giving strength and fortune, to realize a nation so vast in territory and resources as to be beyond the grasp of the human mind. The honored place our nation holds in the world today should be cherished by every one for no country offers finer opportunities for service.

But with all of the privileges and opportunities presented there is grave reason for fear at this time due to the "disrespect for authority and the violation of law." A condition of chaos has resulted because of the lawless spirit that prevails.

On this occasion when celebrating the birth of our nation not only should the spirit of patriotism and gratitude to God, for the land of the free and brave, be taught, but respect for authority and law be emphasized. The recovery of respect for authority will do more to set us on the path of true greatness than any other thing,—no country can survive a protracted riot of law breaking. Our duty to God, our country and our fellow man is to be law abiding. This is a thought that should be uppermost in the minds of people at all times, but most especially so when we consider on the 4th of July the many struggles our forebears had in carving a nation that ranks first and foremost in the family of nations.

In an address heard "on law observance" we were much impressed with the remark—"it takes a brave man to keep the laws and a coward to break them." Think upon it and the significance of the statement can be readily seen.

A HEORINE IS LILLIAN ARHELGER

The tragic death of Lillian Arhelger, the 21 year old physical instructor for young girls of the Charlotte Central High School, was a shock and a source of genuine regret especially among the younger set with whom the young lady moved and lived. Her life evidently was an exemplary one, living and serving for others.

This young instructor when seeing the imminent danger of a small child made a most desperate effort, without a thought of her own safety, to snatch the child from the very jaws of death, but instead was hurled from a precipice to the depth of 60 feet, receiving serious injuries from which she never recovered.

This splendid young woman, possessing the finer quilities of womanhood, courage and a consciousness of her responsibility, gave her life for another. What greater service can one render than to give a life in discharge of duty—safeguarding the lives of little ones left to her tender care.

RAMBLING AROUND

With Old Hurrygraph

"It's the way you live, not the way you talk,
Not the way you preach, but the way you walk;
That the world will judge whatever you claim,
That the world will praise, as the world will blame."

—o—

One trouble with the world today is, too many men are willing to make money without earning it.

—o—

The people are advised to avoid all agitation in hot weather. That's good advice. What's the use of getting up an argument anyway? It's nine to one you'll not win. If you are a married man you will about lose every time.

—o—

To tell you the truth, wheat is so low that I am almost feel ashamed to wear a straw hat.

—o—

In this season of long dry weather I see a cloud, possibly no larger than a man's hand. If all the radio singers are really "Crying Myself to Sleep," as they claim, in that new song, we soon expect to see a flood.

—o—

Sometimes it's difficult even for the most experienced observers to tell whether the driver in the car ahead is drunk, or the car is being driven from the back seat.

—o—

Cherry pies are going a long way toward keeping people's minds off their troubles these days. And blackberry jam is helping, too.

—o—

Now that husbands in general have installed rock gardens on home premises, having been told by the wives just where to build them and how; which rock to put where and how—and are thankful that at last a tedious task is done, a new vogue of rock gardens looms. The rocks must be painted. Unpainted rock gardens are now the bunk. It is said that wives are consulting expert exterior decorators and as soon as artistic color schemes have been determined, husband will be again at work on the rockpile.

—o—

It seems to me that one of the troubles about hard times is that a lot of men are set to thinking who are not accustomed to it. That is the reason that in periods of depression so many fantastic ideas, and foolish notions, are sent broadcast about the world. Safer to follow the men who got into the habit of thinking before distress came.

—o—

When I was a youngster this time of the year it was the order of my parents for me to shed my shoes and stockings. Stone bruises and a stubbed toe or two done up in a rag were my usual fate from early spring till late fall. Do you remember how the grass used to feel so funny and tickly to your tender bare feet; how the little gravels hurt and how soft and slithery the sand felt between your wiggling toes? And when the evenings be-

gan to get cool and your mother made you put your shoes on again, didn't their warmth actually feel good, although you emphatically assured her that you were smothering. And wouldn't you like to go barefooted again, even if you did have to wash your feet every night, no matter how sleepy you were?

—o—

The one year moratorium for debts is a grand idea. I am fearful that the one year suspension of debts paying will have somewhat of a demoralizing effect, and leave the countries in a bad shape. If it is good for nations why isn't it good for individuals? I have no doubt some will look at it in that light, and will suspend their payments of debts. Goodness knows enough of that is done now. But this is to notify my tailor, my groceryman and my butcher, that I will not pay them what I owe them, nor will I pay them for supplies for the next year. That's as far as I will go just now. And if Old Bill Smith doesn't pay me that seventy-five cents, balance due on a poem I wrote for him to his girl, I am going to sue him, and if I can, I'll put him in jail.

—o—

Everything happens in this old world when the proper time comes. Take the new kind of horribly colored, wide flapping, pajamas that the girls are wearing at the summer resorts and beaches this year. If those things had been worn thirty years ago there would have been runaway horses in every block, turning over buggies and wagons and trampling down innocent pedestrians. Today there are just autos, yet some of them appear as if they are frightened and run into ditches and telephone poles, with an awful pain in its carburetor, at the sight of flopping rainbow colored pajamas walking along the street, shocking every one high strung and excitable. An old-fashioned horse would have turned and run until it dropped dead in its tracks. Yessir, everything happens in this world when the right time comes.

—o—

The corn-pone is a luxury. Not every one knows how to make them to perfection. Some people call them johnny-cakes. That is misnoma. They are made with the same ingredients, but there is as much difference between as there is between a cherry pie and ginger bread. The johnny-cake is baked flat, but a corn-pone is rolled in a wad and patted oblong by hand, any thickness you desire. It was a Southern delight in Virginia in my boyhood days. In fact, right after the war between the States, that was the standard food, with a saucer of home-made sorghum molasses to dunk your pone in, and I used to think it was the finest eating in the world. Of course it was. It was all we children could get in those depressing times. When we got some yellow butter and butter milk we felt as if we had been to a gorgeous banquet. Those were "the days that tried men's souls," and bodies, too.

"JEFF" DAVIS COMES TO WASHINGTON—IN BRONZE

(Selected)

Hanging Jefferson Davis to a sour-apple tree was the theme of a marching song sung by Union forces in the Civil War.

But today the President of the Confederacy stands in bronze in the nation's Capitol at Washington.

With the unveiling of this statue papers North and South see the final healing of the breach sixty-six years after the close of the Civil War.

"Fifty years ago such an event would have produced an uprising in every state north of the Mason and Dixon line." remarks the Kansas City Star—

"Forty years ago it would have been a major political issue. Thirty years ago it would have been widely denounced. Twenty years ago it would have evoked a 'scare' head in the newspapers.

"Now it is hardly of enough consequence to get attention."

"Lincoln desired to bind up the nation's wounds. But what was beyond Lincoln's power has been accomplished by Time, the great healer."

The Davis statue was unveiled by Miss Adele Hayes-Davis, a great-grand-daughter of the Confederate President, in Statuary Hall, where, we read, each State is entitled to have two representatives. It was presented by Mississippi.

"Statuary Hall was once the hall of the House of Representativs," writes the Washington correspondent of the Chicago Tribune, "so that the Davis statue stands where its original once served as Congressman in 1845 and 1846. Leaving Congress, Davis served as colonel in the Mexican War, was wounded and commemorated for gallantry in action. Between two terms in the Senate he was Secretary of War under President Pierce."

Speakers at the dedication, when the statue of James Z. George, of Mississippi, also was unveiled, were Senator Pat Harrison, Mississippi Senator, and Edgar S. Wilson.

Thus Davis joins the select group of which another great leader of the Confederacy, Robert E. Lee, has been a member for years..

To the Richmond Times-Dispatch, in the old Confederate capital, the fact that there has been no protest against the dedication "is deeply significant" for "it means that motives which actuated the men who fought the war between the States no longer are in question," Typical of the comment by Northern papers is that of the Boston Transcript:

"The name of Jefferson Davis is justly revered in the South today, and there is no reason why it should not be honored in the North. The placing of this statue in the Capitol, so far from being in any sense an irritation, should serve as a reminder to the whole country that the animosities which were aroused by the Civil War may now be buried in oblivion."

WOOD FOR SCHOOL FUEL

Lexington Dispatch

R. W. Graeber, the state forester, has written all the county school superintendents in the State, suggesting that they consider the suggestion that wood be used for fuel instead of coal to heat school buildings. Under the old order of small school houses wood was about the only fuel known to the rural school system. But the ordinary wood burning stoves have been discarded in heating the modern large buildings, for the sake of convenience, safety and perhaps economy. Coal is being burned almost exclusively in these furnaces.

Mr. Graeber suggests that many of these furnaces can be supplied with grates suitable for wood burning, while some are now equipped so that either coal or wood may be used.

North Carolina has more than fifty million cords of wood suitable for fuel that should be removed from forests to aid in the growth of other timber. This includes the tree laps, deformed and broken trees and those blown down occasionally by high winds. This is mainly hard wood, for pine would require too frequent firing in most instances to be suitable for furnace use, except for starting fires.

Two-thirds of the money paid for coal goes out of the state, for freight or mining costs, says Mr. Graeber. All the money paid for wood would go to the farmers and stay in the State. It would help the farmers pay their part of the school taxes, by the same reasoning, and Mr. Graeber argues that future timber prospects would be aided rather than retarded.

It is recalled, for instance, that when the Tallassee power company cleared the great High Rock Lake basin it had on its hands thousands of cords of wood of all kinds, mostly hardwood such as referred to by the state forester, for which there was no profitable market. Much of it had to be burned in piles to get rid of it. In many of the hardwood sections of this county somewhat remote from towns much of the available cord wood goes to waste because it cannot be marketed profitably. School houses in the same sections are somewhat distant from railroad sidings, and coal must be hauled for some distance after it has been shipped here from mines hundreds of miles away.

Actual use of the wood as a substitute for coal may be attended by difficulties not pointed out by Mr. Graeber. It would be interesting though to select one or two schools this year for a thorough test in wood heating, and if the project proved feasible the way would be opened to bring a considerable revenue to landowners, and possibly effect a considerable economy at the same time. It would perhaps require more work in firing, but if the fuel were cheaper it might be well to pay more to get the firing done, for this, too, would be money kept at home.

VALLEY FORGE TO MONMOUTH

By Allan Pritchard

It was afternoon in mid April, 1778, at Valley Forge. On a broad swale between the hills and the Schuylkill River, a short, stout individual was drilling the recruits of the patriot army. A tall, commanding figure, surrounded by a half dozen officers, paused to watch the manœvers.

"A very different army from the uncertain, wavering lines at Princeton and White Plains, Young Excellency."

"Without doubt, Hamilton, these men are no whit braver or more devoted, but now they know; knowledge gives assurance."

At this moment the drill-master saw the group, and turned. "General Washington," he said, saluting, "the grenadiers of the great Frederick are not better drilled than this regiment here." He pointed to the line before them.

"Thanks to you, Baron Steuben. Not only in these, but in the others, you have taken raw material and given me an army. Sir, the Continental Army is to be congratulated that you came among us."

As the commander-in-chief moved away, his secretary, Colonel Hamilton, stopped and called to a young officer in the line under discussion. "Captain Bruton, when you have finished the drill, detach Lieutenant Meredith and have him report to General Washington's quarters."

* * * * *

Colonel Hamilton laid aside his pen as Frank Meredith entered the large parlor of the Isaac Potts house.

"Still the prompt Liberty Boy, eh, Meredith! Just a moment. I'll see if His Excellency will see you now."

Ere the aide could reach the door back of him, however, it opened and the figure of General Washington emerged.

"Has the courier arrived? Ah, I see, young Meredith again, isn't it? Very good!" He took a packet from Colonel Hamilton and glanced through the papers therein. Evidently satisfied, he leaned over the table, affixed his seal, then turned to Frank.

"This is to be placed in the hands of Robert Morris, the merchant in Philadelphia. I need not urge that it is of considerable value to the army."

Frank flushed as he received the evidence of the General's confidence. Colonel Hamilton accompanied the boy to the entrance. "Meredith, I chose you for the mission because those papers are of far more import than His Excellency intimated; he is pledging his personal credit for supplies that the army must have, and which the gentlemen in Congress seem to have overlooked. You have gotten through the British lines before, so I am expecting you to be successful this time. Good luck go with you," and he turned back again.

When Frank reached the log hut of the Liberty Boys, it was desert-

ed. Ed Wilson, Robert Saxe, Will Rodgers and the others were doubtless still at the drill ground. He secured a horse and began the journey immediately. He recalled a previous journey he had made for the commander-in-chief from White Marsh, when the weather was very different from this afternoon. Then snow and ice pelted him unceasingly, and the chill seemed to reach his bones; now it was but pleasantly cool and a few venturesome buds garnished the trees.

A couple of miles out from Valley Forge, Frank's ears caught the sound of hoof beats, and he drew up to see if he was to have a companion along the turnpike. As the horseman drew near, Frank gave an exclamation of pleasure. The rider was Ed Wilson, his special chum of the Liberty Boys.

"Where away, Ed? How happens it you are here?"

"Burton told me of your mission, so I came to assist," Ed answered gaily. "Haven't we always tackled Philadelphia together? Usually needed both of us, too," he added, with a grin.

Leaving their horses a mile outside of Germantown, the two boys made their way through the lines without difficulty, and the packet was safely placed in the hands of Robert Morris.

"Where now, Frank?" Ed asked.

"To my aunt's Mistress Darrah's."

"Will she be pleased to see us, think you? We gave her considerable trouble and uneasiness the last time we were here."

"That's true," Frank chuckled; "we made a quick getaway through her kitchen door with the British after us."

Reaching Arch Street, Mistress Darrah's home was soon before them.

"Why, bless me!" exclaimed that lady as the two entered, "whatever in the world possessed you to come here, lad?"

"Where else should we go than to you, Aunt Lydia? We are on another mission for General Washington."

"But the British! The house is filled with them!"

"But the Tory, Ethan Griggs, is not here to report us. 'Tis said he was shot by the British for thieving in their commissary," returned Frank, with a smile.

"And it is probably not true," put in Ed; "that Griggs gang is too slick to be caught."

"Well, anyway, here we are, and Aunt Lydia is too hospitable to turn us away; it's only for the night, you know," he added to her.

Mistress Darrah shook her head as though not quite satisfied at the turn of events, but felt helpless to change them.

"Very well," she said at last, "the British will be away tonight, which is a blessing, so probably the danger to you will be small."

"What takes the British from the house tonight?" Frank asked.

"Why, Sir William Howe is giving a grand masked ball and everyone of any standing is invited."

"Are you going, Aunt Lydia?"

"And why not," she replied, "when Colonel Tarleton insists upin it?"

"Why not indeed!" answered Frank. "We will go with you." Mistress Darrah threw up her hands in fright.

"Never!" she cried. "'Twould be putting your heads in the lion's mouth. I cannot permit such a mad thing, nephew."

"Nonsense, Aunt Lydia, no one knows us; someone must accompany you on the streets."

"I am to take two of my servants," she explained. "They and the other dependents will be allowed to see the ball from the kitchen entrances. It will be gorgeous."

"Fine! Just the thing!" exclaimed Frank. "Ed and I are the two servants."

No argument Mistress Darrah could bring to bear discouraged the boys in the least; at last she was compelled to surrender. Frank and Ed looked forward to the bal masque as a new adventure.

Night came at last. Mistress Darrah was duly placed in the lighted entrance of Lord Howe's residence, while the boys repaired to the rear of the building and joined the throng of servants who were pushing and shoving each other in effort to reach places of vantage.

Never had Frank and Ed witnessed such magnificance in costuming, or met such a gorgeous medley of characters. There were knights in glittering armor, king's jesters in motley, monks and devils. These and some others the boys recognized as such, but there were many others in characters new to them. The women were no whit behind in essaying parts of famous people. Of queens there were several; dairy maids quite a few, and added to them witches, dainty pages, in silks and what not. All was surprising and interesting to Frank and Ed.

"That is Colonel Tarleton!" one of those behind them cried, as the gloomy cowl of a monk passed along, arm in arm with a queen. The boys quit speculating as to who was who, and fell to listening to the comments about them. Many were evidently recognized by the servants. Not always were the comments complimentary to the masked subjects, but many were amusing.

Then a slender figure, impersonating a jester, came mincing steps. He stopped suddenly in front of the boys and peered intently at Frank, made an inarticulate exclamation and hurried on.

"That was Captain Esme, I saw his costume this morning."

Frank looked around quickly for the speaker, but it was impossible to distinguish him.

"Did you hear that, Ed? It was Esme!"

"That young officer we captured in the old house near Somerset Court House? Then why didn't he speak to us?"

Frank did not reply. He had just seen the jester at the far end of the ball room, apparently writing something against the wall. After a moment he began making his way slowly around the room in their direction, stopping now and then to reply to some laughing jest. At last he was opposite the boys again. With a movement of his hand holding the wand of office, he dropped a folded paper in Frank's hand; then without a word or glance, passed on slowly again.

Tremendously astonished at this

unaccountable proceeding, Frank seized an opportunity, when those around him were concentrating on a movement beyond them, to unfold the paper carelessly and read:

"You are in danger. Griggs, the Tory spy, has reported your presenc in the city to the Provost. Leave Philadelphia as quickly as possible—someone may have already recognized you here."

Frank and Ed gazed at each other in amazement. Griggs was on their trail once more; what had they best do? They could not well leave Mistress Darrah without a word of explanation; they must wait and accompany her home. But to screen themselves as much as possible, they dropped back into the thickest mass of the servants and kept their faces in the shadows as much as was possible.

The matter was not mentioned to Mistress Darrah on the way from Sir William's, but as soon as they were safely in the Darrah home, Frank produced the missive and explained how it came into his possession.

"This is serious enough," sre said, after reading it through several times. "This Captain Esme would save you, but cannot help you openly. You must follow his advice and leave the city immediately."

"There seems nothing else to do," Frank replied. "It was awfully decent of Esme, too. What do you say, Ed?"

"I am ready, and in a hurry, at that. I never feel safe with that fellow Ethan Griggs after me."

Their good-byes to Mistress Darrah were interrupted by a summary pounding at the entrance door. With a warning look at the boys, she moved in that direction.

"To the kitchen, Ed! We must be ready to leave that way should it prove to be the provost's guard."

As they reached the hall between the rooms, loud knocking began at the kitchen entrance.

"The house is surrounded!" exclaimed Ed, who, through a window at the rear, had seen moving figures. For a moment Frank stood appalled, the heavy steps at the front galvanized him into action.

"Quick, Ed, to the garret!"

The steps were close by and no time was lost in slipping up the black void. On the second story landing, Frank stopped to listen, but for a second only. "They are coming up, Ed, go for the third floor; if we are still followed, to the garret."

Here, too, a stop was made, but it was useless. The heavy shod feet came on. A ladder led from the short landing to a trap in the roof. Up this the boys scrambled, and were soon flattened on the roof.

"What if they come up here?" Ed asked.

"We will see that they don't," muttered Frank. "See these staples? This iron bar goes through them, push that end through." In a moment the trap was securely fastened against anyone within. They were none too soon for murmur of voices below came to them, and then a heavy thump against the trap.

"Trying their musket stocks on it," commented Ed.

"And much good it will do 'em," chuckled Frank. After a half hour

everything appeared quiet below and the bar was removed from the trap, preparatory to venturing down. When the boys tried to lift the trap, it would not budge an inch.

It had been fastened on the underside; they were trapped on the roof!

"Now we are in for it;" Ed said at last.

"And the worst of it is, Aunt Lydia thinks we have escaped through the kitchen. No one will look for us here, nor can we make anyone hear us."

"What will we do?"

Frank had no answer to this. What could they do in such a predicament? The boys sat silent for some time, each busy with his own thoughts.

"Let's see," Frank said finally, "there was a For Rent sign on one of the houses just before we reached Aunt Lydia's; now, which one was it, I wonder?"

"It was the third door from where we are," answered Ed. "but what has that sign to do with our situation?"

"May have a good deal," the other returned cryptically, "if we can only get across the roofs to it."

"That's so," cried Ed, as the idea dawned on him, "we might escape that way. I think it is certainly worth a try.

"That was my thought. Let's see if we can reach it."

Without further words, Frank began crawling along the coping above the gutter. At the intersections of each roof, they had to climb intervening walls two or three feet high, but after much effort and no little peril, the roof of the house designated by Ed was reached.

To their great joy, the trap was unfastened. Frank swung himself through, and felt for a ladder with his feet. As he disappeared into the black void, Ed followed. Soon they were in an attic room, which they imagined must be a counterpart of the one in the Darrah home. It was terribly dark and they had to move about with greatest caution. After a time the hall landing above the stair was reached.

A sudden premonition entered Ed's mind. "Suppose, suppose," he repeated slowly, "we are in the wrong house, and one that isn't vacant!"

"Why bring that up?" retorted Frank, irritably. "It's too late now to consider that; we are in it and must get out."

All appeared well and they proceeded without hindrance, finally reaching the last stairway, that running to the first floor. Frank, leading, had his hand on the door latch, when Ed lost his footing some steps up and came tumbling down. In the silence the noise made the mishap seemed terrific. So shaken were their nerves that for a moment they were unmanned.

Before they recovered sufficiently to think of escape, a door over against them opened suddenly, and an astonishingly fat man in a night shirt stood blinking fiercely at them. In one hand he held a candle, in the other an enormous pistol.

The tableaus was brief. Frank had managed to open the entrance door, and with a startled cry, sprang through, with Ed at his heels. It all happened so quickly

that the fat individual overlooked his weapon until too late. As the boys landed in the street, however, the pistol roared like a young cannon and yells, "Help! Thieves! Robbers!" shattered the night air. Frank and Ed tarried not, but dashed into an alley and were soon in another street.

"Whew!" ejaculated Ed, between gasps, "what next? Nothing exciting, I hope."

"A tavern where we can rest until daylight,'" Frank answered.

The boys were awakened the following morning by salvos of big guns over on the river front.

"What can that be?" each questioned the other, of course getting no reply.

When they entered the tap room they understood. Sir Henry Clinton had arrived to supersede Sir William Howe as commander-in-chief of his majesty's forces. The war vessels were saluting the new chief. In the excitement of the event, the boys escaped notice, slipped out of the city without difficulty and made their way back to Valley Forge, where their report of the change in British commanders aroused considerable interest.

On the seventeenth of June, Sir Henry Clinton evacuated Philadelphia. While rumors were current in Valley Forge that he would do this, it was accomplished with so much efficiency that the entire army was put across the Delaware before the American forces were aware that he was moving. Immediately reports ran through the army that it would move to intercept the British forces somewhere in New Jersey.

In the Potts house, General Washington's headquarters, a council of officers was held. Washington, Greene, Wayne, Cadwalader and Lafayette were for intercepting and attacking Clinton. Lee, whom Washington had recently had exchanged, and others of the generals, said no. "We had better build bridges to haste Clinton's going," cried Lee, "we can never stand before the British regulars!"

Wayne's wrath boiled over at this, "And why can we not stand before British regulars?" he shouted with flashing eyes. "I will have you know, Sir, we have done just that!"

"Calmly, gentlemen," cautioned Washington, "I have decided. The army will prepare to move at once."

Bruton, who had been in attendance on General Lafayette, brought the news to the Liberty Boys Company. "Hurrah, fellows! We are going after the British! General Lafayette will be in command—that puts us in front."

"Fine indeed," said Frank. "I feared Lee would command."

"He refused it; said it was foolhardy and he would not assume responsibility."

The pleasure of the boys in following Lafayette was, it turned out, premature, for no sooner had Lafayette accepted the post, than Lee demanded it as his due, bing second in command to Washington.

The patriots crossed the Delaware above Trenton, and bivouacked on the night of June 27th near the village of Monmouth. The attack was ordered for the next morning.

The Liberty Boys slept little; tomorrow was to be their first battle.

The day broke clear and warm. Bruton and Frank were hustling the company into place for the coming battle, when Generals Lafayette, Wayne, and others rode by toward Lees's headquarters.

"We will soon be in for it," remarked Bruton. "It should be a great day for us; we shall win our spurs."

"I'm just wondering," Will Rodgers put in, "if I am scared, my knees are knocking together." At the consternation depicted on his face, the others laughed.

"Don't worry" returned Bruton, "I've had mine beat like castanets more than once. It's just nervousness, that's all."

At this moment General Wayne rushed past, his face flushed, his head bare.

"Something's wrong," exclaimed Bruton as he looked after him. The trouble was soon made plain. Lafayette and Knox followed Wayne. "Parbleu!" the young Frenchman exclaimed. "he throws away the great chance. The British will have time sufficient to prepare for us, it is criminal!"

After some time had elapsed, Lee himslf rode up. Lafayette hurried to meet him, urging the attack at once.

Charles Lee shook his head uncertainly. "You don't know these British regulars," he muttered as he turned away.

Lafayette literally tore his hair "Oh, that Washington were here," he exclaimed, his face white with suffering.

Frank suddenly ran from the ranks and seized a riderless horse. He disappeared in a cloud of dust.

"Who was that?" asked Lee, his attention attracted by the noise. "A messenger to the commander-in-chief," Lafayette answered grimly.

This seemed to spur Lee into a semblance of activity, and he began issuing orders. It was time. The British grenadiers, highlanders, and some cavalry were moving to attack them.

Lafayette rushed his command to meet them, in the front of which was the company of the Liberty Boys. Almost before they could realize it, they confronted the grenaders, veterans of a hundred battles. Seeing he was unsupported, Lafayette fell back, the men retreating sullenly and with scowling faces. Someone was putting them in a nearing demoralization when a shout rose from the rear ranks. Two horsemen were coming in a cloud of dust, the one in front, on a powerful charger, tall and cloaked to the chin.

"Washington! Washington! the commander in-chief comes!"

Reigning his steed in front of Lee, Washington turned on him with flashing eyes.

"What, Sir, is the meaning of this? You were ordered to attack at once."

Lee, pallid and shaking, attempted to excuse himself. "You know this was against my advice."

Washington seemed to rise in his stirrups, "I see, Sir. You are a cowardly poltroon. There," pointing toward the rear, "is your place; get to it."

Frank had pulled up near the two generals. Never had he seen Gen-

eral Washington thus aroused. No wonder the craven Lee quailed before the storm he had raised.

A few quick commands and the retrograde movement halted. Shouting, the troops, with the Liberty Boys leading, rushed to meet the enemy. On their right, "Mad Anthony's" corps kept pace with them, and Starke's guns redoubled their hoarse challenge. Bruton and the Liberty Boys faced the towering grenadiers. To the enthusiasm of one the other countered with the experience of many campaigns. Which would win?

Ted Billings was down with a grenadier trying to bayonet him. Will Rodgers saw it, and disposing of an adversary, went to help him. A little farther on, Frank and Ed were being carried into enemy ranks. Bruton, springing to the rescue, was brushed aside by a flying wedge, its apex being Doctor O'Fallon. The British broke before that impact, and the boys were safe. Will Saxe, fighting valiantly, went down with a ball in his shoulder, was siezed upon by the doctor and hustled to the rear.

The presence of General Washington had changed a lost battle into a victory. Monmouth was won.

More could be written; we could follow Bruton, Frank, Ed, Doctor O'Fallon and the others from Monmouth to Yorktown, and it would be a record of honor and patriotic valor. It would make this chronicle too long, so we leave them around the camp fire near Monmouth, at the moment Colonel Hamilton comes up with the announcement, "His Excellency, in his message to Congress tonight, makes mention of the Liberty Boys of Trenton. He bids me say that he is proud to be your commander."

This sage advice to you I give,
Do more than be, if you would live.
Do more than touch with finger tip
But seize your task with manly grip.
Do more than look, and simply scan
But see the scheme in all its plan.
Do more than read the passing word;
Yea, read until your being's stirred;
Do more than hear the empty sound,
But listen for the thought profound;
Yea, more than listen you must do
To stir your being through and through.
Do more than think on things way yonder
But draw them close and on them ponder.
Do more than talk, say something well
If you would life's real purpose tell.

—Francis D. Winton.

OLD TALES

By Evangline Weir

When we stand on Copp's Hill, Boston, in the old burying ground, our minds go back to the troubled days when it was occupied by the British who used it as a military station and placed their batteries among the headstones of the dead. On the old gravestones may still be seen the marks of bullets, for it is said the soldiers found sport in using them as targets. Through the trees and between the tall buildings we catch a glimpse of the monument on Bunker Hill and the harbor beyond.

The hill was an important height, and the soldiers saw at once its advantages and took possession as they waited for the Americans to yield or fight. It commanded a full view of Boston, a clear sweep of the harbor, Charles River and Charlestown just beyond, and yet they failed to see intrenchments were being dug on Breed's Hill and Bunker Hill fortified by the "Minute Men," on the night of June 16, 1775. When the day dawned, it was a complete surprise to see on the high hill across the river, an intrenchment six or more feet high. They were alarmed, and the batteries on Copp's Hill were turned upon it, also the water batteries.

Under cover of the darkness, one thousand Americans had worked quickly and quietly with spades to raise the earthworks. They were farmers untrained in military discipline and the tricks of war, but they could dig, shoot and fight. When their powder was gone, they stood their ground and fought with bayonets and clubbed muskets until Colonel Prescott gave the word to retreat and Bunker Hill was lost to the Americans.

The battle of Bunker Hill was like a great moving picture with all Boston for an audience. The houses at that time were low and scattered and people climbed on the housetops, clung to masts of ships, sat in trees, stood on hills and looked across the water at Charlestown where all the movements of the soldiers and every detail of the fight were so close and distinct that they could be followed with the naked eye.

Along the river front lay five British war ships, several floating batteries with sentinels pacing the shore. On Copp's Hill, on the other side of the river, was the military station. On Bunker Hill behind the earthworks, the determined patriots without uniforms or flag waited for the advance of the enemy. General Howe having decided that the hill must be taken, the troops crossed the river and landed where the Navy Yard now stands.

The troops were in dress uniform with muskets, ammunition and knapsacks. Their brilliant red coats, white knee breeches, shining arms, and flags aflying, the splendid order inwhich they marched to the beat of the drum and the sound of the fife made a scene fine to look upon and one never to be forgotten by the spectators, among whom were Gen-

eral Gage and other British officers in the tower of the old North Church.

The red-coats climbed the hill and drew near to the breastworks without a sign from the patriots. It was not until they were within forty yards of the guns that the signal was given to fire upon them. Then the shots fell thick hot on the splendid red coats and white knee breeches, and officers fell everywhere along the line. They were forced to fall back from the open fire. Howe gathered his men and formed them again in a line of battle. They advanced a second time and met the open fire with a terrible effect and were again compelled to retreat.

Howe was then reinforced by Clinton with a battalion of marines, and he ordered his men to throw away their knapsacks and use their bayonets. The Americans ran short of powder. There was a hand to hand fight. The village of Charlestown was on fire, but the wind blew the dense smoke aside, and the fight went on until Prescott gave the word to retreat and the battle was lost to the patriots.

The British had lost over a thousand men killed and wounded, while the Americans escaped with a loss slightly over four hundred men and most of their artillery.

Today a tall monument stands on Bunker Hill, where the bloddy battle was fought. You may go to the top of it and look over the ground where the British occupied Copp's Hill; where their men of war lay in the waters of the Charles River; the hill up which they marched in such splendid form. You can stand where the patriots stood and made such a strong fight for liberty. But for those brave untrained men who kept their faith and courage to the end, we would not stand safe and free under the stars and stripes, seeking for a world-wide freedom from war.

PATRIOTISM

He serves his country best
Who lives pure life and doeth righteous deed,
And walks straight paths however others stray,
And leaves his sons, as uttermost bequest,
A stainless record which all men may read;
This is the better way.

No drop but serves the slowly lifting tide;
No dew but has an errand to some flower;
No smallest star but sheds some helpful ray,
And man by man, each helping all the rest,
Make the firm bulwark of the country's power;
There is no better way.

—Susan Coolidge.

THE SHEATHED SWORD

By May Emory Hall

As Conrad followed close upon the heels of Theobald through the flickering light and deep shade of the Saxon forest, his thoughts were busy with the adventure just closing and the still greater adventure to come. It was his first acquaintance with the great outside world and he felt that no matter how long he should live, he would never, never forget it. The rough travel afoot through the wild Alpine country and down the Rhine valley, fording of streams, clinging to the sides of precipitous crags, sleeping under the stars with possible danger from prowling wild animals—all these had provided thrills aplenty. What if at times they had been thrills of fear? The tingle of excitement and novelty had more than made up for it. Not for a moment had he really wished to be back under the protective roof of the abbey.

To Theobald, his companion, Conrad owed it all. He was the ideal comrade, good-natured, uncomplaining, making jests of difficulties, ever ready with a humorous tale or a lilting song. The old monks, it is true, only half approved of the scarred, gallant, rough-and-ready soldier of fortune who seemed to lead a charmed life. For Theobald loved a fight with the same intensity that the holy fathers loved peace and serenity. Apparently it made little difference to him who fought or what were the issues at stake so long as he could be in the thick of the conflict.

Now and then, however, he was forced to rest from his strenuous round of blow-giving and blow-taking and usually chose some monastery or other for such brief periods of repose. St. Gall was one of these stopping places. The inmates always opened an hospitable door to him, but saw to it that they mingled moral advice with the adventurer's bread and seasoned his broth with scriptural texts.

For Conrad it had always been an event when the familiar hearty voice and genial laughter echoed through the quiet cloisters. He never failed to pause in his writing or illuminating of manuscripts with an expectant glow of interest and welcome. Theobald stood for another world—a stirring, up-and-doing world.

On that last visit of his, the rover's eye had happened to fall upon Conrad's work.

"A thousand pities, lad," was his comment, "you do not wield a sword, for fighting is the true vocation of a gentleman. But I must admit that the brush you substitute does its appointed task with clever ingenuity. 'Tis a pretty bit of work your trained eye and hand have turned out."

"Your judgment is good, Theobald," spoke up Brother Hugo, always generous where a word of praise was in order. A choice specimen indeed was the script he held up for inspection, beautiful alike in design and execution. In intricate characters of gold, purple and crimson Conrad had wrought a colorful copy of the Beatitudes.

"By my sword!" exclaimed Theobald with sudden gusto; "I know where you should be, lad! In no less a place than Charlemagne's court."

Charlemagne's court! Did Theobald really mean it? Or was it just another of his merry jests?

That he did mean it Conrad was presently convinced. Theobald, in all seriousness, went on to explain that the great conqueror, militaristic though he was, had another and very different side to his character. He loved learning and gathered about him scholars, writers and skilled craftmen, taking them with him as he moved from one point to another in his vast empire. In fact, he had even instituted what was a sort of court school, where study, discussions and lectures formed a part of the daily program.

"That is," joked Theobald, "when Joyeuse does not keep him otherwise engaged."

"Joyeuse?" questioned Conrad wonderingly.

"Know you not Joyeuse?" returned Theobald. " 'Tis the king's greatest joy, that keen-edged sword of his. Its handle bears his signet and often he has been known to say, 'With my sword I maintain all to which I affix my seal.' "

The speaker turned to Brother Hugo.

"Well, what say you and the others?" he demanded. "Shall the lad have this great chance or not?"

Conrad waited breathlessly upon their decision. They had been good to him during the orphaned years of his youth, these monks of St. Gall, and parting with them, even for a season, would mean a wrench at the heart. And yet—and yet—

It all ended by his having his chance. And now he found himself on the last lap of the journey with the court just beyond, at the end of the forest trail. Eager expectation stirred within him. Curious questions rose to his lips.

"How long ago did the king build the Castle of Ehresburg?" was one of them bald; "the Saxons did it for him." With a grim smile, "Though they little guessed it at the time."

"He took it from them, you mean?"

"Well, it wasn't exactly a gift," came Theobald's ironic rejoinder.

"He intends to stay there, do you think?" was Conrad's next query.

"Only until he wipes out the last of these Saxon pests, which, heaven grant, will be in quick order. Never was there a more atrocious or defiant enemy. The more Charlemagne mows them down, the more spring up to take their places."

A cold breath of disillusion chilled Conrad's blood.

"Are they so bad?" he ventured.

"Bad!" echoed Theobald; "they could give Satan himself lessons in evil."

"But just why does Charlemagne hate them so?" persisted Conrad.

"Why does anyone hate one's enemy?" retorted his companion; "because he is one's enemy—isn't that reason enough? But if it were not, there are plenty of other reasons why these Saxon fiends should be exterminated. They're a wild lot, boasting freedom and independence with the very first breath they draw—"

Remembering his own recent taste of freedom, Conrad maintained the secret opinion that there might be blacker counts against Charlemagne's obstinate foes than this.

"Besides" — Theobald clinched his argument with set jaw—"the fiends are pagan. Though I confess I might be a better Christian myself, still I don't hold with strange and false gods. No wonder the king means business this time. 'Saxony,' I have heard him say more than once, 'must be christainized or wiped out."

A missionary of the sword! Was that the real character, then, of this splendid Charlemagne whose courageous, brilliant exploits were known from one end of Europe to the other? And was the Christian God he professed to serve only another deity whose kingdom was to be spread by bloodshed and cruel force?

"Wittikind," Theobald informed Conrad, "is the arch-fiend of them all. A chieftain whom his followers worship as if he were a god himself. Well, he's defied Charlemagne for the last time. Joyeuse will bring that truth home to him or I know nothing about war—"

"How near is this Saxon chieftain?"

Conrad' question was never answered. He forgot it himself in watching Theobald. The soldier had an air of tense alertness. Moreover, he remained rigidly still, signaling Conrad by a commanding glance to do the same. Then, with lightning-like swiftness, he made a plunge into the woods and was lost to sight.

Amazed curiosity kept Conrad rooted to the spot for some minutes. Finally, there reached his straining ears cries of derision and rage, sounds as of a sharp scuffle, resounding blows, a shout of triumph. A moment later, the nearby thicket parted and from it emerged Theobald.

But what a transformed Theobald! Until then, Conrad had known him only as the jolly comrade, the good friend, happy, kindly, carefree. Now he beheld for the first time Theobald the warrior. So stern was his face as to be almost undistinguishable, while his deep-set eyes emitted lurid sparks of hate.

He was not alone. Held firmly in his clutch as in bands of iron was a blond giant, whom Conrad easily guessed to be a Saxon. The prisoner wore a short cloak, over which was thrown the skin of a wild beast. In his hand was a crude spear which Theobald vigorously forced him to drop. Out of a bearded face two restless blue eyes surveyed Conrad with cold insolence. The latter marveled at Theobald's having been able to overcome so savage an enemy. It was due, he felt sure, only to his pursuit of fighting as a fine art for many years. Both men were bruised and somewhat battered.

"As I thought!" Theobald breathlessly addressed Conrad; "a lurking scout of Wittikind's come to spy out the land. A slippery fish, all right, but if he attempts any more of his wriggling, I think this will stiffen him. He has already gotten slightly acquainted with what it can do."

The weapon referred to was a stout knotted club which Theobald

had kept by him ever since leaving the abbey.

"Lucky we are as near the castle are we are," he continued. "Another half hour and we will have this specimen landed in so deep a net that he can flop to his heart's content. And the chances are that, after that, he wll be very, very still. . . ."

The three moved on. Watchfully occupied though Theobald was with his difficult charge, he kept up a fragmentary thread of conversation with Conrad all the way.

"What think you?" he remarked, "in our little conversation back there, this pagan had the boldness to flaunt his Saxon gods in my face. His speech was not so difficult that I, who have a smattering of all European tongues, could not get the gist of it. Yes, if you please, he declares these same gods to be the superior of all others, Christian included, and says that, under their protection, victory is sure. Is not that the height of audacity, I ask you, seeing that the great Charlemagne and Joyeuse are to be reckoned with?"

Try as he would, Conrad could feel no disposition to gloat over the enemy as Theobald so plainly did. Warring gods again—hatred, bloodshed, death—was this the meaning of Christianty? Surely, that was not what the good brothers of the abbey had taught him.

"Is there no other way, Theobald," he found the courage to ask, "than by the sword?"

"Way to what?"

"To make them see Christianity is a better faith than their own."

"But what better way?" was Theobald's quick retort, "or speedier? The sword ends all arguments without loss of a moment's time."

"That's the worst of it—"

"Now, lad," broke in Theobald indulgently, "don't you let yourself do any worrying over this unregenerate heathen. One less Saxon in the world will but mean that the world is so much the better off by his dying."

Up to this time the yellow-haired captive had kept silent, his blue eyes reflecting the same resentful light as at first. He made no attempt to break the iron grip on his wrist or to test again the strength of Theobald's knotted club. To Conrad's amazement, however, when the soldier had ceased speaking, the Saxon threw a swift, backward glance over his shoulder. Conrad, walking close behind, felt positive it was meant for him. In the quick look was little trace of the former defiance. It had been replaced by something very much like entreaty, a plea for mercy.

So Conrad translated it. The prisoner had evidently sensed enough from the preceding conversation to realize his fate and to know that no help could be looked for in Theobald's quarter.

What was to be done? Conrad's brain worked quickly, but none too hopefully. Theobald, Charlemagne, a fiercely hated Saxon enemy—the combination was a big one with which to cope.

"Are you taking him to Charlemagne yourself, Theobald?" he inquired.

"After you."

"After me!" was Conrad's surprised echo. "I didn't know I was

to be introduced to the king himself."

"Listen to the modesty of the youth!" roared his friend. "Why, you are every whit as great an acquisition as this captured villain here and I intend to get credit for both—the spoils of peace and of war. Usually war comes first, but in this case it's got to wait."

The grim, fortified outlines of Ehresburg came into view. Conrad had pictured it to himself many times, but the mental image proved but a poor preparation for the realty. The castle seemed actually to frown down upon him in its proud, gigantic strength.

And Charlemagne the king? He, too, was more majestic and fear-inspiring than Conrad had believed possible. Of enormous height and build, he appeared another mighty Ehresburg. His right hand rested on the hilt of a sheathed sword—the famous Joyeuse. Power was evident in his slightest gesture. His sharp eyes seemed to read one's very thoughts. Still those same eyes kindled with eager interest as he examined a sample of Conrad's work.

"By my faith," came his enthusiastic comment, "'tis as delicate a bit of illumination as I have seen in many a day."

Conrad flushed at the words of appreciation.

"That wild brawler of a Theobald does have an idea now and then in his hard head, it seems, besides fighting. He has done well to bring you to our court."

"Thank you, sire," murmured Conrad.

"And that reminds me," said Charlemagne, "know you plain writing as well as the making and coloring of these fanciful characters?"

Conrad acknowledged that he did.

"Then you shall become my teacher," decided Charlemagne. "Has not Theobald told you that while I have conquered many foes—and doughty foes, too—the simple art of writing has conquered me?"

It happened to be one of the few things that the soldier of fortune had not mentioned in his careless gossip.

"My disgrace is but natural, perhaps," went on the king, "for swinging the sword can hardly be looked upon as the best training for guiding the pen. But seeing I am so backward, suppose you give me a bit of instruction here and now."

He ordered a tablet, which was brought him.

"Write me a motto," came the royal command. "You who have lived the scholarly life in a secluded holy house ought to have any number at your finger tips. Make it such a one that I can not only copy it, but use it in my approaching conquest of the Saxons."

A motto of vengeance. This, it was perfectly plain to Conrad, was what was expected of him. His hand refused to do the monarch's bidding. And for the reason that he could think of nothing but a forest trail, and moving along that forest trail, a subdued enemy with a plea for help in his beseeching eyes.

"What! Are you deaf?" imperiously demanded Charlemagne; "I am unaccustomed to wait upon sluggish minds."

Conrad took the tablet in his

trembling hands.

Vengeance! What had he ever heard of it in the abbey that would serve the present purpose? His mind flew back to the last task he had completed at St. Gall, the colorful Beatitudes that had wrung from Theobald such hearty approval. And with the remembrance came the needed inspiration. He suddenly knew the thing he must write. He knew, too, that in the writing he might be bringing down upon his head as great wrath and vengeance as ever the king had expended upon the hated Saxons. But he did not falter.

"Blessed are the merciful," he wrote in a steady, bold hand, "for they shall obtain mercy."

For a long minute there was an absolute and awful silence. Conrad dared not look up. When he finally did, he realized for the first time in his life how terrible a thing wrath could be. Charlemagne's face was distorted with fury. With a convulsive clutch, his hand closed over the hilt of the sword Joyeuse.

"I asked for a motto," burst forth in thunderous tones, "a warrior's motto; and what is this you dare give me? Words fit for a spineless weakling—"

"They were Christ's words," Conrad summoned the courage to reply, "that I illuminated in the abbey."

"All well enough in their place," rejoined the king, "but that place is not where Saxons are concerned."

He gripped his sword a second time.

"What! Mercy to these infidels? Only monks would think of such a method of treating with them. No, Joyeuse points a better way. Her motto will suffice. Christianity or extinction."

"Oh, sire—" came Conrad's involuntary protest.

"I may be a bungling writer," proceeded Charlemagne, unheeding, "but when Joyeuse takes to tracing letters—ah, there's writing for you! Characters of red that can be seen and understood by all."

The hint of bloodshed made Conrad feel a trifle faint. Yet the next moment his courage returned twofold.

"Forgive my boldness," he implored, "but can you not, will you not try the other way first?"

"The merciful way?" laughed Charlemagne scornfully.

"Yes, sire."

"You know not of what you speak," went on the king. "You are not only insolent, but ignorant as well. And why I, grandson of Charles the Hammerer, should remain bandying words with so raw a youth—"

"Oh, but sire—"

Something—he could not have told what—loosed Conrad's tongue. He forgot the majesty of the powerful monarch who towered above him, remembering only that he was a human being. A flood of eloquent, daring words poured from his lips, words that seemed to rush on of themselves. Conrad told the king of the simple teaching of the good brothers back in the Abbey of St. Gall, how they took Christ at His word and tried to put His rules into daily practice, ending with the story of the Saxon spy and the plea for mercy in his hunted blue eyes.

"Again, I beg pardon, sire," mur-

mured Conrad, "but will you not send this captive back to Wittikind, asking that that chieftain come to you to talk over Christianity peaceably? Surely you can persuade him better—better than—"

"Joyeuse?" finished Charlemagne with a grim smile.

"Yes, sire."

The other shook his kingly head.

"The crude counsel of a stripling," was his comment; "for one thing, Wittikind would not trust me."

"Oh, try him and see, sire. You could send hostages—"

"True, but—"

A speculative light crept into the farseeing eyes. There was a long silence.

"What if I should this once," Conrad heard the words as though the king were reasoning with himself, "just this once?"

"If I do decide to do this foolish thing—this time the words were meant for Conrad—" the penalty of failure be upon your own rash head."

Affectionately Charlemagne stroked the hilt of his sword. To him it was plainly a live, conscious being.

"A queer motto, indeed, for you and me, eh, Joyeuse?" he jested. "'Blessed are the merciful!' Why, 'tis enough to make my grandfather, Charles Martel, turn in his grave."

Thereafter, the weary days dragged slowly along. To Conrad, watching and waiting in the high turret room that had been assigned him, each one seemed endless. Since the king's momentous decision, that monarch had neither sent for him nor taken notice of his existence in any way. No writing lesson had been asked or given. Even Theobald kept apart in chill aloofness.

Troublesome questions were the youth's only company. Had he done a foolish, inexcusable thing? How could he have thought that hatred, which had become a settled habit, could change overnight to mercy? Was his rash daring to cost the lives of others as well as his own? Suppose Charlemagne's hostages, caught in a trap, should never find their way back to the court—

One morning, on awaking, he turned feverishly to the narrow slit of a window, scanning the horizon with anxious eyes as he had already done scores of times. Every feature of the undulating Saxon country was familiar to him, the same today as yesterday and the day before and the day before that. Suddenly he became rigid, his gaze fixed. No, it was not the same!

In the far distance appeared a dark spot. Presently the spot became a mass—a human mass—coming steadily on toward Ehresburg. Conrad could scarcely control his excitement.

Could it be Wittikind and his men? And, if so, what did their coming mean? Defiance or goodwill? Peace or the sword?

* * * * *

History has recorded the answers to Conrad's questions. It tells us how the enemy chieftain, at first suspicious, then trustful, met Charlemagne halfway, and not in vain. It furthermore relates how Wittikind was made Duke of Saxony and, forsaking the pagan gods

of his fathers, was baptized in the Christian faith.

That Joyeuse remained a sheathed sword that day, having no part in the conversion, was due to the courageous young illuminator from St. Gall who believed that Christ's precepts were workable.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Elwood Johnson, who was paroled from the Training School in 1922, called on us last week. Since leaving here, Elwood has been employed by the Southern Railway for four years, as switchman, and by the Sinclair Oil Company for one year.

—o—

Peaches have been given to the boys quite often this season, and we feel sure that many more such treats are in store for them. The appearance of our orchard indicates that this year's crop will exceed that of any previous year.

—o—

A new hay baling machine has recently been purchased for the use of our agriculture department. This will be a great help in taking care of the great amount of hay and straw produced on the farm this year.

—o—

We are glad to report that the condition of Mrs. Charles E. Boger, wife of our Superintendent, who is in the Presbyterian Hospital, Charlotte, is such that she expects to return home next Sunday.

—o—

In going about the campus last Wednesday, the regular visiting day, we noticed an unusually large number of automobiles parked in various sections of the grounds, which indicated that, in the language of our youngsters, many of them enjoyed "seeing their folks."

—o—

The new machinery for our ice plant has arrived and is being installed by Mr. Brown, of Salisbury. This is, indeed, most welcome news, as we have been watching the thermometer soar to heights most unusual for this time of the year.

—o—

For several days past the office force has been swamped with work. This is due to the fact that June 30th marked the end of the fiscal year, at which time it is necessary to make a record of the inventories sent in from the various departments, and also to get in readiness for the new order of affairs concerning the management of the institution, which went into effect July 1st.

—o—

We are in receipt of an announcement from the Headquarters Army Medical Center, Washington, D. C., that William C. Jolly, one our old boys, was a member of the graduating class of The Army Dental School, the exercises being held June 26, 1931. In a letter accompanying the announcement, William informs us, that having completed his course in mechanical dentistry, he will leave Washington at an

early date.

—o—

Last Saturday afternoon the Roberta Mill team defeated the local ball tossers by the score of 11 to 9. It was a very loosely played contest, the lead see-sawing back and forth until it was necessary to play an extra inning to decide the result of the game. The visitors secured 14 hits off Lisk, while the Training School boys collected 11 off Mason, three of the latter hits, however, went for triples. The fielding of both teams was very poor, errors being largely responsible for more than half of the runs scored by both outfits. Hatley and Blume, with three hits each, led the hitting for the visitors, and Brewer, with two triples and a single, led the Training School batters.

—o—

The regular afternoon service in the auditorium last Sunday was conducted by Mr. A. C. Sheldon, Boys' Work Secretary, of the Charlotte Y. M. C. A. After the opening hymns and prayer, Mr. Sheldon presented Dr. Albert Sidney Johnson, pastor of the First Presybyterian Church, Charlotte, whose talk to the boys was both interesting and helpful. Dr. Johnson, one of the State's outstanding ministers of the Gospel, brought his message of old-time religion to his audience in a very able manner, every one present from the oldest member of our staff to the youngest boy at the institution, paid strict attention to every word, in spite of the discomfort of an exceedingly hot afternoon. Another feature of this service was the rendition of a vocal number by Miss Amelia Bruns, of Charlotte. Miss Bruns, who was the winner of the recent Atwater Kent contest in this dirtrict sang "'The Perfect Prayer'' in a most delightful manner. She was accompanied at the piano by her sister, Elizabeth.

—o—

Following the service in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon, we assembled on the campus where we enjoyed a concert by the Shrine Band, composed of the members of Oasis Temple, of Charlotte. This excellent musical organization under the skillful leadership of Mr. Joseph Miller, enjoys the reputation of being one of the best bands in the South, and the program they rendered here was most enjoyable. We wish to take this opportunity to extend our thanks to Mr. Charles Shuman, business manager, and the members of the band, for the excellent program rendered here last Sunday. Ever since the uniformed bodies of Oasis Temple visited the Training School about three years ago, the wearers of the red fez have occupied a warm spot in the hearts of our boys, and we wish to assure them that they will receive a most hearty welcome on their next visit which, we hope, will be very soon.

The average man in America is economically better off today and has wider liberties and broader opportunities, than in any previous decade of our national history.—Secretary Arthur M. Hyde.

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XIX CONCORD, N. C., JULY 11, 1931 No. 28

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It's the bumps we take, and the jolts we get,
And the shock that our courage stands,
The hours of sorrow and vain regret,
And the prize that escapes our hands
That test our mettle and prove our worth.
It isn't the blows we deal,
But the blows we take on this good old earth,
Which prove that life is real.—Selected.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL
PUBLISHED BY
The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

A WORD OF PRAISE

A landowner in the Highlands of Scotland, says a writer in Chatterbox, was formerly distressed by the indolence and untidiness of his tenants, who took no pains whatever to keep their little homes and gardens in order. He was always talking to the people about this, but his "preachments" had not the least effect.

One day he went to see a lady who also was the owner of some land. But how different in appearance was her property from his own! Here, every cottage garden was gay with flowers, all the little houses were clean and neat.

When the visitor in surprise, inquired how this happy state of things had been brought about, the lady told him that it all began with her appreciation of one single flower.

"One day," she said, "when I happened to be visiting one of my cottagers, I observed in the rough, neglected piece of ground behind the house, a marigold blooming amid a crowd of weeds. I said to the cottager, 'What a beautiful marigold you have there!' The man seemed greatly pleased with my remark, and from that time, entirely of his own accord, with no recommendation on my part, he began to cultivate his garden.

"One after another his neighbors, shamed by the contrast between his ground and their own, followed his good example, and that man has lately gained the first prize offered by a certain society for the finest flowers grown in the district."

Such was the result of a kindly word. A little bit of praise is more likely to do good than are all the scoldings in the world.—Exchange.

ONE OF THE NEEDS

This hot weather has broken all previous records of the season for intense heat. The fellow who is privileged during this sizzing heat to bundle up the necessary changes and hie away to the creek is peculiarly blessed. There

is nothing more exhilarating on a hot day than a plunge in the water and a rest in a shady spot. We can not help but commiserate with the unfortunates who are denied these privileges essential to a strong, vigorous body and happy spirit. How we wish for a swimming pool for our boys. It would be fine to awaken some morning and find that some generous spirit had arranged for this one essential recreation for the boys. There would be great rejoicing especially upon the part of the students at the Jackson Training School. There are hot days and a boy is a boy for 'a that and the Jackson Training School boys have the same taste as other normal boys.

Is there a son of a man in the State who remembers the "old swimming hole," if so he understands precisely the joy our boys are missing?

Remember the smallest pebble dislodged has caused the greatest catastropohes, so it is possible that little effort upon the part of some interested person could be the source of a great benefaction—a swimming pool for the Training School boys.

Can you visualize 515 boys taking a plunge? Well, it is fine sport, and the recreation would be most delightful and have a soothing and satisfying influence upon the restlessness of the boys during the adolescent age.

The National Recreation Association in compiling statistics from reports of various experts declares that the minds and bodies of the adolescent requires wholesome recreation in order to keep the machinery running smoothly. If this applies to the flaming youth as a class the same is needed in the reform homes where reclamation is the subject. When we substitute healthy, vigorous, clean activities we are unquestionably building up a splendid citizenship. In the daily role of employment we all know a certain amount of recreation must be given so as to develop a strong body and stimulate a happy mentality.

* * * * * * * * * *

THINGS TO REMEMBER!

1—Don't feather your own nest at the expense of a friend. Fortunes can dissolve over night, but a true friend stands out against time—always ready to comfort and cheer.

2—Don't push another under so you can yourself swim. If your conscience is not seared such an act will to the end of time haunt you like a grim specter. You will eke out a miserable existence.

3—If enjoying position and comforts because of the influence of another be big enough to admit it. There is no such a thing as a self made man, every one has a lift at some time in life.

4—Gratitude is a Good-given grace, ingratitude is an expression of arrogrance, and arrogrance simply means ignorance. No one wants to be termed ignorant.

5—Be brave, don't pass the buck, bear your own responsibilities. If you let another suffer for your own mistakes you are a coward. No one wishes to be termed a coward.

6—The biggest talkers are usually bluffers, and are not found on the firing line. Still water runs deep and swift and helps to swell the ebb and flow of the tide.

7—Have you let another suffer because you failed at the psychological moment to speak. If so do not be derelict longer, be sure your sins will find you out at a time when least expected. Each day you build a strong character by little acts of kindness, or weaken it by proving untrue in many instances. This is true: "You can fool some of the people all of the time, but you can not fool all of the people all of the time," or words to that effect.

8—If these be your faults, or short comings, right about, face, by determining to overcome such habits and prove yourself worthy of the confidence bestowed.—Ex.

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COURAGE AND FAITH

The man who has carved his way to success by experience alone can realize fully that the whole armor in the battle of life is courage and faith, if the goal is to be reached. When once putting your shoulder to the wheel the fellow who keeps plugging away, day in and day out, is the winner. If a cloud should happen to obscure the object of your pursuit, remember "every cloud has a silver lining," and that "our glory consists not in never falling but in rising every time we fall."

Thomas A. Edison, the more than eighty year old young man, and one of the best known of scientists in the country, in speaking to more than seven thousand young business men said, "my message to you is to be courageous. I have seen history repeat itself again and again. I have seen many depressions in business. Always America has come out stronger and more

prosperous. Be as brave as your fathers were before you. Have faith! Go forward!''

Really this is no time to dwell upon failures. The very thought is depressing, and when in such a frame of mind it is impossible to put the best foot foremost. During the great Mississippi flood of a few years ago, the question was asked repeatedly, ''where does the water come from?'' Now, the question uppermost in people's minds is ''where has all the money gone?'' In a mysterious way the flood finally subsided, perhaps, if life lasts long enough, there will be a way presented to walk out of this wilderness of financial depression. The only thing to do is to have faith and courage so to meet the emergencies as Edison directed—and abide the time.

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SPURGEON'S PHILOSOPHY

Just at this time the words of Spurgeon, the great London minister, on ''poverty'' are timely, and will prove a solace to many disappointed souls during this season of depression. Many people have been completely uprooted, torn asunder with no hope of catching the broken ends of a dissipated fortune and again pursuing the even tenor of the former life. There is but one thing to do—stop trying to adjust conditions, but on the other hand adjust self to conditions. These are Spurgeon's comforting words. Let us dwell upon the sound advice:

> ''To be poor is not always pleasant, but worse things than that happen at sea. Small shoes are apt to pinch, but not if you have a small foot; if we have little means it will be well to have little desires. Poverty is no shame, but being discontented with it is. In some things the poor are better off than the rich; for if a poor man has to seek meat for his stomach, he is more likely to get what he is after than the rich man who seeks a stomach for his meat. A poor man's table is soon spread, and his labor spares his buying sauce. The best doctors are Dr. Diet, Dr. Quiet and Dr. Merryman, and many a godly plowman has all these gentlemen to wait upon him. Plenty makes dainty, but hunger finds no fault with the cook. Hard work brings health, and an ounce of health is worth a sack of diamonds.''

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WHAT IS TRUE POLITENESS?

True politeness is like true religion it comes from ''within,'' and not from any set of rules of the elite social set. The whole thing is summed

up in a few words "be considerate of the other fellow's feelings," if this rule is observed there will be a few occasions for apologies. Some one has said, "politeness is to do and say, the kindest thing in the kindest way." These lines answer the question clearly. The person who tries to impress one with fine manners usually makes a "faux-pas" no matter how elegantly dressed. Under such circumstances beauty and clothes fade into significance. An exchange states:

> Among the many qualities necessary to successful accomplishment, as well as appearance, manners are among the most important—not the mere superficial demands of fashionable etiquette, but the real old-fashioned, if-you-will, brand of politeness, which is no more or less than just plain kindness.
>
> Courtesy, graciousness, unselfishness, thoughtfulness, consideration of the rights of others—all of the most beautiful, desirable and winning qualities possible to humanity follow naturally from a fount of real kindness in the heart. When you have established that, you cannot err seriously in the minor things; you will naturally do and say the sweet and gracious things that portray good breeding, and will not need to take anxious thought for the mere social forms of etiquette; they will take care of themselves in the right way when true kindnesss rules in the heart.

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THE BOARD MEETS

The quarterly meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Jackson Training School was held last Thursday, July 2nd, with the following members present:

Hon. L. T. Hartsell, chairman; Messrs Paul C. Whitlock, D. B. Coltrane, Miss Easdale Shaw, Mrs. Cameron Morrison and Mrs. I. W. Faison.

The activities of the School were reviewed and things found satisfactory.

The School has quickly returned to normalcy after the fires. The Executive Committee, including L. T. Hartsell, Charles A. Cannon and D. B. Coltrane, was delegated to look after rebuilding of burned wing of the dairy barn as recommended by the Budget Bureau.

The next meeting of the Board will be held the first Thursday in October.

RAMBLING AROUND

With Old Hurrygraph

"Wouldn't this old world be better,
If the folks we meet would say:
'I know something good about you!'
And then treat us just that way."

—o—

An eighty-nine pound Chicago woman is contesting a divorce decree won by her two hundred pound husband on the ground of cruelty. "How," asked her lawyer, "could an eighty-nine pound woman be cruel to a two hundred pound husband?" Well, she could say, "Hello, fatty!" or she could hide the sporting pages of his newspaper.

—o—

San Francisco lawyer commits suicide because of gossips. Which is my idea of zero in reasons for sending one's self due west. People who are annoyed by gossip mongers should inscribe on their flag the cheery old motto, "They Say, They Say! Well, Let Them Say!" and keep it flying at the masthead. Suicide is no answer to gossips. That doesn't hurt their feelings a bit, it just tickles 'em pink. The real way to discourage a gossip is to hit him a biff on the snoot. Or if the gossip is anonymous, and most gossip is anonymous, for gossipers are a cowardly crew, then don't notice it. Nothing makes a gossiper quite as sick as not to be noticed.

—o—

I never did run a newspaper and have everybody agree with everything I said. The man is not yet living that can publish a paper to please everybody. Such a paper would not be worth anything. If even your friends do not disagree with you sometimes, you are not getting very far. I do not like harsh criticism, and I do not like to make people mad, but the only way I know to prevent making people mad in the newspaper business is to quit the writing business.

—o—

Somehow or otherwise, I just can't keep my eyes off of a woman smoking a cigarette. I do not know whether she does it to keep her mouth kissable or not, but she certainly keeps it in a pucker. She is such a curiosity to me as any other animal doing strange things. I do not know of any valid reason why a woman should not smoke if she wants to, but I guess that I came along too late to become easily accustomed to the idea.

—o—

Farmers out in Kansas report that their wheat yield this year looks as though it would be the biggest ever known. And after all that the farm board told them about the necessity of raising much less wheat. Oh, farmers, farmers, if you won't do as you are told, why should the farm board go to all the trouble of telling you what you must do?

—o—

Cheerfulness is a kind of spiritual

oil that smoothes the way for men in their everyday affairs. And it is good for women, too. Its influence is always lubricating. One cheerful person in an office or organization often keeps the whole atmosphere in a good condition. Some men laugh over their discomforts. Others turn irritable and profane over them. Hot weather discomforts are particularly irritating. They put an edge on overworked nerves and cause many unpleasant incidents where men are working together under stress of heat. Bear the heat with patience. It is better to be amiable. To paraphrase what James Whitcomb Riley once said about rain, "Take what comes and rejoice; if its hot weather, hot weather is my choice." Practice self-repression Somewhere in Holy Writ is a statement to the effect that he who ruleth his spirit is greater than he who taketh a city. An effort in that direction will convince you that you will find it far pleasanter than to let go all holds on your disposition.

—o—

Although more than 25,000 persons are killed and about thrice that number are injured annually in motor car accidents in the United States, it is curious how many scores of thousands of near-accidents occur daily. This surely is one of the most remarkable ages of history, when a mere trip by motor car from home to office is an adventure. How many times a day do you find yourself exclaiming, "Gosh, what a narrow escape that was!" when some other fool has missed your machine by a matter of inches? Sometimes I think it would be worthwhile for the government to set aside a day each year in which every motor car in the land would be restrained to its garage for twenty-four hours. That would bring us back to earth for awhile in more ways than one.

—o—

I am told, by those who like to prognosticate on coming events, that when business gets going again, an entirely new crop of millionaires will be created, many of them at the expense of the old ones. There is nothing to be alarmed at in this, because everybody knows there are good millionaires as well as objectionable ones. It would not be amiss for all of us to do a little reading up on how to be an acceptable millionaire, since no one knows who will be included in the new crop, and one's chances are as good as another's. There is not, so far as I know, any standard textbook on millionairing without offense, but there is need for one, and I suppose several volumes on the subject will soon be along. There are some ex-millionaires who might write books on the subject and thereby make a little money.

Wealth and rule slip down with fortune, as her wheel turns round;
He who keeps his faith, he only cannot be discrowned.—Lowell

EDUCATION AND BUSINESS

(Asheville Citizen)

At this season of the year colleges and universities everywhere are turning out classes of eager, ambitious young graduates about to start on the struggles of life. Consequently the interesting question arises, Does Colllege Pay? Albert Edward Wiggam discusses this subject in the New York Herald Tribune.

College education has many attractive sides. There are opportunities for mental and character training, for sports, for fraternity and club membership and for the sum total of agreeable things which make up what is called "college life." Thousands of young Americans go to college, most of them because it is considered "the proper thing." Also most of them have their expenses paid by their parents or families. However, there is a substantial element who enter upon academic life for the serious purpose of study. And there are also a number who work their way. But does college pay?

Most of our reformers and idealists are optimistic about the American youth. Their brains, morals and general physique are good. They like pleasure but they are also ready to work. America has a reputation for efficiency that is world wide. And the American youth contribute their part toward making this the most prosperous and comfortable nation on the globe.

But many a self made man declares that college education is a waste of time and money. He made his way in life while his contemporaries were enjoying the gaieties of campus life. And he learned his business from the ground up while other youths were getting a smattering of academic culture and attending or participating in college sports. The late Elbert Hubbard, editor of the Philistine, used to boast that he was educated in the university of hard knocks and to cast ridicule upon the gilded youth who attended Harvard, Yale or Princeton.

But Mr. Wiggam presents an imposing list of statistics and figures to prove that college does pay. He points out that men of high academic standing usually attain success in life. College graduates have a higher general level of earning power than those who dropped out after completing grammar or high school He points out that college professors are men of high character and intelligence and measure their students by just the same standards that able business executives measure their subordinates. The proportion of college graduates listed in Who's Who in America is far higher than of those who are not blessed with such training.

So we may conclude that college does pay. It gives stimulus and training of all sorts. America, like others nations, is drawing upon its university men for leadership in all lines. And college women also are playing a worthy part in national life. So the average American family should send its sons and daughters to college—or encourage

them to earn such an education for themselves. They will thereby receive a broad general training, a wider outlook, and be better fitted for the struggles of later life.

THE WAY YOU'RE JUDGED

It's the way you live, not the way you talk,
Not the way you preach, but the way you walk,
That the world will judge whatever you claim,
That the world will praise, as the world will blame.

It's the way you do, not the way you say,
Not the way you speak, but the way you pay,
It will like the best or will like the most,
It's the way you work, not the way you boast.

It's the way you sing, not the way you sigh,
Not the way you whine, but the way you try,
That will hold you down, or will help you far;
Not the way you seem, but the way you are.

—Douglas Malloch.

FISH THAT EAT MONKEYS

The King's Own

A fish that feeds on monkeys is often met with in South American waters. Its fondness for animal flesh over other food is peculiar. The way it secures its prey is still more remarkable. This curious creature measures about nine feet in length. The natives give it the name of "catfish" because it is sometimes seen to jump out of the water. It swoops down on some poor monkey who happens to be slung from a tree branch, taking a drink.

Another fish possesing unusual powers is the deep-sea angler. The mouth of this creature is so large, and its stomach can be stretched so much, that it can swallow other fish more than three times its own length.

Fortunately, it makes its home several hundred fathoms below the surface of the water. It hangs over its snout a line and bait that shines almost like a glowworm. In this way it attracts many other fish, making a meal of them right then and there.

INTRODUCING ONE'S SELF

L. C. F. in Girlhood Days

Don't be afraid to say who you are before attempting to transact your business, whatever it may be. Don't hesitate to say, when talking over the telephone, "This is Miss So-and-so," or, "This is Mary So-and-so." That rule holds good whether you are acquainted with the person on the other end of the line or not.

Just take this example. You want to speak to a school friend, and some other member of the family answers the telephone. You probably say, "Hello, may I speak to Elizabeth?" That, of course, is polite, but not quite informative enough. Whoever answers the telephone will call, "Elizabeth, some one wants to speak to you on the phone." It is the natural question for Elizabeth to call back, "Who?" The brother who answered the telephone doesn't know, and there is a tiny wave of irritation passing through the family as Elizabeth picks up the receiver. When she hears your voice all is pleasant again, but how much more gracious and really more business like of you if you had said: "This is Mary Jones. May I speak to Elizabeth?" If it had been Elizabeth's father, I doubt if he would have come to the telephone without that information.

There is something very annoying about having people talk to you over the telephone without telling you their names. They seem to have you at a disadvantage. Haven't you gone to the telephone and heard some one say, "Hello, who is this?" What desire have you to answer that question, not knowing who is talking to you?

It is not, however, only over the telephone where it saves time and patience and shows a certain dignity of breeding, to introduce yourself. There are often times when you have to transact business with strangers. Sometimes it makes no difference what your name is, but it usually makes conversation run a little more smoothly if you say before stating your business, "I'm Miss So-and-so."

The incident happened to me not long ago, and annoyed me almost as much as a blind telephone call. My young daughter had been home from school ill for a number of weeks. One morning the doorbell rang, and I answered to a blue-eyed young lady without a hat, who had apparently just stepped out of a Ford coupe. As I opened the door, without a word as to what her name or her business was, she popped this question at me: "Why isn't Helen at school?" You can guess what I felt like saying. I didn't say it, but I fear I was none too cordial in my explanation about Helen. How much more friendly I would have felt if my young interlocutor had said: "I'm Miss Brown, the nurse at the First Ward school. Why isn't Helen at school?"

It takes only a few more words to introduce yourself, but those few words give to you a confidence of bearing and a courtesy of manner

which inspire you with a similar feeling to that which is produced by walking along the street with your head well up. You act as if you were master of the situation, and thereby inspire others with confidence in you.

A PRAYER FOR AMERICA'S DECLARATION OF DEPENDENCE

As our fathers at the birth of our country faced the necessity of declaring themselves a free and independent nation, and were fearless in the performance of their duty as they saw it, let us of this generation of their children, with that same daring faith, see our need for acknowledging our dependence on the nations of the world. Let us face the world of romantic achievement of which our fathers never dreamed, with a new mindedness which is in keeping with the material changes that surround us. In the midst of the vast resources of our country, teach us the power of humility. Make us conscious of our material and spiritual dependence on all nations.

Teach us our dependence:

On the continuous labor of the masses of our fellow men who work in the heat of far suns and in the cold of winter, who labor in the factories and mills, who dig into the depths for silver and gold, for iron and coal, who load the great ships, who sail the seas, that we may have the common necessities of life;

On the merchants of far cities who plan the trade routes and direct the commerce of the world;

On those who direct the finances of international affairs;

On the scientists who delve into the mysteries of the earch and bring forth discoveries for the blessing and healing of the natipns;

On the governing groups of the world whose decisions are of wide significance;

On those who contribute to the culture of the world, who fashion the world of art and thought.

Teach us how to live with magnanimity in the great neighborhood of nations, quick to sense our obligations to others, generous in our consideration of their interest. Amen—By Abbie Graham.

PROFESSOR GREER IS AUTHORITY ON WESTERN N. C. FOLK LORE

By Muriel Earley Sheppard

The highlands of western North Carolina are one of the last great treasure houses of ballad and folk song. There where the old tradition still lingers in outlying communities we find the precious golden horde. And thus it is fitting that Professor I. G. Greer, the man who has been called America's greatest authority on musical folk lore and whose collection of ballads and folk songs has been rated the finest in the country, should be a native of the North Carolina mountains and there make his home.

Slowly but surely the jazz age creeps up the sequestered coves and the colorful old songs recede before it into the mists of the past, but here and there someone who loves the age old songs treasures them and grasps what he can of the faint elusive notes slipping into oblivion. Such a one is Professor Greer. His home is at Boone, where he is in charge of the department of citizenship and sociology of Appalachian State Normal School.

It is a memorable drive from Asheville following Route No. 69 up the narrow valley to the heights of Big Ivy, through Micaville, where Cleo towers above you at the end of the lofty range of the Black mountains, through Spruce Pine to the Three-Mile road and thence to the for-famed Yonahlossee trail skirting the lower slopes of Grandfather mountain. The thickets are a tangle of flame azalea, mountain laurel in rosy bud and pink flower, and the great exotic bloom of the rhododendron. Nature is prodigal with flowers on the Yonahlossee and every now and then where the trees fall away there is the breath taking panorama of the silver and blue ranges that curve to the horizon.

And then you are at the foot of a grassy-terraced lawn where a white house with hospitable front porch looks down upon the Boone-Blowing Rock road, only a few rods from the stone entrance to the State Normal campus and you have reached the home of Professor Greer, the savant we came to see. He is a little above medium height, with iron gray hair that his keen youthful face belies. His manner is a charming combination of dynamic enthusiasm and scholarly somposure. At his first spoken word you know what his singing voice will be, deep, clear, and full rounded. You commence talking with him about his chosen field of work and you are no longer in the long living room with its books and easy chairs. You have tip-toed over the threshold into the age old world of ballads with its golden haired ladies in Spanish leather shoes and fine gold chains, its demon knights, and grim hangmen, a world where anything may happen. A cruel lover will push Poor Omie into the deep water and leave her to drown; the brown girl will pierce fair Ellender's heart with her little pen knife for love of Lord

Thomas; the three ghostly babes who "went out to the North Countree to learn Grammaree" and die away from their mother come back for a fleeting visit before dawn; Lady Isobel pushes the wicked Elfin Knight who boasts he has drowned six maidens already into the sea himself; and the maid beneath the gallows tree petitions her relatives in turn to buy her freedom.

The world of baladry is like a great ocean. If you stand on its shore some of the treasure will wash to your feet but the precious gems are bobbing about, far out in the uncharted waters. If you get them you must go in all over. That is what Professor Greer has done with his scientific study of the old forms and he has brought much treasure to shore.

When he was a boy of 14, Professor Greer knew about 40 ballads and folk songs but he did not prize them then. They had come to him naturally as he grew up in the hill country. When he went down to the University of North Carolina he came under the influence of Dr. C. Alfonzo Smith, North Crolina's great educator and one of the South's greatest scholars, and from him he learned the literary importance of the old songs. Dr. Smith was much interested in the songs his pupils already knew and he said to him, "Go home to your mountains and learn the old songs. That is the field for you and the time will come when these same songs will make up one of the great fields of literature."

And so Greer came back to his home country and engaged upon the task he has worked upon ever since. He has now collected more than 300 ballads and folk songs. There is a sharp distinction between the two. As Professor Greer explains it, the ballad is a narrative set to music, a story that is sung, but it is told impersonally. The singer does not pretend that the thoughts and emotions are his own. The spirit of it is well expressed in the first lines of Omie Wise.

I'll tell you a story about Omie Wise
How she was deluded by John Lewis' lies."

It is always the tale about somebody else in a dramatic incident that seized upon popular fancy. There is a good deal of repetition and the subject is apt to be tragic. An example is "The House Carpenter," the mountain name for the old English ballad, "The Demon Lover," which Professor Greer cited as one of the songs still sung in remote cabins.

The House Carpenter (Black Mountain version):

Well met, well met, my old true love;
Well met, well met, say he,
I've just returned from the salt water sea,
And it's all for the sake of thee.
We've met, we'e met, my old true love;
We've met, we've met, says she,
I've just married a house carpenter,
A nice young man is he.
If you'll forsake your house carpenter
And go along with me,
I'll take you where the grass grows green
On the banks of sweet Ten-

nessee.
She picked up her tender little babe
And kisses gave it three.
Stay here, stay here, my tender little babe, and keep your pa company.
They hadn't been a-sailing but about two weeks,
I'm sure it was not three,
Till this fair damsel began for to weep,
She wept most bitterly.
Oh what are you weeping for, my love?
Is it for my gold or store?
Or is it for your house carpenter,
Whose face you'll see no more?
I'm neither weeping for your gold,
Nor weeping for your store,
But I'm weeping for my tender little babe
Whose face I'll see no more.
What banks, what banks before us now
As white as any snow?
It's the banks of Heaven, my love, she replied,
Where all good people go.
What banks, what banks before us now
As black as any crow?
It's the banks of hell, my love, he replied,
Where I and you must go.
They hadn't been sailing but about three weeks,
I'm sure it was not four,
Till that fair ship began for to sink,
She sank and riz no more.

And then he goes on to explain the folk song which is a less complicated matter although no less interesting. The emotion of the folk song is supposed to be that of the singer. Professor Greer illustrated it with:

"I'se got a girl on the Sourwood mountain
She's so good and kind.
She's broke the heart of many a poor fellow
But she ain't broke this one of mine."

There is a good deal of debatable ground in the theory of the origin of ballads. The old tales can not be traced to individual authorship. It is like following a fox's trail back through the ages and you may feel lucky if you are on the track at all. The actual fox you can not hope to find. You can know that a song sung on the Watauga now is the same song with variations that was sung in 1650 in England and in slightly different form in 1600 but you will not find the author because it was probably the product of no one person.

Originally, ballads were connected with dancing as well as singing and the theory is that ballads grew out of people improvising a verse at a time in a crowd on a subject that has taken hold of the public's imagination. In discussing this Professor Greer cited an example he knew about at first hand.

A girl named Ella, greatly beloved in her neighborhood, was burned to death. The night before her burial the friends of the dead girl waiting and watching with the body commenced making verses about her, one and another adding to the growing song. It was finished by morning and sung at her graveside the same day. Then it

established itself as a song in the locality under the name of "Sweet Ella's Grave." Other singers add to it, parts are forgotten and as it is handed down the generations it is on its way to becoming a ballad.

Professor Greer does not, however, feel that ballads are always the product of a group of people. The first form may have an individual author. Others hear his song about an occasion of common interest and repeat it with variations and additions and, as it is handed down, the marks of original authorship disappear. He used the ballad "Claude Allen" for example. At the time when the Allens shot up the courthouse an old man gifted at making verses was so impressed with the excitement and drama of the occasion that he made a narrative song about it. Others felt the same interest. It was eagerly seized upon and gradually takes on the ballad character.

Another case he cited is the Frankie Silvers ballad of Mitchell county, the first version of which was sung from the scaffold when the murderess was about to be hung.

As an example of the living character of ballads still being made, Professor Greer tells an interesting tale of his attempt to get the exact words of a ballad which tells the story of a double murder through jealousy. He inquired of a woman who had formerly helped him to get exact versions of songs, but this time she said she could not get the words for him. He knew they could be obtained and did not understand why she would not help with that particular ballad until he learned that she was kin to one of the two women in the triangle and it was painful to her to recall it. Later, he had occasion to relate the story to one of the professors at the University of North Carolina and in the course of the conversation spoke of how sorry he was to have brought the matter to the attention of the kinswoman. When he had finished his listener. said:

"She need not take it so hard because she is related to the people in the song. There are plenty more of us. I am also kin!"

Professor Greer says that those who can sing the traditional ballads are becoming few. Of the great number of songs of interesting origin that used to be commonly known in the district the only ones one is apt to hear now are "Barbara Allen," "The House-Carpenter," and "Black Jack Davie." He views with concern the invasion of jazz and the gradual dying out of the old songs that he loves. He is not content with acquiring the words and tune to these songs of the people. In his own rendition of them he aims at a true interpretation of the manner in which they were formerly sung. He says that to apply the arts of a trained singer to these simple native songs is as incongruous as for a New England Yankee to attempt to sing negro spirituals. When he sings these ballads and folk songs he wants to make you see the old mountain man and woman sitting by the fire singing in their simple untaught way as well as the colorful dream-world the song suggests.

Mrs. Greer has assisted her husband in his research in folk lore. She is a tall sweet-faced woman of

quiet dignity, slender and thoughtful. Some of the music for the songs has been written and adapted by Mrs. Greer herself. In olden times a dulcimer was used to accompany the ballad singer. It is an instrument rare indeed these days, but that is what Mrs. Greer plays as an accompaniment to her husband's rendition of the ballads. It is a pear shaped instrument with a neck like a violin but it has only three strings, two of which tune together. She plays it, standing before it as it lies on the table.

The Greers were kind enough to illustrate their interpretation of ballad and folk song by playing and singing one of each. Mrs. Greer took her place before the instrument and commenced the opening phases of the old ballad "Black Jack Davie." It is a strange sweet accompaniment reminiscent of the dancing of fairy feet in the overture to "Midsummer Night's Dream." Then Professor Greer begins to sing the song itself. His voice is unforced, clear and pleasing. The tempo proceeds at an orderly rapid pace. Every word is distinct. One longs to write them down, the words to this old, old story that has survived so long with its teasing haunting tune but to attempt to write the verses as they are sung is like trying to mount a galloping horse. It is the story of a young wife with a prosperous husband who decks her out in fine silk hose, leather shoes and golden ornaments. But she is attracted to the dashing Black Jack Davie and runs away with him, leaving home, baby and husband, only to find that her romantic lover is neither a good husband nor a good provider. And the song ends with the foolsh wife bemoaning her poor choice in rags.

So much for the story but that scarcely gives an idea of the charm of the interpretation and its fairy music. The clipped and racing refrain "For Love of Black Jack Davie" follows one home and drifts in and out of mind for days like a crisp salt breeze.

And then comes the folk song. Professor Greer chooses, "I Wish I was a Single Gal Again," which begins with "When I was single I was dressed so fine." It is a homely natural lyric to a jolly racing tune, part and parcel with every day life. The wife enumerates her household duties: how she must go to the spring for water; wash and scrub; put the children to bed, etc; with no good clothes such as she used to have when she was single; but then when she considers how she would have disliked being an old maid she concludes she is well satisfied after all.

As you hear the Greers you can understand why the invitations come in from all up and down the country asking them to come and sing old songs. They are very modest people, hesitant about talking over the success of their appearances before the music loving public but the clippings from the papers in the cities and towns where they have appeared were unrestrained in their appreciation. Lately they sang at the meeting of the Appalachian Trail conference in Gatlinburg, Tenn. They have also made Victrola records in New York.

Professor and Mrs. Greer are much interested in the study of

North Carolina birds. It is a full busy life they lead with their home, their children, the work at the State Normal and the patient and painstaking research in the literature of folk song and ballad.

Their aim is to stimulate and foster a living modern interest in the old songs and to collect and preserve these priceless examples of the natural spontaneous song of the people before they slip away into the ages.

We are obliged to enlighten our conscience and to keep it enlightened.—Gore

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WHAT MAKES A GIRL POPULAR?

By John F. Cowan

Some girls sigh to be tall. Soul-bigness is greater than body-bigness. Our word "generous," from "generate," to give birth, literally means "born big inside."

The girl who is generous with her means, her strength, her abilities is usually a popular girl. "It is more blessed to give than to recieve."

But some kinds of giving are vicious rather than a virtue. We give alms to be rid easily of a beggar, and maybe he buys a drink with our dime. That was not big-heartedness, for he saw our motive and despised our littleness.

But the girl who is truly unselfish is more likely to be popular than one who is always a selfish little thing. Unselfishness shows itself in kindness. Of nothing is the world so in crying need as common, everyday kindness. Some mornings there isn't enough of it in a whole family's relations to oil the squeaks. Kindness is to life what butter and jam are to bread. I recall how, in Paris, where jam was an "extra" on hotel tables, one of our party supplied himself with jam and shared it freely with the uninitiated. He was easily the most popular man at the table. So with human kindness It feels, "What a pity any should have to go without smiles or gladness."

Obligingness is another form of big-heartedness—going out of one's way to help others with a hard lesson or heavy load. Graciousness is a form of obligingness minus the sense of obligation. Forgiveness is the quintessence of big-heartedness. All these are finger-boards on the road to popularity.

MARY-JEAN SMITH

By Hope Daring

The girl left the street of the little lakeside town and ran lightly across the long, rough dock. To it was fastened her own canoe, the Gull. Mary-Jean stepped down into it, throwing off the fastening coil of rope. She had deposited the bundles she carried in one end of the boat, seated herself, and picked up a paddle when she herd a call.

"You there! Hi! The Gull! Miss Smith!"

She turned to see a boy of seventeen sprinting across the wharf. He was bare headed, and one hand, containing a small object, was extended straight before him.

"Hi there! You are Miss Smith? Mary-Jean Smith?"

"Mary-Jean Smith." The tone of the correction was a little sharp; it had been made so many times.

"Modernized, eh? And I thought you were an old lady. Well, I brought this," holding up a small white cardboard box. "Cousin Sarah thought they were too valuable to send by mail, as she says all your mail has to be taken from the post office and sent over to the island by an errand boy. Catch!"

"Now what are you talking about? Where is Cousin Sarah?"

"At her cottage down the lake. Came up from the city yesterday and brought your beads, as you asked her to do. Of course, you know she is my cousin, not yours. She said you would probably be over this morning, and I would know you by the boat's name. But I thought it was a motor. Here! I'm in a hurry."

As he spoke, he deftly tossed the box into her lap. Mary-Jean had sent the canoe out a few feet. She stopped, to cry impatiently:

"I have no idea what you mean. And I don't want this."

"Now Mary-Jean, don't be—"

She interrupted him hotly. "Don't you dare call me that. Come and get your old box," and she bumped her little craft against the timber of the dock. "You do as I say. If you don't—"

The girl's anger choked her. He began an angry retort, then broke off, to say with a laugh:

"Hear us sputter. We are quarreling like two kids. I'm ashamed, and you should be. Keep your pretty beads. You'll need them up here where all the squaws wear so many. So long. Golf waits for no man," and he went running over the dock as briskly as he had come.

For a brief space of time, Mary-Jean let her anger have its way. She paddled furiously out into the harbor. Not far from the shore, shutting in Hillside Harbor, lay a long, low wooded island. On one end of it, in close company with a half-score of other houses, stood Windymead, the artiste log cabin that was the Smith's summer home.

Mary-Jean's burst of rage did not last long. Suddenly there came to her a memory of her beloved father's face, sobered saddened, as he talked to his only child about her frequent and violent fits of anger.

"He says I inherit it from him,

that I am as he was in his youth. And that one such fit of rage cost him what was the dearest thing in his life, until mother and I came into it. Mother says he has never recovered from that hurt, whatever it was. There were tears in his eyes when he said, "Don't make the mistake I did, daughter. You and I are Christians, and we are bidden to put off anger, wrath and malice.' Now I wonder what is in this," looking down at the box.

It was fastened only with a rubber band. Laying aside her paddle and letting the Gull drift, she released the fastening and removed the piece of white cotton that covered the box's contents. A cry of mingled astonishment and rapture rose from her lips.

"Amber beads! And such amber beads! That smart boy thought they were mine. If only they were! Now what does it mean? Oh, you beauties!"

Her admiration was deserved. The string was short, "choker length," and the beads were graduated in size. Each was a piece of gleaming mahogany-tinted beauty. Mary-Jean held the string aloft, and the sunlight strangly softened as well as brightened the beauty. To the girl it seemed as if their radiance was like that of a sunset's afterglow off across the lake.

Not until she was about to return the beads to the box did she find the card. It had been held in place by the band, but at the bottom of the box. The removal of that band had sent the card into the girl's lap. On it was written plainly, "Miss Mary-Jane Smith. The Crossing, Cedar Isle."

Mary-Jean caught her breath. Then there were two Mary Smiths. That presuming youth, who had laughed so mockingly when he begged her to curb her wrath, had mistaken her for some one else. The Crossing? Why, that was the name of one of the pretty cottages at the eastern end of the island, and she must pass it on her way down the coast, to reach her own home, a half-mile farther down.

"It is the Crossing because it is directly on the channel that is wide enough for boasts to poss through into the lake. Why, we heard that Fern Hawthorn, the wonderful writer for girls, was there for the season."

For a little time she sat lost in thought. Then, returning the beads to their box, she caught up her paddle. She would take the beads to the Crossing and ask for Miss Smith. Evidently the rattle brained youth thought that woman to be, at least, middle-aged.

"I'll not dare mention Miss Hawthorn's name, but it may be I will get a glimpse of her, have a chance to tell her how I love her stories."

There were only four cottages at the strait. On two board shutters still closed the windows. No one was visible around the others, but the larger of the two was plainly marked, "The Crossing."

Mary-Jean ascended the steps, leading up to a wide veranda. On it were chairs, a wicker couch, and a table with books, and magazines. The caller crossed to the open door when she became aware of a strange noise within.

"It sounds like some one crying and calling," she thought. When it

ceased she rang the bell. As soon as that noise died away, the call from the house began again, shriller, wilder. Then she was able to distinguish words.

"Help! Help!"

Mary-Jean opened the screen door and stepped inside the big living-room. A desk, books, a violin, and a great glass bowl of the early flowering goldenrod gave the room a gracious charm. Timidly the girl called, "What is it?"

"Oh, thank God He has sent me help! I am sick, dying of thirst! Come right through the corridor. I'm in the first room off the right-hand side."

Mary-Jean hurried along, the box of beads in her hand. In the chamber designated she found, on a tossed and crumpled bed, a woman of forty-five who struggled up to a sitting position. The next moment she had dropped back on the pillows, whispering:

"Water! There is cool water in the refrigerator. And bring a bottle of milk."

Mary-Jean waited to ask no questions. The refigerator was in an inclosed porch off the kitchen. She knew that it, like the one at her home, had been filled from the supply of ice put up on the island the winter before. This was done by some of the villagers who were glad to earn money in the summer by supplying the wants of the summer visitors.

After slowly drinking a glass of water the woman lay still. Mary-Jean bathed her hands and face, then smoothed and rebraided her heavy dark hair. Suddenly Miss Smith said:

"Please warm the milk. There is a coal-oil stove in the kitchen. Dear little girl, God must have sent you to me in my extremity. My maid will not return until evening."

When the woman had sipped the hot milk and eaten two of the graham crackers brought her, she took the girl's hand and laid it against her cheek. "Tell me how it was you came to me."

The account was a little confused. Mary-Jean did not realize that she failed to give her family name. She spoke of the similarity of the boats' names and told how the presuming young stranger had declared that the name she gave him was a "modernized" version of the one of the woman for whom he was looking.

A smile curved the woman's colorless lips. "It must have been Lance Howard, Sarah's young cousin. I had left the beads in town to be restrung. Mrs. Sarah Owens, a friend of years' standing, was to get them for me and send them on by mail. Her cottage is twenty-five miles down the shore."

She went on to tell that she was spending the summer there with only a maid. On the morning of the day before the maid had gone away to be gone until evening of that day. "I did not mind being alone, but soon after noon yesterday I was taken seriously ill. Something I ate, I think. All the afternoon and evening I was so sick. This morning I left my bed, to go for water, and fainted. When I came to I crawled back into bed, burning with thirst."

"Should you not have a doctor?" Mary-Jean asked.

Miss Smith was positive that was not needed, if there was some one to

stay with her. "If I can sleep, and then have something to eat, I will be all right."

"I can stay. I'll have to paddle down home and leave word. My father and mother are away for today, on a yacht trip with friends. There is just the house-keeper, and she will be uneasy about me, Miss Smith."

"Yes, dear little maid."

"We heard that the story writer whom all girls love, Fern Hawthorne, was at this house. I don't mean to be inquisitive but to see her has always been one of my dreams."

"You precious! That is just a penname. I am Fern Hawthorne."

A little later she was sleeping quietly. Mary-Jean paddled down to her own home. Arriving there, she carried the supplies she had brought from the village market out to the housekeeper, explaining her long absence.

"I am going back, Miss Morse, until Fern Hawthorn's maid comes. Mother would want me to do it."

"Of course. Hadn't you better have lunch before you go?"

"If I get lunch for Miss Hawtron, she will feel better about my doing it if I eat with her. The refrigerator seemed well stocked. I believe, though, that I will take one of these boxes of fresh red raspberries that I bought."

"And take a half dozen of the cup cakes I baked this morning. With the berries they will make a fine dessert."

Mary-Jean went back to the cottage, to find Miss Smith just waking. Yes, she was sure she could eat, was even hungry. If her new friend would help her into a kimono and out on the davenport, they could have their lunch off the end table there.

After settling the author, arrayed in a beautiful green and silver mandarin coat over a soft gray kimono, Mary-Jean slipped away to the kitchen. "I am glad I know how to cook a few things," she said to herself.

When she carried in the feast, there was thin buttered toast, a fluffy omelet, head lettuce salad with a pineapple and cheese dressing, and a pot of tea for Miss Smith. On another table the berries and cake with whipped cream and powdered sugar waited.

As they ate, Miss Smith asked a few questions about Mary-Jean's home and school. The family lived in Omaha, and when school opened the girl would be a senior in high. Yes, there was to be college, a state university her parents thought.

"And then?" the woman asked as she sipped her tea.

The girl hesitated, then murmured, "You will not think it just because I am talking to you, will you? Ever since I've been big enough to know I've wanted to write. Daddy says it is in the family."

They talked a little longer, then the invalid went back to bed. No, Mary-Jean was not to wash the dishes; they were to be stacked and left for the devoted maid who had insisted that all Miss Smith used were to be left in that way.

"Help yourself to the books, anything you please. It may be you would like those portfoilios of photographs. Some are pictures of my home in northern Alabama and its surroundings. Others of the re-

gions and people I have studied for my stories.''

''Oh, I'd like those.''

''Overhaul them to your heart's content, just returning each lot to its own case. On the back of each of these is written what you will need to know to enjoy it.''

An hour later Lance Howard strode up the steps of the Crossing. Through the open door he saw Mary-Jean sitting inside. He snatch-off his hat. ''Please, may I come in?'' Without waiting for a reply, he pushed open the screen door and entered.

''I say, Miss Mary-Jean, what must you think of me? The fellow I hurried off to play golf with did not turn up. I went back to Cousin Sarah's, and when I mentioned the fact that her Miss Smith was a pretty schoolgirl — well, she was astonished. A few inquiries over the telephone to some one Cousin Sarah knew at Hisscrest told us all about you. I say, is something wrong?''

She motioned him to a chair. ''As your cousin is Fern Hawthorne's friend, she better know about her illness.''

He listened to what she had to tell him. ''Lucky you came, wasn't it, though? I didn't know until today that Miss Smith was an author. Miss Mary-Jean, something is wrong. You are so pale and troubled.''

She held out to him a half-dozen photographs. ''What do these mean? I found them among those she gave me to enjoy. This is a picture of my father when he was young. On the back is written, 'My dear brother Daniel.' And daddy's name is Daniel. And here is one—yes, two of his old home in Rhode Island and others of his mother and father. Now I never saw any of these persons and places, but copies of these pictures are among daddy's most cherished possessions.''

''And the name? For whom were you named?''

''Mary for father's mother. For mother's mother, Jean.''

''Did your father have a sister?''

''Yes, and her name was Mary-Jane. She and daddy became estranged after their parents died. Each had the Smith temper, and they quarreled over some trifle. Do you suppose it can be? Daddy doesn't know a thing about her, not even that she is alive. When I flew mad at you today I remembered how sorry father would be at my anger.''

Just then the corridor door opened to admit Miss Smith. She had heard Lance's voice, and concluding it was her friend's young kinsman, had risen to greet him and thank him for bringing the beads.

Then there was another arrival. Up the outside steps came a man and woman. Daniel Smith had the dark eyes and the ready smile of his sister and daughter. He began to explain that, reaching home early, he and his wife had rowed over, to see if there was anything more their neighbor needed. Fern Howthorn stepped before him.

''Daniel! My brother! All these years I've wanted you so! Forgive me for—''

''Mary-Jean! Precious sister. Forgive you? It is I who should beg your pardon. Wife, daughter —we are one family now.''

THE LESSON OF THE GAME

By A. W. Peach

Don Welch was busy oiling the leather of his catcher's mitt, which seemed inclined to become stiff unless he gave it a treatment now and then, when Ted Blake came into the tent and sat down on one of the bunks.

"Don, it looks as if it were up to you," he said, his face serious. "I have been called home and you must catch the game, Saturday."

Don stared at him and dropped his glove. "You mean that I am to do the catching?" he asked as if he had not caught Ted's meaning.

Ted smiled. "That's it. You must catch Ellis; and you want to remember that if we lose the game, it puts us out of running for the league cup. Camp Rockwood will bring over a fine team, from all I have heard, and to stay in the race, we must win the game. It's your chance, old chap, and I am boosting for you."

Don picked up his glove, his pulse quickening.

"I'll do the best I can, Ted," he said simply; "but I am not the catcher you are, and Ellis is a sort of funny chap to work with."

"I known it, Don. He has never learned what good sportsmanship and team-work means, but he is a fine pitcher, and we have to baby him. I have always been sorry that Coach Browne did not give you more of a chance even if I have had more experience than you, and now the chance has come, and I know you will make good."

"Thanks, old fellow, I'll do the best I can to fill your shoes," Don said, his heart warming to the big first-string catcher.

Ted had hardly gone before Bert Mills, Don's tentmate, rushed in. "Great news, Don! You are to play in the Rockwood game!" He announced, his freckled face shining with the good news.

Don nodded. "Ted has just told me, and I hope everything goes well."

"The only hitch so far that I see is this funny chap, Ellis. I was near him when he read the line-up that Coach Browne posted; he didn't seem any too pleased. Ellis has never forgiven you for beating him in that canoe race," Bert added.

"He's an odd duck, all right Don answered, "but I don't believe he will let my winning the race from him make him take chances in pitching the best he can."

Bert shook his head. "No, perhaps not, but he has a lot to learn before he is a real sport.'

Don did not pay much attention to the gossip of his chum, but he had something to think about that afternoon. He met Ellis and offered to practice with him for a while if he wished. Ellis looked at him with cold eyes.

"You know the regular signals," he said sharply. "I don't think we can win anyway without Ted. So let it go," and he walked off.

Don looked thoughtfully at the retreating back. "I am in for it,' he told himself "I must play against Rockwood and against Ellis, by the

looks.''

Saturday afternoon the launches began to arrive from all over the lake, bringing campers, hotel guests, and boys from rival camps. The Rockwood launch came, gayly decorated with its yellow and black banners.

When Don reached the field it presented a gay and happy picture, but he paid little attention to the cheers or the crowd. He knew that he had his work cut out for him that afternoon.

At Coach Browne's orders, he ''warmed up'' with Ellis. The tall pitcher seemed only half-interested, but that was often his way, so Don thought little of it.

The game opened with a rush. Don saw three of his own Camp Witneka batters go to the plate and be thrown out on three sharply fielded balls. It was evident that Camp Rockwood had come with the determination to win.

Don took his place in the catcher's position, wondering and hoping that Ellis would pitch best even if he were pitching to a second-string catcher. Ellis swung himself in his easy delivery, and the ball darted over the plate. The first two batters went out on strikes, to the sound of Witneka cheers. Don signalled a ball over the outside corner of the plate for the third batter, who stood a bit far from the plate The ball came straight over, and he hit it sharply to left for a single. Don thought that it was just an accident that Ellis did not throw the right ball, for Ellis struck out the third batter with ease.

''Great pitching, Bob,'' Don said happily as Ellis walked in from the box, but the pitcher said nothing.

''Red'' Lane, Witneka's second baseman and the fastest man on the team, bunted, streaked to first base, and then upset the entire Rockwood infield by keeping on toward second, where he perched, grinning and safe. The surprised infield did not rally in time to save themselves, and on the next batter's hit, made an error, and ''Red'' sailed home with a precious run. The infield rallied then, and the scoring stopped. Witneka, 1; Rockwood, 0.

Two more innings went scoreless for each side. In the fourth, with a man on third, Don signaled for an inshoot. The ball Ellis threw turned into a sharp outshoot. Don was taken by surprise, and the ball went wide, the man on third scoring.

Don looked at Ellis, fearful and doubtful; had Ellis thrown that outcurve deliberately? Ellis struck out the next batter. The next made first on an error; and then once more, when Don signaled for an outside ball, Ellis threw one straight over the plate, and the batter hit it for three bases. The runner on first went clear around for another score. Again, with the next batter, Ellis did not throw the signaled ball, and the ball broke away from Don, the man on third scoring.

Don did not hear the murmur from the Witneka stands. He knew well enough that the crowd thought the runs were due to his poor catching. When the inning ended, anger in his heart, he started toward Ellis to tell him just what he thought of him. But he changed his mind. Ellis' eyes told the story of his inner guilt, but Don, feeling that angry words only made mat-

ters worse where they are used, merely said: "Sorry I missed those balls, Bob. I'll try to be more alive, hereafter."

"Red" Lane, his eyes blazing, came to Don. "I saw from my base the way he was 'crossing' you up, Don. I'm going to tell Coach—"

"Hold on, Red. Once we get to fighting among ourselves, we've lost the game right there. Go in and play your best," Don answered.

With three runs against them, the team went grimly to work, but Rockwood meant business. The innings went by. Don had two more balls get away from him when Ellis did not obey the signals. The seventh inning came. Only the fast, determined fielding of the Witneka team made up for Ellis' deliberate wrong pitching. When the eighth inning came, Ellis turned sharply to his mates on the bench:

"What's the matter with you fellows, can't you hit any more?" he demanded.

"Red" Lane sprang to his feet, his face reddening. "I'll tell you what the trouble is, you—"

Don yanked him back. "Bob, I'm backing you the best I can. The rest of the fellows will stick the way I'm trying to," he said quietly.

Ellis stared at him, then walked out to his box. He paused suddenly, spoke to the umpire who shouted "Time!" and beckoned to the team. Don ran out to join the others.

Ellis' face was white. "Fellows, you have made me feel awfully cheap. You have been doing your best to win this game while I have been throwing it away because I was sore at Don. I've seen the light, and I am going to pitch as I never have. Stick by me, and I'll try to make good."

The team crowded around him, a faint cheer going up, and a few of them shook his hand.

Don, back in position, saw another Ellis in the box. The cold, careless look on his face was gone; his thin face was set and determined; and he certainly pitched. The ball zipped over the plate; at Don's signal for an outcurve, one came, shooting away from the plate. Ellis was pitching as Witneka had never seen him pitch. The Rockwood batters struggled to hit the ball that flashed by them, sometimes straight, sometimes with sharp twists, and they were helpless before the speed and the curves.

On the other hand, Witneka played as if inspired. "Red" Lane once more with his fast and daring baserunning, made second, and then stole third; and once more the tiring Rockwood team became unsteady. Before they settled down, Witneka had pushed the winning run over. When Rockwood's last turn at bat came Ellis unleashed even more speed, striking out the last batter on three pitched balls.

Don ran out to him, smiling. Ellis put his arm over Don's shoulder. "Don, I have learned in this game what a piker I have been. I thought I would rub it into you, but when you never said a word—just treated me like a man, it was too much. I'm going to turn over a new leaf, and you stick by me the way you have in this game, and I'll win through," Ellis said earnestly.

Don slipped his arm through Ellis'. "Don't worry, Bob. I'll stick to the end with you!"

HONOR ROLL FOR JUNE

Room No. 3

—A—

Harvey Causey, Raleigh Styles, Charles Morrow, Henry Smallwood, Joe Roughton, Marshall Hollifield, and John Williamson.

—B—

Claude Conrad, Lee Tucker, James Bundy, Clarence Woods, Thomas Hicks, Frank Hatch, Lytt Talley, Pinkey Wrenn, and Russell Moore.

Room No. 4

—A—

Wayne Coble, James Clemmons, Hermon Nunnery, and Bufort Shipman.

—B—

Howard Baynes, James Camden, Glenn Connor, Randolph Elliott, Bill Arnold, James Chappell, Ted DeVinney, Wilson Easterling, Boyce Green, Frank Jackson, Jimmie Kellam, Hurley Miller, Charles Smathers, Hurley Holder, and Robert Hill.

Room No. 5

—A—

Robert Benfield, Edgar Lee White, Charlie Goodman, Lola Duncan Chas. Wagoner, Lee West, and Woodrow Denton.

—B—

Lawrence Dorsett, Neal Howell, Nevin Little, Jim Turnage, Verlin Cutshall, Howard Faulk, John Flannery, Ernest Greene, Charles Reid Hodgin, Mitchell Morris, andRay Terres.

Room No. 6

—A—

Ralph Long, Marvin Watts, J. P. Williamson, Tom McCausley, Idus Wilkins, Kester Sutphin, Charles Everette, Albert Roe, and Starling Crews.

—B—

Astor Davis, Lonnie Hilton, Melvin Gautier, Amos Newsome, Hubert Grant, Russell Dorsett, and James Finley.

Room No. 7

—A—

Rufus Lucus, Robert Futrel, Perry Futrel, Ralph Bradley, Jesse McLaughlin, Henry Irby, B. T. Ransome, Floyd Causey, John Kelley, Lewis Hanner, Allen Barrett, and Lee Pearce.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Rev. R. S. Arrowood, pastor of McKimmon Presbyterian Church, Concord, conducted the service in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon. His talk to the boys was very interesting.

—o—

After spending several weeks at the Presbyterian Hospital, Charlotte, Mrs. Charles E. Boger returned to her home last Sunday, very much improved in health.

—o—

Our garden has supplied us with plenty of green cabbage during the spring and summer months, and now preparations are under way to preserve it for use next winter. The

barrels have been thoroughly scrubbed and necessary repairs made, and a group of boys under the direction of Mr. Presson are gathering cabbage and making kraut.

—o—

Our farmers considered themselves pretty lucky fellows last week. Last Friday, just as the rain came down in torrents, the barn boys housed the engine and thresher, after having completed threshing our entire crop of oats, amounting to 3,335 bushels. Although the days previous were extremely hot, buy continually plugging at the job, we were enabled to harvest this large crop of oats without having a single drop of rain fall on it.

—o—

A truck load of peaches from our orchard made its appearance on the campus last Tuesday evening, some of which were issued to the boys and the remainder being sent to the bakery to be made into pies which the boys enjoyed the following day. It's quite a job to make pies for our large family of nearly 600, several bushels of peaches being required. An extra force of boys were detailed to the bakery to assist in preparing the peaches used in making these pies.

—o—

A very heavy storm visited this section last Friday, doing considerable damage. The roads over the campus were badly washed and the bridge on one of the roads leading to our farm was damaged, a large portion of the supporting banks being washed away. Lightning struck the house belonging to Mr. Johnson, our principal, making repairs to the chimney and roof necessary. The upper group of cottages was thrown in darkness until a late hour Friday night as one of the transformers near the Mecklenburg cottage was put out of commission by lightning. This was very disappointing to the fight fans at the school as they were unable to use their radios to get the story of the Stribling-Schmelling fifht being broadcast from Cleveland, O. However, a few of us were able to get news of the fight, thanks to Mr. Tweed, a member of the force of men from the Southern Public Utilties Co., who were working on our lines. Mr. Tweed, who is quite a radio fan, carries a portable set in his automobile, and while the repair work was going on some of our folks enjoyed the story of the fight as told by Graham MacNamee, popular announcer of sporting events.

—o—

Last Saturday being the 155th anniversary of the birth of American Independence, a holiday was declared and the day was spent in an enjoyable manner. We assembled at the "old oak" at the usual time, where the announcement was made that following the completion of the daily chores around the cottages and barns, we would reassemble and repair to the lake. At about nine o'clock we went to the lake where Mr. Tom Query, of Harrisburg, was waiting with his seine. One boy from each of the sixteen cottage lines was detailed to assist him and several of our officers in seining the lake. These boys were relieved at intervals by other groups. While the net was being dragged across the lake, every few minutes a fisherman would duck under and come up hold-

ing a large fish over his head, which elicited cheers from his friends on the bank. One particularly humorous occurence took place when one of fishermen attempted to place a large carp into a sack held by one of the boys. The fish, evidently not inclined to spend the rest of its days in a sack, made a leap for freedom, but instead of leaping into the water, landed inside the shirt worn by said fisherman. Much to the delight of the spectators, a wiggling contest ensued and it was difficult to decide which was the best wiggler, the fish or the fisherman. The carp was soon captured, however, and placed in the sack. Twenty-nine carp were caught during the seining process, their total weight being seventy-two pounds. While these fish are not very palatable, their capture provided a lot of amusement. We then returned to the cottages where our entire family of nearly six hundred enjoyed one of those famous Southern fried chicken dinners. As we assembled on the campus at two o'clock all eyes were turned towards a huge rock down near the highway. At certain seasons of the year this rock is known as the "watermelon rock," because of hundreds of such feasts held there. On this particular occasion several barrels of lemonade occupied a position on the rock and we were all invited to "walk up and fill up," which was done without any hesitancy. At two-thirty we assembled in the grandstand at the ball grounds, where we enjoyed a well-rendered program of patriotic declamations. These declamations were rendered by the winners of the contest held in the school rooms during the quarter and the Barnhardt Quarterly Prize was awarded at this time. The winners for the second quarter and the titles of the declarations are as follows: Room No. 1—Graham Bost, "The Liberty Bell; Room No. 2—Clyde Kivett and Roy Bryant, Catechism Contest, (held Sunday, June 21st); Room No. 3—Theodore Crabtree, "Power and Aim;" Room No. 4—Herman Nunnery, "Our Country's Flag: Room No. 5—Robert Benfield, "The American's Creed;" Room No. 6—Kester Sutphin, "The Boy Dad used to Be;" Room No. 7—Robert Futrel, "Our National Banner." At intervals during the program we were entertained by Jack Sparks of the Gaston Cottage. Jack is a yodeler of no mean ability and his songs were enjoyed by the entire assemblage.

The next event was a ball game with our ancient foe, Flowe's Store, who emerged victorious by the score of 7 to 3. "Red" Cagle started on the mound for the Training School, but was touched up for four runs, and was relieved by Lisk in the fourth inning, who held the visitors to two hits and two runs during the remainder of the game. The Training School boys fielded very poorly, making seven errors, allowing the Flowe's Store lads to score six unearned runs. King, the visiting pitcher allowed five hits, one a double by Poole, pinch hitting in the eighth inning, and fanned eleven local batters. Hedrick, our left fielder, made several nice plays, as did Bill Bost, who guarded the hot corner for the visitors.

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XIX CONCORD, N. C., JULY 18, 1931 No. 29

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Some people smile with their lips, some with their eyes, some with their whole faces, but the most wonderful smile is the smile of the soul. Here and there along the pathway of life we meet some rare man or woman whose presence is peace and whose attitude toward the universe is filled with kindness and faith and hope. It is one of life's highest joys to know such great natures and to be admitted to intimate confidence with such a man or woman is a priceless privilege. Let your soul smile and you shall be blessed of all who are fortunate enough to walk with you even a little way along the journey.—Selected.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL
PUBLISHED BY
The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

TEN HEALTH COMMANDMENTS

The following "health commandments" were copied from a newspaper by a patient at the Sanitorium, but the name of the author is unknown:

"Thou shalt not complain of the weather. God controls the wind and the waves.

"Thou shalt have no fear concerning thy food and thy drink. Fear hath torments that kill.

"Thou shalt not dwell on the body and its sensations. Live in spirit. The soul knows no deformity nor pain.

"Thou shalt not criticise thy neighbor. He is God's child and entitled to thy love.

"Thou shalt not worry over thyself or thy friends. Trust in Him and He will 'grant thee thy heart's desire.'

"Thou shalt not despise any living thing. All is from God, and God is all.

"Thou shalt not desecrate the morning with a doleful face, for 'in his presence is fullness of joy.'

"Thou shalt not remain in bondage to weakness, doubt, sickness or sin. He is the health of thy countenance. His truth shalt be thy shield and thy buckler.

"Thou shall not be afraid to go wherever thy duty calls. 'He will give His angels charge over thee to keep thee in all thy ways.'

"Thou shalt lie down and rest in peace. 'Underneath are the everlasting arms.'"

TWO KINDS OF IMPRESSIONS

"Watch your words" is a fine slogan for any one to adopt. This fact was made impressive just a few Sunday mornings ago while sitting in the main auditorium of a beautiful church awaiting the assembling of the congregation.

Two nice looking young women met, they sat together and from the lively and earnest conversation that followed it was natural to infer they were fast friends and had not seen each other for a long time. In fact the spirited conversation was not even in a stage whisper, the tones were audible, making it very easy to "listen-in" if curiosity prompted.

These two received not the least inspiration from the churchly architecture and furnishings, neither from the soft glow of light as is filtered through the beautiful art-glass windows, nor the deep peal of the organ echoing throughout the entire building. It is hard to understand why one should chatter incessantly prior to services about frivolous matters till interrupted by the robed minister who intoning the service said, "the Lord is in His holy temple let all the earth keep silence." But, in this endless chatter between the two friends this remark was overheard: "there is no one in here I care to make an impression upon." A silent echo came from one who happened to hear, "well, you have surely made an impression upon me," realizing there is a time and place for all things.

"Watch your words" is a fine slogan, because impressions are made when least expected and the impressions can be either favorable or unfavorable. Don't talk to hear your own voice, or just to make an impression, but say something one can profit thereby and there is not a shadow of dougt the conversation will have a wholesome effect.

This question was asked once by a sober minded fellow as he listened to a crowd of chatter-boxes. "Why does an empty wagon rattle?" Some were puzzled, but others understood and answered, "because there is nothing in it." This is severe but in many instances true.

* * * * * * * * * *

THE FIRST GOLD FISH CLUB

In every American Institution of learning we find the men who compose the student body divided up into various cliques, social groups, who feel themselves slightly superior to their brothers because of their dress, their wealth or their long line of high and esteemed peerage. These various divisions have done much to disturb a fellowship among men that should be one of the strongest and most valuable assets of that thing which we call education. This damage has long been recognized, but nothing has been done. Why?

Do we ever stop to think that though we wear the mantle of a prince, or the rags of a slave, though we be born on a manor or on the hovel of the dump that after all of the tangible luxuries of man are torn away that there remains the flesh that is similar to all other flesh.

Creatures created in the image of the God who made them have set up petty standards that some might call themselves superior. They have torn themselves away from the groups around them that they might pride in their glorious loneliness.

The purpose of the "Gold Fish Club" is to take them down from their alabaster pedestals and place them on common grounds with their fellow man that they might learn the art of friendship—of living. The novel thing about it is that this purpose has been realized to a far greater extent than expected by the founders.

On March 30, 1931 three young men having returned from the various engagements of the evening were sitting in a bed room in the college Domitories when one of the boys merely because of an inbred craving for excitement dared one of his more timid companions to swallow one of the "Gold Fish" in the bowl upon the table.

Dares were repeated back and forth, the untimate end being that three of them swallowed fish at the same precise moment. When they had sufficiently recovered from the shock of eating a live fish they awoke to the realization that 'ere a week had passed they would be the laughing stock of the campus, probably answering to nicknames varying from Herring to Cod liver. Something had to be done but before any drastic action could be taken a fourth party was delivered into their hands. The three quickly persuaded him that they had founded a club, the essential requirements of which was that the candidate be a good fellow and swallow a gold fish. He did.

After the first four had begun to advertise their proposed club the novelty of the thing struck the campus and applications were many. Within a few weeks the membership had jumped from four to sixteen and had reached the point of being a sensation.

It was soon noticed that these members of this particular group enjoyed a closer friendship and bettter spirit than the remainder of the campus. and yet they were composed of representatives of all groups on the campus. This sudden realization awoke in the breast of every man the desire to instill into this one organization an ideal which would place all men on an

equal basis of friendship. Though they were as far apart as the ends of the earth in their personal life the club soon bound them down to a level of friendship which outside influence could not destroy. They had realized the purpose and by team work were gradually accomplishing that end.

Could not they eventually organize the campus into a group whose main loyalty was to their college and whose friendship was composed of the masses? The school was of a size permitting every man to be a friend of every one else so these boys endeavored to live up to that ideal. The results were gratifying.

The membership has jumped to twenty-four, and from this nucleus the members hoped to build an organization which will eventually take in all students and aid them to live on a ground of common understanding.

This organization has attracted the attention of the Associated Press, the spirit being commended by papers extending from Virginia to New York State. The idea of the students of this old institution, Roanoke College, Salem, Virginia, founded in 1842, is to break down the barrier that separates the fraternity from the non-fraternity, instead let mankind be united by the ties of friendship and brotherly love. The spirit of the organization is sufficiently strong to commend that the Gold Fish Club prove popular till it encircles the globe. We do not much like the idea of gulping a live gold fish but if it will make us love our fellow man better we would risk the game just once at least.

* * * * * * * * * *

HOW TO KEEP COOL

It is timely to give hot weather rules—what to do and not to do as given by federal public health service:

Eat less, with plenty of fresh fruit and vegetables and less meat and fried fruits on the menu.

Wear clothing light in both texture and color.

Sleep regularly.

Exercise but avoid strenuous exertion.

Don't try to acquire a coat of tan in one day.

On the point of food, the service recommended ice cream highly and advised plenty of milk and fruit juices with six to eight glasses of cool water daily. A special warning was issued for picnicking city dwellers against tempting looking springs in which deadly germs might lurk.

Regarding dress, the health service reminded the public that light

colors turn the sun's rays, while black absorbs the heat.

Electric fans were indorsed to aid sleep during warm periods, with the caution that the breeze be not turned directly on the body, an easy cause of contracting colds.

* * * * * * * * * *

DON'T BE A FOOL

The present "economic maladjustment" has been discussed from every angle. There are as many causes for the depression as there are minds to discuss the question, and yet there is nothing achieved by the discussion and the trade depression is pretty generally felt. The London Express so says the "News and Observer" prints an article that is being widely circulated under the heading "Don't Be A Fool" which is as follows:

All pessimists are fools. What is worse, they are dangerous fools.

At the present moment they are a definite curse to the community.

Men on salaries that have not shrunk a penny although the cost of living has done so by many pennies, go about muttering darkly hard times.

Holders of first-rate industrial shares are selling out at heavy losses and putting the money in the bank (where it earns nothing)' so that in the future they can buy back the shares at top prices.

"'The world is in a terrible condition. Things are very bad. Everything is going down."

That is their daily chant. That is their contribution to the morale of the nation.

After Waterloo there was real distress. Then came steam and the greatest era of prosperity the world has seen.

Today, while the fools are moaning, wise men are planning, working, dreaming, underwriting the prosperity that lies ahead.

When those good times arrive—and they are on their way now—the fools will moan; "If only we had known we could have . . ."

Don't be a fool.

RAMBLING AROUND

With Old Hurrygraph

"Laugh a bit, laugh a bit,
Folks will soon be catching it;
Can't resist a happy face,
World will be a merry place."

—o—

There is such a thing as getting all heated up trying to remember what the fellow in the newspaper said about how to keep cool.

—o—

There is a strong and growing movement to reduce the cost of government. It strikes me that the way to do that is by reducing the amount of government—national, state, county and municipal.

—o—

It is estimated that in spite of the depression, Americans consumed 1,335,617,903 pounds of candy last year. The taffy Americans indulged in is not included in this estimate Guess the "sweet tooth" denizens much have seen their dentist "at least twice a year."

—o—

The manager of a shoe store, speaking of a new clerk he observed selling a pair of shoes, remarked that the new clerk did not seem to know the first thing about being a shoe salesman. When asked what was the first thing, replied: "Well, if a person comes in when you're busy with another customer, seat him and remove one of his shoes so he can't get away. Then go ahead and finish what you are doing." That's a new one on me.

—o—

Since thinking it over I have come to the conculsion that this is no time for the big banks throughout the country to be effecting mergers and throwing hundreds of vice-presidents and cashiers out of jobs and adding to the general condition of unemployment.

—o—

The idea of a man's worth has been brutally dispelled. It seems that the average man is worth only about 1 cent an hour, as a source of physical energy. Professor William Boss of the University of Minnesota, recently worked that out by a series of tests with a small device capable of generating electricity. Prof. Boss learned that a man turning the crank of the machine for an hour, at a rate of 60 revolutions per minute, could generate enough power to register at 110 volts. "That amount," he explained, "would be worth about 1 cent." That old saying is virtually true—"we live and learn."

—o—

The scientific estimate is that we use only 10 per cent of our brains. I sometimes believe that is literally true. For instance, the automobile flying birds who come over the hill on the wrong side of the road.

—o—

A Philadelphia economist says a too rapid return to prosperity would work great harm upon the country. So that's one danger we'll have to look out for, and incidentally, it seems to be well looked out for just at the moment. So far as I am

concerned, I know that a sudden return to prosperity would not work harm on me.

—o—

It was at a dance. A fight occurred, and one fellow was badly beaten. When the aggressor was asked why he so rudely treated the attendant, he said: "He insulted my girl." "Why all he said was that she danced like a zephyr." "My mistake. I thought he said heifer."

—o—

On the last Fourth of July a dozen or more persons were killed by fire-works; one hundred and eighteen by autos; and one hundred and thirty-nine by drowning. The many years' campaign to keep people from blowing themselves up with fireworks has brought good results. But the trouble with people is that when they are shooed away from one danger they promptly turn and jump into another. As Cleopatra once irritably remanked to Marc Antony, "Oh, what's the use?"

—o—

"There is a pleasure," sang Byron in Childe Harold, "in the pathless woods, there is a rapture on the lonely shore, there is society where none intrudes by the deep sea and music in its roar." Mr. Byron should have written around to spots in North Carolina—the Atlantic shores where the sun rides into view in a golden chariot and paints shimmering pictures in sky-blue waters: and glorious Western North Carolina mountains, where the panorama of loveliness is ever changing, and the same sun goes down his western pathway kissing the world into rare beauty by the incomparable colorings, noiseless trickling lights, which seem as if the glory of heaven had broken through and were peeping over the mountain tops, imparting a benediction of that "peace wihch passeth all understanding" to a world retiring to rest. Mr. Byron would have received letters, circulars and booklets telling him that any place he happened to ask about was the very one he had in mind, the place of his dreams, the spot where perfect rest, peace and solitude could be found.

—o—

A woman 100 years old interviewed on her conclusions in regard to life said: "Men are a great nuisance, but they make a woman happy." The ladies are prone to announce that men are a great nuisance from the time they are sixteen years old, but they usually do not admit they make a woman happy until they reach the ripe old age of one hundred. And the men are prone to say that women are funny creatures. I always did like fun.

"When I count up His blessings along all my way,
When I think of His care and protection each day,
When I know that He hears, as I trustingly pray—
Oh, how can I help loving our God!"

—Selected.

THE PASSING OF THE CHESTNUT TREES

By C. W. Hunt

There are few, if any, trees whose praises have been sung by people living in reach of the Blue Ridge mountains, more than that of the chestnut, which has been prized alike for the nuts they bore as well as for the beautiful wooded sides of the mountains and its value as a wood for inside finish and, in some sections, for the bark for weather-boarding houses, but the days of all these are numbered, in fact have lasted five to ten years longer than the forestry division at Washington said they could last. The chestnut weevil destroyed all the chestnut forests in the Alleghany mountains of Pennsylvania and Maryland and West Virginia several years ago, and has come very gradually into the North Carolina. Blue Ridge mountains until three years ago when its destruction was first noticed in a dead or dying limb on healthy looking trees. Last year the forests were streaked with yellow leaves on the dying limbs; this year those limbs are bare and others turning yellow, and the times seems not far distant when the chestnuts people have bought so eagerly from the mountain wagon or truck will be no more, and the securing of chestnut lumber for inside finish of houses will be unknown. There is no way of combatting this disease, as it appears on the order of the San Jose scale on the apple and the peach trees, with this difference, the apples and peach trees are where they can be reached with intersecticides and its growth checked, but any effort to spray the chestnut trees of the Blue Ridge mountains would bankrupt a nation.

The question naturally arises: will these mountains be bare when the heavy wooded chestnut forests are all dead? The dead trunks will be seen for an indefinite period of time, for it is a wonderful keeper in the open, but there are a number of trees to take its place, and in most places, no doubt, the seeds or the saplings are already there to grow and take the place of the passing chestnuts. A number of varieties of oaks are already there, many as large as the chestnuts that are passing, as well as the valuable black locust, so prized for fence posts, being about the equal of cedar in withstanding the ravages of the elements. These all shed their leaves in Fall, but there will come or are now here, the Carolina spruce, hemlock and balsam and a number of smaller growing trees. The dying out of the chestnut will let in the sunlight, enabling these trees that have been crowded out a chance to grow and the mountain sides will still be covered with green trees.

The forests that five years ago, at this season of the year, were white with the spiral blossoms of the chestnut are not so now, but here and there is a chestnut with enough life left to blossom. Last year the crop of chestnuts in the Blowing Rock region was almost minus; this year it will be less even than last year, and according to history

and observation in other states, will pass out of existence. In this connection it may be interesting to know that fifty years ago there were numerous dead trunks of chestnut trees as far east as Winston-Salem, which stood, often, in open fields like a monument to those of the mates who had fallen victims of the chestnut weevil, which for some cause waited all these years to tackle the mountain chestnut, but it has come at last in all its deadliness.

HE REVOLUTIONIZED DAIRYING

(Asheville Citizen)

Dr. Stephen Moulton Babcock of the University of Wisconsin, who was one of the victims of last week's heat wave, has been honored throughout the world as the inventor of a simple machine which revolutionized the dairy industry through enabling the dairyman to determine accurately the butter fat content of milk.

Until Dr. Babcock perfecetd this process creameries and cheese factories had to accept all milk alike, for there was no known means of ascertaining the percentage of fat contained in any particular milk. His invention has saved millions of dollars to dairymen by preventing the loss of butter fat in separating the cream. It has enabled them to weed out the "boarders" in their herds, the cows whose milk is not sufficiently rich in butter fat to pay for their upkeep. They have been assisted to build up their herds scientifically and make them more profitable.

If, as we are told, dairying is today one of the most soundly prosperous activities to be found in the country, it has Dr. Babcock to thank for that fact more than any other one man.

There are many farmers who still sneer at college professors. The practice is not as common as it was years ago but it is still difficult for some farmers to visualize the service rendered by a man in a laboratory. Dr. Babcock taught agricultural chemistry at Madison for the greater part of his life. He announced his revolutionizing discovery in a little pamphlet similar to those which scores of agricultural colleges publish by the hundreds every year.

Honors came to Dr. Babcock as the result of his great contribution to the dariying industry but wealth he deliberately eschewed. He was urged to patent his process but refused to do so, placing it freely at the disposal of those whom he sought to serve. There are thousands of such workers in the colleges and in the public services of America. Most of them earn relatively small salaries. Few of them ever occupy the public eye. But the fruits of their labors are enjoyed by millions who never know their names; and as a class they should be held in higher honor and respect.

OLD IRONSIDES

By James B. Connolly

The Constitution was one of three 44-gun frigates ordered by Congress in 1794 for the protection of our Mediterranean commerce from the Barbary pirates. She was built in Boston at what is still called Constitution Wharf. She started life rightly. Betsey Ross making her signal flags; Paul Revere forging the copper bolts which held her together, beating out the copper sheathing for her hull.

She was 207 feet over all, 177 feet on deck, and 43 feet beam. She mounted long 24-pounders on her gun deck, 36-pounders carronades (short range guns) on her spar deck. She was something to look at when she sailed for sea, being designed by Joshua Humphreys after the best French models, with broad and lofty sail plan and midship rails that "tumbled home." Her bows were rounded out, her stern cut square—this to give her gun crews the more space to work in. Gazing upon the width of her fore and after ends a man might ask if she could sail. She could sail. Below her water line was a hull as sweetly curved as ever put to sea in her day.

For her seagoing qualities, she proved herself a weatherly ship and quick in stays. She sailed well off the wind, but was at her best close hauled—that last a great asset, meaning the weather berth in battle. For the rest, she rolled her gun deck ports under in a strong beam wind, but it took a full gale to roll her lower. She carried a wet spar deck in a heavy seaway, which was no harm—the man o' warsmen of her day not minding getting their feet wet. A great sailing ship: a noble picture of a man o' warsman, when down Boston Bay she sailed on her first cruise.

It was against the French, not the pirates, she cruised first, taking her station under Commodore John Barry in Southern waters. Later, she cruised the Caribbean, where she took a few small prizes. Her greatest distinction here was to take up the challenge of a fast British frigate to a sailing match, and decisively defeat her. The prize was a hogshed of old Madeira.

The war with France being over, the Constitution returned home, refitted, sailed for a go at the Barbary Corsairs as the flagship of Commodore Edward Preble. The Constitution drew fighting commanders from the first. Take Preble: One dark night to the westward of Gibraltar Straits there loomed up against the clouds the shadow of what looked like a big man o' warsman. Preble ordered the crew to battle quarters and hailed:

"What ship is that?"

"What ship are you?" came the reply.

"The American frigate Constitution. What are you?"

"What ship did you say?"

"The American frigate Constitution. What ship are you?"

"What ship?"

"What game are they at?" muttered Preble. Aloud he shouted. "I

am hailing you for the last time. Answer my hail or I'll fire a shot into you!''

Quickly came the answer: ''If you fire a shot I shall return a broadside. This is His Brittanic Majesty's Ship Donegal, eighty-four guns, Sir Richard Strachan in command. Send your boat aboard.''

Preble leaped into the rigging, roaring: ''This is the United States Ship Constitution, and I'll be damned before I send a boat aboard you or any other ship.'' He turned to the crew saying, softly: ''Blow your matches, boys.''

The gunners stood by for the command. Preble waited for a reply. No voice replied, but soon came a boat with an English officer and apologies. He was from a 38-gun frigate, not a line of battleship. They had been fearing an enemy ship, a Frenchman when hailed, and so on and so on.

The Constitution sailed on to the Barbary Coast, the same whereof the old song rolls:

''And be ye prince or pirate, or merchantman be ye,
A-sailin' down the coast of the High Bar-ba-ree.''

What a song that was! As boys on the Boston water front we used to hear the men of the old wooden navy roaring it out:

''And, 'quarter, quarter,' cried they, as upon them down we bore.
But the quarter that we gave them was the bottom of the sea,
A-sailin' down the coast of the High Bar-ba-ree.''

Boys on the water front would harken to the old time men o' wars-men rolling that out on their rough liberty days and—well, no wonder a lot of them ran away to sea.

The old Barbary pirates were an arrogant outfit. They had been demanding tribute and our government had been paying such tribute for years. And why the tribute? Why, so that they would not capture our merchant ships and hold the crews for slaves. O yes, this powerful country was that weak one time. But Congress had at last risen above dollar diplomacy; and the Constitution was leading a little fighting fleet to bring the Corsairs to another way of thinking.

It was a tough rough service, blockading the slippery pirate craft on what was more often than not a dangerous lee shore; and plenty of tough rough fighting to it, with men throwing grenades at arm's length, battling hand to hand on blood-wet decks, tossing torches into powder magazines to blow ships and crews sky high; but also, it was great training for future wars. Every fighting naval captain of our 1812 war got his early training in that Barbary Coast service.

One of the Constitution's exploits under Preble was to take fourteen nondescript small armed craft under her lee, and attack the heavily defended port of Tripoli. She came sailing in, letting go broadsides port and starboard as she came. The Tripolitans thought she would make a small demonstration, wear around and beat it out of harbor again; but on she came, sinking half the twetty-four armed craft in harbor as she came, laid her gun ports jam up to the embrasures of the land fortress, blasted the Tripolitan gunners

from their stations and sailed on out again with not a spar carried away and only one man wounded. There were 25,000 armed men and 119 guns —big guns some of them—behind the land denfenses. It was one of those audacious exploits that daring men try and succeed sometimes in doing.

No great material gain was made in that attack, nor in four subsequent one against the powerful land defenses but the final effect was to shatter the ancient Corsair belief that American seamen would not fight. Eventually the Corsairs agreed to quit harrying American commerce.

In 1812, war being declared between Great Britain and the United States, from her immense reserve of warships Great Britain quickly laid out principal ports under a close blockade. The Constitution, commanded by Captain Issac Hull, shipped a crew in Chesapeake Bay, sailed to join Commodore Rodgers' fleet in New York Harbor. Off the Jersey Coast she trailed a sail in the night, hoping it to be a British warship. Daylight disclosed that she was one, the frigate Guerriere, no less: but close at hand was a 74-gun line of battleship, two other frigates of her own class, also two smaller warships—all British. A fine hornet's nest: The Constitution turned stern to and ran for it.

What wind there was soon died out. The Constitution manned her boats, set them to towing her out of danger. The British manned their boats and set to at the towing game also. The Constitution was holding her own, which wasn't enough. Lieutenant Morris suggested to Captain Hull that he splice together all the spare rope ends in the ship, make fast a small anchor, set it half a mile or so ahead of the ship and set all hands to heaving away on it. This was done and in came the line hand over hand, and out in front went the Constitution. The British wondered for a while at her speed in that calm; then catching on, they also put out anchors and kedged ahead.

The British next combined the boats of the entire fleet and set them to towing their frigate Shannon, the idea being that she would overhaul and engage the American, hold her until the rest of the fleet could come up and pound her to splinters. As the Shannon drew closer, she opened up with her bow guns on the Constitution, who replied with a long 12-pounder through a cabin port. The Guerriere from a beam position fortunately just beyond range, was banging away at the same time.

It was looking bad again for the Constitution, when a light breeze sprang up; where upon Captain Hull, a smart sailing master—he had handled the Constitution when she outsailed that fast English frigate in the Caribbean—now gave the British another demonstration of how a ship should be sailed. By dark he had the Guerriere under his lee quarter and the Shannon well under his sterm. But the wind did not hold. Throughout the night the crews resumed their towing and kedging.

Next morning's dawn revealed a cloudless sky, a sea as smooth as a ship's quarter deck. A beautiful morning; and a still one, except for

the echo of the oars of the towing boats chafing against the boat gunnels, the swish of the kedge lines lifting out of the smooth green sea. And on this motionless sea were eleven warships with every stitch of canvas set—ten British sail and the Constitution, and every one like a painted picture, with not a single sail drawing sufficiently to hold it clear of its mast. That calm could not last forever. A puff of air stirred the smooth water like a sluggish tide ripple. Another ripple, this one a bit livelier. The Constitution began to make way for herself. In came her towing boats. By and by came a squall a hard, squall, with thunder, lightning, sheeted rain. Smartly the Constitution shortened sail to meet it. The squall passed on; smartly the Constitution set all sails, gun crews and deck force working feverishly. A fine breeze, a strong steady breeze followed; and then, with sail alow and sail aloft and her lee gun deck ports awash, the Constitution drove her smooth length through the white water. Twelve and one-half knots she logged while the breeze held—great sailing for a heavy built deep loaded ship of war—and while she was logging it, all her weary crew, except quartermasters and lookouts, turned in where they stood on deck and had a good sleep. They had been standing by since first sighting the Guerriere in the dark.

At dawn next morning the royals of the nearest British ship just showed above the northerly horizon; and so ended the most dramatic escape in naval history of a single ship from a fleet.

The Constitution headed easterly, put into Boston, took fresh instructions, sailed out to harry British commerce off the Nova Scotia Coast.

While at this work she got word of a British frigate cruising thereabout.

The news suited Hull. Lookouts were doubled. On August 19, 1812, a large sail was reported off the larboard bow. A large sail in those days usually meant a ship of war. The word was passed for all hands on deck; a waste of words—with the cry "Sail-o!" from aloft they had come bouncing up through the hatches.

A hundred volunteer lookouts hurried aloft, and soon they were reporting her as a man o' war, a big fellow, and a British by her looks.

The big fellow turned out to be the Guerriere; and on her foresail in large letters was:

THIS IS NOT THE LITTLE BELT

The Little Belt was a sloop of war captured not long before this by the President, a sister ship of the Constitution.

"No Little Belt—the big Guerriere," shouted the lookouts aloft to the men on deck.

"Good!" shouted back the men on deck. "The big Guerriere will do."

The Guerriere was a celebrated ship of war, a captured French frigate pierced for fifty guns; a much feared ship—else American poets would not have written dozens of satiric songs about her. Take this one:

"Long the tyrant of our coast,
Reigned the famous Guerriere;
Our little navy she defied,
Public ship and privateer;

On her sails, in letters red,
To our captains were displayed,
Words of warning, words of dread,
'All who meet me have a care
I am England's Guerriere'!"

She was commanded by Captain Dacres, a first class fighting man who had to his credit a victory over a French frigate. A bold and confident man, this Dacres, who had challenged Commodore Rodgers to a sea duel not long before this. His challenge red:

"Captain Dacres, commander of his British majesty's frigate Guerriere of forty-four guns, presents his compliments to Commodore Rodgers of the United States Frigate President, and will be very happy to meet him or any other American frigate of equal force to the President for the purpose of having a few minutes tete-a-tete."

The Constitution wasn't the President; but she was a sister ship, so to Dacres here must have seemed a battle made to his order.

The two ships maneuvered for a time. By and by, the Constitution approaaching bow on, the Guerriere opened fire, hoping to rake her. The broadside fell short, and the Constitution held her fire. The Constitution tacked and luffed to get into position, the Guerriere meanwhile banging away at her.

One man was killed and several wounded aboard the Constitution, and still she hadn't fired a single shot. The spar deck gunners sent beseeching glances toward their captain on the quarter. He shook his head. "Not yet. Wait, wait!" It was a full hour after the Guerriere opened fire before Hull gave the word. He shouted at last, "Now close, and be sure of your aim. Close!" He was a fleshy man and wore tight fitting breeches. He bent low to the deck to emphasize the word "close," and so bending, split his breeches from knee to waist line. He continued the fight in his busted breeches.

The Constitution gunners were a well trained lot. Their first broadside sounded like one great gun. The crew accompanied the broadside with a loud cheer. Their continued cheers throughout the battle puzzled the English officers, who spoke of it later as something they could not understand, men cheering while their shipmates were being killed or mangled around them.

The first broadside cut down the Guerriere's mizzenmast close to the deck, carried her main yard from the slings.

She's now a brig," shouted a gunner. "Another broadside and we'll make a sloop of her!"

The American Navy in the War of 1812 was swarming with Irishmen, who were eager to have a wallop at their ancient foe. A shot carried away the Constitution's colors. A gunner, Dan Hogan, described by a shipmate as "a young Irishman, most belligerent in battle," got hammer and nails and made his way aloft. The shapshooters in the Guerriere's tops spotted him and tried to pick him off. With the nails in his teeth and his left arm wrapped around the broken spar, he began the business of nailing fast the colors. His shipmates below were cheering him, the Gurriere sharpshooters pegging away at him. He finished his job, slid safely to the

deck, resumed his gun station with the remark: "'If it comes down again, the mast will be comin' with it.''

The Constitution was a very stout built ship. Her frames were of carefully selected Southern white oak, her oaken sides thicker than ordinary. Midway of the fight, several shots from the Guerriere's carronades struck against the sides of the Constitution and fell into the sea; whereat a gunner cried out: ''Her sides are of iron! See the solid shot fall away from them!'' It was then and there that she got that nickname, which she never lost, of Old Ironsides.

A shot knocked a big hole in the Constitution's bow, whereupon a gun crew made a gun port of the hole for a space 9-pounder. Another gunner picked up a Guerriere shot that was rolling around deck, rolled it down the muzzles of his own gun, and sent it back with loudly shouted compliments.

The Gurriere's crew had hoisted a puncheon of molasses to their mainstay shouting that the Yankees might need the molasses to mix with their rum to make switchell (a favorite drink of that day). The Constitution's musket men shot holes in the hogshead, causing the molasses to drip down and Guerriere gun crews in the waist of the ship to go sliding all around deck.

The Guerriere's foremast went by the board, thus carrying out the promise of the American gunners to make a sloop of her. Not long afterward her mainmast went.

The Americans never ceased to cheer at large nor to pass cheering words to each other. Said one little powder monkey to another little one: ''Work away there, man. She'll soon be ours.''

Wasting no shots, the Constitution gunners tore the Guerriere apart. In less than an half hour that first terrific broadside the fight was as good as over. Guerriere men were sent aloft to haul down her colors. Musketeers in the Constitution's tops, not guessing their errand, kept picking them off. Captain Dacres finally ordered a gun fired to leeward, and himself came, wounded though he was, in a small boat to the Constitution to surrender his ship.

The surprising thing to the British officers was that so much damage could be done to a ship in so brief a time. The Constitution was of heavier metal—fifty-six guns to forty-nine; and she had a full ship's company, whereas the Guerriere's crew had been depleted by details sent off to man captured merchantmen; but even so, the damage was extraordinary. The Guerriere was so badly smashed that Captain Hull decided to sink her. A fuse was laid to her magazine, into the air and down into the sea went the famous Guerriere, and so ended the first real naval battle of the war with Great Britain.

When Old Ironsides arrived in Boston after her Guerriere fight, the port turned itself inside out for her. Bands paraded the streets, fire alarm bells were rung, guns were fired on Boston Common, ladies showered flowers from balconies on the fighting officers when through the streets they walked with the dignitaries of the port. There were ovations, dinners, gold swords, med-

als struck by Congress, plenty of wassail for the crew, also fat prize money.

The Constitution put to sea again: sailing for South Atlantic waters in command of Captain William Bainbridge. On December 29 off the Brizilian Coast, she sighted the British frigate Java. Bowling offshore before the wind came the big warship, a noble sight. Bainbridge tacked off shore, and bowled along with her. The Java, a fast ship and fresh from her dry dock in England, outsailed the Constitution, whose bottom had become somewhat fouled in the soft tropic waters.

After five hours of maneuvering, which left the Java with the windward berth, the fighting ships got down to battle sail. Bainbridge firee a shot across the Java's bow, which was like saying, those naval commanders having their code: "For your part you can fire when ready. I'm all set."

The Java answered the salute with a broadside. They exchanged broadsides for an hour or so without great damage to either, the range being too long. They were really maneuvering for position.

The Constitution was the better handled ship throughout. Her gunnery practice was also the better. The Java's bowsprit and much headgear was eventually shot away, whereat she decided to close in. As she came within short range, a Constitution broadside shot away her foremast. She was a badly crippled ship then, but she fought on—all the British shps of that day and time were bravely fought. With her foremast gone, the Java was a beaten ship. Old Ironsides taking position where she pleased, let her have it stern on, bow on, broad on, as she pleased.

It was the Guerriere fight all over again, the Java being so badly smashed up after a two-hour battle that she had to be sunk. She had about sixty killed—the figures were never given out officially—and more than one hundred wounded. Old Ironsides had nine men killed and twenty-five wounded. She carried forty-nine guns to the Java's fifty-two. The Java had the larger crew; no real advantage. So long as a ship has men enough for full broadside firing, a few more or less do not matter.

As in the Guerriere fight, the spirit of the victorious crew had perhaps as much to do toward victory as their better seamanship and gunnery. Nothing could dismay them. They took a wound almost with a cheer; one actually took his death that way. John Cheever, a seaman, being mortally wounded, held himself alive until he got word that the enemy had surrendered. "Down comes her colors!" he heard; and, hearing it, he raised his head from beside a dead shipmate, gave three feeble cheers, and took wing for Valhalla.

There had been other American naval victories, but this second Constitution victory was a terrific blow to British naval prestige. The old loud talk of "annihilating the contemptible navy of the United States and sweeping the American flag from the sea . . ." fell away to a whisper. The British Admiralty's order that thereafter . . . "frigate commanders should be certain they were not engaging a more powerful

enemy before proceeding to engage" was a nauseous dose to naval commanders who used to think they had only to hoist their British colors to ensure a victory.

The British line of battleships—three-deckers of seventy-four guns and up—were now made into powerful frigates (two decks of guns) and sent over to our coast in the hope of catching some of our 44-gun frigates asleep.

The Constitution having sailed home to Boston after the Java fight, was there blockaded by two 50-gun frigates; the Newcastle and Leander, and a 40-gun one, the Acosta. They lay outside the harbor to capture her should she attempt to come out. One day, the 50-gun Newcastle only being in sight. Old Ironsides prepared to put out to sea. The Newcastle was looking at her, and Old Ironsides expected to have a fight on her hands; but the Newcastle chose to leave her station and seek her two consorts who were cruising further out in the bay; which left the Constitution free to make the open sea and head for the Straits of Gibraltar, where the merchantman pickings were said to be very good and enemy war craft occasionally to be met wth. The three British frigates of the Boston blockade put after her.

One February day Old Ironsides' lookouts sighted two large ships together. They proved to be the frigate Cyane and the sloop of war Levant. This pair together carried more men and guns than she did: and acting together, they should have had a good hope of victory over her, the total weight of metal and crew numbers being about equal; but their first choice was to run for it.

Old Ironsides went after them. A fresh wind was blowing and she soon overhauled them. Seeing no escape from this fast sailing enemy, the British pair decided to try to work to windward of her and give her battle. It was then late in the afternoon.

Captain Charles Stewart was in command of Old Ironsides at this time. He soon secured the windward position, and having secured it he sent a single shot between his two adversaries by way of letting them know that the fight was on.

The Cyane and Levant was sailing in column, that is, one behind the other. Old Ironsides breasted up to the Cyane, the frigate, and honored her with her opening broadside. It was now dark, with a full moon rising above the sea; a misty moon when up it came; and the smoke, of which there was soon aplenty, completely hid it at times; but there was light enough for people who were bound to fight.

Under cover of the smoke Old Ironsides sailed on past the Cyane to abreast of the Levant. As the pair exchanged broadsides, the Cyane endeavored to come up from astern and rake the Constitution. Again under cover of the smoke, Old Ironsides laid her topsails aback and drifted sternward toward the frigate. When the smoke cleared, there she was, once more abreast of the Cyane. She let her have a second broadside. The Levant wore around to aid her consort; and as she did so, Old Ironsides fired away and raked the Levant before she could come fairly around. Two

broadsides she let her have the length of her deck; and so badly did they damage the Levant that she pulled out of line to make repairs.

Old Ironsides tacked quickly, then raked the Cyane from end to end. The Cyane luffed to escape further damage from this terrible ship, whereupon Old Ironsides took position on her quarter and let her have broadside after broadside. It was then only a question of how long the Cyane would last. She soon fired a gun to leeward, the signal of surrender.

The Levant, having effected repairs, and unaware that her consort had already surrendered, headed back to the scene of battle. She poured a broadside into the Constitution, who quickly returned it; then tacked across the Levant's stern and raked her as she sailed on by.

The Levant, now a badly smashed ship, attempted to escape in the darkness. The faster sailing Constitution soon overhauled her. Again she lay on the Levant's quarter. A few broadsides now and there would not be enough left of the Levant to be worth saving; seeing which, she also fired a gun to leeward.

Years after the war, when it was no longer treason to say so, English naval officers spoke of the masterly handling of the Constitution in all her sea fights. This fight with the Cyane and the Levant, shuttling back and forth, filling and emptying her sails to take position, was the greatest exhibition of all.

The war ended, Old Irinsides sailed for home; and what receptions did she get then! Other ships of our little navy had fought brilliantly, but more than any other one, yes, or two or three, she had compelled the world's respect for the American flag. She came sailing home.

In these days of motor power a man has need of imagination to get the full savor of that old time love for a great sailing ship; and here was one that was also a great fighting ship. More than a combination of tested wood and canvas and mounted guns was this one. Every good ship was alive, human, but this great one—she had personality. She had only to sail into a harbor to have the populace come crowding to the water front for a peek at her; the landsmen perhaps to gaze contentedly but dumbly upon her, the sailormen to point out the lofty rig and sweet lines of her, to dilate upon the stout oaken frames of her, to recount the great days in the life of her, and then, most likely, to adjourn to the nearest tavern and drink a few toasts.

She was the fairest of all the fair daughters of Neptune in her day. She was the beloved ship. Officers and men who sailed in her bragged about her for all their life again. Twenty years after the war, she being ordered into dry dock for overhauling, her first fighting captain, Isaac Hull, now a commodore, put in for the privilege of looking after her while in dock; and until she was sixty years of age ranking commodores of the Navy chose her above all the new ones for their flagship. In 1878, she being then eighty-one years of age, she was selected to carry the United States Exhibit to the Paris Exposition.

Such was her fame that inland folk who never saw her, who never even saw the ocean, many of them, battled for her; and this a century before ten million radios were standing by to tell the people what was what. In 1830, being surveyed by a naval board and condemned as unfit for further service, she was ordered to be scrapped and sold. The roar that went up throughout the country then! It was then that Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote at a single sitting that ode which a hundred million schoolboys must have recited since:

Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!
Long has it waved on high
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky.
Beneath it rang the battle shout
And burst the cannon's roar,
The meteor of the ocean air
Shall sweep the sea no more.

* * *

Oh better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the wave;
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave;
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the gods of storms,
The lightning and the gale!

An outraged public demanded that her old timbers be overhauled and she be restored to service; and that was done.

In 1897 she celebrated her centennial in Boston. How many ships in all the world's history have had centennials celebrated? In 1905, she being then 108 years of age, a naval board recommended that she be used as a target and sunk by the battleships of our North Atlantic Fleet. This was a most honorable ending from a naval point of view; but again a roar went up, such a roar that Congress authorized her reconstruction though without appropriating money for the work. The Daughters of 1812 urged the public at large to contribute to a "Save the Constitution Fund." The Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks inaugurated a campaign among the school children of the country for the same purpose. Four million children gave their nickels and dimes to the cause.

The reconstruction of the old ship has been carried on under the supervision of Admirals de Stigeur, Andrews and Nulton, successive commandants of the Boston Yard. A naval lieutenant, John A. Lord, who knows a wooden ship from keel to truck, has been in direct charge of the work.

Some day this summer, with Commander Louis T. Gullivan, U. S. N., in charge, the great old ship will put out from Boston on a cruise—surely her last cruise.

She will be towed down the harbor, but once out to sea, should the wind be fine and the weather not too foul, sail will be made upon her; and, if present plans hold, she will visit various Atlantic and Pacific ports.

An old bos'n's mate of about eighty has been reporting daily for months to Admiral Nulton at the Boston Yard, pleading to be one of her crew on that great day when

she once more puts to sea. He served on her in the old wooden navy days; and before they slide him over the side with a couple of 24-pound shot lashed to his feet, he would like to sail on her again. Yes, sir, so it is the old fellows from the wooden navy feel about her. But it will be a crew of lively young present-day gobs who will set her royals and boom out her stunsails when she puts out to sea; and, then, my hearties, with her sail alow and sail aloft, you'll see a ship as is a ship, the fightingest fighting ship of naval history come to life again. She will have every gun in place; not the same old guns, but reproductions of the same weight and mold. Their black muzzles will be peering through the white painted ports, even as they peered in the great old days for a look at the enemies, and, sighting them, soon blasted them into submission.

Should it be a man's good luck to be standing on a wharf when that old girl comes sailing into port with all her kites flying, he will see something worth looking at. She is 134 years old and her ways may seem a bit antique; but O man, the girl she was in her day!

HOME ACCIDENTS

Home accidents in the United States last year claimed almost as many lives as the automobile and caused even more injuries, according to "Ancient Facts," a booklet analyzing accidents in 1930 just published by the national safety council. There were approximately 30,000 deaths and 4,000,000 injuries.

The accidents occurred, mainly through carelessness, in all parts of the home. There were kitchen, bedroom and bathroom tragedies. They occurred upstairs and down; inside and outside the house. There were many casualties in attics, garages, on porches and on stairways.

Falls again constituted the leading causes of home fatalities.

Burns, scalds and explosions were the chief causes of death among children under four years of age.

Between the ages of 15 and 64, falls lead all other causes, with burns, scalds and explosions second, and asphyxiation and suffocation third.

From 65 on falls constituted about 70 per cent of all home deaths.

Home death causes, in the order of their importance last year were:

1. Falls. 2. Burns, scalds and explosions. 3. Asphyxiation and suffocation. 4. Poisons. 5. Miscellaneous. 6. Cuts and scratches.

—Morganton News-Herald.

ROADSIDE LODGING

(Reidsville Review

A commercial concern is reported to be preparing to erect 50 or more roadside inns along the national automobile highways in the United States. These inns, say the reports, will be pleasing architecurally, will have a dozen bedrooms apiece, will provide garage and filling station service and will serve good meals. They will be open at all hours, and will be designed for motorists of average means.

If this report proves true, it marks the first step in a reform that is long overdue. The motorists of America, blessed with thousands of miles of excellent roads and an infinite variety of pleasant scenes, through which to tour, gets let down rather badly when it comes to food and drink and sleep along the way.

Of course he may stay in the big city hotels if he cares to, and they are generally very fine institutions. But, in constantly increasing numbers, the motorist has demonstrated that he does not want to do that. The city hotel is apt to be more expensive than he likes as a rule: besides, it is in a city, and one of the chief reasons for cross-country motoring is that it gets one out of cities into the open country. So the tourist generally puts up in the small town, or in such accommodations as are available along the way.

During the next decade, beyond doubt, inns of this sort will spring up in profusion. They are the one thing lacking to make motoring in this country the delight that it should be. Any tourist who has slept in creaking lumpy beds, eaten soggy, greasy sandwiches and put up with ramshackle lodging houses on his trips across the country will welcome them with heartfelt gladness.

HOLES IN YOUR POCKETS

Boys, did you ever stop to think that only civilized man has pockets? And what a wonderful thing they are!

But a pocket with holes isn't worth much, is it?

Your mind is a pocket into which to put thoughts, ideas, impressions, purposes and all sorts of good things. But minds full of holes are not worth much. Lots of good things are put into them, but they don't stay there. You'll never be a good thinker, nor a very wise person, until you patch the holes in your mind's poskets. Forgetting is one of the holes, lack of attention another, lack of purpose a third, allowing yourself to get confused is another. How many other holes can you think of?—Sunshine.

HUMMING BIRDS IN THE GARDEN PICTURE

By Vera B. Edwards

Humming birds, like winged jewels in their lustrous coats of blue-green and red, darting through garden spaces, hanging in mid-air on whirring wings above honey laden flowers, preening with exaggerated nicety in the sunlight after a bath, are part of the best joy and loveliness of the garden. Once the confidence of the little sprites is won, regularly will they make the rounds of the garden as the summer days laze along, and sometimes nest somewhere in the honeysuckles, and when the babies come, the brilliant father bird and the dainty somber mother will find sweet juices of flowers for food until the babies, too, will dart about on humming wings, glistening jewels in the summer sunlight.

Certain perennials attract humming birds wherever planted and that is not all, for each one of these flowers make charm in the garden picture.

Aconitum (monkshood, wolfbane or helmet-flower) enhances the stateliness of the space allotted it as only a plant with tall spikes of showy, cool, blue flowers can. The individual flower is shaped like a helmet or hood; the leaves are large and lustrous green.

Hollyhocks: What other perennial so stately and picturesque, or has so many clear, lovely colors? Humming birds love them and no prettier sight can the garden offer than a pair of the little sprites busily feasting about the tall stalks, darting animatedly up and down, around and around, intent on missing not a single gorgeous blossom.

Lychnis: This lovely flower with narrow, grass-like, grayish foliage, grows in tufts about fifteen inches high and produces many delicate tassel-like blossoms in short sprays of rose-pink which are very attractive to humming birds. There are several species blooming over various periods of the summer and their quaint common names add to their charm—ragged-robin, maltese cross, rose-of-heaven, cuckoo flower, mullien-pink, scarlet lightning and German catchfly.

Digitalis (foxglove): The humming bird loves best, perhaps, the flowers into which he can thrust full length his long bayonet-like bill. He delights in crowding his diminutive head deep into the foxglove's drooping bells, where bees make sweet music. The small finger-like flowers of the digitalis are seen in white, lilac, purple rose and yellow with odd speckles and markings.

Aquilegia (columbine): This flower was called, it has been said, the columbine, because it looked like the cap of a court jester. It is lovely in the garden and especially so when humming birds whir about it but never perch, for its stems are so delicate they would scarcely bear up even the tiny weight of this little bird.

Delphinium: The humming bird

displays real ecstasy when gathering nectar from the wide open throat of the delphinium. And any way, no garden is quite complete nowadays without some of the fine strains of the lovely delphiniums.

WHO REMEMBERS?

We often wonder how many of you "old timers" around Monroe can recall when we put our shirts on over our heads; when anybody could hitch up a horse, when there were no such things as wrist watches and a hired girl was lucky to get $2.50 a week. Or how many remember when boys collected cigarette pictures, when everybody had tonsils and kept 'em, when nobody had appendicitis and most everybody kept the Sabbath. Surely there must be a lot of folks around here who can remember when they carried a lantern on the dash-board of the spring wagon and drove it through mud, dirt or loose rock most of the time; when they slept on a straw tick and took a bath in the wash tub in the kitchen only on Saturday nights; or when women wore Mother Hubbards, when a brick covered with carpet served as a door-stop and when congress gaiters were the most stylish of shoes. But if you can remember any or all of these isn't a sign that you are getting old. Its just a sign of good memory.—Monroe Enquirer.

AGROUND ON THE BAR

By D. Winchester

Dave Price sat far down in his chair in the large room of the coast-guard station that served for a messroom and general living-room. His eyes were on the magazine before him, but his attention was on the storm that raged outside. Rain beat incessantly against the windows, and a high wind straight out of the northeast swirled and eddied around the building. It was undoubtedly the worst storm that had struck the coast that winter. Dave, spending his first year at the island station, could not remember ever having seen its like before.

"Who has the last patrol tonight?" Warner Dale, one of the oldest men at the station, wanted to know.

Dave looked up. "I have," he answered.

"Don't envy you much, son. It's a bad night to be walking the dunes."

"I don't mind. I love a storm."

"I used to myself, son. But when you're seen as many as I have, with the sea beating the very life out of some poor ship, and breaking so high over the beach that you can't get a boat off—"

Dave had just turned back to his magazine when the door opened, letting in a blast of wind and rain before the man who had come in could close it. The newcomer slipped off his flying-coat and shook the water from it as he glanced about the room.

"Jim!" Dave was out of his chair and across the room in a flash. "Where did you come from a night like this? Anything wrong?"

"Nothing but the weather," he grinned as he took off his helmet. "I started down the coast with a passenger, but had enough of it by the time we got this far. So we dropped in over the field, and Russ let me have the old flivver of his to blow over here in and look for some excitement."

"Blow is right," sniffed Warner Dale. "You're foolish to be out in one of those planes on a night like this."

"You can't talk. Probably you've had a boat out in worse storms than this."

The old-timer grunted noncommitally, and Jim and Dave exchanged knowing glances.

"You see Dave here has been telling stories out of school," Jim explained.

It was about two o'clock in the morning when Dave turned out of his bunk and got ready for his patrol. Jim, in the bunk above, turned out too, and got into his flying coat.

"Where are you going?"

"Patrol, of course."

"Jump back in that bunk and get more sleep."

But Jim was firm. "Can't keep me in on a night like this."

As the two closed the door behind them, Warner Dale and the captain who seldom slept during such a night, looked at each other and shook their heads. Dave's trick lay up the beach as far as the old lighthouse. It meant ducking the storm all the way.

"We'll have the storm behind us all the way in." Dave turned to walk with his back to the wind that his voice might carry.

The beach patrol that night gave no chance for conversation. Trudging on single file, the two men plowed along the dunes. All across what normally was beach the sea raged, crashing in mountainous waves that sent their spray far back over the dunes. Both turned backs to the wind now and again to shake the water from their eyes. Ahead the old lighthouse winked its eye regularly and faithfully through the driving rain.

They turned back and were once more nearing the station when Dave stopped abruptly and listened intently. A faint sound was barely audible above the pounding of the surf. For an instant Dave doubted that he had really heard anything. Then suddenly a flare lighted the sea a bit to the north. In its brief glow a dark object was barely distinguishable. Breaking into a run the two covered the remaining distance to

the station in record time.

The guard on duty in the tower had been unable to make out more than had Dave and Jim.

"She seemed to be on the bar, so far as I could judge," Dave reported to Captain Ryder.

The captain watched thoughtfully as another flare lighted the sky.

"Seems like she's a barge that's broken her tow," he declared. "Likely to be a family aboard."

"Launch the boat," he ordered with a sudden decision that characterized him.

Through the beating rain the boat was run to the water's edge. The searchlight in the tower showed the coastguards about it waiting for the order. Jim stood among them, his flying clothes distinguished him from the men in oilskins, but the captain motioned him back. Jim stepped away reluctantly.

Finally, with a momentary lull in the storm, the order came. The boat was run into the seething surf, but before she could be boarded a wave lifted her high in the air and threw her back on the beach.

The guardsmen were making super-human efforts to get the boat off, but in vain.

Captain Ryde ordered the breeches-buoy. Another rocket flared from the wreck.

"What can they make a line fast to without a mast?" Dave wanted to know.

"The cabin's the only thing," someone answered, "and it's worth a try. That is, if the cabin stays above water that long."

The rain had slackened, but the wind was still an unchanged fury as they mounted the gun. Then in the faint, gray light just showing in the east, they shot the line. Again and again it was sent out, only to fall short, be hauled in and shot once more.

Jim had been standing near looking on. He walked a short way down the beach. From there he could make out faintly several figures huddled against the end of the cabin in an almost vain effort to escape the pounding waves. Then suddenly a thought occurred to him.

Turning back he singled Dave out and hurried to the captain. Briefly he outlined his plan. Dave was unconvinced.

"You might as well try it," he said finally. "It's their only chance. And we'll keep on the job here."

Dave hurried off to equip himself with a long coil of light rope and weights for the ends, while Jim went to start the Ford. Finally the engine turned over, and Dave swung into the seat beside Jim and they rattled off down the road. As they clattered over the loose planks of the bridge that led to the mainland, both men were silent, Jim intent on driving and Dave securing the weights to the rope ends.

By the time they reached the hangar, and Jim's plane was wheeled out, the rain began again, but the wind seemed to have slackened ever so slightly. Giving the plane a careful but hurried inspection, Jim signaled Dave to get in. Somebody thrust a helmet and goggles at the coastguard and he slipped them on as Jim adjusted his own. The plane ran down the field, rose into the air, and turned toward the sea; Dave

gripped one end of his rope.

In no time, at all, it seemed to Dave, they were out over the water. On the beach he saw the guards anxiously watching the plane. On the bar lay the barge, far over on one side now, the waves beating her mercilessly.

As they swooped very near Dave could distinguish four people, a man, a woman and two boys, he judged in the brief glimpse, clinging to a hatch near the stern. The plane rose and headed out to sea.

"Now," Jim signalled, as he flew very low over the wreck on returning.

With a calm that surprised him, Dave dropped one of the weighted rope-ends. As it struck the barge, the man sprang toward it and seized it. When the plane reached the beach, Dave let go the other end.

They saw the breeches-buoy line made fast to the emergency line, and being pulled through the swirling water to the wreck. Crawling cautiously along the sloping deck the man made it fast to a beam in the nearest corner of the cabin, and one by one the four were drawn through the foaming water onto the beach, before the plane turned back to the hangar.

The captain came down the steps of the coast-guard station as the old Ford clattered up to the door.

"Nice work," he told the boys brusquely. "And just in time, too. We hadn't any more than got the half-drowned family up here to the station and into bed than the old barge rolled over, split in two and sank. The next time some big fellow asks me what I need around here as to equipment," he continued with a chuckle, "I'll tell him an aeroplane or two to keep in the emergency locker."

Dave and Jim could laugh now. That was a long speech for the taciturn captain.

"There's some equipment I know of that I could use right now," Dave said, screwing his fist into the captain's ribs. "How does some grub sound to you, Jim?"

Books are the windows through which ones sees the souls of others and lands afar. Sometimes the thrashy variety is the entire mental bill-of-fare; when that is true there is no proper vision and ruin results. You can tell much about any home from the books that lie on the table; that reveal the type of culture that prevails within. Dr. Alexander Whyte used to say, "Sell your bed and buy that book." Sir Robertson Nicoll's father never had a salary of more than $1,000.00 as a minister, but when he died he left a library of 17,000 volumes. No wonder his son was the leading bookman of his generation. He had a library of 25.000 volumes when he died. In this library are volumes of biography. One day he told a friend, "I have read every one of those 5,000 lives and I have never read the life of a man without learning something from it." No wonder he was one of the most influential men of his generation.

Books are a real health food. Good books—good health; trash—sickly days.—Canadian Baptist.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Mrs. J. P. Cook, associate editor of The Uplift, is visiting relatives in Suffolk, Va.

—o—

Mr. J. A. B. Goodman and daughter, Vernie, of Mooresville, called on friends at the school last Sunday afternoon.

—o—

Rev. T. W. Fogleman, pastor of McGill Street Baptist Church, Concord, conducted the service in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon, and made a very interesting talk on the life of Moses.

—o—

Our gardens are now producing plenty of fine tomatoes. These are being gathered and sent to the cottage kitchens. We also received our first "roasting ears" and okra this week.

—o—

Mr. Carriker and his carpenter shop boys have been painting the interior of the Guilford County Cottage.

—o—

Mr. Ritchie and his group of young mechanics put the recently-purchased bailing machine in operation last Monday afternoon, and several bales of straw were turned out in nice shape.

—o—

It is rumored that Mr. Lisk, our poultryman, is going to provide another of those famous fried chicken dinners at an early date. We hope there is no mistake in this report.

—o—

Herbert and Clinton Floyd, of Charlotte, former students at the Training School, called on us last Saturday. The boys report that they are getting along nicely, the former working in a hosiery mill, and the latter being employed by the Observer Printing House.

—o—

The new ice machine has been installed in our ice plant and is giving very satisfactory service. It nows requires but half the time to manufacture ice to supply the needs of the institution as when we were using the old machinery.

—o—

Mr. A. S. Brower, of Raleigh, head of the newly created Bureau of Purchase and Contract, accompanied by his father, Mr. R. A. Brower, of Concord, made a brief visit to the Training School last Sunday.

—o—

The recent rains gave some of the outside forces, an opportunity to rid our flower beds and driveways of the grass and weeds, which makes a decided improvement in the appearance of the campus.

—o—

Since the recent rains our watermelon patches give every indication of a good crop this year, which calls to our minds the many enjoyable feasts of past years, and as we cast longing eyes toward the "Old Oak," we trust that it will not be long until we assemble beneath its sheltering branches, there to enjoy many more such feasts this season.

—o—

Ten innings were required to decide the contest between the Rober-

ta Mill team and the Training School ball tossers last Saturday afternoon, the latter finally winning out by the score of 7 to 5. The visitors got away to an early lead in the opening frame, scoring a run on Verble's two-base hit and a single by Mason. The school boys tied the count in the fourth when Dark walked, advanced to third on Brewer's single, and scored when Whitehurst rapped a single through shortstop. The Roberta boys came right back with two more tallies in the fifth as Fefler singled and scored on Hartley's triple, the latter scoring on an error. The local again took the lead in the seventh when four hits and an error permitted them to shove four markers across the platter. A single and two errors were responsible for another run registered by the visitors in the eighth, and two more errors allowed them to tie the score at five all in the ninth. After playing a somewhat listless game for several innings, the school boys suddenly came to life in the tenth inning. The three visiting batters were quickly disposed of by some snappy fielding in the first half of this frame, and when the boys came to bat in their half, they proceeded to put the game on ice in a hurry. Poole, the first man up, drove a sharp single to right; Dark also singled, Poole going to third, and when Brewer blasted a double to right field both runners scampered across for two runs and the old ball game. With the exception of two innings, Mason, visiting hurler, pitched a good game, fanning twelve of the Training School batters. Lefler, with three singles, led the Roberta boys with the stick, while Brewer, with two doubles and a single, headed the local attack.

AN AGE OF VIOLENCE

A count made recently of the front page of one of the large North Carolina daily newspapers showed that, of the twenty-nine stories and items on the page, fourteen concerned crime and violence of one kind or another.

Among these stories were four which concerned murder, four regarding racketeering and gang lawlessness, two each about criminal assault, crocked politics and suicide and one regarding theft.

Much could be said about this condition, but talk could effect little betterment of conditions. Newspapers have been criticised for overplaying crime and vice news. However, such news is important and the public ought to know the facts.

A newspaper should mirror happenings in their true proportions and when this is done there is always some crime in the picture.

Modern conditions present a major problem for sociologists and educational leaders. The country—indeed, many countries—seem to be pausing where many have paused in the past, at the brink of disaster.

—Winston-Salem Journal.

NA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XIX CONCORD, N. C., JULY 25, 1931 No. 30

Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

" 'Tis the human touch in this world
that counts,
The touch of your hand on mine,
Which means far more to the fainting
heart
Then shelter and bread and wine.
For shelter is gone when the night
is o'er,
And bread lasts only a day;
But the touch of the hand and the
sound of the voice
Sing on in the soul always."

—Spencer M. Free.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL
TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL
PUBLISHED BY
The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

GETTING ALONG WITH THE FOLKS

You may be ever so clever,
Actually born with an intellect,
You may develop a brain
That would normally gain
High honor, esteem and respect;
But your labors will bring disappointment
And your glories will end in a hoax
If you have that condition
Called a bad disposition
So you can't get along with the folks.

Keep a grip on your lofty ideals,
Carry on your chosen crusade
Let the hope of your goal
Keep your heart and your soul
Unsullied, unscathed, unafraid;
But I'd say as one friend to another,
Without any effort to coax,
It's a dandy beginning
Toward things worth the winning,
If you can get along with the folks.

—*Homer Hatfield Rhodes.*

GOVERNOR DOES RIGHT THING

North Carolina is now adjusting herself to the new law passed by the last legislature, and the "good old North State" is not exactly sure just where she is "at." But the clouds of doubt will soon pass and it will be seen how things are working.

Governor Gardner has his hand on the throttle of the engine of state and will see that it runs smooth and economically. At his suggestion the legislature passed an act making a salary cut for all state employes of 10 per cent. By some means a canker-worm got into this phase of legislation and made it appear, and it was about to be enforced, that the pay of unskilled employes be cut 20 per cent, leaving the higher paid employes facing a cut of only 10 per cent. Of course that was inequitable.

It raised a mild and effective rumpus. The Governor was out of the state at the time, and "when the cat's away, the mice will play," but he was quick to act, and promptly issued his announcement rescinding the reduction.

That was not all. He stated that the orginal order did not meet with his approval. In his act the Governor has poured oil on the troubled waters.

* * * * * * * * * *

THERE IS A LEAK

The following taken from The University News letter is not encouraging:

> "The 1930 census report on illiteracy in North Carolina is not as satisfactory as was anticipated. There is still the enormous total of more than 236,000 illiterates ten years of age and over in this state as against 241,000 ten years ago."

The decrease in illiteracy in the past ten years has been about 2 per cent. With the compulsory school laws, and fine school buildings why in the name of the country should illiteracy begin at ten years? It seems almost impossible that such could be true. It is proof that there is a leak in the educational system. We have boasted too long of our standardized schools to admit the enormous total of 236,000 illiterates ten years of age as against 241,000 ten years ago. If our school system were effective there would be no occasion for night schools for illiterates. Time would soon wipe out all illiterates in the State.

* * * * * * * * * *

A FRIEND

If for once you have been so fortunate as to have had a friend who measured up to the following description of "a friend" there is without a doubt in the secret recesses of your heart most delightful reminiscences that are pleasing to dwell upon. Read this and profit thereby:

A friend is a person who is for you under any suspicion. He never investigates you when charges are made against you. He does not ask proof. He asks the accuser to clear out. He likes you just as you are; he does not want to alter you. Whatever kind of coat you are wearing suits him; whether you have on a dress-suit or a hickory shirt with no collar, he thinks it's fine. He likes your moods and enjoys your pessimism as much as your optimism. He likes your success, and your failure endears you to him the more. He is better than a lover, because he is never jealous. He wants nothing from you except that you be yourself. He is the one being with whom you can feel safe. With him you can utter your heart, its badness and its goodness; you don't have to be careful. In his presence you can be indiscreet, which means you can rest. There are many faithful wives and husbands; there are few faithful friends.

Friendship is the most admirable, amazing and rare article among human beings. Anybody may stand by you when you are right: a friend stands by you when you are wrong. The highest known form of friendship is that of the dog to his master. You are in luck if you can find one man or woman on earth who has that kind of affection for you and fidelity to you. Like the shade of a great tree in the noonday heat is a friend. Like the home port with your country's flag flying after a long journey, is a friend. A friend is an impregnable citadel of refuge in the strife of existence. It is he who keeps alive your faith in human nature; who makes you believe it is a good universe. He is the antidote to despair and elixir of hope; the tonic for depression; the medicine to cure suicide. When you are vigorous and spirited, you like to take your pleasure with him; when you are in trouble, you want to tell him. When you are sick, you want to see him; when you are dying, you want him near. You give to him without reluctance and borrow from him without embarrassment.

If you can live fifty years and find one absolute friend, you are fortunate, for of thousands of human creatures that crawl the earth, few are of such stuff.

* * * * * * * * * *

THE HIDDEN HAND

There may seem to be a good deal of blind luck in life, but there is an evening-up process somewhere. We are caught with the glitter of the prizes in what is called the great lottery of life, but we do not see much beyond our own noses. "The lot is cast into the lap, but the whole disposing thereof is of the Lord." When He gets through with the distribution it will be time enough to sum up. Do you see that man that with a quick twist of the

wrist made fifty thousand dollars? Don't talk about his wonderful luck until you see what the money has done with him or his children. They may make him a cold blooded mamman worshiper, or send his children to perdition. Just watch the people that have gotten money by "vanity" and see whether the Almighty has not a hand in the disposal of the lot. A man some years ago made a fortune by running a gambling house in a western city. He removed east, put his proceeds into an honest business and settled down to a respectable church membership and a place of influence in the community. He made good honest money—and the ill-gotten gains more than quadrupled. It looked as though Providence had winked at the source of his wealth. But time sped on, and the reaping day came. It is sunset with this old gambler, and he is back again where he started, running a little bucket shop on a side street.

Sometimes the disposal of the lot does not come so soon—unfortunately it too often falls upon those left behind.

* * * * * * * * * *

BELIEF IN CHARITY

A short time ago we read an interview that some chap printed, that he had with Henry Ford. Henry stated that he does not believe in charity. We were amazed at this, as well as with some other salient points made by the billionaire automobile manufacturer. Not to believe in charity is to have lost faith in your fellow man, to our mind. For all charity is sweet, is good, and like the Lowly Man of Galilee once said, "But the greatest of these is charity."

We do not think that charity weakens a person when they accept it. Or do we think that those things that are given us through charity are never appreciated. When you have a billion dollars in assets you don't give two whoops, or three loud huzzahs, about charity or the rest of the world, but when you have no work, a family that needs your labor, and the profit from that labor, charity is sweet then. Instead of weakening the person accepting such help, it should revive their faith in mankind—it should teach them that this world is far from cruel and cold.

Like the late Mr. Skubert that went down with the Lusitania, we can not always distinguish between the deserving and those that are not entitled to charity, so the best way is to help all comers, afraid to take chances of over-

looking a deserving case, Mr. Ford to the contrary.

* * * * * * * * * *

BLUEBEARD

George London, a Paris journalist, has a story under the title, "The Truth About Bluebeard," in which he represents a Frenchman named Landru, convicted of having done away with some thirteen wives, each married in order that he might get possession of their property, and executed.

The story has his picture, a picture of the jury that found him guilty, and a picture of his execution by guillotine. All this occurred after the world war. Hence these remarks, for we have heard of Bluebeard ever since we were a child. Landru, at best, was only an imitator.

Bluebeard has been in history since 1440. He was, according to Holinshed, Giles de Retz, Marquis de Lavel, and lived in Brittany, where he was accused of murdering six of his seven wives, and was ultimately strangled and burnt in 1440.

In fiction he appeared early, and regarded as a satire on Henry VIII, who was not tender to his wives. The tale of Bluebeard is found in the fictional character of Chevalier Raoul, and his bloody and merciless career ended centuries before the world war. That is to say, he is nothing new now, but a long established horror as a wife killer.

One of the awful little books printed in colors that we shuddered over in childhood, was "Bluebeard," so called because of his hideous blue-black beard. We never read it at night, for it gave us the "creeps," and "goose-bumps" would cover us like a nighty.

Now every wife murderer is called Bluebeard when the newspapers get after him.

RAMBLING AROUND

With Old Hurrygraph

"Be true to every worldly good,
To friendship, honor, too;
True in religion, faith, and hope,
'To thine own self be true.'"

—o—

Selfishness is the cutworm that does most of the damage in family domesticity.

—o—

Many a man gets into a tight place by drinking too much. The way to get out of such a predicament is to sober up.

—o—

Criticizing your neighbors does not yield a dividend. In the long run it pays better to present them with an example.

—o—

I am told that seventy cents out of every dollar goes, directly or indirectly, for war. Think of that, and what that seventy cents would be worth in comfort and luxury if the world was rid of war! Evidently war is more costly than all the things bought for human needs the world over. What an argument for enduring peace.

—o—

Mrs. Post sobbed in relief when her husband returned safely from his great flying adventure. These hazardous trips to the ends of the world are hard on wives left at home. Yet, there are some wives who would like, yet never get the chance of their husbands, who fly in a rage, of flying away from home.

—o—

Nelly Bly never thought of such a thing as around the world in nine days. Nor did the wonderful imagination of Jules Verne conceive such an idea. It shows you how fast the world is moving in ideas and endeavors.

—o—

Tito Schipa, one of our favorite song birds, announces that he is to play the part of Napoleon in a talking picture for the sum of five hundred thousand dollars. Ah, it's like a breath of the dear old times to hear some one talk like that. It is almost sublime that in these days anybody can sit right up and talk about being paid five hundred thousand dollars. Ah, I love it, Tito, I love it; dream again dear one, dream again!

—o—

It is a noteworthy commentary on American slang that, without knowing the person to whom it applies, you can't say definitely whether the nickname, "Babe," refers to a man, a woman or a candy.

—o—

Women are now confessing their ages in the cigarette advertisements. Besides keeping their mouths in kissable condition, it seems the little smokes are revealing their secrets. Here's hoping the new confessing era will serve to lessen women's sensitiveness to their ages. It would make newspaper work much easier and less dangerous.

—o—

I confess I do not know exactly what "normalacy" is—whether it is a normal line from the curve to the axis of abscissa, or to the center of

curvature, or a long lane with no turning; but one thing I do know. From where we now are to where we were before we left, it, is a long ways back, and we do not seem to be getting back fast.

—o—

During the past week I have passed another of life's milestones. I was very much impressed with a sentence I read somewhere. "No snow falls lighter than the snow of age: but none is heavier, for it never melts." Scriptures represent age by the almond-tree, which bears blossoms of the purest white. "The almond-tree shall flourish," the head shall be hoary. Dickens says of one of his characters, whose hair was turning gray, that it looked as if Time had lightly splashed his snows upon it in passing. "It never melts"—no never. Age is inexorable. Its wheel must move on. My heart is full of praises and thanksgiving that it has been as well with me and mine as it has. Glory to the Good Father above! Why speak of age in a mournful strain? It is beautiful, honorable, eloquent. Should we sigh at the proximity of death, when life and the world are so full of emptiness? Let the old men exult because they are old. If any must weep, let it be the young, at the long succession of cares that are before them. Welcome the snow, for it is the emblem of peace and of rest. It is but a temporal crown which shall fall at the gates of Paradise, to be replaced by a brighter and better diadem.

—o—

Hand me the salts bottle! Here's a writer who conducts a column in the daily papers, offering to quit if somebody will endow him with a million dollars, and never write another line. I guess there are hundreds of other star columnists who would do the same thing, if upholstered in the same way. I might easily be persuaded to learn that way myself. The times when the Iliad, the Aeneid, Pilgrim's Progress, Caesar's Commentaries, Paradise Lost, and other classics were written, have passed away. Could there be a Plato to report the conversations of a Socrates, a Solomon to enrich a religion, a Paul to write such epistles as sparkle in the New Testment, or a Matthew, Mark, Luke or John, to write alone for love of a geat teacher and His cause, in these commercialized times? The world seems to have reached the point in economics where it gets only what it pays for —whether in material commodities or intellectual riches. Perhaps it is better as it is, but the truth remains that the greatest works on earth have been done with no expectation of finacial reward—so far as classic literature is concerned.

If we come away from reading the Bible without getting help, the reason may be that we did not go to the Bible praying for help.—Exchange.

GUILFORD FIRST CO-EDUCATIONAL SCHOOL IN STATE

By Byron A. Haworth

Ninety-six years ago, as the result of a concern on the part of the Quakers in North Carolina, the south's first co-educational institution, Guilford college, opened its doors to begin its series of contributions to the state of North Carolina by developing a leadership to carry the state through a trying period of its history.

Realizing the necessity of an institution for the education of their children the Friends in 1837 established the New Garden boarding school, which began operation with an enrollment of 25 boys and 25 girls. This boarding school, which became Guilford college, in 1888, is the only co-educational institution in the south which remained in continuous operation during the devastating and depressing days of the War Between the States.

The history of Guilford college is rich with progressive achievements. Just as the New Garden boarding school set a pace for the other secondary schools of the state, so has Guilford college taken the lead in developing a well balanced liberal arts program and in adopting a curriculum designed to meet the needs of students in a modern world.

Realizing that a working philosophy is essential to every successful and worthwhile life Guilford's curriculum is particularly designed to build up an understanding of the modern world to lay a true basis for appreciating present day life. In addition to this broad foundation, each student is allowed to select from all the departments of the college the one in which his greatest interests lie and to work out with the professor in that department a plan for acquiring a mastery of that particular field. This serious undertaking is accompanied with many delightful activities which give opportunities for students with various inclinations and various dispositions to find full play for their abilities and happy recreations and fellowship for leisure hours.

The story of the Quakers in North Carolina before the founding of the New Garden boarding school in 1837 is an interesting one. George Fox, the founder of the Society of Friends, was always an ardent advocate of education, encouraging the establishment of schools in which the young might be instructed "in all things useful in creation." As early as 1666 Fox established monthly meetings in England and in the fall of 1671 he crossed the Dismal swamp in North Carolina, finding "the way splashy, often covered with great bogs and himself wet to the knees."

Very gradually the society made its way westward, where there was a yearly meeting established in 1704. In 1831, however, the subordinate meetings reported that there was not a single school under the care of Friends in North Carolina at that time.

This fact was just cause for alarm among the Quakers, and Jeremiah Hubbard, a minister from Deep River, together with a small committee prepared an address advocating schools. In this address they spoke of the "Christian and literary education of our children in a manner consistent with the simplicity of our profession." As a result subscriptions made to raise a fund for the establishment of a boarding school. Three hundred and seventy dollars and fifty-five cents were subscribed and there was appointed a committee of 45 persons to digest a plan to purchase a suitable farm and to put the school into operation.

In 1832 such a plan was brought forward, and about $1,200 were subscribed for carrying it out. George C. Mendenhall was instrumental in locating the school in 1833, by an act of incorporation obtained from the legislature.

There is an interesting reminiscence connected with the obtaining of this charter that will greatly surprise those who always think the New Garden boarding school strictly a Friends school. Along about 1833 there was much disagreement and discussion concerning the question of slavery, nullification, and insurrection. In 1832 South Carolina passed an ordinance nullifying the United States laws—the same year that Nat Turner, a slave, raised an insurrection in Virginia. The Quakers were widely known as opposed to slavery, and the higher the proslavery feeling and the more frightened the slaveholders became, the more hostility toward the Quakers.

The legislature had just passed an act incorporating a school in Clemmonsville, and George Mendenhall with his keen vision and foresight well knew that an application for a charter for a Quaker school would be refused; so he simply took the charter which had just passed, struck out the names of the corporation in it, and inserted those of New Garden. Therefore, contrary to general opinioo, this school does not contain a single word referring to the Society of Friends, no one word which prevents the trusteeship from beings held by persons of any religious society.

After receiving a charter from the state, the committee in charge of establishing the boarding school purchased a tract of land, and in 1834, 70 acres adjoining were given to the school by Elihu Coffin, one of the trustees. The English Friends up to this time had contributed $2,000 to be applied in the creation of buildings.

From various sources together with the use of the yearly meeting's credit for about $5,000, the buildings were completed and furnished, and on the first day of the eighth month, 1837, the school opened with 50 students—25 boys and 25 girls—thus typifying the equal opportunities and advantages which from that day to this have been enjoyed by young men and women who have attended Guilford college. In this respect the New Garden boarding school differed from all institutions of like rank in the state. It has from the beginning recognized the equal needs and rights of both sexes in any school or college for the purest and highest intellectual and spiritual life.

In the early days of New Garden, students were of necessity an energetic bunch. In summer recitations were held before breakfast and in winter after tea.

At first only Friends' children were pupils. It is said that Governor Morehead was led to found Edgeworth seminary in Greensboro because his children were refused admittance to the New Garden boarding school. After a while, the rule was relaxed. Other children were admitted, but only on certain conditions. They must use the plain language, wear the Quaker coat, and cut the hair just so and so.

As a secondary school the New Garden boarding school occupied a place in the font rank among the schools in North Carolina. From year to year there was a marked increase in attendance and improvement in equipment. The number in attendance in 1877 was 65; the next year, 80; the follownig, 96: in 1884, 122; in 1885, 137; the next year, 144, and the following, 164.

In 1878 there was only one building which had stood with all its time-worn furniture during the war between the states. From all the available material, it can not be found that any other boardnig school in the state kept its doors open through all the days of the war between the states.

Through the liberality of Friends in Baltimore and other yearly meetings, three new buildings were added in 1888 and the New Garden Boarding school became Guilford college.

Since receiving its charter in 1888, Guilford has regularly added to its endownment and equipment and has consistently maintained a place of leadership in the liberal arts college movement of America. At the present time, Guilford ranks with the first 150 colleges in America in endownment per student. By virtue of membership in the Southern Association of Colleges and Secondary schools, Guilford college rates with the 12 best institutions for higher learning in North Carolina. This Friends' institution took the lead 10 years ago, under the direction of its president, Raymond Binford, in organizing the North Carolina college conference and from the beginning has maintained a strong influence in it.

On the strength of the new curriculum, Guilford college has been selected by one council of church boards of America, along with 30 other leading small colleges, for a series of articles, describing outstanding projects.

How many people are held down for a lifetime by the habitual belief in circumstances as limitations and by ignoring the opportunities which they afford.—Call.

A LEGEND OF THE ROSE

(Exchange)

The rose occupies a chief place in legend and story. It is generally regarded as a symbol of "silence."

In ancient times it was dedicated to the god of silence, and when the Romans gave a banquet if a rose was hung suspended over the guests, it meant that nothing said at the table was to be repeated elsewhere.

This was the origin of the common phrase, "sub rosa," under the rose, which means "in secret," or "in silence."

The rose, however, also stands for a still deeper truth, that of "reverence."

Two great lessons we might learn from the rose, "silence" and "reverence."

It is often difficult for young folks to keep quiet; they like noise, and a good romp does no harm.

But you will find that silence is sometimes a golden thing. It is often the truest wisdom—as when Christ kept silence before Pilate.

In silence may be stored up great power, and in quietness you may draw nearest to God. As you grow older, you will find that the quietude of the soul is a divine thing—it belongs to God.

And then one of the greatest needs of the present age is to return to "reverence." Owing to the upsetting of authority by war and by other modern influences, the sense of reverence appears somewhat to have decayed—a great loss —respect for parents and the home, and reverence for things sacred and divine.

Remember that it is only to the reverent spirit the finer things of life are disclosed—the best vision, the finest sight, the hearing of those divine melodies that make life noble and glad.

It would be a good thing if we could let the exquisite beauty of the rose remind us of both these two noble qualities of the human spirit —"silence and reverence." Be still and know that I am God," says the Bible.

The state motor vehicle department of Connecticut developing a test to determine the traffic "education" of applicants for drivers licenses, is now asking, "Has a chicken any rights on the highway?" as well as "Is it a farmer's duty to keep his chickens within certain areas?" "If you kill a chicken will you have to pay for it?"

The department feels "It might be well to apply to animals the same rules that govern operating conduct toward children." Then it believes that the question is not so much one of law, as of proper intent and proper use of the dangerous machine with which the operator is entrusted.

"It is the clear moral duty of every operator to exercise due care and caution for any domestic creature," the department is telling the drivers.

—Selected.

LEST WE FORGET

(Concord Tribune)

There were 10,873,577 men known to be dead as the result of the Great War, according to figures given by J. W. Wheeler-Bennett in his "The Reduction of Armaments," as quoted by G. A. Innes.

	Men Known Dead
British Empire	1,098,919
France	1,427,000
U. S. A.	107,284
Italy	507,160
Russia	2,762,064
Belgium	247,000
Serbia	707,343
Roumania	339,117
Greece	15,000
Germany	2,050,466
Austria-Hungary	1,200,000
Turkey	300,000
Bulgaria	101,224
Total	10,873,577

To this must be added: 20,000,000 wounded; 9,000,000 war orphans; 5,000,000 war widows; 10,000,000, refugees. These figures do not include the indirect losses from revolution, famine, and pestilence, the increased death rate and the total losses due to the war. According to the Swedish Society for the Study of Social Consequences of the War the total loss must be put down at 40,000,000 lives.

SAVING THE BIRDS

This is the season when the birds hatch their young. In the trees and hedges, in shrubbery or under the eaves—wherever the parent birds think the nestling will be safe, the nests are built. But even with so much care many nestlings are destroyed each year, for the birds have many enemies.

The cruel hawks often destroy both the parent birds and the young birds in the nests. Other enemies are the prowling house cat and the bad little boy with his B. B. gun. The bad little boy is perhaps the most cruel enemy of all. The hawks and cats do not know any better and besides they are searching for food. If the bad little boy would only stop to think how the baby birds must suffer when the parent birds are dead he surely would not kill them.

Nor should children rob the birds' nests of their eggs. To do this is to destroy the birds just as surely as by killing the nestlings. Save the birds.—Junior Life.

INTIMATE STORY ABOUT CLARA BARTON, FOUNDER AMERICAN RED CROSS

(Suffolk News)

A quiet, rather unprepossessing little woman approached a clerk in Tiffany's New York, a good many years ago, and handed him a smoky topaz brooch.

"One of the pearls is loose," she said, "and I want you to have it reset."

The clerk, observing in surprise the rare beauty of the gem, took it to Mr. Tiffany. The shabby little woman did not look like one who would own costly jewelry. He went to her and asked, with much interest,

"Where did you get this jewel?"

"It was a gift," she replied, simply.

"What is your name?" he asked. "Clara Barton," replied the little woman.

"You will pardon my inquisitiveness," said Mr. Tiffany. "The jewel is very valuable. The pearls surrounding the topaz are so perfectly matched, more than a thousand must have been handled, before just the right stones were selected."

The jewel, indeed, was a gift—from the Grand Duchess of Baden, sister of Kaiser Wilhelm I. It has been on exhibition, with other jewels and decorations presented Miss Barton, founder of the American Red Cross, in the windows of Shreve, Crump & Lowe, Boston, for the past two weeks. This was the first public exhibit of these treasures ever held—and the reason for the showing is the campaign to raise $50,000 for the Clara Barton Birthplace, North Oxford, Mass, maintained as a memorial to that great humanitarian.

Miss Barton was born on Christmas Day, 1821. On the hundredth anniversary of her birth, her childhood home was purchased and restored. It has been appropriately furnished, and contains treasures associated with Miss Barton, including the desk, made by her father, at which she wrote her correspondence during the Civil War. In harmony with Miss Barton's life of sacrifice, a Fresh Air Camp for little under-nourished girls, is conducted at the birthplace every summer. The children are given lessons in patriotism, hygiene, and the inspiration of high ideals. They are selected by various charitable organizations. The work is non-sectarian.

The story of Miss Barton'rs services for sufferiing mankind is long. Not only was she the first woman in the Civil War to reach a battlefield, but later she did volunteer service, at the request of the Grand Duchess, in the Franco-Prussian War. In the recent exhibit was shown the Iron Cross of Germany, then highly prized, which was pinned on Miss Burton's breast by Kaiser Wilhelm I himself, and the exquisite amethyst pansy pin, another gift from the Grand Duchess, which, at the noble lady's request, Miss Barton always wore. Miss Barton's services to Turkey, to Cuba, and in the Spanish War are now a part of history.

The preservation of this memorial, with the humanitarian work it is doing is regarded as a patriotic duty by the self-sacrificing women who have it in charge. The chairman of the Birthplace Committee is Mrs. Leonard E. Thayer, Main Street, Oxford, Mass.; and members of the committees are Mrs. Marietta B. Wilkins, of Salem, Mass.; Miss Gertrude Whipple, of Pawtucket, R. I.; Mrs, Harold Marshall, of Melrose, Mass.; Mrs. Lizzie L. Bullock, Worcester, Mass.; Mrs. William Wallace Rose, Lynn, Mass. Contributions to the fund may be sent to Campaign Headquarters, 8th Floor, 581 Boylston street, Boston, Mass.

Don't be afraid to make a change if the change will make you better.
—Selected.

THE HUMMING BIRD

By Walker Young

The United States is inhabited by a goodly supply of humming birds, but only one of them, the ruby-throat, is found in the eastern states. All the others are restricted to the west. They are all well known for the bright iridescent colors that adorn the throats and heads of the males, and due to these jewel-like hues, the birds bear such names as fiery topaz, blue-chinned sapphire, and ruby throat—mentioned above.

On account of the small size of the humming birds and their many enemies, they have acquired a high form of protective coloration in the construction of their nests, and their choice of materials. I came across one of these tiny homes, no larger than a quarter, on a eucalyptus tree in Mexico. It was admirably hidden and sewed between two large leaves. I never would have discovered it, had not my companion brushed against the branch in passing. The mother bird dashed out in fright, and I happened to see her as she left. The nest contained two small white eggs about the size of peas. While we were examining them the mother returned, shrieking in anger, and tried to drive us away. She quieted down only after we had walked off and left her in peace.

Dr. Wegeforth, of San Diego, has succeeded in taming one of these birds, and calls it "Mutt." The bird will drop down out of a tree at his call, and drink syrup from a hybiscus blossom held in his hand. He got this bird's confidence first by filling various blossoms about the yard with sugar and water. It was not long before Mutt realized that a man was his benefactor. If his tamer leaves the house and is gone for any length of time Mutt is sure to be awaiting his return, and will usually fly to meet him when he is still a block or more away.

GENERAL DESAUSSURE HEADS U. C. V.

Southern News Bulletin

General C. A. DeSaussure, of Memphis, a veteran of the passenger service of the Southern Railway who, as a boy of sixteen, entered the Confederate army and served for two years as a private of artillery, was elected commander-in-chief of the United Confederate Veterans on June 4th at the annual reunion, held in Montgomery, Ala., the first capital of the Confederacy.

Long a conspicuous figure at U. C. V reunions as a member of the famous "Company A" of Memphis, Gen. DeSaussure was appointed quartermaster general following the Memphis reunion of 1924 and at the Biloxi reunion of 1930 was elected commander of the Department of Tennessee, which carried with it the rank of lieutenant general. Now, at the age of 84, the former private becomes the commanding general of the scattered remnants of the armies that wore the gray, with the rank of a full general.

Born in the Beaufort district of South Carolina, September 21, 1846, Gen. DeSaussure forced to leave school and refugee to Camden in October, 1861, when the coast country was overrun by Federal forces under Admiral Porter. He states that he was "not allowed to enlist" until the spring of 1863 when he was permitted to join Company "C" of the 8th South Carolina State Guard regiment, of which his father, Dr. Louis McPherson DeSaussure, was surgeon.

With this command he saw service on Winyah Bay, near Georgetown, against Federal detachments which were attempting to cut the railway lines. In October, 1863, he obtained transfer to the "Beaufort Volunteer Artillery," a battery detailed for the defense of the middle sector of Charleston and Savannah railway, now part of the Atlantic Coast Line, a line of great strategic value to the Confederacy. He served on picket duty and took part in numerous skirmishes, in the two fights at Pocotaligo and in the battle of Honey Hill, near Grahamville. The battery was stationed on John's Island during the defense of Charleston against General Sherman's army and when the city was evacuated, the battery was withdrawn and placed in Rhitt's artillery battalion under General Joseph E. Johnston. With this commend Gen. DeSaussure took part in some of the last battles of the War Between the States at Averyboro, Bentonville and Smithfield. The battery was surrendered with General Johnston's army at Greensboro and Gen. DeSaussure walked via Charlotte and Columbia to rejoin his parents at Camden.

Gen. DeSaussure's first railway experience was with the Macon and Brunswick Railroad, now part of the Atlanta division of the Southern, for which he acted as freight and passenger agent at Atlanta from May 1 to December 1, 1877. He was then in the service of other lines until February 1, 1885, when he began his continuous service with

the passenger department of lines now making up the Southern Railway System, as ssistant general passenger agent for the East Tennessee, Virginia and Georgia Railroad at Knoxville.

On March 1, 1886, he was made assistant general passenger agent for the Memphis and Charleston at Memphis, where he has been stationed since that date. He was promoted to general passenger agent of the Memphis and Charleston on July 1, 1894, and became division passenger agent for the Southern March 1, 1898, being promoted to assistant general passenger agent June 19, 1907. On the return of the railroads from Federal control March 1, 1920, he was given the title of division passenger agent and on September 1, 1925, was appointed general agent, passenger department. Although relieved of detailed duties, he has continued an active interest in the solicitation of passenger traffic and is at his office almost every day.

THIRTY-EIGHT POETS EACH GIVE ONE LINE FOR POEM

(Selected)

Thirty-eight world famous poets each contributed a line to make up the remarkable poem which appeared many years ago in the San Francisco Times. The author was H. A. Deming, apparently of that city. "The reader will see that each line is a quotation from some one of the standard authors of England and America. This is the result of laborious search among the voluminous writings of thirty-eight leading poets of the past and present. The number of each line refers to the author below."

1. Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour?
2. Life's a short summer, man's a flower.
3. By turns we catch the vital breath and die.
4. The cradle and the tomb, alas! so nigh.
5. To be is better far than not to be.
6. Though all men's lives may seem a tragedy.
7. But light cares speak when mighty griefs are dumb.

8. The bottom is but shallow whence they come.
9. Your fate is but the common fate of all.
10. Unmingled joys here no man can befall.
11. Nature to each allots its proper sphere.
12. Fortune makes folly her particular care.
13. Custom does often reason overrule.
14. And throw a cruel sunshine on a fool.
15. Live well; how long or short, permit to heaven.
16. They who forgive most will be most forgiven.
17. Sin may be clasped so close we cannot see its face.
18. Vile intercourse where virtue has no place.
19. Then keep each passion down, however dear.
20. Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear.
21. Her sensual snares let faithless pleasure lay.
22. With craft and skill to ruin and betray.
23. Soar not too high to fall, but stoop to rise.
24. We masters grow of all that we despise.
25. Oh, then renounce that impious self-esteem.
26. Riches have wings, and grandeur is a dream.
27. Think not ambition wise because 'tis brave.
28. The paths of glory lead but to the grave.
29. What is ambition? 'Tis a glorious cheat.
30. Only destructive to the brave and great.
31. What's all the gaudy glitter of a crown?
32. The way of bliss lies not in beds of down.
33. How long we live, not years, but actions tell.
34. The man lives twice who lives the first life well.
35. Make then, while yet ye may, your God your friend.
36. Whom Christians worship, yet not comprehend.
37. The trust that's given guard, and to yourself be just.
38. For live we how we can; die, we must.

1, Young; 2, Dr. Johnson; 3, Pope; 4, Prior; 5, Sewell; 6, Spencer; 7, Daniel; 8, Sir Walter Scott; 9, Longfellow; 10, Southwell; 11, Congreve; 12, Churchill; 13, Rochester; 14, Armstrong; 15, Milton; 16, Bailey; 17, Trench; 18, Somerville; 19, Thompson; 20, Byron; 21, Smollett; 22, Crabbe; 23, Massing; 24, Cowley; 25, Beattie; 26, Cowper; 27, Sir Walter Devenet; 28, Gray; 29, Willis; 30, Addison; 31, Dryden; 32, Francis Charles; 33, Watkins; 34, Herrick; 35, William Mason; 36, Pill; 37, Dana; 38, Shakespeare.

THE COTTONTAIL

By Walker Young

The cottontail, known to the country youngsters as a swift-running, white-tailed animal of the fields, and to the city youth through the bedtime stories of Thornton W. Burgess, covers a wide range of country. From the northern border of the United States and parts of Canada they may be found clear through Central and South America to the Argentine. Due to the difference in the regions they inhabit, they have formed numerous species, and some of them have acquired peculiar habits. The most notable change in the cottontails, brought about by environment, is probably to be found in the marsh rabbits. Living as they do in the Great Dismal Swamp of Virginia, the Everglades of Llorida, and other marshy lands, they have learned to swim and have become more or less acquatic. They take to the water when pursued by an enemy, and will often hide partly submerged, with only eyes and nose protruding above the surface. As dwellers in muddy localities, they have also developed wide-spreading toes with pads of fur which act as snowshoes, and keep them from becoming mired.

The tracks of the common cottontail are to be seen in most regions soon after a snow storm, and sometimes the marks of this nocturnal wanderer are the only clues as to the animal's presence. The tracks are interesting in that they show the imprints of the hind feet before those of the fore feet. In bounding animals, this is usually—but not always—the case. These tracks are made by putting their short fore-feet down first, and then bringing the hind feet up on each side. Their backs then straighten out, their front feet are lifted, and they sail over the ground, sometimes for a distance of six feet. When sitting they sometimes leave a mark with the tail, and in a slow walk the tracks of the front feet precede those of the hind.

THE HYMN OF THE PESSIMIST

My grandpa notes the world's worn cogs
And says we're going to the dogs.
His grandpa in his house of logs
Said things were going to the dogs
His grandpa in the Flemish bogs
Said things were going to the dogs.
His grandpa in his hairy togs
Said things were going to the dogs,
But this it what I wish to state,
The dogs have had an awful wait.

—Exchange.

AUNT HARRIET'S MOTTO

By Gertrude Smith Coynne

Muriel Stanford gazed after the retreating figure of Frederica Ridgely with an impatient frown. She watched her disappear among the tall tamaracs and spruce with a tiny sigh. When she could no longer distinguish the khaki clad figure she sank into a chair on the veranda and opened a copy of a late magazine. But she did not read. She only looked steadily at one paragraph and thought, which was unusual for Muriel. Ordinarily she was enjoying herself so immensely that she didn't have time to think. But this was different.

She had been a guest at the Ridgely home near Glacier Park for over a month, now, and she was still as far from actual friendship with Frederica Ridgely as she had been when she first arrived, a total stranger. Frankly, Muriel did not know what to make of it. She had made friends so easily before, almost without effort on her part, simply because she was Muriel Stanford. The magic of that name had worked more wonders than she realized.

And now she was unhappy, alone. A lump of self pity rose in her throat. It was all Aunt Harriet's fault for suggesting that she spend the summer near Glacier Park while her parents, both doctors, attended a medical congress in Europe. If it hadn't been for Aunt Harriet, her father and mother might have yielded to her entreaties and taken her with them. But Aunt Harriet's motto was, "See America First," and she had persuaded them that Muriel should spend the summer with the Ridgely's, old acquaintances of hers.

Looking back at the past few weeks, Muriel declared to herself that the whole idea was a failure, just as she'd known it would be from the first. Oh, she'd had a lovely time, and seen innumerable scenes of awe-inspiring grandeur, snow-capped mountains, glaciers, lakes, flowers, and taken snapshots of them all, including Indians on horseback and blanketed squaws with their papooses. She had seen two rodeos and got some really excellent snaps of the cowboys and horses in action. But still she was dissatisfied.

The Ridgely family, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Ridgely, their nineteen-year-old son, Rock, Frederica, who was near Muriel's age, and the two G s, Gerald and Genevieve, aged eight, had been as a whole, wonderfully kind. It was only Frederica, so potentially a chum and gay companion, who remained aloof. Muriel had exerted herself more than usual to be friendly to Fred, but to no avail. Fred remained courteously polite to Muriel's advances and nothing more.

A step on the porch roused Muriel from her musings and she looked up to see Fred coming toward her with a lovely bell-shaped flower in her hand.

"Here's a blue pentstemon I thought you'd like for your collection of Galacier Park wild flowers," she said. "You'll find its botanical name in the book on wild flowers of

the west."

"Thank you," said Muriel, taking it. "I was wishing I had one."

"I found a whole patch just the color of the sky," said Fred, "but I only took this one." And she went on into the house.

Muriel followed slowly. Little things like this were what hurt so. Fred, so considerate, so thoughtful of her interests, could not know that Muriel would have valued the flower so much more, if she had asked her to go for that walk and they had discovered it together.

Muriel placed the flower between two blotters and weighted it with a heavy encyclopedia from the shelves of books on either side of the fireplace. She found the volume Fred had recommended and carried it up to her room to prepare a page in the large drawing tablet in which she mounted her specimens. It took her several minutes to write the few lines descriptive of the flower and its habitat and she concluded her data with the words, "Fred brought me this" and the date. Leaving the book she had brought from the living room on the little desk in her room, Muriel wandered downstairs again.

No one was in the living room so she went on into the dining room which was likewise uninhabited. But an envelope of snapshots on the table testified that Rock had returned from town and brought her the finished pictures of the films she had left to be developed and printed. She sat down to examine them eagerly. Gradually she became conscious of a conversation to which so far she had been deaf. Rock and Frederica were arguing animatedly in the kitchen. Her own name caught Muriel's attention.

"It seems to me you might be more pleasant to Muriel," Rock was saying. "After all, she's our guest."

"Guest?" repeated Fred.

"Well, of course, she's paying her board," admitted Rock, "but you don't have to act as if you wouldn't touch her with a ten-foot pole just because of that. Don't be so snobbish."

Muriel's first inclinaton was to depart from them as quickly as possible; but one thing deterred her. To move would attract Rock's and Fred's attention, which was the last thing she wished to do. The kindest way was to remain where she was and hope that they might not enter the dining room.

"She's a paying guest," said Fred, and I'm sure I do everything to make her visit as pleasant and comfortable as I possibly can with ordinary hospitality."

"That's it exactly," said Rock "You should be just as hospitable and courteous to her as though she were one of your best friends. She's a long way from home and must find it mighty lonesome here among strangers." Muriel was warmly grateful to him for that.

"You'd feel hospitable, maybe," muttered Fred. "if you had to make her bed and pick up after her as I do. Because she's paying her board she's a privileged guest. When one of my friends visits me she makes as little trouble as she can."

"That doesn't release you from your obligations," Rock insisted. "Muriel's not used to living as we do."

"No," agreed Fred in a tone which made the unseen listener's ears burn. "From the way she acts she must have about twenty servants to wait on her. Just as an example of the way she's accustomed to living, she'll leave that book on wild flowers lying around and I'll have to put it back on the bookshelf, if it gets there. I do all I can without trying to entertain her, too." The back door slammed and the rest of the conversation was mercifully lost to Muriel.

Gathering up her pictures, Muriel fled upstairs to her room. Never had it seemed so refreshingly a haven of refuge as it did now. Yet when she had left it that morning the bed had been unmade, soiled clothing littered the various chairs, her nightgown lay on the floor where she had stepped out of it, and her dressing gown hung limply from one bed-post, where she had flung it. She recalled it too distinctly. And she had gone out to swing with the two G's without a thought as to who would be responsible for bringing order to that chaos. Her room was always neat when she came back to it, yet if she had thought about it at all she must have known Fred was the one who picked up after her, who straightened the untidy dressing table, who retrieved her slippers from beneath the bureau where she invariably kicked them. The sight of a blue-bound volume on the desk recalled Fred's potent remark. Hastily, Muriel took the book and carried it down to the living room. Her reflections as she did so were not complimentary to herself.

"I'm a parasite, a drone," she told herself angrily, "and I've been moping about wanting Fred for a friend before I've proven myself worthy of friendship. I don't wonder she doesn't want anything to do with me."

But having discovered her error, Muriel began to plan how she might remedy it. And, having reached a satisfactory conclusion at last, she went to supper with a lighter heart than she had had since her parents had left for Europe without her.

The next morning after breakfast Muriel slipped up to her room. She hung her discarded clothing in the closet, made the bed, straightened the rug and tidied the dressing table. When Fred came in a few minutes later she found Muriel shaking up the cushion for the window seat.

"I thought you were with the two G's," Fred stammered, staring in surprise at the orderly room.

"I've just finished here," Muriel said demurely; "this is such a charming room that I'd love to do it every morning, if you don't mind."

"Certainly not," Fred answered quickly, then added shyly, "Do you really like it?"

"I do, immensely. I think the combination of the different shades of green is awfully clever," said Muriel.

"I planned and furnished it," said Fred. "You did," cried Muriel. "Why, you're a regular interior decorator."

"Perhaps you'd like to see my room," said Fred. "I did it, too."

She led the way across the hall

and Muriel followed her with varied emotions. This was the first time Fred had voluntarily proffered any of the small intimacies of girlhood. She had been so quietly reserved that Muriel was determined she should have no occassion to retire into silence again.

Fred's room was pink, with a wild rose motif. "You can't tell how it looks," she said, flying at the unmade bed, "until everything is straightened."

Muriel went to the opposite side and tucked in sheets and blankets skillfully. Fred need not think that she was entirely helpless after all. When the room was in order Muriel agreed that it compared favorably with hers.

"I have to finish the other upstairs rooms before lunch," said Fred, lingering a little at the door, for Muriel's appreciation was very pleasant to hear.

"I'll tag along, if you don't mind," said Muriel.

"Of course not," answered Fred cordially.

And for the next two hours Muriel assisted unobtrusively with the upstairs work, and before they had finished she confessed to herself that Fred had ample reason to resent any unnecessary labor.

After lunch Muriel followed Fred into the kitchen and watched her commence on the stack of soiled dishes.

"If you'll give me a towel I'll dry them," she offered.

Fred accepted her offer in the spirit in which it was made and soon the girls were chatting amiably as glasses and china flashed from hand to hand. When they were through Fred hung her apron in the pantry and casually issued the invitation which Muriel secretly had been angling for since her arrival.

"Would you like to come for a walk?" Fred asked.

"I would, indeed," replied Muriel quickly.

"I'll have to change to my knickers first," Fred said.

"Shan't I, too?" asked Muriel

"No. It isn't necessary," Fred answered.

Somewhat mystified, Muriel waited, wondering why Fred should need a rough garb while she didn't But her curiosity was soon appeased when Fred reappeared and they set out together.

"Rock is cutting ten cords of wood for a doctor in Wilson," Fred explained, as they walked along. "And I'm piling it for him. He's cutting it a special length for a fireplace or I shouldn't be able to. It's heavy enough as it is."

"I thought I heard someone splitting wood in this direction evenings," said Muriel, "but I thought it must be campers."

"It was Rock, all right," affirmed Fred. "He is doing this extra for his college fund. He's going to the university in the fall."

Muriel felt a sense of shame as she remembered the selfish construction she had placed upon Fred's daily disappearances. She had thought Fred's walks a pleasant form of recreation, while all the time Fred was unselfishly laboring to help her brother achieve his ambition.

"Here's the wood," said Fred cheerfully, when they arrived at a wilderness of brush, stumps, broken

limbs and piles of fresh smelling wood. Rock's axe and saw leaned against a stump.

Fred set to work at once, showing considerable dexterity as she placed one stick of wood after another on the pile. Muriel watched silently for a few minutes, but inactivity irked her when Fred was so happily busy.

"I believe I could do that," Muriel said, taking up a stick.

Fred smiled an answer and they worked steadily until not a stick of split wood remained.

"There's three cords in that pile and five in the other," said Fred, viewing the two piles with satisfaction. "Now I've caught up to Rock, thanks to you."

"You'd have finished it this afternoon, anyway," said Muriel.

"Not so quickly," said Fred reasonably. "We'll go home over the ridge and I'll show you the patch of blue pentstemon I found yesterday."

They started back, climbing over windfalls until they came to a little path which wound upward through the trees. Muriel kept her eyes alert for possible specimens, but it was Fred who called her attention to the pentstemon or she might have passed it.

"Why, it's just as if a bit of sky had fallen," exclaimed Muriel, gazing at the path of blue.

"It's what Chicken Little must have seen," agreed Fred, a twig snapping under her feet.

"It's awfully dry, isn't it?" Muriel asked.

"Too dry. The woods are so much powder," replied Fred seriously.

"Is there much danger of fire?" questioned Muriel.

"There is always danger when it is as dry as it is now. It's only a question of time until someone gets careless and a fire is started. Rock is going up to the ranger station next week. They'll need all the men they can get unless this dry spell breaks."

"I hope no one gets careless around here," said Muriel.

"One can't tell", said Fred. "With so many tourists going through someone is bound to disregard the 'No Smoking' signs or fail to put out their fires. But we've no cause to worry. Dad brought the truck home last week and if a fire should start near here, we'd move out before it got too hot for us."

The girls were together constantly after that. With Muriel's assumption of a share of the housework, their acquaintance ripened rapidly. But Muriel could not shake off the conviction that Fred still retained her first impressions and considered her a useless, but necessary commodity. And Muriel longed for a chance to prove her worth in her own eyes as well as Fred's. The opportunity came sooner than she expected.

The weather continued hot and dry. A tenseness came over the whole family and Muriel watched the cloudless skies from day to day with the repressed anxiety which characterized everyone's attitude. Rock departed for the ranger station and Mr. Ridgely continued to pile brush and clear up the area adjoining the house.

It was a preparedness measure Muriel viewed with mingled alarm

and relief.

One afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Ridgely left for town immediately after lunch, taking the two G's with them and leaving Frederica and Muriel alone.

The girls watched the car disappear down the road and then Muriel turned to Frederica.

"What shall we do this afternoon, Fred?" she asked, but Fred was not listening. She was gazing queerly toward Rock's wood lot.

"What is it, Fred?" Muriel insisted, straining her eyes in the same direction. As she looked a puff of white smoke floated upward between the branches of the trees.

"Fire," she breathed.

Fred nodded matter-of-factly. "There were campers there about noon. I guess they didn't put their fire out. We'd better go and see."

But before they started Fred changed into a pair of Rock's old overalls and insisted on Muriel donning her knickers.

"We may as well go prepared," she said, returning from the tool house with a couple of shovels and gunny sacks. "There's no knowing how long we may have to work."

But the fire seemed rather insignificant to Muriel at first. Hardly as large as a good-sized bonfire, yet as she looked flames spread out, licking at the dry brush and grass and her anxiety equalled Fred's

They went to work methodically, throwing shovelfull after shovelful of dirt on the fire. Even as they worked it gained headway. There was no breeze or it would have been beyond their control at once. They piled on dirt, cleared brush and dry limbs away from it, confining the fire to as small an area as possible. They dipped the gunny sacks in the almost dry creek which ran through the wood lot and beat out the flames that menaced Rock's wood. But when they thought they had it checked at one point it had escaped them at another.

Hot ashes fluttered through the still air and caught in the girl's hair; their eyebrows were singed, their hands blackened. They concentrated on keeping the fire away from the wood piles. But when a flame, eluding their vigilance, licked hungrily at the largest of Rock's wood piles, Fred yielded to doubt.

"It's no use," she said despairingly, "We can't save the wood. I thought the rangers would have seen the smoke at the lookout and sent help before his."

"Perhaps we could move the wood," suggested Muriel, leaning on her shovel.

"There's the truck," Fred cried, but the hope died out of her eyes as she spoke. "But I can't run it."

"It's a Dodge, isn't it?" asked Muriel. "If it is I can drive it. I've often driven our car and it's a Dodge," she adde,d stung by Fred's incredulous gaze.

"Go get the truck, then," ordered Fred briefly, renewed determination in her eyes. "I'll keep the fire away from the wood while you are gone."

Running as she'd never run in interscholastic meets, Muriel raced back to the buildings. Panting, she crawled into the big truck and put her foot on the starter. The engine responded instantly to her touch, and driving carefully she went out of the yard toward the wood lot. Luck-

ily, Rock had swamped a road to his wood or she never could have reached it. As it was she was in danger of getting hung up on a stump or log. However, she managed to turn the truck and back as close to the wood as she dared without mishap.

Fred abandoned her efforts to check the fire and they began loading the wood. When the load was complete, Fred climbed into the cab beside Muriel.

"There's a little swamp about a quarter of a mile from here," she said "that hasn't dried up this summer. We'll dump the wood there."

Four times they made the trip to the swamp, which fed by subterranean springs, was always damp, before Rock's wood was in safety. Then they drove back to the wood lot where the fire, unchecked, was making inroads on brush heaps and rotting logs. Again they set to work with shovels and sacks. Tired and winded as they were, neither thought of quitting.

As she was throwing a shovelful of dirt on a merry blaze, Muriel paused. A drop of water fell on her hand, then another and another. She looked at Fred, and Fred was staring back at her. They dropped their shovels and looked at the sky. They had been so busy subduing the fire, and their eyes had been so full of smoke and cinders that they had failed to notice the clouds banking in the west, or the steadily growing leaden color of the sky. The dry spell had broken.

But for Fred's timely intervention Muriel would have collapsed on a smoking log, so great was her relief. "You needn't sit down right in the midst of the fire just because a guaranteed extinguisher's appeared," she admonished. "It's tempting providence. Here's a log that isn't on fire. Let's sit here."

With arms entwined, heedless of their own soaking, they watched the rain do in a few moments what they had struggled so long to accomplish.

"Isn't it beautiful?" said Muriel, as the drops fell hissing on the hot ashes.

"Wonderful," assented Fred, scanning the sky with satisfaction. "This is good for a week, at least. The fire hazzard for this year is over."

"What will Rock say when he finds his wood gone?" said Muriel.

"He'll be surprised, but it's a quarter of a mile nearer town, so he can't complain," said Fred. "Let's go back to the house. We're soaked through now, and this rain doesn't show any signs of quitting."

Half an hour later Frederica paused at Muriel's door, slicking back her damp hair. "What are you giggling about?" she asked.

"I was thinkng of my Aunt Harriet's motto," explained Muriel, buckling a dry slipper. "It's 'See America First,' and I'm beginning to believe her judgment is pretty good, at that."

"There's quite a lot to America," agreed Fred, then a little queerly, "but I can improve on that motto. 'Know Americans First' is mine from now on."

"That's a dandy," cried Muriel, straightening up from fastening her other slipper, and as her eyes met Frederica's she knew without a doubt that this vacation was a huge success after all.

SUPPER AND THE WOODBOX

By Anne Harris Crawford

"Johnnie, please fill the woodbox for mother," said Johnnie's mother from the kitchen door just as Johnnie sat down on the back porch and began to whittle away on a stick with his new knife.

"Oh, Mother," exclaimed Johnnie, a little crossly. "Every day it's 'fill the woodbox' and 'fill the woodbox,' and I am tired of filling the old woodbox. I filled it yesterday, and this morning, and every day, and I am sick of filling it," and Johnnie whittled crossly away.

"O, Johnnie—" his mother began, then a smile flashed over her face. "All right, sonny," she said, "you need not bother. I'll tell you what we will do about it. I cooked supper for you last night and breakfast for you this morning, and I did it yesterday and the day before and the day before that, and I am a bit sick of it myself. I understand just how you feel about the woodbox.

"How would you like it if you and I just don't do what we are tired of doing? You don't bring in any wood and I don't cook you any supper or any breakfast or anything, and we will not bother to do anything for each other that we are tired of doing and see how it works."

Johnnie's eyes looked very big and wide and solemn and he had stopped whittling. "O, Mother," he said, "I didn't think about you getting tired of cooking and doing things for me every day. I suppose you do get tired of cooking every day, getting breakfast and supper. Maybe you get more tired of that than I do of filling the woodbox. It takes a lot longer to cook than to fill the woodbox.

"I am sorry I said I was tired of filling it and I am going this very minute and fill it just as full as possible, and I'll do it every day and every day just as you cook every day and every day."

He put his new knife in his pocket and ran and filled the woodbox to the very top. "There," he said, "I guess I can fill that woodbox just as many times as you can get suppers and things, and I won't get so very tired of it either."

If we notice little pleasures
  As we notice little pains,
If we quite forget our losses
  And remember all our gains,
If we look for people's virtues
  And their faults refuse to see,
What a comfortable, happy,
  Cheerful place this world would be.

—Selected.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Mr. Carriker and his carpenter shop boys are building a chicken house this week.

—o—

The appearance of our boys has been greatly improved during the past few days, thanks to the efforts of Mr. Poole and his group of young barbers.

—o—

Rev. F. M. Speagle, pastor of Calvary Lutheran Church Concord, conducted the service here last Sunday afternoon. His talk on "The Prodigal Son," was very interesting.

—o—

Mr. N. E. Cannady, State Electrical Engineer, of Raleigh, spent last Tuesday morning at the institution. His visit here was for the purpose of inspecting the electric wiring in all the buildings.

—o—

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Fisher were called to Whiteville last Thursday, on account of the illness and death of the latter's father, Mr. J. L. Powell, for many years a prominent merchant of that city.

—o—

Superintendent Charles E. Boger and Mr. W. M. White, our purchasing agent, spent Thursday in Raleigh. They were in conference with Mr. Henry Burke, Director of the Budget, concerning matters pertaining to the financial affairs of the institution.

—o—

The boys enjoyed a picture show last Thursday night. These entertainments are becoming more and more infrequent since the coming of the talking pictures, and it won't be long until we will not be able to secure any more of the silent pictures.

—o—

The cantaloupe season will soon be here. Several nice ones were sent in from the field the other day, and we are informed that they are just a small sample of what to expect a little later, as the appearance of the patch indicates a bumper crop this season.

—o—

Our cannery force is busily engaged canning peaches this week. A group of boys under the direction of Mr. Sappenfield preparing the fruit, and Mr. Walker and his boys doing the cooking. This delicious fruit will be a welcome addition to our bill of fare during the winter months.

—o—

The school has nearly a hundred acres of lespedeza this year. Every one knows that dodder is one of the greatest hindrances in the raising of clover or lespedeza. For several days past the boys have been trying to eradicate this nuisance from our lespedeza fields, and it is very slow and tedious work. The life of this parasitical plant is like that generally attributed to cats, only it seems to have more than nine lives.

—o—

Due to illness among relatives living away from here, accidents, and the fact that a number of our officers and matrons are on their vacations, it has been hard for the school to function properly for sev-

eral weeks. It seems to be an invariable happening that when all of the help is at the school nothing seems to arise to call any of them away from their various posts of duty; but when several are on vacations, urgent calls for absence seem to pile up at these times.

—o—

Two of our mules escaped from the barn last Saturday night, and despite a diligent search by several officers and boys for several miles in all directions, nothing was heard from them until Wednesday afternoon. Mr. Lonnie Carroll, a farmer living about ten miles north of the school, found the mules last Sunday and put them in his stable, thinking some one would soon call for them. One of his neighbors having seen a notice in the Concord Tribune, notified him as to the owners of the animals and Mr. Carroll came right to the school to report his find. The runaways were brought back home Thursday morning.

—o—

Last Saturday's game with the Flowe's Store team was called on account of rain in the sixth inning, the score at that time being 11 to 3 in favor of the visitors. Neither side scored in the first inning, but in their half of the second, the Flowe lads cracked out three hits in succession, which, coupled with two errors, resulted in four runs. In the local half of the same frame the Training School boys registered twice, Poole walked and scored later as Brown our center gardener, pounded one of King's offerings over the left field embankment for a home run. The home lads chalked up their final counter in the third round as King, visiting hurler, suddenly developed a streak of wildness and hit three successive batters, one of them scoring on a passed ball. A combination of four hits and two errors permitted Flowe's to score five more in the fourth inning and in the fifth two more were added by reason of a triple, double and two singles. After the visitors had been retired in the first half of the sixth, the rain came down in torrents and the game was called.

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XIX CONCORD, N. C., AUGUST 1, 1931 No. 31

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SHALL WE BE TRUE?

Shall we be true? Always in boundless space
Two Souls are drifting in an aimless race;
Their Destiny unknown. A Vision undreamed.
The Chart of Fate their wandering seamed.
Time brought them close, then far apart—
For ages they wandered. Each sought a heart.
Neither knowing that when farthest away,
Ere long their paths across each others' lay.
Can we say "be true," in this life's span;
When we have been true since the Universe began?
Destiny's rule for all time has held sway.
We must be true! There is no other way.

—Eugene P. Rideout.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL
PUBLISHED BY
The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

THE BEST TONIC

Keep in good humor. It is not great calamities that embitter existence, it is the petty vexations, the small jealousies, the little disappointments, the minor miseries, that make the heart heavy and the temper sour. Don't let them. Anger is a pure waste of vitality; it is always foolish, and always unworthy, except in very rare cases, when it is kindled by seeing wrong done to another, or a dumb animal abused; and even that seldom mends the matter. Keep in good humor. Benjamin Franklin's ready smile and indomitable good humor did as much for his country in the old Congress as Adams' fire, or Jefferson's wisdom; he clothed wisdom with smiles, and softened contentious minds into acquiescence.

It doesn't do us a bit of good to get peeved about a few microscopic matters which rub our fur the wrong way. We might as well smile and turn a pleasant face towards the world. Truly good humor is the very best tonic which we may have both for ourselves and for those about us.

—Selected.

SPIRIT TO CARRY ON

We visited a circus on one occasion. There we saw a man performing on a tight wire. The wire snapped and he fell to the ground below, and lay motionless. Three attendants carried him out of the big top into the pad room.

But the band played on. The arena director hurriedly placed another act before the excited crowd, and in a few minutes the wire walker was forgotten. The show went on—the clowns were as funny as ever—the horses pranced and danced as before and all was merry.

The next morning we learned through the columns of the paper that the

wire walker was not seriously hurt, and stated that he would be ready for the matinee.

That is spirit. It is like the spirit of some men we have known. They fall. Maybe a fire sweeps away their business houses, or a sudden financial crash, yet the next day they attempt to carry on. Smiling, courageous, always carrying on. Calamities may come that try men's souls, and other causes do not spell disaster to a man of this type. He carries on.

* * * * * * * * * *

WHY GET EXCITED

In his brilliant way, Pascal said: "If the nose of Cleopatra had been shorter, Anthony might have kept the world."

It is the little things that trouble us, discourage us and determine which way we will go.

The size of a foot or the thinness of a lip has prevented many a proposal.

Trifles are often the things that disclose our characters and change our views.

Almost any one will courageously meet actions of great importance, and all with dignity and determination, but little things we let down on.

Every day an accumulation of little things, mere trifles, "get our goat," as the saying goes.

Seldom are we crushed by some overwhelming trouble. It is the trifling vexations constantly repeated in the home, in the office, or in the organization that upset our minds and make us miserable.

The next time something small, some trifling thing, annoys you, stop and think whether it is really worth while.

* * * * * * * * * *

EVIL GROWTHS

Did you ever stop for a moment to think that none of the evils that come to society—war, bad government, gangs, racketeers, wholesale thefts, murders, just happen? They all grow from little seed, there is a cause behind them all.

Such a situation as reported having had existence in Detroit, New York and Chicago did not spring into existence between two days, or two years,

or ten years, with the exception of the bootlegging industry. They all came little by little through inefficient and corrupt government, which flourished because the people neglected their political duties.

That is to say, our present evils are growths that have grown great because society permitted them to grow through the years. They will not be eradicated by any grand sudden assault upon them.

Relief can come only through long-continued and persistent war upon them. Like a disease in a man, these evils have to be broken down little by little, year after year. "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty," and good, honest government, and purity in public affairs.

It is not so much the evil-doers who must be cured. It is society itself at large. We must have a general reformation, not forgetting to begin with ourselves.

Then, and then only, will these abnormal and poisonous growths on society gradually disappear. Are the cities capable of such a reformation? That is yet to be shown. But it is society that is at fault. It must heal itself before it can heal others.

So long as it remains as it is there will be no reform.

* * * * * * * * * *

SMILE!

The discerning mayor of a popular shore resort, inspecting the police department of his municipality anticipating the influx of summer guests, gave the boys this sound piece of advice:

"Smile, boys, smile! The people are coming here to have a good time. You will be the first many of them will talk to, and if you greet them with a smile it will go a long way towards making their stay more enjoyable."

If municipalities were fully awake to their best interests they would realize that the mind-your-step-or-I'll-run-you-in attitude on the part of the police, besides being inconsistent with the purpose and intent of their position as servants of the people, is one of the most effective deterrents to the popularity of a community.

To smile does not preclude efficiency in the restraint of lawlessness when the occasion arises; it simply recognizes that the great majority of persons are law abiding and entitled to civility and that they may well resent any attitude on the part of the police intimating otherwise.

For the benefit of its own citizens, and for the benefit of those coming to it and passing through it, every municipality might well make the first rule of conduct of it's police department—

"Smile, boys, Smile!"

* * * * * * * * * *

RAGE FOR SPEED

It does look as if hurry is getting control of men and women more and more as the days pass by. Haste seems to be, to many, more important than safety, not merely in getting from place to place, but in the accumulation of property. There are people who want to "get rich quick." The old and slow ways is the safe ways, but they have lost the appeal they once had.

Every now and then a terrible disaster checks speed for a while and people slow down. There was one last fall in the stock market. Human beings want to arrive at a destination quick, whether a place or financial position. Fifty years ago we used fast trotting horses. Today we drive fast cars.

Men of old used to build their fortunes slowly on firm foundations. Today they rush to bull markets, or loot a bank, dig an oil well, or buy a gold mine, or strive to get the best of their neighbors, by foul means if not otherwise. We are an impatient nation.

We are hurrying through life like the flight of an airplane, and in our haste overlook the things that count. The whole people seems to have been bitten by an ignoble discontent.

The real truth is, as it has ever been, health and contentment and such happiness as may come to us, arrives by a slow process. The young man who confines himself to slow and sure accumulation of property, who shuns all sudden routes to riches, gets the most out of life, and will have the most gorgeous sunset. Work hard, young man, save, hold what you get, and your years will yield you more satisfaction than any of the ways that hurry you to your end.

* * * * * * * * * *

ENTHUSIASM

Enthusiasm is the mother of miracles. Every step in human progress,

everything that adds to human knowledge, comfort, convenience or well-being, is the miraculous offspring of enthusiasm. It drives the discoverer unto unknown seas, to endure heat and cold, to suffer untold privations to sacrifice life itself. It goads the inventor to ceaseless labor and sleepless nights to bring forth and reveal that which has never been before. It sends the scientist into the far-flung universe to learn the mysteries of suns and atoms alike and bring back not gold, but knowledge of the miracles that dwell beyond the zone of human sensibilities. Its miracles of progress have annihilated time and space, filled the air with music, and carried the human voice and ear to the uttermost parts of the earth.

A man not possessed of enthusiasm is a mere drone in human progress.

But for the man possessed of enthusiasm, every moment has its thrills. He wakes to a new day with new aspirations. He is impatient to take up his task. He goes to his work with a light heart and a prophecy of success. He adds to the structure of civilization and achieves the happiness of accomplishment. He is an inspiration wherever he goes. He leaves behind an enviable reputation.

RAMBLING AROUND

With Old Hurrygraph

"When the weather suits you not,
When your coffee isn't hot,
When your neighbors won't do right,
And your relatives all fight,
Sure it's hard, but then you might
Try smiling.

—o—

A Durham girl was heard to say that she did not like the wide brim hats that are the style this season. "The brim is in the way," she said, "and it's so easy to get crushed." The boys are saying, "Hats off" that girl.

—o—

England is suffering heavily in the economic depression. More than 2½ million persons are out of work. Yet the attendance at the Derby not long ago was estimated at around one million persons and forty to fifty million dollars changed hands in the betting. But if the people were sensible and did only what they could afford to do, the world would be less interesting—and the Derby day patrons would insist, not so happy.

—o—

The state of Mississippi has placed the statue of Jefferson Davis in Statuary Hall in the national capitol at Washington. Fifty years ago such an event would have produced an uprising in every state north of the Mason and Dixon line. Forty years ago it would have become a major political issue. Thirty years ago it would have been widely denounced. Twenty years ago it would have evoked a "scare" head in the newspapers. Now it hardly is of enough consequence to get a short paragraph in the papers. Lincoln desired to bind up the nation's wounds. But what was beyond Lincoln's power has been accomplished by Time, the great healer.

—o—

The ostrich is not the anly animal to stick its head in the sand to avoid seeing unpleasant things. The Louisville Optimist club has passed a resolution that the depression will end if people stop talking about it. They therefore passed a law to that effect and will punish any member using the awful word by fining him twenty-five cents. But listen, Ostriches. Banning the use of the word depression makes a fine freak story for the newspapers this hot weather, and the story will be printed all over the country with the fact that you have declared that the word depression must not be used, and that every one of your members will be fined two bits every time he says depression. After all, Optimist club, how much will you have promoted your own idea by banning the word depression? Aren't you, Ostriches, afraid you will be somewhat depressed yourselves over it?

—o—

Some of the rich, blessed with the means of procuring all the comforts and luxuries of life, do not always live the most modest lives. For example: The Vanderbilts are a wonderful family. The front page

is seldom without sensational stories of the latest Vanderbilt divorce, but right now all the newspapers are busy with columns and columns about the approaching wedding of another Vanderbilt heiress. Yessir, the Vanderbilts never get discouraged. And, besides, if they didn't get married now and then, how could they have all the fun of getting divorced?

—o—

None of us likes to admit that he was a fool for having done thus and so when he should have done so and thus. It is only when we make fools of ourselves en masse, that we take particular note of our inherent weakness and openly admit the presence of the fool within us. Now we have the time to think things over—now that the blinding glare has been turned down—we see things clearly. Oh, so very clearly. And we wonder, even as does the estimable editor from across the sea, how in the world we could have let ourselves be carried away by "a little handful of fools in Wall Street." Shakespeare was eminently right, "What fools these mortal be!"

—o—

Children are fundamentalists. They accept the Bible literally. Sometimes a bit too literally, according to an experience of a young Sunday School teacher who had been dilating upon the text from St. Mathew, chapter two, verse thirteen: "Arise and take the young child and his mother and flee into Egypt." To add interest to the lesson and at the same time create a clear impression of the scene upon the minds of the children, the teacher displayed a colored poster illustrating the text. The children studied the poster searchingly. From the way they crinkled their noses and squinted their eyes, they appeared to be puzzled about something. This in turn, puzzled the teacher. Finally, one little tot raised her hand. "What is it, Susie?" asked the teacher. Susie pointed a finger to the poster. "I see mother and the child," she said, still searching the colorful scene, "but I can't see the flea."

—o—

One of Durham's young men took his best girl out to lunch not long ago. When they were seated at the table he said: "I'd like to propose a little toast." To which his girl friend replied: "Nothing doin', kid, I want a real meal."

—o—

Otto Knudsen, an Eskimo hunter, so a dispatch from Copenhagen tells us, stopped killing polar bears and drinking whale blubber long enough to attend a movie. He gazed spellbound for a while, then went raving mad. His companions bound him and carried him to Copenhagen for treatment. He must have seen the way some of the gangsters and racketeers served their victims. But a cure is very simple, if they will remember like things are a cure for the like. Introduce Otto to the radio and let him listen five minutes to the static and some of the singers and speakers.

In the field of destiny we reap as we have sown.—Drummond.

THE FIRST DAILY NEWSPAPER

By Edith Waltner

The year 1931 completes the third century of the daily newspaper. On May 30, 1631, Theophraste Renaudot brought out **La Gazette de France.** Before this printed sheets called newspapers had been issued in Germany; China had the Peking Gazette dating back nearly a thousand years, yet the credit for making the daily newspaper a profitable venture must be given to Renaudot.

Renaudot was born in London in 1586 and was graduated from the University of Montpelier, France, before he was twenty. He was given a license to practice medicine, but the fact that he was a Huguenot barred him from the Faculty of Medicine in Paris. The College of St. Cosmo accepted him, but after the Edict of Nantes, he took up his residence in Paris.

At that time the wave of poverty and disease that had swept over France at the close of the religious wars, was so alarming as to cause anxiety at the court of Louis XIII. Renaudot had traveled in Italy, studying the working of pawn-shops. He had written a book called, "Treatise of the Poor." A copy of his book fell into the hands of Richelieu, then Prime Minister of France. Renaudot was summoned before the king and given the task of organizing a systematic relief of public poverty. One of his basic ideas was, "If someone wants to work and someone to employ, someone wants to sell, another wants to buy, both must be supplied with the address of the other with the least expense and loss of time."

At his home on the island city of Paris he opened what he called, "Bureau of Addresses." Those who could pay were charged three sons; the poor were helped free. This bureau was such a success that he was authorized by the king to establish similar offices throughout France.

Learning that many people with valuable possessions were without cash, he founded a government pawn-shop, which exists this day under the title of "Credit Municipal." He also started the first free medical clinics to aid the poor.

As the bureau developed, he conceived idea of the modern newspaper. On the night of May 29, 1631, Renaudot with the help of a neighbor turned out the first edition of the Gazette on a hand press. At dawn he walked toward the Louvre to deliver the first three numbers, the first to the king, the second to Richelieu and the third to his friend, Father Joseph.

The paper contained news from Constantinople, Rome, Vienna, Leipsic, Spain and Upper Germany, and, although the news was many weeks old, it was news as it was still unknown. The first issue had no advertisements, but he soon realized that his Bureau of Addresses would reach more people through the columns of the newspaper. Thus the idea of classified advertising made newspaper editing profitable and the paper could be sold cheaply.

After the death of Richelieu and

Louis XIII, his enemies charged him with favoring Lutheranism. The queen sided with his enemies and in 1644 he was condemned to give back all objects upon which he had loaned money. The free clinic that he had established was put under the charge of The Faculty of Paris. The last years of his life were devoted to his newspaper. The only honor left to him was Historian to the King. He lived alone in his apartment in the Louvre until his death in 1653.

Now, after three hundred years, the value of his life work is appreciated. Today the **La Gazette de France** has a circulation of one million and this year France is celebrating the memory of the man who originated the idea of publicity and free medical clinics.

THROW NO STONES!

Pray don't find fault with the man who limps
  Or stumbles along the road,
Unless you have worn the shoes he wears
  Or struggled beneath his load.
There may be tacks in his shoes that hurt,
  Though hidden away from view,
Or the burden he bears, placed on your back
  Might cause you to stumble too.

Don't sneer at the man who's down today,
  Unless you have felt the blow
That caused his fall, or felt the same
  That only the fallen know.
You may be strong, but still the blows
  That were his, if dealt to you
In the self-same way at the self-same time,
  Might cause you to stagger too.

Don't be too harsh with the man who sins
  Or pelt him with words or stones,
Unless you are sure, yea, doubly sure,
  That you have no sins of your own.
For you know, perhaps, if the tempter's voice
  Should whisper as soft to you
As it did to him when he went astray,
  'Twould cause you to falter too.

—Anonymous

BATTLE OF MERRIMAC AND MONITOR DESCRIBED BY CAPTAIN OF SHIP

(Asheville Citizen)

An account of the noted Civil War sea battle of the Merrimac and the Monitor, March 9, 1862, written by Catesby Roger Jones, commander of the Merrimac at the time of the engagement, is in possession of the Southern naval officer's son, Dr. Catesby Jones, who has recently located in Asheville.

Jones' description of the battle also is contained in a little known history of the naval captain's life, by W. S. Mabry. The book also contains strong evidence, including the conclusions of a congressional committee, that the Monitor was not the victor, as is generally assumed.

Captain Jones, who died in 1877, wrote the account of the battle three years before his death, at the request of Captain G. V. Fox, assistant secretary of the navy under Lincoln.

Of Captain Jones, Mr. Barby says:

Catesby ap Roger Jones, who was 41 years old at the time of this most famous of sea duels, was born at Fairfield, Va., on the 15th of April, 1821. His maternal ancestors were English while his paternal forebears were Welsh, which is indicated by the ap in his name, ap being a Welsh prefix meaning the "son of." His father was prominent in the United States army, being Adjutant-General for 27 years, and his mother was a cousin of General Robert E. Lee.

Commodore Thomas ap Catesby Jones, an uncle of Captain Jones, while cruising in the Pacific ocean early in the forties, hearing in some way that war had been declared between the United States and Mexico, at once set sail for Monterey, California, captured and took possession of the town and hoisted the stars and Stripes over the public building. The report turned out to be erroneous, as war had not been declared, so Monterey was returned to Mexico and Commodore Jones was temporarily relieved of this command for a short time for the sake of naval discipline.

It was under this uncle that Captain Jones began his naval career. As the Naval Academy at Annapolis was not in existence at this time, he was educated at Philadelphia and entered the navy as acting midshipman, at the age of 15 years. During many years of service in the United States navy, he had specilized as ordinance officer which had quite a bearing on his future, and on the day that the state of Virginia seceded, April 17, 1861, he resigned his commission as lieutenant. Three days later, he was appointed by the governor of Virginia to rank as captain in the state navy.

"The Merrimac had been built in 1856 as a full-rigged war-frigate, of 3100 tons burden, with auxiliary steam power to be used only in case of head winds. She was a hybrid from the beginning, marking the change from sails to steam and from wooden ships to ironclads. When the Union forces abandoned

the navy yard near Norfolk in April, 1861, they burned everything that was combustible including the steam frigate, Merrimac. When partly burned, the ship sank beneath the waves and a few months later was raised by the Confederates and converted into an ironclad. It required many months to complete the work of renovating the Merrimac, now called the Virginia by the Confederates, and on March 8, 1862, she steamed down the Elizabeth river toward Hampton Roads.

"The Lincoln administration knew of the building of the ironclad and prepared to meet her by giving a contract for the Monitor to John Ericsson, the Swedish inventor. Work was hurried on her at the Brooklyn shipyard and the ship was finished almost at the same hour as was the Merrimac, but it took her longer to reach the scene of action.

On March 8th, the Merrimac in a sea battle which showed superiority of ironclads over wooden ships caused Secretary Stanton to say at a cabinet meeting called by Mr. Lincoln, "The Merrimac will change the whole character of the war: she will destroy, seriatim, every naval vessel; she will lay all the cities on the set coast under contribution." As a result of that battle, the Cumberland was sunk and the Congress burned by the Confederates."

Here is Captain Jones' account of the battle with the Monitor:

"At 8 a. m. we got under way, as did the Patrick Henry, Jamestown and Teaser. We stood towards the Minnesota and opened fire on her. The pilots were to have placed us half a mile from her, but we were not at any time nearer than a mile. The Monitor commenced firing when about a third of a mile distant. (Note—She was 173 feet long and 41 feet wide. She had a revolving ciruclar iron turret eight inches thick, nine feet high and twenty feet inside diameter, in which were two eleven-inch guns. Her draft was ten feet.) We soon approached, and were often within a ship's length, once while passing we fired a broadside at her only a few yards distant.. She and her turret seemed to be under perfect control. Her light draft enabled her to move about us at pleasure. She once took a position for a short time where we could not bring a gun to bear on her. Another of her movements caused us great anxiety: she made for our rudder and propeller, both of which could have been easily disabled. We could only see her guns when they were discharged, immediately afterward the turret revolved rapidly, and the guns were not again seen until they were again fired. We wondered how proper aim could be taken in the short time the guns were in sight.

"The Virginia, however, was a large target, and generally so near that the Monitor's shot did not often miss. It did not appear to us that our shell had any effect upon the Monitor. We had not solid shot. Musketry was fired at the lookout holes. In spite of all the care of our pilots we ran ashore, where we remained over 15 minutes The Patrick Henry and Jamestown, with great risk to themselves, started to our assistence. The Monitor and Minnesota were in full play on us. A small rifle gun on board of

the Minnesota, or on the steamer alongside of her, was fired with remarkable precision.

"When we saw that our fire made no impression on the Monitor, we determined to run into her if possible. We found it a very difficult feat to do. Our great length and draft, in a comparatively narrow channel, with but little water to spare, made us sluggish in our movements, and hard to steer and turn. When the opportunity presented all steam was put on; there was not, however, sufficient time to gather full headway before striking. The blow was given with the broad wooden stem, the iron prow being lost the day before. The Monitor received the blow in such a manner as to weaken its effect, and the damage was to her trifling. Shortly after an alarming leak in the bows was reported. It, however, did not long continue.

"Whilst contending with the Monitor, we received the fire of the Minnesota, which we never failed to return whenever our guns could be brought to bear. We set her on fire and did her serious injury, though much less than we then supposed. Generally, the distance was too great for effective firing. We exploded the boiler of a steamer alongside of her.

"The fighting continued for over three hours. To us the Monitor appeared unharmed. We were therefore surprised to see her run off into shoal water where our great draft would not permit us to follow, and where our shell could not reach her. The loss of our prow and anchor, and consumption of coal, water, etc., had lightened us so that the lower part of the forward shield was awash.

"We for some time awaited the return of the Monitor to the Roads. After consultation it was decided that we should proceed to the navy yard, in order that the vessel should be brought down into the water and completed. The pilot said that if we did not then leave that we could not pass the bar until noon of the next day. We therefore at 12 m. quit the Roads and stood for Norfolk. Had there been any sign of the Monitor's willingness to renew the contest we would have remained to fight her. We left her in the shoal water to which she had withdrawn, and which she had not left until after we had crossed the bar on our way to Norfolk."

"When Mr. Fox received the narrative, according to Mabry's book, before he could make it public, he submitted it to J. Ericsson, inventor of the Monitor.

"When Mr. Ericsson read this account he returned it to Mr. Fox with a letter in which he declared:

"I am at a loss to understasd why you have opened a fresh discussion about the Monitor and Merrimac fight, so happily disposed of by several patriotic writers to the satisfaction of the whole world.

"No one knows better than myself the shortcomings of that fight, ended at the moment the crew had become well trained, and the machinery got in good working order. Why? Because you had a miserable executive officer who, in place of jumping into the pilot house when Worder was blinded, ran away with his impregnable vessel. The displacements of the plate of the pilot

house, which I had designed principally to keep out spray in bad weather was really an advantage, by allowing fresh air to enter the cramped iron walled cabin—certainly that displacement offered no excuse for discontinuing the fight—the revolving turret and the good steering qualities of the Monitor rendering it unnecessary to fire over the pilot house.

"Regarding the rebel statement before, I can only say that if published it will tarnish the lustre of your naval administration, and amaze our people, who have been told that the Merrimac was a terrible ship, which but for the Monitor would have destroyed the Union fleet and burnt the Atlantic cities—in fact, that the Monitor had saved the country."

"About 20 years after the engagement, Mabry points out at the second session of the forty-third congress, the officers and crew of the Monitor made application to congress for payment to them by the United States of the actual value of the ironclad Merrimac and her armament at the date of the engagement, not exceeding $200,000, to be distributed, etc.

"This memorial or bill was referred to the committee on naval affairs. Mr. Ballentine, chairman of this committee, after his committee had made an investigation, made a full report to the first session of the forty-eighth congress. The following are extracts from this report:

"We assume that the proof shows that the only serious damage sustained by the Merrimac was inflicted by the Cumberland, and that the Merrimac went back to Norfolk when her adversaries were out of reach, and they being in shoal water, and she, on account of the great depth of water which she drew, unable to attack them, went in to dock for repairs and again came out and offered battle, which was refused; and that eventually, on the evacuation of Norfolk by the Confederate forces, she was destroyed by her officers and crew to prevent her falling in the hands of the Union forces, and that therefore her destruction was not the result of her engagement with the Monitor, and if the proof shows this state of facts to exist that the claim of the peititioners in this memorial ought not to be allowed

"The memorialists claim that the Monitor so disabled the Merrimac as to make her destruction necessary, and further that she prevented the Merrimac from below Old Point, thus saving Baltimore and Washington from capture and even New York City from menace. The testimony which has been set out at length does not, in the opinion of the committee, sustain either of these opinions, but quite to the contrary. It is only necessary to refer to the full description of the Merrimac to show that without greatly lightening her, which could not have been done without impairing her power to fight and exposing her to the projectiles which would have been hurled against her had she ventured outside of Cape Henry, she would have inevitably foundered. On the other point all the evidence leads us clearly to the opinion that the Monitor, after her engagement with the Merrimac on the 9th of March, declined again to en-

gage her though offered the opportunity, and that so great doubt existed with the United States naval and military authorities as to the power of the Monitor to successfully meet the Merrimac that orders were given to her commander by the President not to bring on an engagement. It also appears that the Merrimac, so far from being seriously injured, was enabled after the engagement to protect the approach to Norfolk and Richmond until after the evacuation of Norfolk. If, then, it be proven that the destruction of the Merrimac was not the result of injures inflicted by the Monitor, which we assume, to be true, what claim have the memorialists for compensation?"

The Merrimac had an eventful career and Captain Jones' name was linked with it through many years. Besides serving on her first as her ordinance officer in 1856, her executive officer on the 8th of March, and her commander on the 9th of March, 1862, Captain Jones was in charge when on the tenth of the following May, in order to avoid capture and take the ship up the James River, she was lightened to such an extent that her unprotected decks were raised above the water. Captain Jones took the Merrimac into the light of Craney Island, and after her decks had been strewn with cotton waste and trains of powder, he set her on fire and was the last man to leave her deck.

AFTER DEPRESSION, WHAT?

We are indebted to Rockwell Smith, a real estate man of Van Nuys, California, for the collection of certain facts about financial depressions in the past, which should be valuable in predicting the future. Mr. Smith went through a file of newspapers back to the 1850's and found these facts:

There was a business depression in 1857 lasting twelve months.
There was a business depression in 1869 lasting eight months.
There was a business depression in 1873 lasting thirty months.
There was a business depression in 1884 lasting twenty two months
There was a business depression in 1887 lasting ten months.
There was a business depression in 1893 lasting twenty-five months.
There was a business depression in 1903 lasting twenty-five months.
There was a business depression in 1907 lasting nearly twelve months.
There was a business depression in 1914 lasting eight months.
There was a business depression in 1921 lasting fourteen months.

The important thing about these past panics, however, is that every one of them has been followed by flush times, and the longer the depression lasted, the longer and more active the "boom."

The present depression has now lasted nearly twenty months. We can hardly say that the "boom" which will surely follow it has begun, but it is clearly on its way. And when it comes—oh, boy!

IMAGINATING INFLUENCES

(Reidsville Review)

Imagination is worse than the sting of a bee, it was disclosed in an experiment in a New York medicollege. Fifty students were given capsules to take, some containing sugar and milk and some containing poison of the bee and spider.

The students were instructed to report any sickness that developed. The quickest to report—and their symptoms were the most virulent—were those who had partaken of innoculous milk.

Moralizing seems to be an all too common practice in this age, but the moral here is so good that it deserves some consideration, because it is so true to life.

Imagine the surprise of the students who fancied themselves ill, when they learned that they had partaken only of harmless milk. Yet, the vast majority of people are harrassed by fears and misgivings for the future that have no more foundation in reality than the fears of the students who thought they had drunk some poisonous substance.

We worry not alone about our physical well being, but our business and small, daily tasks. Most of us have a weakness for "crossing the bridge before we come to it," when, if we wait until we actually arrive at the point where the "bridge" is supposed to be, we would discover that it was only a "dream bridge."

This is not to say that we should not plan ahead. Foresight is essential to progress and nothing worthwhile is ever accomplished without having first been thought through. But there is a vast difference between laying plans for future action and worrying about what the future holds in store. One is very strengthening and the other is destructive.

Worry may be likened to the constant dripping of water on hard stone. It at first seems to have no evil effect. But it is persistent. The habit grows and it begins to become a part of the individual who permits himself to dwell in anxieties and perplexities existing alone in his mind.

A few tests applied to our imaginary troubles will show them to be about as ridiculous as the New York College expermient was.

THE TWO RIGHT THINGS

If you want to be successful, you must realize that there are two rights which cannot be ignored—the right thing and the right time. These two must match; the right things at the right time, for the right thing at the wrong time may spoil all your efforts. The right thing at the right time will make things come out right.—Selected.

MISS LIBERTY'S ISLAND

By Catherine Beach Ely

Miss Liberty took over Bedloe's Island forty-two years ago, and has been enlightening the world ever since. She dominates New York Harbor on her pedestal like a queen on a throne. I have made her intimate acquaintance.

It all comes from having a friend at court who has given me a personal introduction to Miss Liberty, and invited me to sleep and eat directly under the goddess's august proportions, in an apartment surrounded by lapping waves like a boat moored on a magic seat. All this mystery and charm of a sea-girt, historic isle, only thirty minutes from that whirling business center, Times Square!

Majestic ocean steamers pass our kitchen stoop, so to speak. Our eyes command a marvelous circle—Ellis Island, Manhattan, Brooklyn Bridge, Brooklyn, Staten Island, Jersey and the Narrows. My bedroom, which is toward the east, looks out at waves beating against moss-covered rocks in cosmic rhythms day and night. I retire with the sparkling panorama of New York City across the harbor and awaken as the salmon light of dawn steals over the bay.

At night enormous Miss Liberty lifts her massive figure, white with her own brilliance, against an ebony sky, and her rays silver the west rooms of the apartment like moonlight till day break. My friend's apartment is commodious and rambling, with high-ceilinged, oddly-shaped rooms, where windows look out on far-flung vistas of salt water. With its Chinese rugs, piratical-looking chests, and flaring Philippino chair, the apartment looks as exotic as only an American apartment can.

Sojourning under Miss Liberty's majestic nose, one acquires a feeling of intimacy with the Lady from France who welcomes the peoples of the world to the United States, who beckons encouragingly to the celebrities of distant lands.

Surprising that this dignified colossal personage should be a part of one's daily routine. She whom the French Government ceremoniously presented to the United States to mark the one hundredth anniversary of the Signing of the Declaration of Independence. She whom the great sculptor, Frederic Auguste Bartholdi, created to watch for and welcome citizens of many nations arriving on the shores of the New World. Upon a visit to the United States, Bartholdi was so deeply impressed by eager immigrants getting their first look at America that he conceived this great statue as presiding genius of the harbor. It is said to be modeled in the likeness of his own mother.

Tom, Dick and Harry Americans, by individual subscriptions, built Miss Liberty's pedestal. Upon this granite throne the World's Hostess, one hundred and fifty-one feet and one inch tall, distributes her towering hospitality to guests and future citizens.

There is nothing isolated about

Miss Liberty's viewpoint, even if she does live on an island. As a sort of glorified lighthouse she is a faithful friend of all lawful navigators, gladly sending her brilliant rays far and wide upon storm-tossed waters. Miss Liberty is not only Uncle Sam's official welcomer, she is a conspicuous member of the life-guard and a patron of safe transit on the sea. Bedloe's Island seems to have been placed by Providence at just the right spot for her regal aid and convenience. Isaac Bedloe owned the island in the old days. It became Federal property in 1800, and Fort Wood was erected as a part of the city defense. So the fort antedates the goddess by eighty-six years.

Leaving the Fort Wood apartment for an hour or two, my friend and I join the tourists on their side of the island. We take the elevator up toward Miss Liberty's 207-inch head. On the sight-seeing balcony an M. P. narrates how a young couple, tarrying too late, were shut up inside the goddess, and subsequently extracted from her vast interior by the island authorities, and rebuked for their intrusion.

Down again, we stroll over the tourist paths of the "island that loves to be visited." We raise our eyes to America's flapping Old Glory, symbol of an assimilating western civilization. No sooner do we sit in the open than a brisk little lady-tourist from Chicago joins us. It is her first view of the ocean, of the enlightening goddess, her first trip to New York. There follows animated conversation about the statue, the island, the ocean.

The Chicago lady departs on the ferryboat—a wideawake little person, interested in her environment—just the kind Miss Liberty likes.

Night comes. The jagged New York silhouette begins to sparkle through the gloaming. White light streams into the apartment at Fort Wood from the goddess's right arm. My friend's azure-eyed Persian cat, who adds to the exotic atmosphere, plays with a ball, then tired from the day's adventures, sleeps in the circle of his plumy tail as soundly as if he were in Angora. The living voices of the deep come in our windows—man's invasion of the ocean—big boats and small, deep-throated or shrill, intoning the song of harbor life—over all this Miss Liberty's august presence.

We say "good-night." We sleep to the melody of lapping waves. But the goddess, titanic, alert, poised in electric radiance against the sky, watches unfalteringly all night above two American women and an Asiatic cat asleep at the fort on Bedloe's Island. Miss Liberty consoles the human denizens of the deep with her torch and guards the island at her feet. She is aided by the government boat which patrols the harbor-waters all night long.

Tomorrow the panorama will begin again—panorama of the world's ends seeking our shores—immigrants dazed and hopeful, great ocean steamers bearing strangers and homecomers, freight craft struggling to meet the heavy demands of modern sea traffic. All these pass Bedloe's, the universal island, since Miss Liberty the welcomer of nations, is stationed there—enlightening—enlightening.

The sun is up. The new day's

work is on. Giant steamers with deep-throated voices pass superbly in and out of the harbor. Imports arrive; exports leave. Sailors from the world's ends disembark, eagerly intent upon a holiday. The little ferry-boat General Meigs, lands its first load of passengers at "the island that loves to be visited." Miss Liberty graciously begins her daily reception. She does her best toward the Americanization of the inquiring tourist. She is a dignified educative island potentate.

A habit of prayer and a sense of humor forge an invincible armor.
—Beth Bradford Gilchrist

A THWARTED THUNDERBOLT

By J. Raymond Elderdice

"Bob" Wetherell, Statesbury High School, '31, and former all-round athlete of the Cherry and White, pushed aside his lunch box. A look of discouragement on his face, he stared gloomily at a rough board sign, lettered with red paint, straddling the crushed stone. It read: "DANGER! DRIVE CAREFULLY! ROAD BEING BUILT BY THE JASON B. WETHERELL CONSTRUCTION COMPANY."

Strange, but even as the boy gazed it changed to a "shingle" hanging over an office door and the lettering announced:

"ROBERT WETHERELL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW."

For a moment the late high school athlete, valedictorian of his class at commencement, thrilled as his ambition gripped him. Then . . . . it was again only a rough board sign bearing the name of Jason B. Wetherell his father. With a sigh Bob looked into space, heedless of the vivid panorama of mountain scenery, indifferent to the lunch box.

"Days — weeks — months flying past" he told himself, "It won't be long before I shall have been out of high school a year or more. And no prospects of dad ever sending me to college . . . . of my matriculating as a freshman next September, or the next."

Young Wetherell, lying on the flat top of a huge, gray-lichened boulder, sat up to survey the mountainside. At his back a broad, brown gash—marked off with surveyors' stakes—seared the greensward and cut through the dense forest; the right-of-way where the Statesbury-Treverton state highway would climb on up to the ridge, three miles up the mountain beyond Bob, then gently descended by easy grades to the county-seat.

" 'Robert Wetherell, Attorney-at-Law!' " jeered the boy. "No, timekeeper and checker. Oh, I don't want to learn how to build roads; I want to be a great lawyer,

and time is flying.''

Noon hour. The road-building gang loafed in the shade, devouring lunch, talking. Bob gazed at the recumbent figures; Inspector Norman, Road Engineer Buckley, a likeable Harvard man. He saw the horde of laborers—Italians, Calabrians, and Slavs. Here he was keeping time on these broad-backed foreigners when he longed to study law!

From Bob's boulder the section of road being built extended on a plateau a quarter-mile straight ahead in front of him, to join the newly-finished highway coming up from the ''Valley.'' So, four hundred and forty yards from the boy—he held the State High School record for that distance!—the macadamized road, almost at the edge of a steep, mile-long drop, curved to the left. Still bearing in that direction as it descended, it later on swerved again to the right in an ''S'' and entered Statesbury, which town was snugly nestled in the valley far below.

''Dangerous curve,'' reflected the young time-keeper. ''Say, if a car failed to make that sharp turn to the left it would plunge straight over the edge and tumble down into Statesbury roll down the steep slope for a mile . . . . fairly smooth, too, with no rocks in the way.''

Bob Wetherell walked the quarter mile to the curve. The completed macadam road veered to his left as it began its decent down the mountainside; he stood at the very edge of the steep slope to his right, shivering a bit. Not straight down, but very steep until near the bottom of the slope, where it bgan to level off at the outskirts of Statesbury. Half a mile below him were a few ramshackle houses that marked the spot where the town gave up its struggle to climb the rugged side of the mountain.

In the foreground was a large frame building, the primary school for quite young children. The new macadamized Statesbury-Treverton state road, leaving town a few hundred yards to the left of the school building as Bob looked down at it, wound up the mountain; it was finished up to the stretch on the plateau where the gang now toiled.

''Look here Thunderbolt,'' whimsically Bob addressed the rusty, battered five-ton road roller near him, ''we know you are aged and infirm, a heap of clanking junk ready to be scrapped. But just because dad has ordered a new roller don't get jealous an lay down on the job, 'Thunderbolt,' huh—you look like a wreck to me.''

The work-worn Thunderbolt, so nicknamed by the road gang, deigning no reply the boy lingered, fascinated by his vision of a car out of control, plunging straight ahead when it failed to negotiate the sharp curve to the left. Why, it would go crashing down the mountainside beyond the plateau, gathering momentum every second. Like a—yes, sir—like a thunderbolt! Nothing to stop its mad flight . . . . and the schoolhouse in its devastating path, with little children and their teachers in the classrooms.

Jason B. Wetherelll, he told himself, must lose no time in erecting the barrier of concrete posts and heavy chains stretched between, to prevent such a tragedy.

"One o'clock." He glanced at his watch. "Time to check up on the gang. Unless dad changes his mind—imagine him doing it!—I shall be building roads ten years from now instead of saying, 'Your Honor, I object!' Why won't he listen to mother and me . . . . send me to college and a law school?"

Bob, returning to the gang, glanced despairingly at the powerful bulk of Jason B. Wetherell. Rough-hewn, dominant, he drove the outfit—conquering every obstacle to put through the Statesbury-Treverton state highway in contract time. Grimly determined—called "bull-headed" by many—once his mind was made up, he was hard to sway. Admiring his father, yet Bob now heard again that deep, bellowing voice as for the last time Mrs. Wetherell and he had dared to brave the Titan's obstinacy.

"No! NO! All you did in high school was to kick a football or run around in skimpy clothes, Robert. I will not send you to college for such foolishness . . . . all you want to go for is to run and play games. No need of a college education. I never had one, and I'm making money! You're going to stick with me, boy; I'll teach you to build roads.

"Don't argue with me, either of you. This is my final decision and I want to hear no more about it. I will NOT sent you to college to waste your time and my money."

Days — weeks — months, flying past since Bob had graduated rrom the Statesbury High School. Faithfully had he toiled with the Jason B. Wetherell Construction Company's road-gang, building the macadamized road over the mountain to Treverton. Slowly it had crept up the slope—and he had kept time, checked dump-trucks of crushed stone, gravel and flint. He saw tractor plows turning up the right of way; husky muckers dig out the loose earth, or a steam shovel biting into the hillside ahead of the truck.

Then, heavy, crushed stones; layers of lighter material—finally fine flint stones, and a covering of tar. And last of all, "Thunderbolt," clanking and wheezing, rolling back and forth over the top surface, crushing everything under an iron tread to make the finished road.

Jason B. Wetherell was unjust, reflected Bob bitterly. He had smashed the State High School record in the quarter-mile; and had won the valedictory at commencement. Of course he would try to be a star athlete at college, but law would be his greatest goal and no sports would interefere with his progress. Still, his father said it would be a waste of time and money to send him.

"I'll work and wait," Bob told himself grimly, with some of Jason B.'s bulldog tenacity. "Maybe something will break for me, sometime. But it's got to be soon . . . . I'm losing one year and I can't stay out of school too long."

At three o'clock the young timekeeper, again a quarter mile from the curve at the edge, of the plateau, glanced in that direction. The five-ton road roller, which was not being used that afternoon, now stood some distance from where the road curved. His father, the road engineer and the inspector, as well as the gang, were farther away than he, on up the right-of-way.

Two dump-trucks just arrived from Statesbury's freight yards, were unloading broken stone to be spread out on the road-bed; they, too, were back of Bob Wetherell and up the grade. As he causually checked them in his book he glanced down the plateau at "Thunderbolt," chuckling at the gang's nickname for the machine. Just rounding the curve he saw three schoolboys—six or eight years old—running with laughter and shouts, and he watched them a moment.

"Playing hookey," he grinned, then, "maybe not. Perhaps their teacher is sick and the room is dismissed ahead of the rest. So they hurried up here to look at the road-building gang."

A few minutes later, a loud shout from Inspector Norton. At the sharp note of alarm in his voice everybody looked at him, and then in the direction he excitedly pointed. The stolid laborers, leaning on pick and shovel, jabbered wildly; Jason B. Wetherell himself, at once realizing the overwhelming peril, took a step forward, then stopped as he saw how powerless he was to avert the tragedy. Bob, who had been facing the ridge at the top of the mountain, whirled—he, too, grasped the situation.

"The road-roller!" roared Jason B. "Somebody has started Thunderbolt . . . . released the brakes . . . . it's those boys running away, there. No one can get to it in time, and it's headed for the edge . . . . it will roll down into Statesbury. Do something, somebody—can't you?"

Later it was learned from the frightened boys that they had climbed aboard Thunderbolt to play. One of them found how to start the motor; another had thrown the ponderous monster into gear and a moment later the brakes were released. Terrified, as they felt the road-roller in motion, unable to stop it, they had jumped to the ground, fleeing from the wrath of the road-builders over a quarter mile up the plateau. Now—

"The schoolhouse!" shouted Bob Wetherell. "Dad! it will roll down on the children. I'll try to stop it . . . . maybe I can get there before it topples over the edge . . . . it's the only hope of preventing a terrible thing!"

He was off at top speed. As he sprinted he mentally felt a surge of gratitude for three things: first, that he had kept himself in condition by daily runs since graduating; second, that he wore tennis shoes with rubber soles, and third, that beside the roadbed was a hard, beaten path of dirt. Here he could flash his bewildering speed. Four hundred and forty yards he must dash, against time.

"Thunderbolt," not far from where the road curved to the left, was lumbering straight ahead at a fairly fast clip; the five-ton roller would not make the turn, but would plunge over the edge. Then, like a Jovian thunderbolt from the blue—

"The school!" flashed in Bob's mind. "The roller will gather speed down the steep mountainside . . . . crash into the building with terrific force!"

Behind him sounded the shouts of the men. Ahead, as he hurled every ounce of strength into the race against death, he saw Thunderbolt,

majestically moving toward the brink. In his brain whirled vivid pictures . . . . the iron monster tearing into the schoolhouse like a speeding projectile, smashing it like a house of pasteboard. Crushing little children like a Car of Juggernaut! He saw their mangled, bleeding bodies . . . . heard wild shrieks of horror and pain . . . . the grief of mothers and fathers!

It was up to him. No one else could reach the road-roller in time. With a much shorter distance to traverse than he had, it neaared the rim of the plateau. Handicapped by long trousers and tennis shoes instead of spikes on a cinder track, perhaps fifty-six seconds might bring him to old Thunderbolt. That was, unless he arrived too late! Spurred to superhuman effort by the thought of the tragedy that he alone might avert, Bob Wetherell hurled himself onward.

"Faster! Faster!" Panic-stricken little boys and girls, it seemed, held oua their arms to him. Now he was drawing up on the lumbering road-roller, which was perilously near the brink of disaster. Even as he came alongside on the left, his chest torn with forced breathing, limbs laden weights from the terrific sprint, it was too late. No time to climb aboard and slam on the brakes. Even now the front wheels of Thunderbolt were over the edge, hanging in empty air—

With a last frantic summoning of power Bob flung himself on the road-roller to grab the steering-wheel. Pulling with all his might he desperately strove to do the only thing possible—turn those front wheels as far to the left as he could, before Thunderbolt started that mad flight down the mountain.

A slim chance that the heavy machine might bear to the left as it crashed downward, and miss the schoolhouse half a mile below! Bravely the boy clung to the wheel to the last possible second . . . . until the roller lurched forward, its front wheels hitting the slope, and the huge mass of iron started.

"It's gone!" Leaping for his life, Bob landed in the gravel several yards down the slope. "Oh, did I swing the front wheels far enough to the left for it to clear the school and save the kids?"

Terrified he watched. Thunderbolt, gathering momentum, rolled downward, but with the front wheels turned sharply to the left entered a trough-like gulley it would have missed had it kept straight ahead down the incline. Miraculously keeping on all four wheels the ponderous roller thundered down the shelf-like chute for fifty yards, always to the left, until the gulley became a part of the general slope. Here, with no ridge to keep it upright, Thunderbolt promptly turned over and started a catapulting career to the "Valley" a mile below.

Shaking with dread, Bob Wetherell watched. Tremendous speed! Rolling over and over—at times bounding through the air, the road-roller swept downward like a hurtling thunderbolt, driving toward the schoolhouse where hundreds of children, unwitting of the peril, were in the rooms. A cloud of dust hid the big machine from Bob's gaze. Then—he faintly heard a smashing, ripping sound far below him.

Some time later he looked again, and the dust had cleared away. The schoolhouse was still there! And only a few yards to the left of the schoolyard's high board fence a wrecked barn showed where Thunderbolt had torn through, to end its wild career ignominiously at the bottom of a deep ravine. No one had been killed, or in the least injured . . . . he had kept the five-ton roller from hitting the schoolhouse—

"Bob, my boy!" Faint and sick, he scrambled up to the plateau. His father, Mr. Norton, Mr. Buckley and the jabbering laborers were streaming toward him. Horrified, they fully expected to see a tragic sight far down the slope. Their relief was great as Bob stammered out what he had done pointed out to them the shattered barn and Thunderbolt's grave.

"I ran with all I had," he panted. "Sorry, Dad, but I couldn't make it in time to slam on brakes and save the roller. All I could do was to pull the steering wheel to the left—and pray! Thunderbolt is a hopeless wreck and you've got a barn to pay for, but—"

Jason B. Wetherell supported him on a strong arm, his sun-tanned face glowing with pride and happiness.

"Those kiddies!" he gulped. "Why, I wouldn't have wanted to live, Bob, if they had been crushed by that roller! A barn—huh! Thunderbolt was to be scrapped anyway. But you saved the lives of children, spared their parents untold grief. That's everything, boy! By your fast running you got here just in time to steer the road-roller into the gulley to the left . . . . that's the only thing that kept the schoolhouse from being struck. I am proud of you, my boy."

Later, as father and son walked down the mountainside to Statesbury at the end of the day's toil:

"I've been thinking, Bob," said Jason B. Wetherell slowly, "seeing as how you saved me from a lot of damage suits if that schoolhouse had been wrecked and children hurt, maybe lives lost—why, I reckon I can spend enough to put you through college and law school. And say, son—"

"Yes, Dad?"

"What do you call specializing in some study, Bob? Majoring, you say. And one thing they teach you at college is called economics; am I right? Well, considering that your fast running saved me thousands of dollars and a broken heart if the kiddies had been hurt, why—"

Bob Wetherell, dimly realizing that his golden ambition was going to be realized after all, held his breath as his father finished.

"Wouldn't be a bad idea, Bob, while you're in college," spoke Jason B. hesitatingly, "if you, er—sort of major in trackonomics, eh?"

When all the fruit is gone, it is too late the tree to climb.—Richard Edwards.

TWO WILD WEST PONIES

By Nixon Waterman

When I was a boy on the wild west frontier many years ago, I owned an Indian pony named "Puss." My brother owned a Mexican mustang pony named "Kit." Mine was a dark roan; his a light roan. In disposition, I never saw two equines less alike. Mine was of a high-strung, nervous temperament. I think no one would have had the temerity or the cruelty to strike her with a whip. A cross word would make her tremble. His pony would stand treatment of any sort. She seemed to say, "Go ahead and do your worst; I can take care of myself under any conditions." She would kick, at times, and bite if necessary, yet with it all she was kind and affectionate. She was remarkably intelligent. My brother taught her a number of tricks and it was always our thought that she would have made a fine circus performing animal. My pony was stupid. It would have been impossible to train her to do a trick. She felt she was created for the one purpose of conveying somebody somewhere in the shortest period of time. She was vibrant with the desire to get the task over with.

My brother's pony would scent a snake, rods away on the paririe, and would follow up the scent till the reptile was located, but she could not be compelled to approach too close to it. My pony seemingly never smelled anything and could have been ridden over all the snakes in Christendom. My brother's pony could be ridden without a bit and bridle—without anything in fact, and was easily guided by the rider,s hand or the swaying this way or that of his body. My pony required a good bit and a strong bridle.

The wildest ride I ever took was one day, when I was wading a stream, five miles from the ranch house, and let the pony have her head in order that she might drink. In some way, the bit of the bridle she had on had become sprung open at the middle joint, and in its relaxed condition, the two halves separated. When the pony raised her head, she was without a bit in her mouth. She sensed the condition instantly, and in a flash was away for home on a fierce run. I could not restrain her at all; neither dared I try to dismount at a mile a minute rate. So I stuck till I reached the home gate, which she essayed to jump, but it was so strong and high that she only went up against it, smashing it somewhat but doing no serious damage to either horse or rider. But I never took another chance on her bridle having a loose bit.

Beneath the rule of men entirely great,
The pen is mightier than the sword. —Edward B. Lytton.

WHERE BETTY FOUND PET

Pittsburgh Christian Advocate

"Betty," said mamma, "I am going for a little while; now, don't let any rabbits steal in to lay eggs while I'm gone."

Betty laughed. "I shall take splendid care, mamma; but oh! how I do wish it was Monday, the time goes by so slowly!"

"Think what a beautiful day tomorrow will be," said mamma placing a big bunch of roses and sweet peas in a basket.

Betty's little face grew grave. "Miss Lizzie said she thought that Easter was the loveliest time of all the year; an' she told me of lots of interesting things about it."

"I'm sure she did," replied mamma. "Well, dear, suppose you look over your lessons for tomorrow."

She kissed Betty and took up her basket. "I must hurry now, or I will be late."

Betty felt a trifle lonely after mamma had gone; she wished that she had a cat or dog to play with and to be company.

After what seemed a very long time to a little girl, she saw mamma coming up the walk. She did not have any flowers this time, but a queer shaped little box.

But mamma shook her head smiling. "I can't tell; it's a secret, Betty."

Betty clapped her hands—mamma's "secrets" were always nice. She kept wondering what it could be but mamma only smiled.

When Monday finally did arrive Betty hunted all over the big yard among the bushes for eggs. She found a great many pretty colored ones, and several made of chocolate and pink cream candy.

"The rabbits have been good to me, mamma," exclaimed the little girl, munching a big cream egg. "I have found a lot, and there's no use looking for any more."

"How about the 'secret' Betty?"

"Oh, I forgot the secret," cried Betty.

She hunted and hunted, and when she was just ready to give up she caught sight of the queer little box hidden away under the syringa bush. Betty opened it eagerly, and there lay a little white rabbit fast asleep.

"Oh, mamma!" cried Betty, skipping about the yard, "I am so happy and I wanted a pet more'n anything! I'm going to name it Pet!"

Betty played with her new treasure a great deal. She said it was wonderful how much Pet understood and she was no longer lonely when mamma went out.

A week passed and the Sabbath morning Betty came running to mamma in a great distress.

"Oh, what do you think, mamma? I can't find Pet anywhere; I've looked and I've looked."

"Why, I'm sorry, dear! Don't stop to hunt for the rabbit now—it's time to get ready for the Sabbath school; I was just going to call for you."

"Oh, I couldn't go to day, and Pet lost! I want to hunt again."

Mamma looked grave. "I'm sorry about the rabbit, but I don't think you ought to miss Sabbath

school."

Betty stood still in the middle of the room; she was thinking hard and fast. She remembered how Miss Lizzie had begged the children not to miss coming, and how she had promised that nothing, not a single thing, should keep her at home. Was she keeping her word?

She turned to mamma very slowly. "I guess I'll be thinking about Pet all the time," she said in a sober voice. "But I guess that's better than not going at all."

"Yes," said mamma, "when you have promised" Then she fastened Betty's pretty little white coat. "Get your hat dear," she said.

Betty ran and opened the cupboard door, where the hat box was kept. Then she screamed. "O mamma, come and look!"

The box was on the floor and it was open; and there, right on top of Betty's hat lay Pet, pink eyes blinking.

Betty seized him in her arms, and danced about the floor. "However did the darling get in? I must have left the top open, and in he jumped. O mamma, I am glad I decided to go to the Sabbath school! Suppose I hadn't I might have hunted and hunted before I found Pet."

OUR NEED

Not money, house, nor beauteous spreading lands—
Not money with its tragic world-wide power,
Now hold thousands in its maddening grasp;
Not lands with all their widening fertile fields,
Feeding their millions with pure wholesome food;
Not buildings rising toward exalted skies,
Sheltering hundreds from the heat and cold;
Not crooked politics, nor gangster's bands,
Nor liquor's power can help a needy world—
Not these! not these! and many others all
Can make a nation great, nor save a world!
But men! true men! with sincere heart and soul!
With care for others' weal, and love so full
Of all the rich and high and noble traits!
'Tis these! 'tis these! who build a nation great,
And save a ruined world from darkest days!—
God give us men! who stand so firm for right,
When others fail!—God give us men!—True men!

—By James Monroe Downum.

INSTITUTION NOTES

During the absence of Mrs. J. G. Hudson, matron in charge of Cottage No. 4, Mrs. T. V. Talbert is acting as substitte matron at that cottage.

—o—

After spending several days here with his sister, Mrs. J. C. Fisher, Mr. J. C. Powell returned to his home in Whiteville last Monday morning.

—o—

Guy Emerson, of the Mecklenburg Cottage, who was called to his home in Canton last week, on account of the death of his father, returned to the Training School last Monday.

—o—

Our cannery force, under the supervision of Messrs Walker and Sappenfield, have been unusually busy during the past week canning peaches. The supply of peaches from our young orchards this year exceeds that of any previous season, and in addition to the fruit used at the cannery, we have been enjoying a generous supply of peaches at the various cottages.

—o—

Following a custom of several years, last Sunday being the fourth Sunday of the month, the afternoon service in the auditorium was conducted by our good friends from Charlotte. Mr. A. C. Sheldon, Boys' Work Secretary of the Charlotte Y. M. C. A., who usually has charge of this service, was enjoying his annual vacation, and Mr. John McCachren, another official of the organization, proved a very capable substitute in presiding over the meeting. After the singing of the opening hymns and the Scripture recitation, Mr. McCachren presented Dr. McIlwayne, pastor of the Dilworth Presbyterian Church, Charlotte, who talked to the boys on the subject, "Empty Houses." His remarks were both helpful and interesting and were thoroughly enjoyed by all present.

—o—

Last Saturday's baseball game between the Training School and the Brown Mill teams resulted in a victory for the local boys by the score of 3 to 1. Andrews was on the mound for the school lads and "Windy" Austin did the hurling for the visitors, and it was a pitcher's duel from start to finish, with the former having the better of the argument. Three widely scattered hits were all the Brown Mill boys could collect off Andrews, while the Training School batters drove out nine. Austin, however, with the exception of one inning, was invincible with men on bases; the local lads twice had runners on second and third with but one out, when the visiting pitcher tightened up and prevented any scoring. Both teams played great ball for six innings, neither team being able to score. This scoreless tie was broken in the seventh frame when the school team was able to put its first run over the

plate. Whitehurst was safe on an error, stole second and third, and scored on an infield out. The visitors tied the count in the eighth when Austin singled and attempted to steal second; in an effort to throw him out the catcher's throw went to the outfield and the runner continued towards third, and scored the tying run when another wild heave went far over the third baseman's head. With one out in the local half of the same inning, Brown singled, went to third on Poole's single, and scored when Brewer drove out a two-base smash; Whitehurst then cracked out a single, scoring Poole. The visitors were retired in order in the ninth, and the Training School lads had won a hard-fought victory. Brown, local guardian of the center pasture, was the batting star of the day, getting two doubles and two singles in four trips to the plate. Both pitchers had excellent control, only one base on balls being issued during the game, which occurred in the second inning when Andrews walked Hensley, Brown Mill left fielder. The pitchers were aided by some spectacular fielding, especially with men on bases. Phillips and Hill, second baseman and shortstop respectively, for the visitors, made some very nice plays, as did Little, second base, and Maddox, shortstop, for the school boys. Little handled nine chances, most of them quite difficult, without making an error. Rain halted the game in the last half of the eighth inning, but play was resumed in a few minutes.

AS I GO ON MY WAY

My life shall touch a dozen lives before this day is done—
Leave countless marks for good or ill ere sets this evening's sun.
From out each point of contact of my life with others lives
Flows ever that which helps the one who for the summit strives.
Does love through every handclasp flow, in sympathy's caress?
Do those that I have greeted know a new-born hopefulness?
Are tolerance and charity the keynote of my song,
As I go plodding onward with earth's eager, anxious throng?
My life must touch a million lives in some way, ere I go
From this dear world of struggle to the land I do not know.
So this the wish I always wish, the prayer I ever pray:
Let my life help the other lives it touches by the way.

—Strickland Gillilan.

U. N. C.
CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XIX CONCORD, N. C., AUGUST 8, 1931 No. 32

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We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts,
not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs.
He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts
the best.

—Philip J. Bailey.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL
TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL
PUBLISHED BY
The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

TWO KINDS OF LIFE

Both kinds are well known. Their presence is evident on all sides. There is the life set on nothing but gratification of the desires of the flesh. This kind of life seems quite prevalent just now. With wild and rash haste too many crash on heedless of all other claims as they pursue their fleshly goals. This life of the flesh pleases momentarily, but disgusts ultimately and permanently.

There is the life "after the Spirit," which looks aloft, trying to rise to higher thoughts and actions. Its goal is exalting, and an upward path leads thereto. The gains of this kind of life are visible on every hand.

But the life "after the Spirit" does not foster neglect of the flesh with its legitimate desires and longings. Appetites are not disastrous things, unless they are given the mastery. They are silent suggestions for human betterment. However, the life of the flesh must always be the servant of the higher life of the Spirit.—Young Folks.

RULES OF THRIFT FOR CHILDREN

The United States Children's Bureau states the child's penny bank does not encourage thrift in a child but instead gives the first impulse to easy money and develops a miserly spirit. This sentiment is voiced by the press, declaring the old fashioned advice "save your pennies is out of date," but advises that the child's financial wisdom teeth can better be cut on a budget, We give ten rules as taken from the New York Herald Tribune—good advice as to the training of a child in money matters:

1. Give the child a regular fixed allowance: teach him not to beg and tease for additional money.
2. Let him learn by experience that denial must follow extravagance.

3. Teach the child not to expect pay for duties he ought to perform.

4. Encourage him to earn extra money by giving him a real job, preferably one which has real commercial value; pay him no more and no less than it is worth.

5. Be sure any work he does outside the home is not physically harmful, and does not expose him to wrong influences.

6. Don't tip the child rendering small services to his elders or for being good or polite.

7. Teach the child the value of saving for a definite purpose, instead of for the mere sake of saving; let him learn the folly of spending all his money at once and going into debt to buy something he wants.

8. Teach him that saving things that cost money is as important as saving money.

9. Help the child to realize the importance of giving as well as of spending and saving.

10. Remember that the example of financial responsibility parents set will influence the child's attitude.

* * * * * * * * * * *

THE YORKTOWN CELEBRATION

In making plans for the anniversary program of any event of historic interest there are as many view points as there are interested parties before definite plans are accepted.

This seems to be true as to working out the pageantry expressing to the public the triumph of the American Revolution.

There is an agitation, and a very foolish one, as to eliminating the very climax of the causes our forebears fought—the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown.

There could be no Yorktown celebration without the surrender. It is the very background in which to picture Cornwallis and without that one picture the celebration would be incomplete. The Virginian-Pilot states:

> If Yorktown does not mean the triumph of the Revolution, with all that that implies, it has no meaning at all. One hundred and fifty years later, all the participants are heroes, and a testimonial to British heroism in the form of a tablet is fit and proper, especially since no odium attaches to any of the men who were defeated there. The central fact for which Yorktown is famous, still remains. That fact is the surrender of Cornwallis. It can no more be ignored than Yorktown itself can be ignored. The British, one may be sure, understand that as well as anyone else, and a reasonable guess is that they would greet with a chuckle a celebration which omitted the main event. By the time the Yorktown

Commission gathers to decide this momentous question, it is to be hoped that it will have acquired sufficient balance and judgment to see the situation in its true light. At present, it is endangered by arguments which may be well enough meant, but which, for all that, are chiefly sentimental mush.

* * * * * * * * * *

THE COMMANDER IN CHIEF

The following tribute to General DeSaussure, taken from the Memphis Commercial Appeal gives expression of the esteem in which the Commander in Chief of the United Confederate Veterans, including his family, are held by home folks. He is a fine example of courage, fidelity and gentility appreciated by the Confederate Veterans. By selecting General Desaussure his old comrades honored themselves and their organization:

"General DeSaussure has been not merely an efficient railroad executive. He has been a fine and useful citizen as well. The legion of friends that the DeSaussures have gathered to themselves here and hereabouts will be unanimous in their judgment that the organization of the Confederate Veterans has bestowed its highest honors upon one who will add honor to that body."

* * * * * * * * * *

KNOW YOUR SUBJECT

It is well at all times, regardless of circumstances or position, not to assume the "superiority complex" but instead recall the warning of Apostle Paul to the Romans "be not wise in your own conceit," but have "charity that is not puffed up."

In this age of advanced science we learn many things other than those taught within the college walls. This is an era of wonderful opportunities either to accept or to reject. Neither is it difficult to see that schools are missing the real objective—making preparation for a life of service.

The masses of college students do not accept their attainments as equipments for real service, so to speak, but as distinctive accomplishments to outshine some one or every one if possible.

This is "Ego" in the superlative, not the true democracy of education, serving most frequently as a boomerang besides emphasizing narrowness and a lack of information. There is absolutely something wrong with any

system of education that inspires such an autocratic spirit.

With some to be "college-trained" serves as a symbol, or stamp of the standardization system similar to the trade mark of machine made fabrics over same pattern.

The attractive outstanding characteristics of high culture are tolerance for the less fortunate and the finest feeling of good fellowship for noteworthy representatives of other institutions of learning.

It is an unpardonable offence for one student body to depreciate the rating of other institutions. It is snobbery, showing a weak connection at some point either in the home or school life. For example, lately two college students, one a Junior of an institution with a student body over a thousand, the other a Sophmore from another college with less than three hundred, met by the merest accident. They exchanged thoughts. The sophmore handled the subject matter with the grace of a Yale student, so thought the Junior, but no sooner than it became known the Sophmore was from a small institution all interests ceased, and instead there was a silent chuckle.

In this instance the Junior showed narrowness also a lack of information, for this "Old Institution," nearly a hundred years old, with a history sufficient to fill volumes, and alumni the peer of any, can to-day trade units with any school in the country

To know your subject matter is something quite worthwhile, it saves an aftermath of humiliation, and remember he "who laughs last, laughs best."

* * * * * * * * * *

INTERESTING STATISTICS

The Census Bureau gives interesting statistics showing decrease of illiteracy in the United States since 1870. It is interesting to note the decrease of illiterates has been about 13 per cent at a time when the increase of population was a little over 16 per cent. This report is all right but not satisfactory to the educators who hoped to stamp out iliteracy by 1930:

> The census report for the year 1930 shows a general decline in the number of illiterates in the United States. According to the census of 1870, 20 per cent of our population was unable to read and write; in 1880 this number was reduced to 17 per cent: in 1890 to 13.3 per cent; in 1900 to 10.7 per cent; in 1910 to 7.7 per cent; in 1920 to 6 per cent; and in 1930 to 4.3 per cent.

The total number of illiterate persons in the United States in 1930 was 4,285,749, a decline of 648,156 since 1920. The absolute number of illiterates has therefore decreased about 13 per cent during a period in which the total population increased 16.1 per cent, the census bureau states. These figures represent a general decrease in the number of illiterates of a little more than one-fourth during the last ten years.

Among the individual States Iowa leads the field. Her illiterates are fewer than one per cent of her total population, which is almost as low as the lowest of the European countries, Denmark, Sweden, Norway and Finland. With her mid-western neighbors, Minnesota, Missouri, North Dakota, South Dakota, Nebraska and Kansas, she is a part of the most highly literate divisions of the United States.

Louisiana, however, is the State which is deserving of the most credit for the progress which has been made during the last decade. The number of illiterates in that State has been reduced from 21.9 per cent, a percentage which placed her near the bottom of the list to 13.5 per cent. New York, the largest of the States, ranks high with but 3.7 per cent of her population unable to read and write. Throughout the Union there is no State with a record of more than 20 per cent of her population illiterate, and only five or six States have more than 10 per cent.

The decline in the number of illiterates in the United States is a gratifying one, but one cannot say that it is satisfying to the educators of our country who had as their goal the complete elimination of illiteracy by 1930. We are, however, making progress and by continued work may be able to wipe out all illiteracy by the time the next census it taken in 1940.

RAMBLING AROUND

With Old Hurrygraph

"It's the way you do, not the way you say,
Not the way you speak, but the way you pay,
It will like the best or will like the most,
It's the way you work, not the way you boast."

—o—

Persons who buy socks and stockings are quite likely to get a "run" for their money.

—o—

A woman can never have perfect control of her voice until she learns the stops.

—o—

I have never seen him and do not know what species he is, but a little bird comes near my window every morning and sings, "G-i-t u-p, G-i-t u-p!" in a very cheery voice. I think he sings for the benefit of Mrs. Hurrygraph.

—o—

When you come to think about it this is a funny old world. Upwards of four millions of our people are looking for work, and about 116 million are trying to get out of as much of it as they can.

The idea now seems to be that if you are right, stay at home. If you are wrong, go to Reno. The impression appears to be that by going there you era Reno-vated—made ready for another matrimonial adventure.

—o—

I read of a man the other day who had just bought his thirty-first car, all thirty-one cars of the same make. I also heard of a woman who had bought her third reducing machine, but they were all different makes. Here's expansion and reduction with a vengeance.

—o—

It is, I take it, not the price of wheat that fixes the charge for a loaf of bread, but the cost of its manufacture and distribution. When wheat goes down, people wonder why bread does not come down, too. Well, loaf bread has to rise to be any kind of bread, don't you see.

—o—

Anæmic Annie is coming into her own. The girl with a pallid face is going to reign for a period in place of her rosy-cheeked sister. The powder manufacturers of Paris have decreed so and so it will be. Good by suntan; good-by robust and healthy looking girls. What Paris face powder manufacturers say cannot be ignored. The girl that looks the sickest is tomorrow's queen.

—o—

These "Believe it or not" people are warping and twisting the faith of my childhood. They say a mocking bird is not a mocking bird. That he does not mock anything. That General U. S. Grant was not a general until just before he was elected president. He looked mighty like a general in my boyhood days, and acted like one. These and similar other things almost make me disbelieve my own belief.

I do not understand, and it is has never been explained to me, why it is that during the day you can run up and down a flight of steps and hear only your foot falls. But just try to tip up those same steps, at night, when you do not wish to disturb sleepers, and every step will creak and see how much noise it can make, despite your every effort to step lightly. Ever experience it?

—o—

The United States government has insisted since 1918 that William R. Eba, of Los Angeles, is dead: that he was killed in action at Chateau Thierry. Mr. Elba has applied for a pension, but the government points out that it could not in all fairness give him one as he is dead. So Eba has hired a lawyer to tight the case. Mr. Elba seems to be one of those stubborn, bull-headed people who absolutely refuse to be convinced, no matter how stong the argument is against him. He might say, as did Mark Twain when he read his own obituary, having been reported dead, "the matter is greatly exaggerated."

—o—

It was a surprise and almost a shock to read that over twenty millionaires have been created during the long decline in the stock market. When one reads day after day of new lows I always picture the people who own that stock not thinking of the crafty bears who are playing the short side to win. Everybody brags when he wins on the market going up and is proud of what he's done And everybody else cheers him and slaps him on the back and says, "Atta boy!" But the millionaires who are made by playing on the market going down just slip out quietly and never say a word. Why is that? Is it they're afraid they'd be lynched? Which brings me again to the conclusion that human nature is a mighty curious thing any way you look at it.

—o—

A good but somewhat prudish friend wants me to rake the ladies over the coals because they continue to wear high heel shoes, silk stockings, and some of them no stockings at all. He may be right about it, but I am going to go slow on the proposition. I have also at various times been asked to say a word to the women about their clothes, but so far I have refrained from mixing in, and I am quite sure this is one of the reasons I am here to greet the dewy morn. However, if my friend will try the expendient of looking into the pretty faces of our feminine friends he may forget his complaint about the hose and the high heels.

—o—

I have been editor of weekly papers as well as dailies. While doing my weekly stunts, sometimes when news was plentiful and things were working smoothly, I got to building air castles, and wished I had a daily instead of a weekly paper. But when a week came along that everything went somewhere else to happen it knocked those ideas out of my head, and my dreams went flying away, like wild ducks going north.

WHAT MAKES BLOWING ROCK?

By C. W. Hunt

There are other resorts than Blowing Rock, but people who come here from year to year find a charm and a beauty that is found nowhere else. Once it was isolated being 23 miles from a railway, but that has all disappeared since the advent of paved roads and good automobiles. Occasionally you find a person who says it is too far from railroads, but that is a state of mind, there being nothing to it, for there is Western Union and Southern Bell Telephone, and it is only three hours from Charlotte and four to five hours from Winston-Salem and Greensboro.

The charm of Blowing Rock is its altitude, 4000 feet and more above sea level, and on the crest of the Blue Ridge Mountains; the top of the earth, as it were, amid the clouds, at times, and blessed with rain when it falls no where else. I have written this before, but there are always new readers coming on the scene, to whom this will be interesting: so high and such a central point is this location it becomes a dividing line for watersheds. The rolling Yadkin has its source in the spring on the grounds of the Green Park Hotel, and in a distance of fifteen miles by highway, has gathered sufficient volume to run a cotton mill: even in that distance the bottom widens and great cornfields appear, and on through the counties of Caldwell, Wilkes, Yadkin, Surry, Forsyth, Davie, Rowan, Davidson, Stanley, Montgomery and Richmond, where it is a powerful river, there is a continuous cornfield at this season of the year, and in all its glory as the waving fields of corn spread far and wide in one sweep of glory, and the great Pee Dee River enters South Carolina, and is soon a navigable stream. Such a scene is enough to make a Hill Billy green with envy as he beholds the fertile fields of corn

Just a short distance away from the headwaters of the Yadkin is the nesting place of New River that goes on into Virginia and West Virginia and into the Ohio River and to the Mississippi and on to the Gulf of Mexico; and in finding its way out through the mountains it has many crooks and turns, but it gets through. Just two miles away are the headwaters of John's River, a short stream that finds its way into the Catawba and helps that stream to turn all the industrial wheels in the Piedmont section, and has grown to a considerable stream in forty miles by highway, and by joining the Catawba flows on into the Atlantic many miles south of the great Pee Dee formed by the Yadkin and Uwharie.

It is the high altitude that gives Blowing Rock a mean daylight temperature of approximately 70 degrees all summer long, and with a continuous breeze on the higher elevations, which at times reaches high wind velocity. So continuous is this current of air that the evergreen trees like the white pine, spruce and hemlock grow one sided; that is the limbs are all on the lee-

ward side of the trees, just such looking objects as one sees in pictures of all high mountain scenes. The average wind is north to northwest. It blows from the south when it is dry or when there is strong currents bringing the sea moisture inland; and when the west Indian hurricanes come inland the winds blow from the south to southwest, with rain-falls that drench.

These continuous north to northwest winds in summer are accounted for, in part, by the fact that the crest of the Blue Ridge is 1500 to 2000 feet higher than any of the mountainuous country to the east and south, toward the Brushy mountains and toward Lenoir and Morganton, 20 to 40 miles away. This lower section is heated by the summer sun, and the heat rising creates a place for the cool air from this high plateau to flow into, making a continuous breeze all day long, on the order of the cooler air rushing into the flames of an outdoor fire. This along a long backbone of the Blue Ridge mountains creates a climate that exists nowhere else in all the resort section of the old North State. Resorts on the 2000 feet level have nice cool nights, but sizzle in heat and humidity in day time.

In the foregoing I have dealt with watersheds, geography and meterology, and have taken the pains to record the reason for the climate enjoyed at Blowing Rock. One thing that gets on the nerves of some visitors is the dense fogs; fogs that saturate things even under shelter. Some years they are numerous and come like a rack of cloud from what seems nowhere. These have been known to hold on for as long as three days; then again they are intermittent, going and coming like racks of cloud in early morning across the sun, in the 1000 feet and lower altitudes. There is no weather bureau here to record the rainfall, but in most years it is abundant and must be considerably above the average for the state. Rains, fogs, sunshine and humidity produce an an atmosphere that is wonderfully exhilarating. Breathing such air, eating the succulent vegetables and fruits and mountain lambs, and all night slumbers under cover, makes an ideal place for rest and recreation and convalescence, either physical or mental.

Just when Blowing Rock became a resort is not accurately recorded, but from what I have been able to gather, it was fishermen, seeking the mountain trout of song and story, that brought men here, and it was these who first discovered the place and climate. Then there was only a trail to it, which took a better part of a day to travel from the railway. I do not know when the first house for entertainment was built, but when these fishermen and others began to come here there was only a farm house or two. South Carolinians had something to do with settling the place as a resort, but Piedmont North Carolina, with Charlotte as a center, had much to do with making the place. There are Charlotte people who live here in summer, who have been coming here forty years. A few may claim it was fifty years since they first came to Blowing Rock. Twenty years ago Blowing Rock was a well known place and was reached from

Lenoir by hack and carriage and coach over a winding road, rough and hard to make. Hacks changed horses on the way. Later enterprising men seeking a passage across the Blue Ridge in this section, surveyed and built ten miles of turnpike and made a toll road of it, charging a dollar each way. This regime ended with the state buying the turnpike and making it a free road.

Now there is a paved road, a boulevard, and which you climb 2000 feet in twenty miles or less. The town has taken in all the residents in three miles, and has a fine water system. Water on the mountain tops had been a problem until then. Electric lights came with other things; so now one lives here with all the comforts of city conveniences, yet without any of the dust and grime and noise.

Blowing Rock! May she last as long as time!

RUTS

The world is full o' ruts, my boy.
Some shaller and some deep;
An' every rut is full of folks as
High as they can heap.

Each one that's growlin' in th' ditch
Is growlin' at his fate,
An' wishin' he had got his chance
Befor' it was too late.

They lay it all on some one else, or
Say 'twas just their luck—
They never once consider that 'twas
Caused by lack o' pluck.

But here's the word o' one that's lived
Clean through, from soup to nuts:
The Lord don't send no derricks 'round
T' hist folks out o' ruts.

—Author Unknown.

DELINQUENCY, COMMUNITY PROBLEM; LACK OF INTEREST, FATAL MISTAKE

By Mrs. R. N. Simms

The fact that a larger majority than ever of the people behind prison bars today are under 21 is appalling, and is conclusive proof that there is something vitally wrong somewhere in the lives of these boys and girls.

There are various organizations and conditions which the community needs to foster and better in order to prevent and help juvenile delinquency.

Upon the home and the parents rests the greatest responsibility in this matter of delinquency. There the habits of obedience, truthfulness, promptness, honesty, purity, and cleanliness should be instilled at an early age. After the child reaches school age the responsibility is shared by the parent and teacher, and the home and the school. Every parent who is really concerned over his child's proper development is obliged to be interested in his school and the kind of teacher he has. Likewise, the teacher should be interested in the parent and in the home of the child if she hopes to be of the greatest service. In school the child learns to live a small community life, and the way he learns to live with its other citizens, his school mates, has much to do with how he is able to live later with his fellow citizens.

A trained man or woman should be on every school ground to direct the play life of the children so that they may be trained to engage in orderly games in which fair play and good sportmanship prevail instead of the rough, bullying type of undirected play which results in torn shirts and bruised bodies.

If the child fails to receive the proper instruction at home, he may become a problem in school. Usually his hours out of school are spent on the streets, hanging around places where evil companions are found, and with petty stealing, perhaps begins a life of crime. To help this type of child, the juvenile court and various kinds of training schools have been established. These are a great blessing and the greatest assets the community has in dealing with the children who are already, or are fast becoming, juvenile delinquents, provided sufficient funds have been allowed for them to be properly conducted.

Such organizations as the Boy Scouts, Hi Y clubs, Girls Reserves, Boys Clubs, etc., are very helpful in preventing deliquency. Boys and girls who are kept busily and happily engaged seldom fall into mischief. In some cities these clubs and their well organized and directed recreational life for boys and girls has almost done away with serious delinquency in parts of cities where it was formerly a big problem.

It is a wise step for any community to foster these helpful clubs. In addition, great benefit has come from community playgrounds and camps properly supervised. They are to be found in many of our progressive cities, maintained by the

regular budget of the city.

Parents and others interested in child welfare and the prevention of delinquency should be watchful of a number of other things in their communities, for instances: (1) the objectional literature carried by many newstands—there is a law against this which can be enforced if good people see to it; (2) cleaner and more wholesome moving pictures; (3) supervision of dance halls and other places of public amusement: (4) the creation of sentiment against so much joy-riding day and night, as well as loafing on the street, and best of all, more and better real home life, and close association of parents and children in play and worth-while pursuits.

Parent-teacher associations are trying to better these conditions and all others affecting child welfare and juvenile delinquency. Just a beginning has been made; much remains to be done. Surely there is nothing more important to any community than saving its young people.

Lack of civic or community interest and oversight of the problems of youth is a fatal mistake on the part of any modern community—in fact, it constitutes a delinquent community!

A DEED AND A WORD

A little stream had lost it's way
  Amid the grass and fern:
A passing stranger scooped a well
  Where weary men might turn;
He walled it in, and hung with care
  A ladle at the brink:
He thought not of the deed he did,
  But judged that all might drink.
He passed again, and lo! The well,
  By summer never dried,
Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues
  And saved a life beside.
A nameless man, amid a crowd
  That thronged the daily mart,
Let fall a word of hope and love,
  Unstudied, from the heart;
A whisper on the tumult thrown,
  A transitory breath—
It raised a brother from the dust,
  It saved a soul from death.

—Selected.

NORTH CAROLINA GOLD

(Asheville Citizen)

It was announced recently that gold mining operations have been resumed in Mecklenburg County, after a lapse of several decades. The United States Refining, Smelting and Mining Company has secured a two-year lease on properties five miles northwest of Charlotte.

It is expected that resumption of operations here will be steady but with no resemblance to a "gold rush." During the fifties of the last century money was coined from gold dug in this region at a regular government mint. Less than a mile north of where workmen are engaged is the old Capp's Hill mine, which is said to have produced more than $2,500,000 worth of gold ore.

D. L. Martin of the well known Gold Hill village is in charge of the work. He has been a prospector for over 40 years. He says that it may take weeks or even months to discover whether or not a big vein is being worked. "The old Gold Hill vein went down 800 feet and produced more than 70 tons of pure gold."

It is said that slave labor was used before the Civil War in digging the mine where Mr. Martin is now at work. A number of its shaft's are from 20 to 30 feet deep and one is more than 40 feet deep.

This attempt at resuming gold mining in North Carolina gives interesting testimony to the mineral wealth of the state. Down to 1849, when the California rush began, this was the chief gold producing state of the Union. The industry has lapsed since the Civil War. But there is doubtless much gold ore only waiting to be worked.

North Carolina has always been a region with much mineral wealth. The first English settlers were eager to emulate the example of the Spaniards by finding gold. They found a gleaming yellow substance which when sent to England for examination proved to be a valueless substance, "fool's gold." But gold and iron and other minerals were there and were worked during the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. Iron mines and blast furnaces were numerous in the piedmont region of the Carolinas and contributed to American success in the Revolution. At them were forged bayonets, cutlasses, cannon, as well as ploughshares and other agricultural implements. In their day these ironworks, were very up-to-date plants. There is an old iron mine at Chapel Hill which must have been extensively worked.

There is today in North Carolina much mining of non-metallic minerals. But the industry can be widely extended. Perhaps the time is at hand for resumption of gold and iron mining.

Love, hope, fear, faith—these make humanity;
These are its sign and note and character.

—Robert Browning.

DAT WATERMILLION HANGIN' ON DER VINE

By W. F. Marshall

"It's watermelon time again! Oh, boy! Life, flowing ever at high tide in summer, brims at flood tide in watermelon season. "What a royal plant it is!" exclaimed Henry Grady in praising cotton a generation ago. "Aye, the corn, the royal corn!" exclaimed Governor Oglesby in a rhapsody of tribute to the grain "in whose yellow heart is health and strength for all the nations."

If the modest melon vine trailing the ground cannot take its place in stately splendor with the corn that "stands rank on rank," or with the cotton whose "fiber is current in every bank, and, loosing its fleeces to the sun . . . floats a sunny banner that glories the fields," yet the watermelon loses nothing in comparison, for wherever cotton grows or corn flourishes, there also is the watermelon, declaring its equal companionship with them and asserting its unrivaled ministry of refreshment to the workers who bear the heat and burden of the day in corn field and cotton field.

The watermelon—what a royal heart it has! Crisp and luscious, sweet and cool, that royal crimson heart holds a place of unthreatened supremacy as a refreshing and healthful summer time delight. Let's set more store by the watermelon as a family joy. Let's try to grow watermelons expertly in perfection of their highest qualities and then if ice box or spring box is provided for having them crisp and cold at serving time we have at least one thing on our live-at-home program that will add constant joy to the good old summer time.

But the watermelon has more than its royal quality to commend it. Maybe you have noticed, as I have, that there is about it a sort of compulsion to good fellowship—something that gets hold of the soluble charities of our better natures and makes them available in our dealings with one another. When "watermelon" is suddenly suggested in a company of people anywhere in Dixie the photographer has no need to request them to "look pleasant, please." Yes, it is an instigator of sociability. Feuds and bitterness do not thrive in the atmosphere of a watermlon feast. Such a gathering is an unmistakable covenant of good will and neighborliness. The watermelon is the calumet, the pipe of peace in our rural life. From one end of Dixie to the other I should like to see the opened watermelon, with its heart of beauty and hint of plenty, recognized as the universal emblem of rural comradeship.

Likewise, the watermelon is a reducer or solvent of selfishness. "There ain't goin' to be no core" was not spoken of the watermelon. Breathes there a man with soul so dead that he has never aspired to share a glorious melon with his neighbor or with a travel-worn

stranger? Who wants to go off by himself with a good watermelon anyhow? The fine scorn of such a thing as felt by an old negro mammy who had caught her boy slipping off with a stolen melon is richly portrayed by John Charles McNeill in his poem entitled "Selfishness:"

. . . "I seed you, boy!
You needn't hide behin' de house,
'Ca'se dat wan't help you none.

But fetch dat million roun' to me,
I needs dat fruit myse'f;
You stand right over dar and see
If any gwine be lef'.

You thought you'd eat it all, you did,
Now all you git's de rin';
I hates dat sich a selfish kid
Happened to be mine'"

The weakness of human nature in the presence of temptation exerted by the mesmeric combination of watermelon and opportunity to enjoy it was so well understood by the ancient Persians that they made a proverb saying, "Never stoop to tie your shoe when going through a neighbor's watermelon patch." Those wise-humored old fellows well knew that stooping under such circumstances of time and place generally had but one meaning, and that a poor fellow caught in the act would have a hard time establishing complete innocence of motive—especially if he were bare footed!

And among us moderns, even when we do not possess the charity that throws some leniency at least one fault—that of easily falling captive to the seductive spell of a cool and luscious watermelon. Not long ago I was listening to an address by the president of an internationally known theological seminary. He was a learned and scholarly man, but a human being withal, as one of his illustrations showed. I have forgotten the point he illustrated, but the patness and humor of his illustration stay with me. Said he:

"If I were a judge in our courts and a colored man should be brought before me convicted of appropriating a watermelon from a neighbor's patch, I should be slow to pass sentence without first going into the circumstances. And this in most cases is just about what would take place:

"'Was it a ripe melon?' I would ask.

"'Yes.'

"'Did he pull any green ones?"

"'No.'

"'Did he plug any?'

"'No.'

"'Did he tromp down the vines?'

"'No.'

"'Well, you turn this nigger loose!'"

A cool, ripe watermelon is complete and sufficient in itself. Like the peach, the fig, and the grape, it is ready for business right off the bat. Who is it always talking about the strawberry—that gaudy little flapper that has to be creamed and sugared or dolled up into shortcake, before it is fit to receive company? The watermelon needs none of that—no cooking, or cosmetics, or fixing up; in the recent phrase of Governor Max Gardner, it 'can

take the hill under its own steam.' To put other things with it or on it is like trying to paint the lily or gild refined gold.

But in the days long gone there was probably one exception to this rule. There seemed to be in those days one thing that would enhance the naturally irresistible allurement of a perfect watermelon. Possibly the reader has already guessed what that was and recalls the story of the gifted housewife who knew the art of flavoring the watermelon to a still higher degree of man-intriguing perfection.

Being a good woman given to hospitality, she invited to her table, so the story goes, a company of distinguished ministers. The dessert was watermelon. She had flavored it with her favorite mild wine — scuppernong perhaps — by carving out a small lengthwise core, pouring in the wine, and then setting the melon up on end overnight in the ice box. No sooner was the dessert served than there was a chorus of acclaim from her guests, lauding its captivating and matchless quality. No such delectable melon had they ever tasted before. But one of the preacher guests was silent. The hostess in some embarrassment wondered why no commendation of her art came from this one alone of all her guests. But her embarrassment ended quickly, for she observed that as the silent preacher with one hand busily dispatched his dessert, with the other he was steadily depositing the seeds in his pocket!

In marketing efficiency also the **watermelon has a lot of other things** beaten out of sight. Corn must be shucked, wheat must be threshed and sacked, cotton must be ginned and baled, strawberries, peaches, and grapes must be artfully packed in baskets and the baskets must be crated; but the watermelon grows already basketed and crated. It has its nectar stored in millions of tiny cells that no miracle-working honeybee could ever match, these cells packed in a white cushioned basket that shields them securely against breakage and spilling, and the basket securely crated in a hardened protective rind.

As soon as plucked from the vine, it says, "Let's go!" and immediately it begins its journey to the big cities a thousand miles away. No wonder the watermelon is being grown in every state of the Union, with the possible exception of the far northern states of Maine and New Hampshire. No wonder that 200,000 acres are devoted to the commercial crop of near 70,000,000 melons in over 50,000 car loads, bringing usually from $175 to $400 a car. No wonder that beginning in April with shipments from Florida and Texas, followed in season by others from the south, the midwest, the far west, and California, the stream of Florida Favorites, Tom Watsons, Thurmond Grays, Irish Grays, Carolina Bradfords, Stone Mountains, and other favorite sorts (likely to be increased in number from the 128 new crosses just produced by a Florida horticulturist) should flow all summer and on through October, pouring its tide of coolness and refreshment into all the sweltering cities of the nation.

It is my estimate that in the small patches ranging from a dozen

hills or a dozen rows for home use to an acre or a dozen acres for local marketing, the production will probably equal the commercial production (in 1929) of 67,616,000 watermelons. From both sources combined, therefore, we appear to be producing about one watermelon a year for each of the 122,775,046 persons composing the population of the United States, whereas one a week during the hot summer season would not seem too high an average for summer comfort.

It seems certain, therefore, that somewhere in this big country of ours somebody is going without his watermelon. That is a pity, for I feel that the American youngster who has never buried his face from ear to ear in a mouth-organ slice of crisp, cold red-meat watermelon or taken a melon in swimming with the neighborhood squad, has been cheated out of a part of his birthright.

But if we see in the watermelon only a means of delighting the hot-weather appetite or of bringing profit from the markets, we make of it a gross and shallow thing indeed. Thereby we miss its richest virtue —its capacity to minister to our sense of beauty, reverence, and wonder.

In one of his many notable addresses, the late William Jennings Bryan once used the watermelon as an illustration of the wonder and mystery with which nature works in the commonplace things all about us. I shall close by letting Mr. Bryan himself speak this impressive sermon on the marvel of the watermelon. Said he:

"I was eating a piece of watermelon and was struck with its beauty. I took some of the seeds and dried them and weighed them. I found that it would require some 5,000 seeds to weigh a pound. And then I applied mathematics to that 40-pound melon.

"One of these seeds, put into the ground, when warmed by the sun and moistened by the rain, takes off its coat and goes to work. It gathers from somewhere 200,000 times its own weight, and forcing this raw material through a tiny stem, constructs a watermelon. It ornaments the outside with a covering of green, inside the green it puts a layer of white, and within the white a red core, and through the red it scatters seeds, in some varieties black, in others dark brown, each one capable of reproduction.

"What architect drew this plan? Where does the little seed get its tremendous strength? Where does it find its coloring matter? How does it collect its flavoring extract? How does it build a watermelon? Until you can explain a watermelon, do not be too sure that you can limit the ability of the Almighty or say just what He could do or how He would do it. Everything that lives, in like manner, mocks by its mystery, beauty, and power, the proud intellect of presumptuous man."

Of some calamities we can have no relief but God alone; and what would men do in such a case, if it were not for God.—Tillotson.

WHOLE NATION TO JOIN IN CELEBRATION AT YORKTOWN

(Charlotte Observer)

With historic centers in Virginia bearing the scars of the birth of a nation saved for posterity through their inclusion in the Colonial National Monument, officials of the Natioal Park Service are bending every effort to restore these sacred bits of Old Diminion-soil to the appearance they bore during the height of their dramatic and important, though brief, careers, Oliver G. Taylor, engineer in charge of the restoration work, announced there recently.

The restoration of Yorktown where the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of Lord Cornwallis' surrender to General Washington and the allied French and American troops will be observed under the auspices of the federal and state governments during October 16-19 of this year, is the first objective of the Park Service officials, and development of the area about this tiny village, perched high upon the bluffs of the York River, is being pushed forward as rapidly as possible. The restoration work will be completed and the village ready to receive the hundreds of thousands of people who are expected to gather here from all parts of the United States to commemorate the successful close of the Revolutionary war.

As visitors enter the monument area, embracing Jamestown Island, Yorktown and parts of Williamsburg, Virginia's early colonial capital, they will be given booklets containing accurate information regarding what they may expect to find and see in the different portions of the park area. At Jamestown they will be able to visualize the landing of the hardy band of Cavaliers who established the first permanent English settlement in the western hemisphere through the medium of dramatic descriptions by trained guides. The ancient clock tower, all that remains of the colonial buildings, and the moss-covered cemetery with the quaint inscriptions on the gravestones will continue to attract visitors as they have in the past. The original stockade and rude huts erected by Captain John Smith and his followers will be restored as soon as practicable, Mr. Taylor stated.

At Williamsburg, a spot rich in colonial lore because of its association with pre-Revolutionary agitation, almost every street corner bears some building, monument or gnarled tree that is associated with the lives of those who built the framework for a permanent nation. The restoration work now going on in Williamsburg under the direction of John D. Rockefeller, Jr., is particularly interesting to the thousands of tourists visiting the historic peninsular region. Every such historic spot will be clearly indicated in the projected booklet.

And then Yorktown, where the great battlefields will be marked by permanent tablets, giving the location of each American, French and British unit that fought in the 19-

day siege of the village which culminated in the surrender of Cornwallis. Historians have already been put to work in conjunction with this undertaking, and the numerous tablets are expected to be erected in ample time for the sesquicentennial celebration.

Hallowed spots in this area will be described in the booklet which the park service will distribute to the visitors to the cradle of the American republic. The old Custom House, first to be established in America; the Moore House, where the articles of capitulation were drawn up by the American, French and British officers, and other historic landmarks—every scene in fact, having any historic significance—will be fully described and their connection with the events which led to the successful establishment of the young nation.

An extensive guide service, furnished without cost of the tourist, will be provided with the establishment of the monument. By appointment, it will be possible to arrange for guides ahead of time to take care of special parties, although other guides will be at hand to collect the casual visitors into groups and escort them through the monument area, explaining the significance of each landmark on the history of America.

It is the hope of the National Park Service to restore Yorktown to its appearance in 1781. This has not been definitely decided upon. Mr. Taylor pointed out, but is the objestive of the Interior Department officials. This course, they hold, would be vastly preferable to permitting commercial interests to invade the historic village and eventually rob it of its old world charm, a distinctive flavor and atmosphere possessed by no similar spot in America. Such a course, Mr. Taylor believes, would mean absolute ruin to the effect for which the park service is striving—that of an atmosphere in which the ghosts of departed heroes would walk benevolently and visitors could catch a vagrant whisper now and then of deeds of valor in days long gone.

LAWS PROTECT WILD FLOWERS

Years ago, nut trees, arbutus, holly and other green growth in the woods and on uncultivated land were believed to be the property of anybody who wanted them. People were reckless and ruthless in their gathering of nuts and fruits, and laws have been passed to punish trespassers.

The arbutus is protected in New York State at present. Down in south Jersey there are thousands of acres of woodland that were considered public property, but now many of the tracts are fenced and notices to trespassers are posted. This is because motorists have gone into the country and stripped trees and bushes and even torn up plants by the roots. A ban has been placed on nut pickers, and persons gathering berries or wild flowers are treated as trespasseers.—Utica Press.

SETTING OUT PLANTS IN DRY WEATHER

By Vera B. Edwards

Often young plants of choice flowers come into one's possession in hot, dry weather when to set them out in the garden it would seem they would surely perish, and there are times when for days, even weeks, no rain falls to put moisture into the soil from which the plant roots can drink. A plant that can get no water from the soil soon withers pathetically after being set out. In seasons of especially long drouths many gardeners are unable to transplant young seedlings from the seed beds until so late in the season that insufficient time is left in which the plants may develop and produce blossoms.

Plants can, however, be put out in quite dry weather and in most cases they will not only survive, but thrive beautifully.

While the transplanting may be done during the heat of the day, it is best to lend every possible assistance, and doing the work after sundown is recommended.

The young plants that one receives from greenhouses or nurseries must be planted in the way they are received. In lifting those from the seed beds, it is good to wet down the bed thoroughly with the garden hose or a sprinkling can, then prick out the plants with a small tool, such as a putty knife or pointed trowel, bringing up with each plant as much wet soil as will cling to the roots with careful handling.

Take to the new planting location a bucket of water and a cup. Dig for each plant a hole sufficiently deep to take the roots without crowding and so the plant can go in well up to its first true leaves; put back in the hole most of the dug-out soil, pour in as much as a pint of water and "puddle" the soil and water together, stirring it round and round with the tool until a wet, sticky mud is formed. Into this set the plants in the usual way. Over the mud, then, bring the remainder of the dug-out soil, wet it thoroughly, and firm it down lightly with the palm of the hand.

Now, as a top dressing, that will act as a blanket and prevent the moisture evaporating from below, sprinkle generously with very dry soil, making sure that every bit of the wet soil around the plant is thoroughly covered.

Almost any plant that will transplant successfully in wet weather will transplant successfully in the manner just described; the writer has had especially gratifying success with the method in transplanting young pansy, hollyhock, zinnia, marigold, aster, daisy and canterbury bell plants. Many others will do as well. Indeed, it is much braver to attempt the method described, with any species of plant, than to have it waste in the seed bed waiting for rainy weather, or perish in the sun because of indifferent, careless planting.

THE STORY OF PINEHURST AS TOLD THIRTY YEARS AGO

By Col. Fred A. Olds

(NOTE:— The following interesting story of the founding of Pinehurst, the Southern golfing mecca, appeared in the Pinehurst Outlook about thirty years ago, and so far as Col. Olds is aware, it has not since appeared in print. Owing to the continued remarkable development and popularity, not only of Pinehurst itself, but of the entire Sandhill section of North Carolina, we feel that this article is well worth bringing to the attention of our readers.

—Editor of Prison News.)

If the reader will look at a health map of the United States it will be seen that a section of North Carolina, lying rather north and south, about one hundred and fifty miles from the coast and in the long leaf pine country, amid hills and valleys, the soil of which is pure white sand to a depth of more than a hundred feet, is marked in white, to show it to be one of those favored spots which are practically exempt from the great "white plague"— namely, tuberculosis.

Many years ago Dr. Sanderson made this discovery, the place being then very sparsely settled, the houses of the humblest character and the natives mainly engaged in making turpentine and resin. Then there were only miles and miles of sweeping sandhills, with pellucid streams traversing the valleys, and with the stately pines in interminable stretches—a very desolate world. But change, as magical as was ever wrought by any fairy was to come and a miracle was to be worked among the hills which in a recent geological period had been the creation of the sea.

One day Mr. James W. Tufts, of Boston, millionaire and philanthropist, came to Raleigh looking about for some good thing to do. He went into the splendid North Carolina State Museum, which ranks among the first in this country, and there saw things and was told other things which bent his mind toward that sandhill country, which has been named Sanderson Ridge. With him went Thomas K. Burner, the Secretary of the Agricultural Department, and they spent two days in that section, where the very air seems brimful of ozone and life. This was enough, and at once the creative genius of Mr. Tufts set to work, and the miracle began.

He decided to buy eight thousand acres of land, set it within a fence and build there a New England town, with grounds which should be most beautiful and where the best landscape gardeners in the country could lay out the grounds, with cottages of beautiful fashion, provided with every convenience, these to be rented at so low a rate as to enable persons of moderate means to escape the rigors of a New England winter and live in this Southern land of sunshine, his further

purpose being to prepare hotels, casinos, boarding houses, club houses, a theatre, church, school, etc.; in other words, to place here in the South a model New England town. At the invitation of Mr. Tufts I went to the place with him, and then and there he named it Pinehurst, this being literally "home amid the pines."

Amid these trees stand fine specimens of the scarlet berried holly, which tree to the English is the very emblem of home life and welcome. Mr. Tufts revealed to me his plans, and I had the honor of being the very first to tell the story about this remarkable place. Landscape artists were already at work, an electric train was hauling material, the skeletons of houses were everywhere being raised, but only on paper were the glories of the place then set out.

Miles of winding walkways and driveways, set with shrubbery; pleasure grounds, including golf links; complete electric lighting plant, heating, water and other plants, one of the finest dairies in this country, dog kennels, and stables in which were to stand scores of horses, rose like some creation of the genii who answered the magic touch of Alladin upon his wonderful lamp and ring. And so the inspiration came to me then and there, as we sat on a lumber pile amid that scene of well ordered confusion, to take Mr. Tufts by the hand and call him "The Aladdin of the Pines." He really blushed like a school girl at the compliment, for all his millions, but he carried out every plan and did even more.

Millions have been spent there and it is a wonder-world. Nothing this side of Palm Beach, in far away Florida, excels it in beauty. Not content with erecting scores of buildings, the largest of which, the great Carolina Hotel, has cost half a million dollars, his genius his money and his taste made the place a garden, and it has been an inspiration to the people near and far.

It is in Moore county, which was one of the poorest in the State, but the valuation of which has increased to an extent simply wonderful. One day, some years later, I went again to Pinehurst, and at dinner on Washington's Birthday sat with genial Mr. Tufts. The stately dining room was full to the limit, and with a smile and a quiet look about him Mr. Tufts remarked that the people who sat there were well able to pay the national debt.

All parts of the North and Northwest and of icy Canada were represented. This shows what wonders have been worked and how the place has come to be known as one of the world's most noted resorts. It is on the line of those pleasure places where golf is recognized as the king of all games, and it is quite the thing to stop there both going South and returning North, while hundreds remain there all the winter long and literally live upon the links. It may rain, but in half an hour after the last drop has fallen the ground is dry and fit for use, and this is one of the charms.

There one may see the first fashions of the year, before they are even seen in New York, and so beautiful is the place and so delightful and wholesome the life that visitors linger until summer is almost

upon them. The country round about is fair in its setting, with miles and miles of the choicest vineyards, peach orchards covering vast stretches of territory, one containing 150,000 trees, the rows of these being more than a mile in length. Mr. Tufts obtained the Pinehurst land at a figure something like $1 per acre, but the developments in that section have increased prices at least ten times and often fifty, and Northern people are coming in to live there the whole year.

Only well peeople are permitted at Pinehurst, and if a person goes there with a cough or any appearance of tuberculosis it is the sad duty of the manager of the estate to at once give notice that it is best to go elsewhere, say Southern Pines, a very attractive health resort, but it is plainly stated that the rule is inexorable and that the beauties and the pleasures of Pinehurst are only for the well. Healthy and stately indeed are the people who gather there. There are plenty of fine old gentlemen, who retain, in spite of their seventy years or more, their sporting proclivities and who ride and hunt and play golf all the day long. Life outdoors is the golden rule so long as daylight lasts, and then after dinner, if the weather be fine, there is yet more of it.

Mr. Tufts, the elder, was one of the plainest and gentlest of men, and could put his hand to anything, and his son Leonard is truly a "chip of the old block." On one occasion Leonard was in Raleigh, and a soda fountain, shipped from his great factory in Boston, the largest in the world, could not be put up because of the failure of an expert to arrive. Leonard Tufts heard of it, borrowed a pair of overalls, and went to the drug store and put up the fountain in the most workmanlike manner, then went to a cafe, dined, and afterward left in his private car for Pinehurst.

Every cottage at Pinehurst has a name, and to Miss Tufts falls the duty of giving these names, she being in this respect like Miss Mary Pullman, who names all the sleeping cars. At night electric lights blaze in every porch, all the windows are bright and the general impression a visitor gets is that some gorgeous exposition is in progress. There has been a wonderful adaptation of native trees, shrubs and flowers. The place has its own vegetable gardens and hot houses and nurseries on a great scale. There is a continuous round of entertainment at the hotels and the cottages, and there is the village paper, which is very beautiful in its illustrations and press work. Everything that money can do or taste suggest, is done and the New Englander with millions finds himself at home in a moment at Pinehurst.

Representatives of nearly every prominent golfing club in the United States are to be seen at Pinehurst. Winding roads, like shining silver streaks, lead far away amid the pines. Not content with the pines already growing, large and small, Mr. Tufts succeeded in inducing long leaf pine plants to grow and thousands of these are now thrifty, Mr. Gifford Pinchot having taken a lively interest in this experiment.

Mr. Tufts lived to see the fruition of his labors, and one Sunday night, died very suddenly in his

room at the Carolina Hotel. It happened that at the moment he passed away his guests were singing his favorite hymn, "God Be With You Till We Meet Again." The splendid orchestra was accompanying, and so it comes about that every Sunday night since he passed away, at the very hour, ten o'clock, the guests all rise and sing the song he loved, one of the tenderest tributes to the memory of a good man I have ever known.

The mantle of Mr. Tufts fell upon his son Leonard, to whom the estate was left. It is the one place in the United States where a development of this proportion was owned exclusively by one man and came into existence through the creative mind of a single individual.

THE LAW OF SELF-CONTROL

GOOD AMERICANS try to become strong and useful that our country may become ever greater and better. Therefore, they obey the laws of right living which the best Americans have always obeyed. Good Americans control themselves. Those who best control themselves can best serve their country.

(1) I will control my tongue and will not allow it to speak mean, vulgar, or profane words. I will think before I speak. I will tell the truth and nothing but the truth.

(2) I will control my temper and will not get angry when people or things displease me. Even when indignant against wrong and contradicting falsehood, I will keep my self-control.

(3) I will control my thoughts and will not allow a foolish wish to spoil a wise purpose.

(4) I will control my actions. I will be careful and thrifty and insist on doing right.

(5) I will not ridicule nor defile the character of another: I will keep my self-respect and help others to keep theirs. (From the Prize Mortality Code which is widely used in schools.)

—Journal of N. E. A.

THE GOLD MINE

(Watchman Examiner)

With eyes dilated Eila Sparkes stared at the oblong yellow paper lying before her between the pages of the open Bible.

"Look, Reba!" she cried to a girl of eight years who was rummaging through a burlap bag of old silk scraps in the other end of the attic.

Reba jumped to her feet, spilling a dozen pieces of kaleidoscopic silk scraps on the floor. "What is it, Eila?"

"It's money, isn't it? Look!"

As Reba reached her chum, she burst out. "No, Eila! It couldn't be! Not in that old Bible!"

"But, look, it says 'Twenty' on it!"

"That's nothing. Your mother wouldn't leave an honest-to-goodness twenty dollar bill in that worn-out Bible."

"Then what can it be? Where did it—" Eila's eyes shone with excitement.

"I don't know, of course. But it must be paper money like what my brother buys—so many hundred dollars worth for ten cents, or like what my oldest sister uses at high school, in business practice. But it doesn't look a great deal like any I have seen before."

"Course it doesn't." Eila's eyes danced. "What shall I do with it?"

"Take it to your mother, of course. Let's."

As the wind beat the April shower against the attic window still harder, the two little girls descended the stairs. The attic was a haven of pleasant refuge for girls who liked to play when April showers were abroad seeking whom they might drench to the skin in frolic.

But mother had gone a few streets away, said a note scratched on a piece of paper bag, and lying on the kitchen table. She was sewing at Mrs. Von der Holt's for an hour or so.

"Let's go back and play, Eila."

"Yes, I can show it to mother tomorrow. It can't be any good. She must know it is there. Most likely she put it there herself."

Back upstairs they gayly tripped. Rummaging around among the many discarded things in the attic was rare sport and real adventure. Back to the silk scraps with their riotous colors went Reba. Back to the ancient trunk went Eila.

Nothing more was thought of the strange looking piece of paper money until, at eight o'clock in the evening Eila, just put to bed for the night, overheard her mother and father in the kitchen nearby.

Her mother had just spoken in a sad voice that always made Eila feel like hugging her and kissing her and crying. And her father sounded worried, too. He was talking.

"I know it, dear, but if we have got to lose the piano, we have got to. That is all! It isn't much, anyway," he spoke, a tone of bitterness creeping into his voice. "It is only a seventy-five dollar piano. I should not have let it come. I should have waited until I could pay at least one hundred—"

"Which would have been next

year most likely," answered Mrs. Sparkes. "Eila likes the piano so, and she is all that we have, Harold."

"But we shall only lose the fifty dollars we have already paid. The company will not dream of rebating anything. Of course, I expected to be working more than three days a week since January. I should not have tried to purchase the thing even on installments. I don't know what to do!"

"Eila's teacher, Miss Doutelle, says that Eila really has talent, and is her best fourth grade pupil. She would hate to have Eila give up her lessons now as much as Eila would hate to stop. But if we don't have any piano, that settles it." A sigh escaped the lips of the calico-clad Mrs. Sparkes.

A small head was whirling. What if should be real money!

Eila slipped out of bed and quietly out of her room to the back entry. The street light would show enough perhaps—

She threw open the attic door. Halfway up the stairs, she halted, frightened.

"How silly of me," she breathed courageously. "A big girl scared." Then taking a deep breath she gingerly picked her way along the dimly lit stairs and into the shadows. Not a sound disturbed her. A few moments passed and she found the stairs again. Her bare feet pattered down, slightly swifter than they ascended. Under her arms smuggled the big, bulky book.

Into her bedroom she carried the heavy burden, and through the other door of her room she passed. Then, turning a near corner she framed herself in the doorway of the kitchen.

"Eila Sparkes! Straight back to bed you go! School won't wait for you to have your beauty sleep out in the morning, and I don't relish getting breakfast for a fussy girl who gets out of the wrong side of the bed on sleepy mornings. Back."

"Mother, I didn't mean to, but I heard you and daddy talking about the piano, and I wondered again if this could be any good." She opened the pages of the Bible. "Reba and I thought—"

"Why no! It is almost worn out. We've got a better Bible than that."

"I didn't mean that, mother I—"

"What on earth do you mean, child?" Mother's puzzled eyes watched her girl.

"This paper money, I mean, mother. I'll show you."

As she hunted the pages Mr. Sparkes arose to his feet. At length the yellowish paper showed its pleasant face.

"Eila, child! you haven't been stealing, surely, Eila Sparkes Where—"

"I found it, while playing in the attic with Reba today. Honest."

"Hold on!" cried the father, excitedly. "One evening, five years ago, we had a pound party just before Christmas. The young Baptist minister called, and I got him the Bible to read from. He said something about the Book being a gold mine, when he handed it back to me, telling me to read often. Eila's right! He left that gold certificate inside. A gift to ease our poverty! The money has a musty odor. Smell! God answers prayer.

HONOR ROLL FOR JULY

NOTE—We are unable to publish list of honor students for the month of July in Rooms No. 3, 4 and 7, because of absence of the teachers on vacation.

Room No. 1

—A—

A. J. Allen, Graham Bost, Fern Dunlap, Burnie Lassiter and Richard Hill.

—B—

Dwight Brewer, and Clyde Small.

Room No. 2

—A—

Reid Jackson, Clyde Kivett, Louis Mason, Dalton Boswell, Harry Hill, James Maddry, Russell Smith, Franklin Smith and Wilson Williams.

—B—

Charles Miller, James Rivenbark, June Starling, Bill Thomas, James Talbert, Roy Bryant, Howard Fralix, Belmont Flynn, Harry Hamilton, Earl Irby, George Ozement, Roy Whitehurst and Ben Woody.

Room No. 5

—A—

Robert Benfield, Lonnie Spivey, Lawrence Dorsett, Frank Lett, Lee Shields, Jim Turnage, Charles Wagoner, Veriln Cutshall, Howard Falk, Ernest Greene, William Handford, Charles R. Hodgin, Curtiss Holshouser, Haywood Journigan, Harrison Owen, Lee West, Jack Williams, and James Marsh.

Room No. 6

—A—

Rick Dalton, Ralph Long, Fred Hatcher, Will Shoaf, Idus Wilkins, Marvin Watts, Kester Supthin, James Allison, Hubert Grant, Tom McCausley, and Albert Roe.

—B—

Wallace Anders, Calvin Boone, Bob Poole, Floyd Pleasant, Robert Williams, Melvin Gautier, Lawrence Young, Lonnie Hilton Starling Crews, David Avery, Russell Dorset, and Charles Everette.

RELATIVITY

"Professor Einstein with his relativity," Mayor Ray Brownell, of Flint, said at a Kiwanis luncheon, "reminds me of a philosophical discussion between Pete and Hank.

" 'Can I know what I don't know?" said Pete.

" 'No,' said Hank.

" 'Well, there's a certain thing I don't know, and I know it. Then don't I know what I don't know."

" 'I don't know.' "—Selected.

INSTITUTION NOTES

The school principal reports that eighty-two boys were promoted in the various grades on August 1st.

—o—

Rev. R. S. Arrowood, pastor of McKimmon Presbyterian Church, Concord, conducted the service in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon.

—o—

The contract for rebuilding the section of the dairy barn which was destroyed by fire, has been awarded to F. C. Niblock, of Concord, and work has started on same.

—o—

Judging from the number of cars parked in various parts of the campus, we are inclined to believe that there was a larger number of visitors present last Wednesday than we have seen here in more than a year.

—o—

Our farm forces made the third cutting off the alfalfa field last week and a nice lot of this fine hay was stored for winter use. The farm manager reports that with favorable weather conditions the fourth cutting from this same field should be very productive.

—o—

Lieutenant-Governor R. T. Fountain, of Rocky Mount, made a brief visit to the Training School last Thursday afternoon. Mr. Fountain, who has announced his candidacy for the nomination for Governor in next near's Primary Election, was en route to his home after having made a speech in Charlotte on Wednesday night.

—o—

We are glad to announce that the watermelon season is on. Last Saturday afternoon, just before going to the ball grounds, we assembled at the old "watermelon rock," where more than five hundred boys and officers enjoyed the first watermelon feast of the season. More than two hundred melons were used in furnishing this delightful repast.

—o—

Our baseball team added another to its list of victories last Saturday afternoon by defeating the Roberta Mill team by the one-sided score of 12 to 1. Lisk, who did the pitching for the Training School, allowed the visitors but six widely scattered hits, holding them scoreless until the ninth inning, when two singles, a fielder's choice and an error enabled them to register their lone tally. The local lads scored one run in the fourth, and two more in the sixth, but it was in the seventh that the real fireworks were touched off. In this frame, fourteen school batters took their places at the plate, and before the side was finally retired eight runs were chalked up by virtue of six hits, one of them a three-base smash by Lisk, a base on balls and three errors. Another score was added in the eighth when Brewer was hit by a pitched ball, took second on a passed ball, and counted on Hedrick's single.

ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XIX CONCORD, N. C., AUGUST 15, 1931 No. 33

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A MAN

It isn't years that make a man,
But what you've thought and done;
How much you've dared, the blessings
shared,
The many things begun.
Have you the power to choose one goal,
And let all others go?
To plan and wait, to concentrate,
To use all that you know?
Can you reverse yourself, give up
Your dearest hope and plan,
And give your soul to a higher goal?
Then count yourself a man.

—H. O. Spelman.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL
TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL
PUBLISHED BY
The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

HAPPINESS

"Did you ever find the Happiness
Flower?
It isn't so hard to find;
It opens wide at the morning hour
In the meadows of cheerful mind.

"But it sometimes grows in the sandy
dust
That fills the desert of care,
And down in the fields of perfect trust
You always can find it there.

"It's sweet as honey, the Happiness
Flower,
Winter and summer the same;
On the difficult hills by troublous tower
It shines like a rosy flame.

"If you ever find the Happiness Flower,—
And it isn't so hard to do,—
May it flourish fair in your golden
ground,
A-glisten with joy's bright dew;
May the sunshine of love the whole year
round
Lie warm on your flower and you!"
—Anon.

PEOPLE ARE MOVING

The sizzling heat of Summer 1931 has broken all previous records for continued intense heat. It has been a privilege to watch the restless crowds

seek the sea coast for relief from the scorching heat. The number of people who are rushing to the sea coast for pleasure as well as for health at least is an occasion for thought. As the automobiles rush madly on with crowds of sight-seers and pleasure seekers we gasp and think where does the money come from during this era of financial depression. There is compelled to be money coming from some source for the people are moving for some reason and it takes a lot of money to carry on in such a wholesale manner.

All of this done in face of the fact that crops are fine, a most bountiful yield, but the prices in return are not satisfactory. It might be possible the occasion of all the talk of tight money is that people have lived very extravagantly making it impossible to again return to a normal state of living—the kind of life previous to "World War" prices.

It is quite easy to see there is no limit to the desire to spend, because going and spending has become a habit. It is just as natural to go and spend as it is to eat and sleep.

The economic question is a personal one—To not spend beyond one's means.

* * * * * * * * * *

A CLOSER INSPECTION

Such frightful tragedies as the one that occurred at the old people's home, Pittsburgh, is sufficient to arouse every one to the necessity of taking steps towards fire precaution. Perhaps it is unfair to criticise the management of this particular institution that has just lately been visited by such a hazardous fire where many lives were lost and property destroyed. But the mere fact that the fire alarm came from the outside is proof that some one failed to answer to the post of duty—an inexcusable negligence.

Hundreds of lives have been snuffed out in this country by the "cock-sure-attitude" of those in charge that all is running smoothly, and as a consequence there is a great loss of property along with a heavy toll of human lives. Such incidents for a while will create considerable concern, and fire precaution talked, but it is only sporadic.

We soon drop back into the old rut and forget the lurking dangers until other occupied buildings are consumed.

The subject "fire-precaution" should have an important place in both the

home life and school life:

The versatile editor of the Suffolk Herald gives this thought worthy of consideration:

> There should be closer inspection of places where people assemble in large numbers especially of buildings housing helpless people. Not only should they be required to have adequate fire fighting apparatus, but the buildings themselves should be as nearly fire-proof as possible. In fact all structures intended for occupancy by large numbers of people should be of fireproof construction and so arranged that egress from them is easy and accessible. For aged and crippled people, the insane and others unable to protect themselves homes and hospitals should be of one-story construction. Land is not so valuable in this country as to to preclude ample grounds for this type of building. School buildings, particularly in the country, should be of this simple construction so that their occupants would not be under the constant menace of flames or the panic that inevitably follows an alarm of fire.

* * * * * * * * * *

CONDITIONS

Heat continues to reign and there seems to be no immediate respite from the blazing skies. But those of us who are fortunate enough to live in the piedmont and tide water sections of this part of the country can more highly appreciated the climatic condtions that are made delightful by the refreshing showers and cooling breezes.

It is noticable that in the western and central states sufferings followed by deaths are reported, and droughts made more intense by the burning temperature. Besides hordes of grasshoppers and army worms are destroying the crops. In some of the western states the department of conservation has undertaken a campaign to exterminate the army worms and grasshoppers.

The forest fires of Montana are intensified by the heat and drought. New England has continued to swelter with the thermometer at 95 for the first time since 1894. There are reports of the mercury in other states soaring so high making the living conditions all but unbearable.

Taking all things in consideration this part of the country has been blessed with delightful showers, converting the farms into veritable pictures suggestive of the land flowing with "milk and honey." For blessings we should show a greater appreciation, give thanks to our creator above, and stop complaining of hard times. There is absolutely no reason for any one to

complain under prevailing conditions. There is enough in the fields for each and every one if time were taken to garner and conserve the same. If this were done there would be no bread lines this winter.

* * * * * * * * * *

SEE YOURSELF AS OTHERS SEE YOU

Jack had been crosswise all day. So much so that his Mother had made him go up stairs and put on all his clothes wrong side out.

Little later his Mother found him before his mirror in tears. Stockings, trousers, shirt, tie, coat, cap all wrong side out.

Now said his Mother this is the way you have been trying to look to us all day, but this isn't the side of Jack that we want to look at.

So are we in life and so is life itself. We find ourselves often wearing the seamy side of our character out. We are sometimes even proud and boastful of these rough unsightly seams of our garments of life. But no one enjoys looking at clothes wrong side out and no one enjoys being exposed with their clothes wrong side out.

Some people in life insist on finding mistakes that have been made and hold them before the warld declaring that this is the man, the boy, the woman. It is not so. These mistakes are the seams and are entitled to be pressed down, turned in, allowing the smooth side of life to be outward. Whether it is my life or the life of another let it be right side out.

Drunkenness, looseness, swearing, scolding, bad home conditions, poverty and the slums of one's existence are by some people held up and declared as typical of life. Again I say, this is not true life.

There still is virtue, honesty, honor, cleanness of thought and of living. By hard fighting we regain courage, manliness, and an abundance of each in life. We must turn the right side out, whether it is for self, neighbor, or life as a whole. Let's keep things turned right side out.

In every garment there are seams. True these are supposed to be turned on the inside where the eye cannot see. But we could take these seams spread them open, press them down, sew a patch of tape right over them until they are almost as smooth and presentable as the other side of the garment.

In every life, high or low, there are mistakes that furnish for that life its seams. There are mistakes in your life and mine. We can either wear

these ragged, unsightly, rough, chafing seams as long as we live as they are and continually grow worse or we can set ourselves to the task of pressing down our mistakes and sew them up so tight that they shall never again pull loose.

Turn your life right side out. Turn your ideas of life right side out. Turn your neighbors life right side out. Look for the right side of life and even do a little fighting for it, for "as a man thinketh in his heart so is he."

* * * * * * * * * * *

Charles A. Lindberg in his late flight to the Orient has taken every precaution to avoid bad atmosphereric conditions. That is one secret of Col. Lindberg's success as an air explorer "he uses his brain to save any unforseen trouble." He thoroughly realizes that "fools rush in where angels fear to tread.

* * * * * * * * * * *

The heat wave like the depression has touched every part of the country. Reports are given through every medium of communication of deaths from the heat, also extensive droughts and forest fires. Breathless we ask "when will the peak be reached in either case?"

* * * * * * * * * * *

Mr. Edison's present illness is looked upon as a national calamity. He belongs to no particular country, in the point of service he belongs to the wide world. No doubt his condition is more discussed than any other citizen of the United States. He is the electrical wizard of the country and it is nothing more than right and proper that while in the flesh it should be borne in upon him the consciousness of the esteem and admiration in which he is held by mankind as a whole.

There will never be the need of erecting a memorial to Edision. The lights that encircle the globe reflect an imperishable service rendered by the grand old man to his fellow man regardless of creed or color.

Like all great men when his work is finished he will fold his tent and "steal away" upon the greatest adventure known to mortal man.

THE BLOWING ROCK COUNTRY—ITS POSSIBILITIES

By C. W. Hunt

In a former article it was told "What makes Blowing Rock," and what follows can be considered a sequel to that first article.

When one climbs the southern and eastern slopes of the Blue Ridge, he or she is then on a high and rolling plateau, with some mountains mixed in, but with it all there are beautiful rolling farms of rolling to hillside lands on which grass grows luxuriantly, on which cattle and sheep grow to perfection when the weather is normal or abnormally wet; it is only in times of drought that these lands fail to produce crops of anything the owners plant: grain, vegetables, and fruits. Cattle and sheep and cabbage and white potatoes are the cash crops, and added to this is timber, which is no mean source of income, and much of it is coming out of places that have never been touched before. These conditions apply to all the country west of the Blue Ridge, once known as the lost providences of the state, in that before the advent of good roads these counties were cut off from the state markets and what they grew to sell found outlet through the markets of Tennessee and Virginia. That is all changed now, and much that went west now comes east on trucks and finds sale to the far eastern sections of the state.

But back to the eastern and southern slopes of the Blue Ridge, and to the fruits and vegetables that grow there. Some of the most highly colored fruits of all the country grow in the coves and the sunny slopes of the east side of the Ridge. Many orchards are on land too steep for plow or tractor, and have been cleared of trees and brush and the trees planted in the deep black soils, the accumulations of ages, laden with nitrogen and humus; so rich and so black that a man further east on the red lands would consider this soil worth hauling for manure, were it in reach. In the protected coves and steep mountain sides the apple is in its native habitat and not only makes a quick and vigorous growth of wood, but fruits early and heavily. It has been found that the peaches grow well here also, and come into market weeks later than on the sand hills of the east, and properly handled would be a fruitful source of revenue.

The apple crops are generally of the fall and winter varieties, and are prized and sought after by peddlers and dealers from many of the lower counties, many from the sister Carolina state, which is a great market for the fall products of the mountain section. The apples that ripen in June and early July in the 700 to 1000 feet levels grow to perfection on these mountain slopes as well and are from three to four weeks later, and offer great possibilities, for at the time these apples are at their best, there is a dearth of good apples in this lower section, and such varieties and the yellow transparent (this seems the best of them all) would sell at a nice price on account of its quality, being ex-

ceedingly fine for an eating apple and the best of all for cooking. There seems to be no one interested in growing these summer varieties, though they would require no storage and expensive houses, but with trucks could be put on the market and the crop would be harvested and sold all at one operation.

But it was these mountain side orchards that was the inspiration for this, and they are of interest to all lovers of good fruit and especially to those with a horticultural turn of mind. As stated these trees are planted on ground too steep for any but those accustomed to mountain climbing to cultivate, and they are trained to grow low and the limbs are a protection to the trunks of the trees to prevent sun scald on the trunks; then when the fruit gets of such size to weight down these limbs they touch the ground and thus prevent the breaking of the limbs under the heavy loads. This year the trees on these slopes are too heavily laden with fruit, and are this early showing strain under the load by the time the fruit is half grown. The cultivation consists mostly of keeping the weeds down, and all these lands need to be set in grass to prevent washing under the torrential rains that fall. As fine and as highly colored and finely flavored as are these North Carolina mountain apples, there is no place they can grow to prefection without the spray, which is about the most expensive work to be done, save the gathering and removal from the steep places they grow. Some try to get by without spraying, but these find no market for their crops in competition with the sprayed orchards. Most any variety of apples known will thrive in these coves and steep places where moisture and sunshine and cool nights combine to make perfect fruits.

It has been discovered that the red raspberry grows to perfection in these orchard lands and that it ripens after the berries of the lower sections have long since passed out of season. This year there has come demand for these; so much that retailers in Chaarlotte have sent trucks here to get these berries, and looks like there may develop a new fruit growing on a large scale. One large apple orchard man is planting two acres of these. Raspberries are the highest priced of all the berry family, bringing from forty cents to one dollar per quart, according to the demand and the amount of money to spend by the buyer. The ever bearing strawberry has possibilities also that have never been developed on a merchantable scale. These give their best friut in these mountains in August and September, when these fruits are not on the market, and like the raspberry are perishable, but the fast trucks can put them on the market in three hours without ice.

There are no finer vegetables any where than those grown under the atmospheric condititons here. Sunshine, moisture and fertility make vegetables that are tender and have a succulency that is marvelous. The writer often sits down to a midday meal with not a bite of meat, but with string beans, green corn, tomatoes, okra, beets and such that are too good to tell the truth about. The sweet corns of the northern tier of states grow to perfection in all these high mountains, and that

variety known as "Country Gentleman" grows here to such perfection that there is demand for all that comes.

The writer is unable to say whether a mushroom is a vegetable or something else, but there grows in profusion in the woods and some open spaces two varieties of edible mushrooms that are as far above the canned and cultivated mushroom as to make them non comparable. It requires lots of rains to get a crop of these, but those who brave the steeps and the brush get a food that people make as much noise about as anything that grows from the ground; and these two varieties are as unmistakable as a sound and a rotten apple.

PERSONALITY DEPENDS UPON SLEEP HABITS

Hygeia, the Health Magazine

One third of our life is spent in sleep. What we do and what we are during the other two-thirds of our life depends on how well we sleep. Personality as well as physical health are affected to a great extent by the amount and kind of rest that we get. There is more to sleeping than just spending from seven to nine hours in bed. These are the statements of Dr. Donald A. Laird in an article on sleep in Hygeia, the Health Magazine.

Our minds do some of their best work while we sleep. Before retiring it is well to think not only of pleasant past experiences but to review some of the things that we want to do on the following day. The person who keeps his mind at work on a constructive problem while asleep does not have disturbing dreams as long as his emotions are stable and he faces life with a smile.

The world's leaders are well rested people, Dr. Laird points out, citing numerous examples of famous persons who carefully watch their quota of sleep by making up for lost sleep either before or immediattely after they are out late.

A few of the questions asked by Dr. Laird will evaluate your sleep habits:

Do you wake up in a good humor?

Do you go to sleep as soon as you go to bed?

Do you hit upon new ideas and solutions to problems during your sleep?

Do you go to bed early enough and sleep well enough that you can awaken naturally in the morning without an alarm?

Do you feel rested when you awake?

Can you calm down after an exciting evening and go right to sleep?

Do you sleep through the night without waking up?

Can you go to sleep when you go to bed earlier than usual?

Can you remain awake in a dark room without being apprehensive about intruders.

GERMAN GIRL VISITOR AMUSED AT BUT PRAISES AMERICANS

By Frances Stubbs

An amber-eyed, fluffy-haired fraulein, away from her fatherland for the first time in her life, takes a look at the United States, using Norfolk as an example, and praises us, is amused at us, wonders at us and likes us. She is 20-years-old Hilde Rothholz, of Breslau, Silesia, Germany, whose ambition to travel began two months ago when she set her foot in this country.

"The young people? Oh, how nice. Everybody is smiling and happy, and—and hospitable here." And her sparkling eyes bespoke sincerity. "German people? They are sad, pensive. They are not light-hearted."

She adores the gaiety here, for Hilde is young. But "it makes me so unhappy to find that American boys and girls take nothing seriously. They do not seem to appreciate the finer things in music, art and especially out-of-door life. They like movies and books full of love." She smiled. "And they like to love—what you call pet?"

"Dance? I love it. Such wonderful music here. Just right for the shake. I asked everytime I dance, 'Will you do the shake?' And although every corner at the beach dance halls is occupied with a shaker, no one has taught me the steps yet. That is really one of my keenest disappointments while here. Oh, it's the shag, you say? I thought it was the shake. Anyhow, if we tried such steps at home, they would dismiss us from the floor."

The young girl told how she and her friends in Germany study good books and spend interesting evenings discussing them. "We have lovely parks and orchestra—the kind which play beautiful classical numbers—render concerts which are attended by large crowds of young people. We dance, but not in halls where one must pay."

The American girl and her figure fascinate the girl from across the Atlantic, but she gives a prescription for lesser use of cosmetics "They should walk more, swim longer distances. They would need no rouge for rosy cheeks." And practicing what she preached, Miss Rothholz is a delightful example.

We were dining. Suddenly Hilde laughed. She was amused at our etiquette. "Why you all eat so clumsily. You cut your food with your knife. Put your knife down. Change your fork to your other hand. Then eat. Our fork remains in our left hand on all occasions."

She is an interesting person, alive and pleasing. Her English is unusually good for one here so short a time. She likes the blue heavens and ocean here. She wants to live here. And yet, the German girl personifies patriotism. Her eyes beam and her face lights when one asks about Germany. Mention the moratorium suggested for her country's relief and she will tell you all about it—how her country needs it.

Travel is her star and in setting her wagon there she hopes that other countries will be as delightful as this.

Miss Rothholz is visiting her relatives, Mr. and Mrs. Jake Rothholz, at Willoughby Beach, Norfolk.

"If you've had a kindness shown, pass it on—such is the law of love."

ORIGINS OF OUR LIBERTY

By D. C. Lawless

In September, 1777, Washington moved towards Brandywine Creek with a staff weighted with foreign officers. Major General John Sullivan and Brigadier General Peter Muhlenberg were indeed of native birth; but the foreign-born were legion. Among the major generals was the Marquis de Lafayette, and among the brigadiers, George Weedon, born in Hanover, Chevalier Prudhomme de Borre, and Thomas Conway, an Irish-French officer. Of lower rank, there were, to mention only more familiar names, Alexander Hamilton, a Scotch Huguenot born in the British West Indies, Count Casimir Pulaski, Baron de St, Ouary, Colonels Stephen Moylan and John Fitzgerald, Chevalier de Maduit du Plessis, and Colonel Comte de Fleury. Could foreign officers win the impending battle, Brandywine ought to have been chalked up a victory. It was a rout, but they were not responsible. On the contrary, they showed their mettle, and one whom we shall meet later made his mark.

The American Revolution, fought on the edge of an immense wilderness, early bore all the earmarks of an international tournament with these foreign knights riding to the joust. What is the explanation? Remember this is before the French alliance in 1778, and the European complexion of the staff was deeper than indicated above, for we have not mentioned Kosciusko, or von Steuben, or Kalb, who came in '76 and '77. How is this influx of alien officers accounted for in the absence of any allies?

The answer to this question, and the answer to the question that immediately follows about the effect of the French alliance, will lead us to take a glance at the origins of our liberty. That is a very fit subject for meditation, whether our motive be to seek the truth, or to cultivate modesty. We hear much of our national origins. The United States Census Bureau sometime since compiled a report from which it appears by inference that "foreigners," particularly the Irish, were so few in the Colonies during the revolution that the origins of the American race are only slightly "adulterated." This report bears the further in-

ference that "foreigners" could consequently have contributed but a very small number to the rank and file of the Colonial Army. Distinguished historians have supported the same contentions. Both have been refuted time and time again. But let that pass. Let the advocate of "unsullied" race origins have his conclusions for a day. What about the origins of our liberty?

Here there is no obscurity. The facts speak for themselves. Some of them will surprise us if we have forgotten our history. First let us refresh our minds with glimpses of a few personalities. And as we are a cosmopolitan race, destined to become more so as time goes on, so we shall find a forecast of this racial mixture in the polyglot staff that helped Washington win our liberty, in the face of amazing native apathy.

The first aliens who were attracted by the struggle were the pure lovers of freedom, a rare and romantic species. Fortunately we count several in our gallery of heroes. The advance courier of these was Kosciusko, "Thaddeus of Warsaw." He came in 1776, a year before Lafayette and his companions. The United States is honored in having his name linked with her emancipation. Crusading for liberty was his passion and his life work. He had no vocation but that of a solider, no avocation but that of a patriot. By a long life of service and suffering he added volumes to the annals of patriotism. His efforts in the United States were only a patch on the work that made his name beloved. After the Revolutionary War he returned to his country to help rehabilitate her, and to draw his sword in her defense if opportunity offered. He was chosen by his countrymen to lead the fateful rising of 1794 that preceded the third partition. He became not only the national hero of Poland, but an example for all nations and ages of the ideal patriot. The prodigies he performed against overwhelming odds, and the heroism with which he fought in the front line at the last stand, have been the theme of song and story in many tongues. In that final battle at Maciejowice against the combined forces of Russia and Prussia he received wounds that invalided him for life, and was taken prisoner, to spend two years in captivity. After his release, when he was fifty years old, he passed the remaining twenty years of his life in involuntary exile, mostly in France. There he was a world figure and carried on unwearying diplomatic efforts in behalf of his country both with Napoleon and Alexander I. His labor was fruitless. He died, a sad and disappointed man, almost in poverty. But his life was ideally a success. The memory of his indomitable spirit and superhuman sacrifices kept Poland united under frequent inhuman persecutions, until fredom was finally won after the great cataclysm.

Kosciusko came to America an untried soldier, but trained in the military schools of Warsaw and France. Poland then languished under the iron heels of three powers after the first partition and forced flight of Pulaski, and the young officer could do nothing to help her. He offered his services to the Colonies and was commissioned an offi-

cer of engineers with the rank of Colonel. As chief engineer with Gates he selected and entrenched the position on Bemis Heights that stopped Burgoyne's junction with Clinton. The subsequent surrender of Burgoyne was the deciding factor that brought France to sign the alliance. When West Point was chosen as an ideal spot fo rthe defense of the Hudson River, Kosciusko planned and constructed the fortifications. His monument, erected by the Corps of Cadets in 1828, stands above the cliffs today. He later served in the Southern campaign under both Gates and Greene, and remained with the army to the end of the war. He was respected by his colleagues as an able officer and a humane, courteous and high-minded man. Congress voted him thanks and a pension for his services, the rank of Brigadier General, the privileges of a citizen, and a grant of land. He revisited the United States in 1796. It is typical of his humanity that, on the eve of his departure in 1798, he drew up a will, naming Thomas Jefferson as executor, and directing that his land in this country be converted to the purchasing and freeing of Negroes, who were to be educated and instructed in the duties of morality and citizenship. Kosciusko died in Switzerland in 1817. His body was transferred to Poland, where it lies entombed in the Cathedral of Krakow with the other Polish national heroes.

As Kosciusko's great career was before him when he left the United States, his compatriot Pulaski's was behind him when he came. Then the younger by one year, the latter had carved his niche in Polish history before Kosciusko had finished his training. Under the leadership of his father he entered the war for civil and religious liberty in 1768 against the menacing encroachments of Russia. When his father was captured, Count Pulaski took command at twenty-two and baffled the Russians by a series of brilliant moves. But the weight of numbers was against him. Prussia and Austria came in at the round-up and, with the Russian Bear, fell on bleeding Poland. The first partition followed. Pulaski, with a price on his head, fled the country, leaving his father and two brothers in patriot's graves.

The exile came to the United States with Fafayette in 1777. He bore a letter from Franklin and Washington took him on faith. He placed him in charge of cavalry without awaiting the assent of Congress. We saw Pulaski approaching Brandywine with the Commander in Chief. In that battle he behaved with such dash in attack and skill in he rout that Congress promoted him to brigadier general and confirmed Washington's assignment. The cavalry was then a sadly neglected arm of the service, but Pulaski was able to impress on Washington its great importance so that the Chief was soon calling for more horses. Later the Count advanced a large sum of money and organized an independent corps called the Pulaski Legion. In May, 1779, he dominated the situation at Charleston to prevent a surrender. In the following October he was placed in command of the American and French cavalry in the assault on Savannah,

and fell mortally wounded in an attack. His career was an inspiration. From his dash and courage his name became synonommous with military gallantry. He was one of those dynamic forces, operating on different battlefields, that contributed to sustain the morale of the army in its darkest hours.

The biggest asset to the Colonies among the lovers of liberty was the Marquis de Lafayette. In spite of all that has been written about him he still excites your wondery. Tho he stills excites your wonder Though he was a forerunner of the treaty with France and later becmae both its advocate and its agent, he came in the first instance in his own person and on his own authority. At the calls of liberty he left his young wife, disobeyed his king and his father, and embarked secretly for America. His name had immense prestige, and when he appeared, a self-appointed representative of the wealth and nobility of the monarchy, Congress made him a major general at nineteen, and turned him over to Washington. The Commander in Chief was first annoyed, then appeased when he learned the commission was merely honorary, and finally yielded to the charm of the boy. They became devoted friends for life. When Fafayette was wounded at the battle of Brandywine, Washingon instructed the surgeon to "treat as if he were my son; for I love him as if he were." The young aristocrat turned to wield the sword and lead a command in battle, an ambition that he achieved towards the end of the war, when he conducted himself very creditably. But his great value to the cause was the weight of his name and connections and his influence with the court of France. We shall soon see what fruit they bore after treaty of alliance. The great distinction which Lafayette enjoys is that, no matter what the motives of those who acted with him, he himself was prompted by the most disinterested love of liberty. It was his strongest passion.

Another founder of American liberty, worthy a place in the first rank, is Captain John Barry, born in Wexford County, Ireland, sometimes called by courtesy "Commodore," a title of later creation in the American service. Barry was constitutionally and racially a lover of liberty. A high-minded and commanding character, he combined courtesy and bravery in a degree consonant with the best traditions of chivalry. When the war broke out he was on the sea, but tendered his services to Congress as soon as he came into port. The Colonies had only a meager sea force and depended on the French Navy to offset the powerful British fleet. But Barry was father of what navy we had. He received the first commission issued by the Marine Committee of the Continental Congress, commanded the first vessel purchased, the Lexington, and with it won the first naval victory of the war by the capture of the Edward. When the Delaware was blockaded by the British fleet, he served as special aid to Washington and took part in the battles of Trenton and Princeton. He later returned to the sea and took part in several stiff engagements. With the 36-gun Alliance he took Laurens to France in

1780 and Lafayette in 1781 on special dilomatic missions. In 1782 he conducted the most successful cruise of the war in point of value of captures made. In 1783, in the brush with the British frigate Sybile, which he crippled, he closed the last naval engagement of the war. When his ship was sold, the navy ended. Eleven years later, when an attempt was made to form a regular navy, Washington placed Barry first on a list of six captains and formally made him ranking officer. The recognition given him by Congress and Washington mark him out first and last, and repeatedly between, even if we knew nothing of his distinguished services, as one of the founders of American liberty.

A man of similar type in the army was Stephen Moylan, born in Cork, Ireland, who began his service before Boston in 1775. He early attracted attention by his genial character and his bravery, energy and zeal for the cause. Washington made him one of his aidesdecamp, and later secured for him the appointment of Commissary General of the Continental Army. But Moylan, like Lafayette, burned with a desire for active service. He organized early in the war the first Pennsylvania regiment of cavalry, a troop of light dragoons, and served with honor throughout the war, retiring with the rank of Brigadier General by brevet. He was one of th organizers of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, which numbered Washington, Wayne, and many other celebrated patriots among its members.

Besides lovers of liberty, soldiers of fortune came to the Colonies before the French alliance in 1778. There was an interregnum of peace in Europe and Paris was swarming with officers. The American agent, Silas Deane, recruited industriously among these and sent many over to Congress. They brought something in which the American Army was woefully lacking — engineering skill and knowledge of discipline and warfare. The outstanding figure among them was Baron von Steuben. He trained the army of Valley Forge, and even installed a system of reports that put a stop to the flagrant theft of supplies and muskets and the pilfering of soldiers' pay by officers. Von Steuben came from the Army of Frederick the Great, the best in Europe, and was versed in the details of that Prussian organizations. He reached America via Paris in December, 1777, and Washington made him Inspector General of the Army. Steuben was throughout in his work. He did not assign subordinates, as was then the custom, to train the men. He took squads and drilled them personally, going through the pace pace himself on foot. He took a musket and showed the soldiers haw to use the bayonet, the weapon with which the British had driven terror into their hearts. He instructed officers in maneuvers, and complied "Regulations for the Order and Discipline of the Troops" that became the manual for the army. The effect of von Steuben's training was revealed in the battle of Monmouth. Alexander Hamilton, a participant, was forced to acknowledge the miracles of discipline when he saw the Baron himself come on the field after Lee's retreat and wheel

the left wing around into line. This foreigner served with distinction as amajor general throughout the war. After the close he remained in the country, a poor man, and lived on the thin diet of thanks and honors, till a belated pension saved him from starvation.

Johann, self-styled "Baron de," Kalb, was another soldier of fortune, but he fell like Pulaski the patriot, facing the enemy. Though German-born, he trained in the French Army and served the French Government as a secret agent in the Colonies before the war. He came over with Lafayette in July, 1777, and offered his services to Congress. He nursed the private aim of securing the appointment of his former chief, the Comte de Broglie, to Washington's command. But he soon changed his command after meeting the Commander in Chief, and became one of Washington's devoted admirers and able generals. At Camden he commanded the left wing and stood his ground when Gates and his army fled ignominously. Kalb fighting fiercely, with eleven wonds. He was captured and died in a few days. A strange career—a German, trained a French soldier, battling Britsih troops, in the American Army, and falling on the field.

But foreign officers alone could not supply the power essential to win freedom. Washington needed foreign money, and food, and clothes, and men, and ships. He needed them badly—so badly that the cause nearly collapsed before they arrived. The French alliance was not an aid, it was a nessity. The spirit of '76, while it deepened in the noble minority, actually declined in the selfish majority. In the midst of the war Washington wrote:

"If I was to be called upon to draw a picture of the time and of Men from what I have seen, and heard, and in part know, I should in one word say that idleness, dissipation & extravagance to have laid fast hold on most of them.—That speculation — peculation — and an insatiable thirst for riches seems to have got the better of every other consideration and almost of every order of Men.—That party disputes and personal quarrels are the great business of the day whilst the momentous concerns of an empire — a great and accumulated debt — ruined finances — depricated money — and want of credit (which in their consequences is want of everything) are but secondary considerations and postponed from day to day — from week to week as if our affairs wear the most promising aspect — after drawing this picture, which from my Soul I believe to be a true one, I need not repeat to you that I am alarmed and wish to see my Countrymen aroused."

These are the stay-at-homes. Tories went over by thousands. His soldiers — "sheep," he called them — deserted by regiments. After the French alliance the condition steadily grew worse. The Americans lay down on the job. It was as if the majority cried, "Let the French do it!" The question became, not whether the French would help the Colonies, but whether the Colonies would help the French, defeat the British. Washington complains that the states are not filling up their quotas in the Continental Army:

that committees are hiring deserters from the enemy as substitutes for the inhabitants. He is greatly embarrassed to have to ask Lafayette to beg of Rochambeau the loan of four thousand arms and two hundred tons of powder. He became ashamed of his countrymen. "The court of France has made a glorious effort for our deliverance," he wrote to President Reed, "and if we disappoint its intentions by our supineness, we must become contemptible in the eyes of all men."

Rochambeau penetrated the situation. He wrote to de Grasse:

"These people here are at the end of their resources. Washington has not half the troops he counted on; I believe, though he is hiding it, that he has not 6,000 men. M. de la Fayette has not 1,000 regulars with the militia to defend Virginia . . . This is the stae eotf affairs and the great crisis at which America finds itself; and especially in the Southern states just now. The arrival of M. le Comte de Grasse can save her, all the means we have at hand avail nothing without his help and the naval superiority that he can recure."

Even what slender forces Washington had, he used his wits to keep. When it was decided to converge at Yorktown he urged Robert Morris to get a month's pay in specie to keep them in proper temper. Morris touched Rochambeau for $20,000. This in a country of nearly three million inhabiants!

De Grasse came with his ships and 3,000 French troops to boot. At last the arrangement which Washington had long pleaded for was effected — naval superiority to block British attack or fend off British relief from the sea. The land and naval forces of the allies quickly concentrated at Yorktown and bottled up Cornwallis. In the line-up below may read a very important chapter of the "Origins of American Liberties":

Navy (French)— Admiral de Grasse, 28 ships of the line and 6 frigates. Admiral de Barras, 8 ships of the line.

Army (Americans)—9,000 men, including a large percentage of foreigners and one Canadian regiment.

French— 7,000 men, in addition to thousands of seamen on the ships.

Commander in Chief— General Washington.

Second in Command— Lieutenant General Rochambeau.

Chief Engineer— Chevalier du Portail.

Right Wing (American)— Major Generals Lincoln, Lafayette and von Steuben.

Left Wing (French)— Major Generals Baron de Viomenil, Comte de Viomenil, Chevalier de Chastellux and Marquis de Sant Simon.

The navy was all foreign, and over half the army. Counting the seamen in the ships, the foreigners far outnumbered the Americans present. Of the ten high commanders, only two were Americans, Washington and Lincoln.

In the lower grades, from brigadiers down, in the American wing there were General Weedon, Major Gimat, Marquis de Rouerie, Colonel Moylan, and Lieutenant Colonel Hamilton. In the French wing there were General de Choisy, the Swedish Count de Fersen, Colonel de Fleury, Berthier, a future mar-

shal of Napoleon, the Duc de Lauzun, and a host of title officers representing the nobility of France.

Whether or not this foreign share in victory, growing stronger as the spirit of '76 weakened, is embarrassing to an American depends on the American's point of view. If he believes in the supremacy and perpetuity of one race in this country, how can he fail to writhe at the thought of the Toryism, desertion, graft, profiteering and apathy of that race almost overthrew Washington and made him beg for foreign assistance to save its liberties?

But there is another point of view. Washington believed in Providence. Writing after a fortunate series of events, he set down a significant sentence: "The hand of Providence has been so conspicuous in all this, that he must be worse than an infidel that lacks faith and more than wicked that has not gratitude enough to acknowledge his obligation." If one believes in Providence, and believes that it was the destiny of the United States to be the home of a people formed of a great commingling and blending of races, he cannot be confounded by the elements that worked together for liberty in the Revolutionary War. That Kosciusko and du Portail should build our fortifications, that Pulaski should give impetus to the organization of cavalry, that Barry should father the beginning of our navy, that von Steuben should drill our Commander's army, that Lafayette should give our cause prestige and win the ear of the French monarch, that France should turn the tide of victory with her powerful fleet and army, seems today to have been a token of our future. Men of various origins, English, Irish Germans, Scotch, Freich, Dutch, Welsh, Swedish, Polish, Jewish, etc., fought side by side on the battlefields, as they are today, with numerous other racial increments, struggling in industry. The origins of our liberty, like the fiber of our people, are cosmopolitan.

In an "Address to the People of Ireland," moved by the Continental Congress in July , 1775, after deploring the effect on Ireland of the suspension of trade with the British Isles, Congress continues: "It gave us, however, some consolation to reflect that should it occasion much distress, the fertile region of America would afford you a safe asylum from poverty, and, in time, from oppression also; and asylum in which many thousands of your countrymen have found hospitality, peace, affluence, and become united to us by all the ties of consanguinity, mutual interest, and affection." In the following October Congress resolved that "great kindness and attention ought to be paid to such of that oppressed nation [Ireland] as have or may come to settle in America, and that it be earnestly recommended by this Congress to the good people of these Colonies to let them have lands at a cheap rate, and on easy terms, and that the several conventions and assemblies and committees throughout these confederate countries afford them aid and do them every friendly office."

Are not these invitations to immigrate, no matter what their motives, prophetic of events that made both the acquisition and enjoyment of freedom a multiple partnership?

SOME REMARKS ON READING

By Miss Ella Lynch

A Columbia University professor has just written an extremely scientific article on the subject of reading, of which the watchword is rapidity. Most people, he thinks, can learn to read at the rate of six words per second, or an ordinary sized book in about four and one half hours. A little figuring shows us that this rate should take us through the Old and New Testaments in five days. It ought to get us through Webster's unabridged dictionary in three weeks by skipping the rules for spelling and the derivatives. Best of all, by a little preliminary speed drill, it should be possible for American tourists in London to earn a college degree in a single summer by reading the million odd volumes which are to be found in the British Museum.

But there is a limit to the brain's storage capacity. The man who falls victim to the book-consuming habit soon finds that ideas can depart quite as fast as they come. His mind becomes a sluice-way, his memory a broken net. He loses the capacity for hard, continuous, healthy, wrestling thought; even fine original gifts will not save him from becoming a tenth rater.

There is no greater foe to scholastic success than permitting children to read books that are so easy or so shallow that they get the habit of slipping and sliding over words without observing the meanings and relationships. Good reading is unhurried reading, in which each word creates its corresponding picture in the mind.

Unfortunately, for some years the schools in cities infected with speed-mania have given time tests in reading, little beginners having to stand or fall by the number of words "visualized" per minute, after the order of a pie-eating contest. Yet parents and teachers must readily see that a speed goal is destructive to digestion, whether mental or physical.

Columbia's brain-testing laboratory also reveals, the professor thinks, that the taste for reading is formed between the ages of twelve and fifteen. This calculation is sadly awry The child's inclinations, his chief mental learnings, are determined at half that age. His attitude towards fine reading and serious thinking depends upon the example and instruction he gets before it is time to place a book in his hands.

Upon driving up to a garage in the mountains not long ago, the pleasant-looking proprietor recognized me and reminded me of an incident bearing upon this point. Said he, "You came to our school one day, when I was about seven, and invited us children out under the trees." (Oh, yes, I remember! How glad the teacher was to dismiss her pupils! How glad I was to get them!) "You read to us, telling us to think what each word meant. I remember the poem yet.

"'Beneath some patriarchal tree
I lay upon the ground;
His hoary arms uplifted he,

And all the broad leaves over me
Clapped their little hands in glee
With one continuous sound.'

"You explained patriarchal and and hoary and continuous. We lifted up our arms, like the tree. We clapped our hands and watched the leaves clapping theirs. We listened for the 'continuous sound.' I hunted for years to find the book you read to us from, and I keep it with me." He showed me a volume of Longfellow's poems which he kept for convenient reference on a shelf near the door.

"DIVINE DISCONTENT"

Some years ago Charlotte Perkins Stetson wrote a poem which was a parable. She wrote of a butterfly, a "doleful and forlorn" butterfly, which she found in the garden. Seeking the reason for the creature's unhappiness, she heard the complaint that he was uphappy because he wanted to go back to the caterpillar stage of his existence. Thereupon, amazed and angered, she informed her listener that "those wings were made to fly," and the poem proceeds:

"'I do not want to fly' said he;
'I only want to squirm!'
He dropped his wings dejectedly,
But still his voice was firm:
'I do not want to be a fly!
I want to be a worm!'

"O yesterday of unknown lack!
Today of unknown bliss!
I left my fool in red and black;
The last I saw was this:
The creature madly climbing back
Into his chrysalis."

The parable bears its own lesson. There are those who are quite content with the dead level of what has been. They do not want to fly; "only want to squirm." Even the development of wings is looked upon as a deformity rather than a new endowment for service of broader reach, and their very content with things as they are, or a longing for things as they once were, blocks the way toward the better and higher things which ought to be.

To be content with what we positively cannot help is a Christian virtue, but contentment becomes a vice instead of a virtue when it restrains men from heeding the calls to larger service. Nothing is ever "good enough" if there is the possibility of making it better, and restlessness concerning what is may itself be a virtue if it arises from the longing and purpose to have mediocrity transformed into superiority.—Presbyterian Advance.

THE MOTHERS OF ICEBERGS

By Peter Grier

As icebergs are always seen floating in the ocean one would naturally suppose that they were masses of ice frozen from salt water, but such is not the case. Every iceberg, no matter what its size, or how far it is encountered from land, has its beginning in the snowflakes that fell high up in the mountains, and piled up in the ravines and valleys, where the flakes lost their shape and became granulated, and by successive thawing and freezing finally formed what is known as glacier ice—ice that is more porous than that of frozen water.

Glaciers are frozen rivers that can form only in regions where more snow falls than can melt during the year, so they are found in cold climates, such as the polar regions, and on the slopes of high mountains, where the snow never melts, or at least where it only partially melts. The ice-cold water from this snow runs down the gullies and ruts of the mountain sides, and when it reaches a valley freezes into a river of solid ice. More snow falls on top of this, and gradually becomes a part of the ice below. This process goes on through the years the mass becoming thicker with each successive snowfall, and the ice harder and more compact from the pressure above. After a while, from its own weight, and aided by the thin layer of water underneath, this frozen river begins to move slowly downstream, but so slowly that its motion is hardly perceptible.

A glacier is said to be the slowest moving solid body in the world, so no wonder for a long time they were supposed to be stationary. That they do move, however, can be easily proved by placing a stone on the surface in a line with some object on the bank and noting the change of position.

Most glaciers move at the rate of one to two feet in twenty-four hours, but in some the movement is so slight as to be hardly noticeable. The great Taku Glacier, of Alaska, is about the friskiest of them all, as it negotiates a speed of ten feet a day.

One of the strangest things about a glacier is that, though is seems to be a perfectly solid body, the surface and the middle parts move faster than the bottom and the sides, for the same reason that the middle of a river flows faster than the sides, which rub against the banks, and are held back by the friction.

If a glacier is far inland, it moves down until it reaches a level, where it finally melts and changes into a real river. In fact, most of the rivers of the colder regions have their sources in melting glaciers. But if the glacier ends in the sea, it immediately goes to manufacturing icebergs of all sizes and shapes. As the end of the glacier is slowly pushed out over the sea, its weight causes it to break off, and a mass of ice, perhaps as big as or bigger than a skyscraper, plunges down into the ocean and there is your iceberg. At first it disappears, throwing up a mighty spray, and then it bobs up

swinging and swaying from side to side, until it finds its equilibrium and floats off, one of the most awe-inspirating objects that sails the seven sas.

Icebergs sometimes take on the most fantastic shapes, with pinnacles and towers, and with great openings through them, spanned by arching bridges of wonderful beauty; and again the surface may be plain or rounded, like some mountain knob. One of the most surprising things about an iceberg is the proportion that is under water and hidden from sight. If an iceberg is 100 feet high, and of uniform thickness, it has about 700 feet submerged. In other words, ice floats with only one-eighth of its thickness above the surface.

Most of the icebergs encountered in the North Atlantic come from Greenland, as that island is mostly covered by a sheet of ice that in some places is a mile thick; and many glaciers move slowly over its surface toward the sea, where their own weight and the action of the water cause them to break off in blocks of unbelievable size. These drift across Baffin Bay, and thence into the Atlantic Ocean, to become the most deadly peril with which shipping has to contend. Man is powerless before an iceberg; it can not be blown to pieces, it can not be pushed or hauled, and is even dangerous to approach, as it has an uncanny habit of suddenly toppling over when there seems to be no earthly reason for toppling. The only safe way to deal with an iceberg is to keep away from it. Many years ago, small fragments of icebergs were lassoed and hauled aboard vessels off the southern coasts of Alaska and carried to San Francisco, where they were sold at $75 a ton. But manufactured ice eventually put an end to the traffic. As icebergs reach warmer waters, they gradually melt and disappear, and there freight of boulders drops to the bottom of the ocean.

NOBLE

I was once walking behind a very handsomely dressed young girl, and thought: "I wonder if she takes half as much pains with her heart as she does with her person!"

A poor old man was coming up the walk with a loaded wheelbarrow. Just before he reached us, he tried twice to go into the yard of a small house: but the gate was heavy, and would swing back before he could get through.

"Wait," said the young girl. "I'll hold the gate open."

She did, and received his thanks with a pleasant smile.

"She deserves to have beautiful clothes," I thought, "for a noble spirit dwells within her."—Little Corporal.

TOM LOOKS AFTER COUSIN ROSE

(Congregationalist)

"I'm sorry it had to happen today, Tom. But when an emergency comes we simply have to meet it. As if I needed to tell a Scout that! I can think of one thousand and one things I ought to do instead of rushing off to Greataunt Fanny's to minister to a broken arm. But I must, till she can get a nurse from the city. So you must be here to meet Cousin Rose in my place," sighed Mrs. Morton, adjusting her veil and seizing her bag, as Tom warned from the door that the inter-urban had whistled.

Alone in the pleasant cottage on the lakeshore, Tom couldn't help feeling that things had gone "wrong." Yesterday the world had been a fine place. He was a lucky fellow to be spending the vacation so near this beautiful lake that he need only to run a few yards down the lawn and splash in. Not far distant were pine woods where the village Scouts held meetings in summer, and did regular Indian stunts. They had accepted Tom on sight and had asked him to join their two-day hike to Mount Dearborn.

There was the rub! After looking forward to this trip for a week, getting his bed-roll and kit ready—bang! from a clear sky came this thunderbolt of disappointment. There he was this glorious morning, dawdling about the big porch, his mother speeding away in answer to the S. O. S. that had come early by telephone.

"Worst of all," summed up Tom dejectedly, "I've got to doll up and be at th station this afternoon. Pretty tough, having to make a fuss over a perfectly strange woman I never saw."

He was to meet his mother's cousin from the West, Rose Olney, and do the honors as best he could in the absence of his parents. "Guess I'd better get over my grouch," he reflected, as he cooled off after a spasmodic mowing of the lawn. "What can't be cured has to be endured, they say. And I'll certainly count meeting Cousin Rose a good turn for today."

He did not deny himself a good swim in the lake, so he donned bathing trunks for consolation. Tom was as much at home in the water as a porpoise, and he knew much about first aid, from experience in his southern home on the bay. He stood on the screened upstairs porch to see if by chance there were other bathers. He gasped in astonishment to see a tiny figure running pell-mell down the pier.

"If it isn't the new little tyke next door! Where's his keeper, anyway?"

Bobbie, next door was hauling a toy boat by a string, his earnest intention being to sail his boat all alone. What was a bathtub when a beautiful lake waited for venturesome folks? For one moment his nurse had left him. "I'll run upstairs for my work bag," she told him, "then we'll go to the shore and you may dig in the sand."

But Bobbie had more ambitious aims. He had a feeling that nurse

would not let him sail his boat. He was leaning over the edge of the pier, as Tom stood transfixed with surprise. The next breath it happened. A splash! and Tom tore down stairs, hurled himself down the lawn, and dived into the lake where the boat still floated. Nurse came out, missed Bobbie, and seeing Tom's wild dive guessed what had occured. She screamed as she ran. She had been left alone with the child that day, and her feelings may be imagined.

There were few people around that time of day, but a few women and curious children had gathered by the time Tom had dived twice and finally came up with an unconscious little burden.

"If anybody here knows a thing about helping me—" panted Tom, hoping that some first-class Scout might appear like a magic mushroom. "Someone please run for blankets," he begged, and two women obeyed. Just then light feet came flying, and a slim, girlish figure, burst into the awed circle, and before Tom realized, his wish had been granted, and deft fingers were aiding him wonderfully.

Glancing at her once, he observed friendly blue eyes that flashed him a hopeful message. "We'll save him." they said, encouragingly. When the doctor arrived, there was little left to do except to take the little chap home to bed and prescribe for his further care. "You folks did the real wark," he told Tom and the girlish woman who had dropped from nowhere in particular. She was adjusting her smart toque, smoothing her tweed suit, and as she and Tom were left alone on the pier, she flashed him a humorous smile, remarking, "Well, Tom; that was rather a strenuous introduction!"

Tom felt that any further shock would finish him. "Look at me hard" ordered the stranger, laughing merrily as Tom faltered, "Are you Cousin Rose?"

"Guessed it the first time. Now, you hustle home and get into dry togs, young man," she advised in her breezy comradely way. "No, I didn't arrive in a parachute. Just caught an earlier train and thought I'd surprise your mother. I tipped a boy to show me your cottage, found it empty, and saw there was something going on here. I hate to miss any excitement and thought I might help, so there you were, and here we are!" By this time they had reached the cottage and she shoved Tom upstairs.

Tom dressed with a chuckle and descended in high good humor. Here he had dreaded looking after Cousin Rose, who certainly was looking after him exactly as his mother would have done. Over the good lunch she prepared so easily, Dick Crane, troop leader sang out from the back door: "Hi, Tom! Scoutmaster couldn't get away this morning, so we're still here. Besides, we voted to wait till you could join us. How about this afternoon?"

"Can't do it, Dick," began Tom, in embarrassment. But Cousin Rose's clear voice settled it quickly. "Of course he can. Isn't your motto 'Be prepared'? I don't care if your mother doesn't get home right away. I'll take possession of this cozy place and have a good rest, I've been traveling so long. You

trot along and I'll explain it to your mother.'' That is how Tom found himself hiking along happily with the rest into the cool pine forest that evening. And he never forgot the eventful day he stayed at home to look after Cousin Rose.

A PROFITABLE PASTURE SYSTEM

(Asheville Citizen)

To become prosperous agrilcutural-ly North Carolina needs more live-stock. To make livestock profitable North Carolina farmers must learn and practice the principles of pas-turage.

There are few matters about which more nonsense has been talked in the South than the matter of cattle raising. This is a natural cattle country, it has been said over and over again; the idea, apparently, be-ing that because the growing season is long and the winters mild, cattle need only to be turned loose in the woods and fields and left to shift for thmeselves.

That has been tried often enough, in spite of the disastrous results in-separable from such an experiment. The truth is that in all this part of the South there is very little natural grazing land; and where there is natural grazing, areas sufficient to support any considerable number of cattle are lacking.

The other delusion which has re-tarded cattle raising in the South is the gross misconception prevalent almost everywhere in this section as to what constitutes a pasture. The picture which the world calls up in the mind of the average person is that of ''a piece of waste land with a fence around it, where animals may exercise and slowly starve.'' No agricultural system ever got any-where—except to bankruptcy—with pastures of this type.

Hugh MacRae of Wilmington, in an address before the State Farmers' Federation at the North Carolina State College this week, outlined the Continuous-Cropping-Annual Pasture System which he has evolved at In-vershiel. We believe with him that a system of this character provides ''an open gateway to profitable ani-mal husbandry throughout the South-ern States.''

The problem of livestock produc-tion in the South is to feed and fat-ten the animals at a less cost than the livestock products will bring to the owner. After twenty years of intensive experimental work Mr. MacRae is convinced that he had solved this problem.

His system calls, first, for a per-manent pasture, planted in any one of several grasses, those most favor-ed being Bermuda, Carpet and Dal-lis grass. Each of these grasses has certain merits and certain defects which the farmer should under-stand in making his choice. The

grass should be supplemented with legumes, Lespedeza and Vetch being recommended. The permanent pasture should afford water and shade. It should be sub-divided into several fields, fertilized intelligently and mowed once or twice during the season to keep down weeds.

The permanent pasture, it is evident, is not really permanent in the sense that once set apart for pasturage purposes and seeded to grass and legumes it will maintain itself. It requires a certain amount of attention continuously. It is subject to weather conditions. It is non-productive during a good part of every year.

To meet these conditions and hazards Mr. MacRae has worked out a continuous cropping system; that is to say, he plants a calculated acreage in various crops upon which cattle can feed in the field at those seasons when the so-called permanent pasture would not support them. An acre sown with Abruzzi Rye and Crimson Clover should support a cow from mid-November to the first of the following June; an additional acre of Vetch will provide ample safeguard against unfavorable seasons. Forage crop of oats, wheat and beardless barley give plenty of reserves of hay and if not needed for that purpose can be saved for grain.

Mr. MacRae in his address described his system in detail, telling of his experience with the soy bean, the Florida beggarweed and various other grazing and forage crops. His plan in brief contemplates that balanced farming which is so seldom witnessed. He arranges to feed his livestock, but lets them harvest the crops themselves.

"It should be borne in mind," he argues, "that a man can plant two or three times as large a crop as he can harvest, so if the livestock harvest half of it, the farmer still has his time properly employed in harvesting the balance to be held as a reserve. Such a plan put widely in use, we believe would bring into being a new era not only in Southern farming but in the whole economic system which has its structure based on agriculture."

Mr. MacRae, in our opinion has made a genuinely constructive and highly practical contribution to the discussion of how agriculture in the Southern States can be made to flourish.

DEFINITION OF A GOOD CITIZEN

A man who does not live for himself alone, one who is concerned in the welfare of his fellow; who will if necessary make sacrifices to rectify wrongs, to eliminate evils, and make every effort for common uplift; who will endeavor by every means within his power to see to it that these principles shall find expression in the laws and in the administration of the affairs of the government, of his city and his state and his country. This is a good citizen.—Selected.

CARUSO

(Norfolk Ledger)

Ten years ago last Sunday Caruso died, and even in ten years no voice has approached his in beauty and splendor and opulence. Time after time, we have heard that this, or the other tenor was "Caruso's successor," and many a tenor has succeeded him in role after role, for the role must be sung Several times, too, an opera has been "revived" for some tenor who sought to stand where Caruso had stood. "The Elixir of Love," for illustration, was revived for Gigli. And Gigli sang beautifully where it was intended to be sung beautifully, and with engaging comedy where it was intended to be clowned. Other tenors, too, have sung Caruso parts beautifully — some, perhaps, with more art in the sheer use of the voice than Caruso ever displayed. But there has been no "Caruso's successor," in the sense the phrase is intended to convey, because there has been no voice that has even approached Caruso's

Some of the old books speak of Farinelli, because he was so great a tenor that he sang every night for a year to the King of Spain. But Farinelli, was a tenor of the style of his day, which meant that he was—well, he was very like a male soprano. We hear of Jean de Reszke still. He was, of course, a towering artist, and he sang German opera as well as French and Italian—Caruso never did that: he confined himself to French and Italian, and possibly Spanish. But Jean de Raszke was rather a great artist than a miraculous voice. We still hear of Tamagno. He was both great artist and beautiful voice; but there are records of his singing and, even though the process was not so nearly perfected as it was in Caruso's day, it is plain that even Tamagno had not the sublime voice that was Caruso's.

There is no reason to think that any voice before Caruso's was as great and beautiful as was his, and there is no reason on which to base the hope that there will be such a voice in this century as was his. Du Maurier's "Trilby" suggests itself in this connection—as it frequently suggests itself in other connections. After Little Billee has lost Trilby and has become famous as a painter, he meets at a musicale a great Portuguese baritone. The baritone is raving about the voice of La Svengali (Trilby, of course), and he tells Billee that in every century two human nightingales are born. One of them is, of course, La Svengali, and he suggests that the other is—himself.

If two human nightingales were born in the Nineteenth Century, surely Caruso was one of them. And whoever the other one was, or is, Caruso soared on his Heaven-sent voice far above and beyond him—of her.

"One loving heart sets all the world on fire."

INSTITUTION NOTES

Mr. Carriker and his carpenter shop boys have been making repairs to the slate roof on the milking barn.

—o—

Mrs. J. P. Cook, associate editor of The Uplift, has returned after a visit of several weeks with relatives in Suffolk, Va.

—o—

The cannery boys have finished canning kraut, having put about eight barrels of kraut in gallon cans. These will be stored away for winter use.

—o—

Lawrence Vaughan, of Wilmington a former member of our printing class, who was paroled about three years ago, called on friends at the Training School a few days ago.

—o—

Rev. T. W. Fogleman, pastor of McGill Street Baptist Church, Concord, conducted the service in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon, making his usual interesting talk to the boys.

—o—

Since August 1st, Superintendent Boger has allowed thirty boys to return to their homes, where they will either engage in some occupation or attend school. These boys have our best wishes for success.

—o—

The appearance of our campus bordering the National Highway has been greatly improved, all the weeds having been cut and the hedge neatly trimmed. This work was done under the supervision of Messrs Hudson and T. V. Talbert.

—o—

Anderson Hart, who was paroled from the institution eight years ago, called on us last Wednesday. Anderson informs us that he has completed three years of service in the U S. Army, during which time he was stationed at Fort Bragg and the Hawaiin Islands. Having re-enlisted he will return to Honolulu after spending his furlough with relatives at Burlington.

—o—

Our ancient foe, the ball tossers from Flowe's Store, visited the Training School diamond last Saturday afternoon and were defeated by the local lads, the score being 7 to 5. The visitors got away to a flying start in the first inning, scoring four runs on a base on balls, an error, a fielder's choice, two singles and a double and it looked like they were on their way to an easy victory. The Training School boys, however, had different ideas, and by staging a hard uphill fight, ever keeping in mind the business of knocking the old hosshide around the lot, soon overcame

the visitor's early lead and were never headed thereafter. In the first inning they scored a run on singles by Hedrick and Poole. Another was added in the second when Monroe singled, took second on a passed ball and scored on Lisk's single. The school lads marked up their third tally in the fourth inning as Whitehurst, first man up, tripled, and scored on Monroe's sacrifice fly. In the fifth round the home boys hopped on the offerings of Hartsell, who was on the mound for Flowe's, every man on the team making a trip to the plate and base hits were pounded out in all directions; this attack, together with an error and a wild pitch, produced four runs, which decided the result of the old ball game. The visitors scored their last run in the eighth, when Bill Bost rammed a triple to center field, and scored on a fly to the outfield. They made another threat in the ninth when the first man up was safe on an error by our shortstop, but the next man fanned and a fast double play ended the game as the next batter drove a low liner to second base. Lisk, hurling for the Training School, held the visitors to five hits, three of them coming in the first inning, and struck out six. The home lads collected an even dozen safe blows off Hartsell. Poole, who patrols the left garden for the school team, had a perfect day at bat, getting four hits in four trips to the platter.

THE CORK AND THE WHALE

A little cork fell in the path of a whale
Which lashed it down with its angry tail.
But in spite of his blows
It quickly rose
And floated serenely before his nose.
Said the cork: "You may flap and sputter and rap
But you can never keep me down,
For I'm made of the stuff
That's buoyant enough
To float instead of to drown.

—Progressive Farmer.

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XIX CONCORD, N. C., AUGUST 22 1931 No. 34

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SUCCESS

To keep on working when things seem slow,
To keep on trusting when your faith is low,
To keep on trying where others have quit,
To keep on smiling just a little bit:
That means Success,
To keep on hoping when all seems dark,
To keep on praying, 'cause life's no ''lark''—
To keep on loving when your friends forsake,
To keep on fighting and never break:
That means Success.

E. E. Stauber.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL
PUBLISHED BY
The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

NO LIFE TOO SHORT TO BE BEAUTIFUL

Dean Inge at seventy-one says he is ready to leave the world, and is waiting cheerfully for his call, but he would like two more years. He has some work he wants to do. At the end of the two years, he will, if he lives, have thought of other work, we hope and believe. That is the best reason we can think of for wanting to go on, and surely the only good reason for wanting to die would be that one had no thought of anything he could do. At seventy-one the famous dean is ready, but he is also ready to stay. When they asked him what was a proper term for life, he said something to remember. His little girl, he said, who died at eleven, had lived "as perfect a life" as he had ever known. So he recalls Ben Jonson's lines:

A lily of a day is fairer far in May;
Although it fall and die that night,
It was the plant and flower of light.

So we have from the thinker a measure that is so simple it can be applied to all lives: No life is too long if there is still work that one can do. No life is too short to be beautiful.—Milwaukee Journal.

GOOD STORIES APPRECIATED

More time is taken in assembling suitable stories to fit in and maintain the morale this little magazine has always stood for than one can realize. The stories have to be read with one thought,—"will our boys gather a lesson therefrom?" Besides we have many grades to satisfy. Just parenthetically we will add for the benefit of our readers, the Jackson Training School boys are hungry for good stories. If you have one mail it to the Uplift. Remember we have no library. The boys range from first grade to the eighth.

In this issue there is a story, entitled "Fighting For Liberty Under Two

Flags'' that inspires to greater achievements, in fact it tells the story of a noble life burgeoned out by the hero's conscientious endeaver to live up to the ideals of his mother. Sad, but true there are few thoughts among the youths today of the many good lessons taught by mother.

Mother is usually too antiquated to be listened to, and the modernized mother who puts the stamp of approval upon every innovation adopted by the ''twentieth century society crowd'' does not deserve to be remembered.

We have no hesitancy in saying the person who through life cherishes the noble ambitions inspired by a christian mother becomes a tower of strength, distributing an influence that will rebound for good unconsciously. Such a character is honest at all times and can meet conditions with unfailing courage.

We learn from this story ''Fighting For Liberty Under Two Flags'' that the strong characteristics of a life are loyalty to duty, friends, country and home, and with these strong points one looms up as a leader at a time when leadership is needed to work order out of chaos.

In this story it is clear that a lineage does not make leadership, but ability and integrity are absolutely necessary if one retires with a feeling of a task well done. It has been said a country can be measured by the calibre of men who have been called to high positions, but first it is necessary to judge those in power by the manner in which they have conducted the affairs entrusted to them.

* * * * * * * * * *

THEY THINK IT SMART

Long before understanding what the Moravian church stood for there was an assurance that it taught the purest doctrine, inspired to the highest and cleanest ideals—in fact it was perfect. Why, you ask? The mother of the writer was left an orphan, she had few relatives but had unbounded wealth, and as soon as old enough to go off to school she was placed in a Moravian school, Bethlehem, Pa. There she remained till her years of maturity. Naturally the teachings and customs of that staid, sober and ancient institution were transmitted to the children of the mother who was left an orphan. For this there is much to be thankful. We wonder what would the mother tutored at the Moravian school, Bethlehem, say if she could picture the girls of Salem College puffing cigarettes. But don't worry, it

is only a fad. We firmly believe that smoking among the girls will sooner or later be forgotten, and girls who smoked cigarettes will be as hard to find as the snuff-dipper of by gone days. The general impression is that the mothers set the example for the daughters. Too bad, but true.

* * * * * * * * * *

AN INTEREST IN HIGHWAYS

In the very earliest history of this little magazine it was one of the first publications to call attention to the possibilities of our highways becoming famed for beauty if care were taken of the shrubs, and all unnecessary ugly sign boards eliminated. So we carry with pleasure the article written by Dr. L. B. Morse on beautifying the highways that should command the attention of all North Carolinians. This article we hope will give impetus to the fact that every citizen of the State can in some way contribute individually, or by groups towards making more beautiful the country that boarders the highways. It takes a cooperative spirit to make a state wide interest effective.

We note in this article that Virginia stands first in marking the roads, telling clearly to the travelers, the routes, and designating historic shrines by suitable markers. The Old North State is rich in history, besides it has a scenery comparable to that of any State and we forecast now that this state will soon have accomplished all that Virginia has by having suitable signs and markers, making travel more interesting to tourists. It must be done if North Carolina is to sustain its reputation as a tourist state.

* * * * * * * * * *

INDIVIDUALLY OWNED CARS THE CAUSE

The concensus of opinion is that the bus lines are taking much of the travel from the railroads, but there is reason for a change of mind to a certain extent. We believe that the bus lines have taken much patronage from the railroads, but the bulk of the people are traveling in individually owned cars. The busses, if we judge correctly and the inference is drawn after a short trip over a bus line from Virginia to North Carolina, are not crowded, but the roads are filled with cars from all over the country going in every direction, and in every instance each car seemed to be filled to its

capacity. This was the impression gathered after a short trip and we feel that the same conditions would prevail if a longer trip were taken. We think the individually owned car is a greater menace to the railroads in the way of passenger traffic than the bus lines.

* * * * * * * * * *

THINGS NOT SO BAD AFTER ALL

This is what the highest paid editor in the world (and by-the-way, we wonder who is the lowest paid one) has to say of the farmer:

> How would you like to plow, harrow, plant, weed and seed your ground, water and feed your mules, mend your harness, pick your cotton, haul it to market, and get $290 in full payment for your year's work? That's what the average cotton farmer in the United States will get this year.

Admitting that Mr. Brisbane has drawn a very graphic picture of the farmers' plight this coming Fall, things will not be so bad if the farmer conserves all of the fruit that goes to waste annually, cures his meat, has a barn yard filled with fowl of all kinds, enough feed for his stock, and several good milkers to furnish milk and butter for the family. And to make the picture more beautiful we see the wood yard piled with seasoned fire wood for the long winter days and nights. Things are not so bad after all if we look for the bright spots. The life on the farm under such conditions is far better than living in a congested village settlement, and when money is tight have to depend upon the bread line.

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The "Modern Hospital" reports that the average American family spends $140 a year on sickness. This investigation was reached by investigation of insurance companies. Questionaires were sent out, and out of 3,281 families 198 reported no expenditures for sickness. The study to avoid sickness receives much attention just at this era, realizing that by lessening ill health we can further promote efficiency and greater productiveness.

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The niece of President Hindenburg of Germany, thinks New York city "leisurely." It may be she feels the American nervousness, a lot of lost

motion without results. The German Baroness thinks great thoughts are conceived in quietude, so she urges her friends to sit still and contemplate. The Germans are a very serious minded people giving much thought to cause and effect with the hope of doing something—if there is action these people wish to realize results.

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AN IMPOSSIBILITY

A member of the Federal Farm Board, William F. Schillings, who is considered authority on dairying interests, has lately paid Asheville a visit for the purpose of creating interest in dairying, realizing that the surrounding country is admirably suited to that industry.

This representative citizen is a strong advocate of a cooperative spirit among the farmers. If Mr. Schillings succeeds in bringing together the farmers he will have done more than any other individual for every son of a man who possesses a farm knows better than any one else how to conduct his agricultural interest as well as how to finance the business end of it. The farmer takes advice from no one, he knows it all—at least we infer this from a little practical experience and extensive observation.

MEN WHO HAVE PASSED AND LEFT A RECORD

By C. W. Hunt

Within the last few weeks the writer has read Gaston Means' contacts with President Harding's administration, as told in the book "The Strange Death of President Harding." As this writer sees it there has never before been an administration at Washington that in any way compared with that of one of Ohio's popular idols. A man of winning personality, liked and beloved at home, by dint of circumstances with which he had little to do was made President of these United States, who at the very time of his election was living a double life, which fact was known, so well known by some men he took into his cabinet that they used the guilty knowledge to plunder the country, as well as persons, and held their knowledge in such a way as to suspend the President over an inferno, as it were, and keep him there while they did their dirty work; and they went the limit. The book is a revelation. Parts of it may be fiction, but the great mass of it is backed up by documentary evidence. True that Means paid the penalty for his exposure by a term in Atlanta prison for violation of the prohibitition laws, and is about the only man left alive that worked with and for the plunderers, and is today a poor man, so far as his connection with the gang is concerned. What passed between Means and Mrs. Harding is passing strange, in that the wife of the President hired a detective to ferret out the truth of her husband's double living, and laid bare to Means all the suffering of years. That Harding died a very strange death is true beyond a doubt, as well as a number of other men who had knowledge of what was going on. Another thing is as strange as President Harding's death, the fact that his admirers about his home town and state were able to erect a wonderful shaft in memory of the man they loved. Would it have been possible for the monument to have been built, had this book been printed a year before it was?

Not long ago Arthur Brisbane in his daily column called attention to the disparity between what had been done to perpetuate the name of President and Mrs. Harding as compared with the marking of the last resting place of Woodrow Wilson, the war president. Here was an idealist, many years in advance of the world's thinking, who was turned down in the open by the voting population of this country, and while no man ever before had such a following in all the world, as did President Wilson at the end of the world war, yet he died a broken man, broken by rebuffs of his own American citizenry, and until this day no memorial points skyward in memory of Woodrow Wilson. This writer is free from partisanry, and has no feelings in this matter, but is of the opinion that if the world ever gets on a peace basis, there will come a memorial to Wilson that will excel

all memorials.

Not in the class with the two characters mentioned above was Dr. John F. Crowell, who passed to his reward just a few weeks ago, and whom the Methodists of North Carolina, who keep up with their own history, will recall. Crowell came to North Carolina at the behest of the trustees of old Trinity College in Randolph county, on the death of Dr. Braxton Craven, its founder, and fell into a dispute at the very beginning of his work in the state. Crowell was a man of very unusual qualities and ability to take care of himself. The Methodists of North Carolina were then all in one conference, and about the first thing Crowell did to get a row on his hands was to go to Durham, get a site given if Trinity would move to Durham. Crowell, as said had unusual ability on the rostrum as well as mental equipment, and the "mossbacks" of that day opposed anything smattering of growth and widening out. It is said that when conference met the body was about two to one against moving the college, but by the time Dr. Crowell was through with his speech to the conference in favor of the move, the majority had changed to the other side, and Trinity went to Durham; but those who opposed died hard. After the school was located in Durham the internecine war went on in the faculty, for about all the old faculty went to Durham, Dr. Crowell, finding life too unplesant, resigned his place and went back to Pennsylvania and New York and changed his occupation. But he left his mark. He was succeeded by the late Bishop, then Dr. John C. Kilgo of South Carolina, and the same crowd fought him, but they found a fighter to fight. Kilgo interested the Dukes in Trinity and by that act made Duke University possible. North Carolina Methodists are due to make suitable memorials to these two men who stood up and fought standpatism to a finish.

And the mention of Duke University brings to mind the late James Buchanan Duke, who in the last days of his life showed even more ability to make what he had accumulated do good for all time, than he ever showed in the making of a great fortune. It is difficult to take in the wideness of the terms of the Duke endowment, as well as its unending trail for suffering and charitableness. With ordinary good conditions of business in this country, the Duke endowment will grow with business, and not a single bestowment can be said to be of doubtful propriety. Duke himself had a wonderful mind, which with the help of the best legal talent, and the experience produced by other foundations, enabled Duke to exceed them all.

By the end of the present season it is highly probable that there will be enough whale oil on hand to meet the demand for more than a year, and this without killing a single whale.

THE CREPE MYRTLE TOWN

(Mooresville Enterprise)

In a recent edition of the Charlotte Observer the editor of that paper pays its respects to Mooresville and designates it as the "crepe myrtle town." This distinction is worthily placed, and could the editor take time off to cover a goodly portion of our beautiful little city he would find crepe myrtle bedecks the parkways along many of our streets, and Chairman Jeffress can well be proud of the beautification started along the highways. The particular stretch along the railway in Mooresville is due to the efforts of H. A. Holstead, architect for the Southern Railway, and the women of the civic league of this city. The Observer's comment follows:

"When Chairman Jeffress at last finds time to get out on the highways under his supervision, he will see that the people of countryside and in the towns have stolen a march on him in his program of beautification, and it will only remain for him to do his part. The beautification work started several years ago out of a spirit of rivalry on part of both town and country residents to see who could develop the prettiest effect in home environment, is now maturing into an accomplishment inspiring to contemplate. The mimosa, one of the earlier flowering trees, is now fading out, but is being supplanted by the crepe myrtle. The mimosa is chiefly bunched around the old homes, with but small expansion in new plantings. Not so, however, with the crepe myrtle, with its more vivid colorings, for it has been of extensive adoption by householders for home ornamentation, and its flaming red bursts upon the vision at almost every turn of the road. We might put down Mooresville as the crepe myrtle town of equal renown to Morganton as the mimosa town, the Southern Railway depot and right-of-way beautification woman probably being responsible for the more imposing effect, which is a double row of crepe myrtle trees along the tracks in the southern part of town. There are a few breaks in the rows, to be sure, but the effect makes the traveler remark on Mooresville's eye for the beautiful. In yards all over the town the flame of crepe myrtle is visible, and the same is to be said of Mooresville's larger Iredell neighbor, Statesville, where the people have been diligent in cultivation of this species of tree.

One sees it all over the mountains, where new homes of attractive architectural appointments have been built by scores, and where the old home that has not been remodeled has become a rarity. And we are not going to skip what The Observer believes to be the most striking example in utilization of the vine. It is along the way in the Iredell town of Harmony, where one householder has transformed the naker framework of a windmill into a thing of beauty. So dense is the vine clingage from bottom to top, that it appears like a spruce trimmed in shape of a spire. To beat the work the people have already done along his roads, Chairman Jeffress has a jumping job ahead of him."

NORTH CAROLINA A TOURIST STATE

By Dr. Lucius B. Morse

The American Automobile Association has recently ascertained that North Carolina stands second in the United States in the hearts of tourists. Perhaps it should be first—but, to be second, places us in a distinctive class. To ascertain this, the National Touring Bureau of the A. A. A. sent out two thousand questionaire letters to a selected list of seasoned travelers disributed over the whole country. With one exception North Carolina was preferred over all other states. The two outstanding reasons given for this preference, were scenery and roads. Scenery that is inaccessible, is of little tourist value; therefore this is a tangible achievement of ten years of road building.

What is in store for us in the now much discussed Ten Year Plan?

Large accomplishments are never accidental. Worth while things must first exist in men's minds. As a child is sometimes admonished to hitch his wagon to a star; so an individual, community, or state, must have planned objectives. Goals are powerful incentives.

Our state is greatly indebted to Tyre Taylor, and apparently to an influential group, in projecting a ten year economic plan. As courageous as some of the suggestions seem, the accomplishments of it all would not surpass the things done during the ten years just ended. Undeniably, North Carolina has become the South's acknowledged leader along many lines. We have a peculiar right and obligation to plan for the future. Such movements are more than selfish—they are the very essence of a civilized order.

Leaving aside in this discussion many of the lines of spiritual as well as economic movements, outlined by Mr. Taylor, the enhancement of tourist travel should have a statewide appeal. Tourists are now everywhere. It has been estimated that over $75,000,000 was spent in 1929 in our state, by recreational travelers. While this amount has unquestionably decreased in 1930-31, the total is a staggering sum. Now while North Carolina comes second in preference, it is yet very far from second in the number of tourists or in the amount of money expended. We are exceeded by a number of states. In a large way, how can this industry be more greatly expanded? It is the writer's belief that some physical things come first. A fine highway is an essential physical fact. Our roads are now our greatest man-made tourist-attracting asset. Viewed from a concrete road, mountain, rolling Piedmont, sand hills or sea, take on an added charm. But something more than a paved driving surface is needed.

Our immediate roadsides are ugly. This is a frank statement—but it is true. It is true not only in North Carolina; it is true practically all over the United States. Thus far America has built roads to get somewhere. It was the Nation's first and necessary consideration in the economical operation of motor vehicles. In the evolution of civilization, utility has proceded things aesthetic. Cities build streets, sewer and water

systems, before parks, but the "parks"—the aesthetic things, give the greater pleasure. Emerson says that "beauty is its own excuse for being." Practically, all thinking people recognize beauty as one of the major commercial assets. Witness the beautiful lines and finish of passenger automobiles. But for the beauty of mountains and sea, no one would visit them.

Nature is wondrous kind. No other expenditure in money or time gives such certain, pleasurable, inexpensive and profitable returns. The use of trees, shrubs, vines, and ground covers, margining our roads, would convert our highways into parkways. Remember—the modern highway is the state's front door. The cost? A mere pittance compared with the grading and paving of roads. Congress, too, has passed a law, matching dollar for dollar in roadside beautification. No state thus far has availed itself of this law. Why should not North Carolina be the first?

In the language of the colored brother, the subject of road signs is "touchous." The writer offers no final solution. Zoning, taxing, the "trade with those who don't advertise" movement, persuading abutting landowners not to grant or sell space (surprisingly effective in some sections) and the new roadside beautification law now before the Supreme Court of Massachusetts—all these have been widely discussed.

One thing certain, roadside ugliness is doomed. The movement is nation-wide. The only way to capitalize on it, is for North Carolina to measure up in her leadership in this, as she has in her roads. Commercial signs and scenery are in conflict. If one wants a demonstration, drive from Asheville to Old Fort and compare the pleasurable effect on Highway 10, while passing through Pisgah National Forest, with "sign land" upon emerging. While roadside signs are admittedly profitable, it is more than likely that the enhancement of the beauty and pleasure of our highways, resulting in extending our tourist patronage, would abundantly compensate for any net losses.

The typical "barbecue" and other stands on our roadsides, are truly lamentable. Here is a most difficult problem. A pleasing design is, many times, very little more expensive than an unsightly one. In some state architects have gratuitously offered plans and sketches. Various stock elevation sketches have been made available to prospective builders. Virginia has made real progress in the establishment of building line set-backs. It has been found that the more attractive structures result in measuredly increasing the owner's trade. All this is an important matter which we should think about constructively.

Virginia stands first in the United States in telling the traveler what he is viewing. From one end of the state to the other historic and literary shrines have been dedicated, and enduringly marked in an appropriate manner. This is badly needed in our state. Historically, North Carolina has been culpably modest. We have an abundant wealth in things historic which need featuring, and markers on highways should call attention, and direct the tourist to them. History now vies

with scenery in tourist interest. Northeastern North Carolina is especially rich in history of which the average traveler is in no sense aware. Informational signs would help tremendously, not alone in enhancing tourist pleasure, but in developing pride of commonwealth among our citizens. Poor is the state without an historic background. We have the background; but, in the vernacular, we haven't sold it to the outside world.

Similarly, informational signs or tablets should tell of many things of human interest. Mountains, valleys, waterfalls, might appropriately be designated, with short descriptive matter following. Floral and geologic phenomena have their universal appeal and should be fittingly marked. Accurate altitudes could profitably be set forth. Roads could and should be widened in places to provide momentary parking for the enjoyment of superb views, etc., etc.

All these things would cost relatively little, and would add greatly to the pleasure of touring in our state. Even an enumeration cannot here be made, of a large variety of sports, amusements, and entertainments which should be expanded and made increasingly available for tourist use and pleasure.

Yes, we need a "press agent," too! A state that stands second in tourist preference should have a well financed state-wide publicity and advertising program. There is no doubt about it. It's not an expense—it is an investment. The Smoky Mountains National Park will nationalize the Southern Appalachian Mountains from a publicity standpoint, but the state as a whole should work out some plan by which it can broaden the message from the mountains to the sea.

All of the above is but a part of one angle to the Taylor Ten Year Plan, but a highly important one. If the whole plan is adopted and carried out, it will rehabilitate North Carolina in the next decade beyond our most sanguine hopes.

YOU WILL MEET A FOOL

Under the above caption the Greensboro News comments upon remarks of C. W. Roberts, manager of the Carolina Motor club, about the dangers of the highways, and recalls that at the old underpass curve at Jamestown there used to be a sign, "Be careful on this curve; you may meet a fool." The warning "You will meet a fool" might appropriately be placed almost anywhere these days, thinks The News.

Any motorist will immediately agree that that is a fact. An essential equipment of the good driver is to be mindful always of the fact he not only has to drive carefully himself but has to allow for the fact that the driver of the approaching car, or the one he is overtaking, may do the very thing he is not expected to do. If you'll think for yourself and the other fellow on the highway you are much more likely to get back whole. You are sure to meet a fool.—Selected.

CHOOSING A CAREER

(Reidsville Review)

Years ago fond parents devoted winter evenings to deciding the futures of their numerous offspring. Johnny was to be a teacher. Mary would be a trained nurse. Willie would be tutored in the ministry, and perhaps a fourth progeny would be placed in business or kept on the farm. And in the day time the school instructors of Johnny, Mary, Willie and so on believed they had fulfilled their duty if they had prepared them for graduation. Few teachers realized that their's was an exceptional opportunity to help young men and women to pick their life's work on the basis of their individual qualifications and peculiar abilities.

All is different in the educational system of today. Vocational guidance is an established science. The public schools and the institutions of higher learning now strive to fit the curriculum to the student, not the student to the course of study. The student at the same time is directed into a life's work for which he is especially suited.

Many men and women now failures in life might have been preeminent in their professions or trades had an ounce of direction been exerted in their youth to the selection of a career. A boy with an aptitude for mechanics and the engineering branches should not be forced into a legal or literary career because a parent or an instructor is partial to those latter occupations, yet countless have been and many will be in the future.

There is a "destiny which shapes our ends" if it is the power which attracts the individual to that thing in life for which it is most fitted by nature.

COURTESY DIMINISHING

Courtesy never was an outstanding characteristic of Americans, but there is centainly less among us now than there used to be, even in an earlier and cruder age. And we are least courteous when driving automobiles. Hence it may well be inferred that the automobile is a big factor in our loss of courtesy. That is another charge to be laid at the door of our Juggernautt. When one driver runs across another who displays the "after you" attitude the surprise almost takes his breath away. The regular thing is the "me first" position. And then there is the fellow—and there are many of him—who parks his car by feeling instead of sight. He just runs backward until he hits an inoffensive and unwatched car. He would act differently if the owner of the car were there. Next to a good five-cent cigar this country needs automobile courtesy.—The Pathfinder.

FIGHTING FOR LIBERTY UNDER TWO FLAGS

By R. J. Miller

On Armistice Day, November 11, 1927, there entered into rest a man who had a most remarkable career. He landed in New York on Washington's birthday, 1855, more than seventy-two years before his death. During all those years he proved himself a brave fighter, a noble citizen, a true friend of mankind.

A great newspaper said of him after his death, "It was not that he could trace his lineage back to the great Polish king who saved the Christian world from Moslem domination in the seventeenth century; it was not the gallant part he played in fighting for the Union in the army of his adopted country; it was not in the many battles for liberty he waged on Mexican soil that men may read the best lesson from the life of Coloned John Sobieski. The greatest glory attached to his name was that actively, practically, undauntedly he kept inviolate the oath he made at the bedside of his dying mother."

Although banished from his native land when only six years old, his thoughts went back to his beloved Poland during his last hours. His daughter writes me: "One day he talked a great deal about Poland, how proud he always was of her and her sons and their glorious achievements."

John Sobieski was born in Warsaw, September 10, 1842. His father was Count John Sobieski, the son of James Sobieski, who lost his life in the Revolution of 1830-31, a lineal descendant of John Sobieski, who drove back the Turks and Tartars who were sweeping on to the conquest of Western Europe in that fierce battle fought at gates of Vienna, September 12, 1863. John Sobieski's mother belonged to the Bem family, who also were celebrated for fighting the battles of liberty.

His father, Count John Sobieski, was educated in the schools of Poland, France and Germany. He graduated from the University of Heidelberg in 1840, when about twenty years of age. He returned to his native Poland where he joined the Polish contingent of the Russian army. He was serving in this capacity at the outbreak of the insurrection of 1846, into which he entered with all the enthusiasm of the Sobieski race. After taking part in several battles, he was wounded, captured and imprisoned, and was at last executed by the Russian government, March 10, 1848, being not yet twenty-eight years of age.

Count John Sobieski had a large estate about 120 miles from Warsaw. To his retreat his wife repaired with her boy. She heard that her husban had been wounded and captured. Then she did not hear from him again for over a year, and she concluded that he must have been put to death. Then one day she was visited by some Cossack soldiers who ordered her to get ready to follow them. Riding in their own carriage, driven by their own servant, she and her son, reached Warsaw after riding for days in the bitter cold of early

March.

The next morning Mrs. Sobieski was brought before the viceroy of Poland, a brother of the Czar. He told her that her husband was still living, but was to be executed the next morning. He told her also that her father and two brothers were in the same prison with her husband, and that they were to be shot at the same time with him. She was also told that, if she would give up her boy to them to become a naturalized Russian, and would take the oath of allegiance to the Czar, she might return to her estate to enjoy it until her son reached his majority, when it would come into his own possession. If she rejected this proposition, she and her son would be expelled from Poland upon the penalty of death should they ever return, and all her estate would be confiscated to the crown.

The viceroy offered her time to consider this proposition, and he urged her to take that time. But she answered, "I do not need any further time. My mind is already made up. Tell your emperor for me that he can take from us our estate, he may banish me and my child from our native land and home, to dwell in foreign lands among strangers. I may be compelled to beg for bread for myself and my boy. But I will go and teach him that he is a Pole. I will teach him to love liberty and to despise tyranny, and to revere and cherish the cause for which his father died."

After this the mother and son were taken to see their husband and father in the loathsome dungeon in which he had been confined for thirteen months. Six hours they were permitted to be with him, which were spent in loving caresses and counsel. Though not yet six years old, Mr. Sobieski remembered to the day of his death his father's noble look, even though he had suffered a miserable confinement for so long a time.

Two or three days later they were placed in a sleigh and were driven, first to Galicia, and then to the province of Posen; but after remaining there a few weeks, they were ordered to move on. The mother found refuge for a time in Berne, Switzerland, where she earned a bare living by teaching a school for young ladies. Her health began to fail, and they moved to Milan, Italy, where they spent about a year. There they joined in giving a demonstration to Captain Ingraham, of the United States Navy, which greatly offended the archduke of Austria, Maximilian, brother of the emperor, who ordered the explusion of the refugees from Italy, which was then under the control of the Austrian government. Mrs. Sobieski then went to England, where after a few months she died, being but twenty-nine years old. Her son was twelve.

"My mother I remember well," Colonel Sobieski wrote when he was an old man. "She was of medium height, would weigh perhaps one hundred and twenty pounds. She had beautiful auburn hair. Her eyes were dark brown, not very large, but tender and beautiful. My mother did one thing for me that I shall always remember with gratitude. On the day of her death she asked me to pledge that as long as I lived I would never drink, nor gamble, nor take the name of God in vain. And

I have never in the slightest degree violated this pledge. That pledge kept me through the years when I was in the army, when I was young, tried and tempted. The love which I cherished for a noble mother made me strong against every temptation, and all the good I have accomplished in fighting the liquor traffic—all belongs to her."

At the time of his mother's death, John Sobieski was living in the home of Professor Kaloski, who also had suffered exile because of fighting for the liberty of Poland. He came to America and for a time was an instructor in our Naval Academy at Annapolis. Later he returned to England, where he became much interested in Mrs. Sobieski and her boy. In the home of Prof. Kaloski, John Sobieski met a young midshipman from the U. S. Constellation while it lay in the harbor at Liverpool. This young man smuggled John aboard his ship where he lay concealed from the captain until they were entering New York Bay. At first the captain was greatly displeased, but he soon became interested in the young stowaway and did all he could to help him. He introduced him to the captain of the post on Governor's Island, where he was enlisted as a bugler in the United States regular army, April 26, 1855. Soon afterward he was sent to the soldier's barracks at Carlisle, Pa., where he was taught and drilled for future service.

While he was at Carlisle he had his determination not to drink intoxicating drinks more deeply impressed upon him. There he saw a young sergeant who was as fine a specimen of physical manhood as he had ever seen. The young recruit wondered if he could ever be as fine a looking soldier as this man. He saw him pass out of the gate one afternoon in his clean, new uniform, white gloves covering his hands, and the boys' eyes followed him admiringly, as far as he could see him. This man was brought back by two policemen, drunk, crazy, cursing and raving. He was placed in a cell from which his ravings were heard by all around. He was court-martialed, reduced to the ranks, and set to work about the grounds with ball and chain. When the young bugler looked upon his bruised and blackened face, and saw the transformation wrought by drink, it turned him against the dreadful beverage so that he never ceased to hate it as long as he lived.

Later he was transferred to the Jefferson barracks near St. Louis, Mo. There he was tempted to drink beer, and because he declined the soldiers called him a girl. Then they offered him a cigar. He thought he would compromise on that, for he did not like to be laughed at. He accepted the cigar and began to smoke. He became deathly sick and the soldiers laid him on a cot where drunkards were often put to sober up. He was taken for a drunk by the serveant of the guard, who would hardly believe him when he said that he had never tasted liquor in his life. John concluded that neither whiskey nor tobacco was intended for him, and he would let them both alone. This he did as long as he lived.

John Sobieski was enlisted as a bugler in the regular United States army when he was only thirteen

years old. He was mustered out of service after the close of the Civil War, June 26, 1865, having been a soldier for ten years and two months. He had fought in forty-two battles in defense of his adopted country's flag, had been under fire 426 times, was shot through the body at Gettysburg, but quickly recovered, was never under arrest, was never reprimanded but once, and that under conditions that brought no dishonor. And through all these experiences he was true to his promise given to his dying mother—not to swear, not to gamble and never to drink intoxicating liquors.

When peace was restored to the United States, John Sobieski's sympathies went out to the people of Mexico in their struggle for liberty. On October 16, 1865, he entered the wavering ranks of those who were fighting for Mexican freedom and continued in this service with the rank of colonel for eighteen months, until the usurper had been overthrown, and the republic re-established under President Juarez.

During his service in the Mexican army, Colonel Sobieski was one of the guards of Maximillian in Queretaro (pronounced Kay-ret-aro). He reminded him that as a boy he had been banished from Italy by his decree.

"That is impossible," answered the doomed emperor. "That was many years ago and you are a very young man."

"Yes, that was sixteen years ago and I was then a small boy, but your order included me."

"Well, time rounds up things," was the prisoner's reply.

It fell to young Sobieski's lot to command the reserve firing squad by which the days of Maximillian were ended. Although the doomed emperor gave to each of the principal actors in that tragic event a piece of gold and urged them to aim well at his heart, their fire did not end his sufferings. Not knowing which of the reserves had the blank cartridge, Sobieski handed one of them his own revolver and directed him to put the sufferer out of his misery.

All this service for the United States and Mexico was rendered before he had reached his twenty-fifth birthday. Flattering inducements were laid at his feet by President Juarez to remain in that country, but with the independence of its people regained, he followed his burning desire to live under the stars and stripes, and under its protection and inspiration he spent the remaining sixty years of his life, doing yeoman service for temperance right until the end came.

Colonel Sobieski's son and namesake died when he was young. His grandson, John Sobieski Gilhausen, legally assumed the name of his grandfather and of the earlier grandsire, King John Sobieski III, of Poland. He was recently graduated with high rank from Leland Stanford University. He made a name for himself both on the athletic field and on the debating platform. This is what his coach in debating said concerning him:

"Though he has fallen upon unkingly times,
Though he professed to be a democrat
Talked of fraternity, equality,
Yet he performed his service royally,

Faithfully, quietly, unobtrusively,
And after a stroke well stricken, at no time
Did he stand waiting to receive applause,
But ever quietly withdrew himself,
His manner modest, void of self-esteem,
He did his part and bore him like a king.''

JUST A JOB

Is it just a job that is yours to hold,
  A task that offers you so much gold,
Just so much work that is yours to do,
  With never a greater goal in view?
What do you see, at your desk or loom,
  Or the spot you fill in life's busy room.
Merely a flickering lamp that burns
  With a sickly light as the mill wheel turns,
And the same old grind in the same old ways
  With all the tomorrows like yesterdays?

It is just a job, just a task to do,
  So many pieces to build anew?
So many figures to add, and then
  Home for a while and back again?
Are you just a clerk in a gaudy shop
  Pleased when a customer fails to stop,
Finding no joy in the things you sell,
  Sullenly waiting the quitting bell?
Are your thoughts confined to the narrow space
  And the dreariness of your present place?

Is it just a job, or a golden chance?
  The first grim post of a fine advance,
The starting place on the road which leads
  To the better joys and the bigger deeds?
Do your thoughts go out to the days to be,
  Can your eyes look over the drudgery
And see in the distance the splendid flow
  Of the broader life that you, too, may know?
What is your view of the circumstance:
  Is it a job or a golden chance?

—Edgar Albert Guest.

YORKTOWN TO CCELEBRATE SESQUICENTENNIAL

(Southern News Bulletin)

Yorktown, Va., located on the York river and served by the steamships of the Chesapeake Steamship Company in connection with trains on the Richmond-West Point branch of the Southern Railway System, will be the scene of a notable celebration on October 16, 17, 18 and 19 in honor of the 150th anniversary of the surrender of the British army under Lord Cornwallis to General George Washington which brought the War for American Independence to a close. During the celebration the streets of Yorktown will feel the tread of another army marching in uniforms identical to those worn by the Colonial soldiers. Pageants depicting the seige of the little village and the events which grew out of the subsequent surrender, addresses by President Hoover and members of his cabinet, troop reviews by General John J. Pershing and his official staff, military maneuvers by every branch of the army and mimic sea battles by the naval forces are among the features to be included in the program. Famous buildings, including the Moore House in which the articles of capitulation were drawn up by the American, French and British officers on October 18, 1781; the Nelson House, home of Governor Thomas Nelson of Virgina, used by Lord Cornwallis as his headquarters during the latter part of the siege; the first custom house in America, dating back in history to 1715; the Yorktown hotel, built in 1725 and scene of many interesting events in Colonial history; the Shield and Digges houses, and other interesting landmarks in the village will be open to visitors during the celebration.

The celebration will be international in scope and will bring notable men and women from across the seas. Direct or collateral descendents of LaFayette, Von Steuben, Pulaski, Rochambeau, Barras and DeGrasse have been invited to meet the descendents of the American patriot soldiers who made history in the fields leading to the bluffs of the York river on which the British army was intrenched

Yorktown is only a short distance from Jamestown island where the first permanent English colony in America was settled in 1607 and from the city of Williamsburg, the Colonial captail of Virginia and the site of the historic College of William and Mary.

The Nelson House is one of the show places of Yorktown. The date of its erection has been given as 1740 but papers recently discovered indicate that it was built in 1711 by William Nelson, son of Scotch Tom Nelson. Governor Nelson gave the order to fire on his home when he thought that Cornwallis was harbored in it. General LaFayette was entertained in this house in 1824.

The beautiful Yorktown monument was authorized in 1781 when the Continental Congress adopted resolutions appropriating $100,000.00 for its erection but it was not until 1880, nearly 100 years later, that the

direction was carreid out. The four sides of the base contain first,, an inscription dedicating the monument as a memorial of victory; second, an inscription presenting a narrative of the siege; third, the treaty of alliance with the King of France; and fourth, the treaty of peace with the King of England.

"True love talks little and does much."

BOYS OF TODAY, HOPE OF THE WORLD TOMORROW

(Boy's Industrial School Journal)

"Blessings on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy, with cheeks of tan!
With thy turned up pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes;
With thy red lip, redder still
Kissed by strawberries on the hill;
With the sunshine on thy face,
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace:
From my heart I give thee joy,—
I was once a barefoot boy;
Prince thou art, the grown-up man
Only is Republican."

—Whitter.

The hope of the world tomorrow is in the lap of the lads of today.

Each morning when Uncle Sam rings his school bell 27,000,000 of his boys and girls go trooping to his schools to learn to help him manage his vast domain. He wants to prove to the world that this nation, "conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal," will always endure. Uncle Sam has at least 6,000,000 parents assisting him in training his children in the fundamental principles of democracy and good citizenship. That these 6,00,000 parents may know something of their responsibilities and what the nation expects of them. Uncle Sam presents to them, on behalf of their sons, the following reasonable bill of rights:

1. Every boy has a right to expect of his father that he will be well born, physically and mentally.

2. Every boy has a right to expect of his father that he be properly fed, clothed and housed.

3. Every boy has a right to expect of his father that he be given a place in the sun—a safe place to play, a safe place to work and a comfortable sanitary place in which to sleep.

4. Every boy has a right to expect of his father that he be given an opportunity to feed his mind and body with that food upon which the race has fed since the Garden of Eden—not denatured food or canned food or synthetic food, but food physically and spiritually fresh from nature's fields.

5. Every boy has a right to expect that his father will take him on the high mountain of his experience and show to him the promised land of opportunity, flowing with milk and honey, to be his conquest.

6. Every boy has a right to expect his father will certainly allow him not only to inherit, but to enjoy the birth right—vouchsafed to every boy in America—life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

7. Every boy has a right to expect his father will tell him the story of the founding of our nation and the principles upon which it is builded.

8. Every boy has a right to expect that his father will show him the ladder by which the race, through milenniums, has painfully lifted itself rung by rung to its present level.

9. Every boy has a right to expect that his father, knowing the fundamental principles of physical life and the significance of sex will share with him this knowledge.

10. Every boy has a right to expect his father to be the embodiment of all the virtues that go to make up good character.

11. Every boy has a right to expect that his father will be his chum, that he will find time to work with him, to play with him, to hike with him and commune with him—answering his myriads of questions—the prompting of his growing hungry soul.

12. Every boy has a right to expect that his father will lead him by precept and example, to know God and to desire to make his life conform to his will.

13. Every boy has a right to expect that his father will give his life to his son that he may carry on his ideals to a more perfect fruition.

Owing to the complexity of our present social life, no father, unaided, can grant to his son all these enumerated rights. There will be times when he will have to have the assistance of clubs, orders, societies, the school, the church and of the laws of the state and nation. The father being a member of these organizations and having helped to make the laws, has a right to assume that they will share with him the responsibility of seeing that the rights of his son and his neighbor's sons are respected. For the granting of many of these rights, however, the father alone is fully responsible.

No man, knowingly, has a right to be a party to the bringing into the world a son, who, because of his own sins, must go through life blind, feebleminded or a cripple—a burden to himself, to his home, to the community and perpetual reminder of the folly of his father.

A boy must have a sound mind in a sound body to be a successful competitor in the strenuous battle of life as waged today.

There are, today, thousands of hovels, incorrectly called homes, in the cities of our fair state, teeming with children. These "homes," located on alleys, back streets and other out of the way places are usually dirty, unsanitary and breeding places for crime. Often the father and mother in these "homes" drink to excess. Their children do not know what father love or mother love is; they are generally hungry, ragged, often beaten by their inebriate parents and forced out on the street to steal or starve. it is from such "homes" as these

that the constant stream of boys flow to the reformatories—boys who never had a chance, boys who have never known what it is to have a kind, understanding father to sit down and sympathize with him, helping him to solve his problems and to show him the way to higher and better things. Sometimes the father in such a home is not to blame for its deplorable condition. He may have been very unfortunate; sickness and loss of work may have laid their heavy hands upon him. Sometimes the father or mother has run away and sometimes one or both have died, leaving the children to shift for themselves. Whatever the cause of the sinking of these families to such low levels, the father is no longer capable of responding to the demands of his sons for their rights. The community must step in and as far as possible, take the place of the father and see that his sons receive their unalienable rights of "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

A town or city that allows places to exist where children cannot help but become immoral, cannot get enough of the right knid of food to eat or a clean place in which to sleep or have anyone to care for them or to show them the way out of their unhappy state, that town or city, made up of the fathers of all the children should hang its head in shame and stand in disgrace with the father who brings into the world, blind or crippled or feeble-minded children.

"There is no remission of sins without the sheding of blood." The human race, in all its long weary trek up from savagery, has never moved to higher levels without first crucifying some of its choicest spirits, spirits who saw the vision of better things and who dared to lead and die in order that those coming after them might have life and have it more abundantly.

Your boy and my boy who are to inherit the experience of the ages have a right to know who these crucified heroes were—what motives prompted them, what they wrought and how they died. Every father should see to it that his son have ample time and ample opportunity in the right kind of school, not only to learn how to use the tools with which the race has carved out its destiny, but he should also have time and opportunity to study the handiwork of these heroic artificers, to the end that he, too, may be inspired to write his name among the immortals of the race.

A little boy of four summers, of my acquaintance, the other day, asked the following questions of his father: "Father, where do babies come from? If babies die why were they born? How did God make the moon and the stars? What is sin?"

Boys, yes, very young boys, are philosophers and they would remain philosophers but for the ignorance of us grown-up. Every small boy is a living question mark, and, as long as he can find a sympathetic wise man to direct him and to answer his questions, he will grow in stature and in favor with God and man. That wise, sympathetic man should be his own dad.

Every boy under the age of seven believes that his father is the strongest, wisest and best man in the world; that he is always right and the very personification of goodness, and,, consequently he strives with

his might to be just like his father. Knowing this, how many fathers are willing to have their sons imitate them in every thing they say or do?

Fathers, do you want your sons to drink? Do you want your sons to lie? Do you want your sons to steal? Do you want your sons to use profane language? Do you want your sons to be immoral?

Of course, every decent father will say, I do not want my son to do any of these things. Then stop doing these things yourself, for, as sure as you do them, your sons will do them. Learn from the drunkard, who, after sobering up over the night, started after just one more drink, to the neighboring bootlegger's house. It was early morning. The snow that had fallen during the night had not been disturbed. The man was almost to the bootlegger's house when he heard behind him the voice of his little son, saying, "Oh, Daddy, I'm steping right where you step and I'm going right where you are going." "My God!" thought the man, "and I am leading my own innocent son to a drunkard's grave!" He turned, picked up his boy in his arms, went back home and was ever afterwards a father worthy of being followed by his son.

Fathers, take advantage of the fact that you are your son's keeper, your son's ideal and be a model worthy to be copied. Let your son know that you like to have him with you. Take him on hikes with you; take him in swimming with you; take him fishing with you; take him to movies with you; go to church with him; yes, and to Sunday-school, too; make him your confidant, then he will confide in you. Only under such conditions as these can a father hope to prepare the mind of his son to receive and pass on to the next generation the ideals for which he has striven. What this son of yours, this ruler of tomorrow, will need, more than anything else, is the steadying influence of religion. Every boy is by nature religious. The heorism presented by the religion of Jesus Christ appeals to his chivalry, and its teachings and its philosophy when practiced aright will satisfy the longings of his soul.

Fathers, you will be derelict, yes, most derelict in your duties, if you do not, by precept and example, make it easy for your son to learn and to practice the faith of our fathers, the red book of the foundation of our government, the woof of our laws, the tie that binds the home, the balm that heals our bruises—the only hope that reaches beyond the graves.

The velocity of meteors is somewhat more than three hundred miles per minute, although one meteor of immense size which is supposed to have passed within twenty-five miles of the earth moved at the rate of some twelve hundred miles per minute.—Exchange.

THE HONOR ROLL

By Margaret Littell

Myrtle Adams was walking home from school through the early spring afternoon, her arms laden with books and her mind filled with thoughts of impending examinations. She had not progressed very far, however, before she was aware of quick steps behind her and of someone calling her name.

She turned about quickly and saw Jane Trent approaching.

"Hold on, there," panted Jane. "You must be the winged Mercury himself, or rather herself. I'm completely out of breath."

Myrtle laughed. "I'm sorry I gave you such a chase, but I didn't hear you. Besides, I always walk fast when I'm thinking."

"Well, you must be official thinker for the League of Nations," commented Jane, "from the rate you were going. Say, I had something to ask you and I almost forgot it in my rush to overtake you—what are you doing this afternoon at four-thirty?"

"I'm going to study," said Myrtle. "First, last and foremost my one thought is to study for those exams."

Jane made a face. "Oh, bother!" she exclaimed. "You surely don't have to do it this afternoon? Why, you have three whole days to get ready for them. Anyway, you are good in everything, so you ought not to have so much to do as the rest of us."

"Well, I'm not so good that I can afford to wait until the night before. But why all this argument about my studies?"

"You see we are going to have a picnic supper," said Jane. "We just made it up at lunch hour and I didn't get to see you. Oh, come on with us. Forget the work until eight or nine at least. We are each going home to get some food and meet at Mary's at four-thirty. Then we are going to hike out to grandfather's orchard. We'll get there in an hour, and we can be back home shortly after eight."

Myrtle's eyes were shining with anticipation.

"Oh," she said, "that sounds perfect."

"Then you'll come?" asked Jane.

"I'd love to. But," Myrtle hesitated. "no, I'm sorry. I simply have to spend every minute of the next three days working, and I'm not going to change my plans. Thank you for asking me, though."

"I suppose there is no use in coaxing," said Jane, "so I'll hurry along."

"I hope you have a good time," Myrtle called after her. "Explain to the others why I can't join you. Good-bye!"

Myrtle hurried on home.

"I hope she isn't too peeved," she thought. "It was harder for me to refuse than she thinks. But I've set my heart on that Honor Roll and I'm going to get there."

Arriving home, she put down her books in the hall, and hurried out to the kitchen for something to eat.

"Oh, Mother, those muffins look perfect to your hungry daughter,"

she exclaimed.

Mrs. Adams smiled. "For such a compliment, I can hardly do less than offer you one. Get yourself a glass of milk, too."

The little snack consumed, Myrtle carried her books to her desk and settled down to two hours of intensive study before time for dinner.

She was a systematic worker. Not of a type that was brilliant above the average, like Celeste Andrews who made good recitations and won highest honors, she realized that she would have to keep her work up every day in order to make high grades. She kept her notebooks up to date, and consequently was often asked to loan them to her more procrastinating classmates.

From the day of her entrance into high school Myrtle had set her heart on attaining the Honor Roll, which included two members from each class with the highest average for the year.

But in spite of her plodding efforts, she was continually being outdistanced by Celeste, who was gifted with natural brilliance in addition to everything else that girls want to have.

Mr. Andrews had recenly purchased a new roadster, and had taught his daughter to drive. So Celeste usually hurried from school and in as few minutes as possible was driving down the street with another girl beside her, and two more in the rumble seat, while Myrtle sat at home before her desk, poring over her books.

But when the next day would arrive, Celeste would invariably make a brilliant recitation, and consequently walk off with the highest daily average.

"I don't see how she does it," Myrtle complained to her mother who had come into the library with some sewing. "I could have gone with the girls to the picnic supper, but I refused in order to study. And tomorrow, Celeste will talk circles around anyone else in class, while I will fell absolutely tongue-tied."

"Well, dear," advised her mother, "keep up your plodding. Hard work always wins out, and it will especially at examination time. Celeste is naturally quick to grasp ideas, and she makes the mistake of thinking tat will take the place of study. But it won't, never fear. Have you forgotten the fable of the tortoise and the hare?"

Myrtle shook her head, then set to work harder than ever. By the time dinner was ready she felt equal to any quiz that might be given. Before she retired she reviewed the subjects, and tried to think up the hardest questions the teacher might ask.

"Well," she said as she closed her books for the night, "I feel absolutely sure of that."

The next day after assembly, she walked to her first class with Jane.

"How was the picnic?" asked Myrtle.

"Oh, it was perfect," trilled Jane. "We didn't hike after all, because Celeste took us in her car—three in front and three in the rumble—and we had a marvelous time."

Myrtle stared. So Celeste had had time to play just before examinations! Well, that was good news at least. That meant that she wouldn't be able to answer the questions that covered the whole

term's work.

Even later, in the locker room when Myrtle overheard Jane and Mary, she did not feel unhappy.

"I don't see where it gets Myrtle to work like she does," Jane had said, not aware of Myrtle's nearness.

"She's nothing but a grind," added Mary. "If she is working for honors, she might as well save her steam, for she simply can't compete with Celeste."

Myrtle hurried away, not wishing to hear any more.

"I don't care what they say," she insisted to herself. "I have my own ideals, and I'll manage them the way I think best."

Two days later the class sat in the history room, each girl breathlessly reading a printed list of questions. Then a quiet hour passed, with no noise except the rustle of papers, the scratch of pens and the occasional footsteps of the watchful teacher.

Myrtle wrote rapidly, feeling sure of herself at last. She finished before anyone else, and sat back in her seat, looking around the room. Some of the girls wore worried looks, some nibbled the ends of their pens as if that might help in this extremity. Celeste, however, seemed undisturbed. Myrtle noticed that she kept her left hand in one position on the desk, close to her body.

"I wonder what that means," thought Myrtle. "I can't believe she would resort to cheating."

Celeste wrote on and on, unaware of Myrtle's eyes upon her. Her glance strayed often to the palm of her left hand, and she finished just as the bell rang.

"You were through early," said Celeste to Myrtle on the way out of the room.

"Yes, I was," answered Myrtle. "You see I kept my notes in my hand. That's the most convenient place."

Celeste looked at her sharply. "What do you mean by that?" she demanded.

"Oh, nothing, nothing at all, said Myrtle, sure that her suspicions were right.

From that moment Celeste regarded Myrtle in a new light. She seemed to Myrtle to be afraid of her. often in class she would surprise her searching glance.

"She knows I am wise to her methods," thought Myrtle. "I'll know if I'm right when the marks are posted."

One week after the day of the history examination, Myrtle was on her way to assembly when she saw a crowd of girls clustered before the bulletin board outside the history room.

"I wonder if the mraks are up," she thought as she joined the group. Over several shoulders she saw the names listed in order of their merit. The first was Celeste Andrews—A, followed by Myrtle Adams—A minus.

Myrtle did not hear the exclamations of glee or despair from the girls about her. Her mind was in a whirl of disappointment and disorder. She knew as surely as if she had actually seen her that Celeste had cheated in that examination in order to get a perfect mark.

Celeste freed herself from the group and went on down the hall,

laughing with some of the girls. Myrtle noticed that she was wearing the same dress that she had worn on the examination day.

Just as Celeste passed by, she pulled her handkerchief out of her pocket and Myrtle noticed a flutter of paper that fell out at the same time. When the girls had walked on she stooped and picked it up.

Her eyes widened as she saw the tiny writing on the scrap of paper —a list of dates in history with abbreviated information.

"Oh," gasped Myrtle, "I knew it all the time. Well, the tortoise is catching up with the hare at last."

She sped down the corridor and joined the girls just entering Assembly Hall.

"Oh, Celeste," she called, her voice vibrant with emotion, "did you lose this?"

Celeste turned around, her smile freezing on her features as she recognized the bit of paper.

"Why, where did you get that?" she demanded, trying to snatch it from Myrtle's hand.

"Oh, isn't it yours? I thought it fell out of your pocket. But never mind, I'll take care of it."

Myrtle passed on into her seat and the monitor urged the other girls to hurry, as the bell had rung and the exercises were beginning. During assembly Myrtle trembled with excitement of her advantage over Celeste. She meant to go at once to the history room and demand adjustment of the marks. The evidence she had would give Celeste many demerits, might even suspend her from school.

But assembly was longer than usual this morning and there was no time for visiting teachers before the first class.

Myrtle exulted inwardly when she saw Celeste's harassed look as she turned pleading eyes time and again in her direction. After class she hurried out and avoided walking with her.

"I'm going to keep her on the rack for a while," she said to herself, thinking of all those sunny hours she had spent at her desk at home, while Celeste had been outside enjoying herself.

"This time the 'greasy grind' will reap the reward," she promised herself as she took her seat in the history class room and stole a glance up the aisle toward Celeste.

Then a queer thing happened.

As she saw the usually capricious girl sitting there with a dejected air, the spring sunshine coming through her wavy hair and making it appear soft and hazy, and as she noticed that head bowed slightly, Myrtle realized that she loved Celeste almost as a sister. Her antagonism melted suddenly before a feeling of sorrow for the weakness that had prompted her to an unworthy act. All at once she knew that she could never show the bit of paper to the teacher and expose Celeste's guilt. She would have to forgive her and help her see the wrong she had done.

Celeste was called upon and to everyone's amazement she answered, "I am not prepared to recite this morning."

Myrtle yearned toward her as a sister more than ever.

"She seems to have lost her self assurance," she thought, "and all because she's afraid of me."

After class Celeste turned her haunted eyes to Myrtle, but Myrtle was not stopping at the teacher's desk. Instead she was waiting in the hall.

"Oh, Celeste," she said, taking her arm, "I'm sorry I frightened you this morning. I'm going to throw the paper away and forget about it."

"Why, Myrtle," exclaimed Celeste. "What has come over you? I don't blame you a bit for making a fuss—anyone else would do it—and I've just been thinking how horrid and unfair I have been. Sitting in that class just now, I made up my mind to go to the teacher and admit I had that little paper in my hand, and ask to give me another examination."

"Celeste! You aren't going to do anything of the kind—you'd be suspended," said Myrtle. "I'll admit it made me furious to be called a 'grind' and then never get marks as high as yours when I knew you didn't study. But when I had cooled down a little bit and thought it over, I decided I couldn't make trouble for you. I'm willing to forget about your—"

"Cheating," supplemented Celeste, brushing the tears from her eyes.

"Well, anyway, let's never tell anyone about it, and if I can help you or if you want to borrow my notebooks, you're welcome to them. Only let's be friends first and let the competition be second."

"Myrtle, I can't believe that anyone could be so forgiven," said Celeste as they walked off arm in arm. "It makes me feel more unfair than ever. But if you are willing to forgive me, I'll never stoop so low again. My record simply can't stand up after my next exam—and you'll be sure to make the Honor Roll—only in your case it will be honor in more ways than one!"

INSTITUTION NOTES

Rev. L. C. Baumgarner, pastor of St. Andrews Lutheran Church, Conord, conducted the service in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon, and made an interesting talk to the boys.

—o—

Although it will be nearly two months until the opening of the Cabarrus District Fair, some of our teachers are getting material for our school exhibit to be displayed at that time.

Since the recent rains the boys on the outside forces have been busy scraping roads, mowing and cleaning the campus, making a decided improvement in the appearance of same.

—o—

These watermelon feasts are becoming pretty regular around here now. Our boys enjoyed two more feasts last week, more than two hundred melons being cut on each occasion.

The Roberta Mill team was scheduled to play our boys last Saturday afternoon but for some unknown reason failed to appear. The boys had donned their baseball togs and were on the field just "rarin'" to go, and in order not to disappoint them the officers of the institution hastily organized a team and issued a challenge which was accepted, and one of the best games of the season resulted. After battling for ten innings the officers emerged victorious by the score of 6 to 3. Some of these old veterans of the diamond had not played for many moons, and for seven innings it looked like a shutout victory for the boys, but in the last three frames the old-timers got their war clubs working and overcame the lead established by the boys in the early part of the game. Lisk who did the hurling for the officers held the youngsters to eight hits and retired eight via the strike-out route. Brewer was on the mound for the boys and was touched up for ten hits, including two doubles and a home run. The boys scored two runs in the second frame when Dark reached third on an error and scored on Monroe's single, the latter crossing the platter on a single by Whitehurst and an infield-out. With two down in the eighth inning the officers tied the count at two all when Poole singled and Thompson, our bakery instructor, flogged one of Brewer's slow curves far over the center fielder's head for a home run. The youngsters again took the lead in the last half of the same inning as Brewer poled out a double, took third on an error, scoring on Braswell's single. The officers again tied the score in the ninth when Carriker was safe on an error, went to second on a passed ball and registered on Hill's double. In the tenth stanza the officers chalked up their final tallies; Russell was safe on an error, Poole singled; Thompson forced Poole at second; Andrews singled, filling the bases; Russell scored as the third baseman fumbled Carriker's grounder; with the sacks still loaded, Godown doubled along the left field foul line, scoring Tompson and Andrews, which brought the officers' total to six runs. In their half of the tenth the boys again threatened to score, a single and an error putting two on base, but were unable to do further damage. None of the youngsters were able to get more than one hit; Hill, Poole and Thompson, for the officers, received two each. While several errors were made by both teams, they also exhibited some classy fielding. Maddox, shortstop for the boys, handled six out of seven chances. In addition to pitching a nice game, Brewer fielded his position well, accepting six chances, and Brown with thirteen put outs, played a nice game at first base. Russell, for the officers cavorting around second base a la Eddie Collins in his balmiest days, covered the ground in his territory like a tent, accepting twelve out of fourteen chances, while Carriker, our carpenter shop instructor, who repairs everything from a broken mowing machine to fallen arches, scooped up a number of difficult chances at shortsop. It was a very interesting game, much better than some played against outside teams, and we would like to see future contests between these same nines.

THE UPLIFT

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VOL. XIX CONCORD, N. C., AUGUST 29, 1931 No. 35

FELLOWSHIP

It takes a father and a mother, two men and God
  To make a brother,
And show him the truth no one may know alone
  Or teach another.

The truth of God that makes us glad and free
  Is learned together,
On land and sea, in joy and woe, in sunny days
  And stormy weather.

—Joseph Fort Newton.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL
PUBLISHED BY
The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

WHAT TO DO ON SUNDAY—BEING HAPPY

Happiness is what the whole world is seeking. Many are making themselves miserable in the search. Because God has made us in His image, we never can have peace or happiness until we are conscious of fellowship with God. Because love is the first law of life, we never can be content until we are helping others.

There is a great difference between happiness and pleasure. The person who spends his Sabbath days in the picture shows may derive some pleasure in the experience, but he obtains no real happiness. The person who remains in bed on Sunday morning until noon, and then spends the rest of the day and evening tearing across the country in an automobile, may get pleasure out of it, but no abiding joy. These things may have a proper place in life, but when they monopolize the Sabbath they take the joy out of life,

God's commandment concerning the Sabbath, like all His Commandments, has been given to men for their good. It is not to limit life, but to enlarge it.

"The Sabbath was made for man," because man needs it in order to be happy.—J. Sherman Wallace.

NEVER MISSED A SUNDAY IN 26 YEARS

Little attention is given to records in any field of activities other than the aviation and land transportation speed. Really the speed records of large steamships are not noticed as they once were. Not only has the manner of living been completely revolutionized, but the trend of thought that once engaged the public no longer prevails. So it is refreshing to find one who has remained constant to the habits and customs of the past, especially so in the observance of the Sabbath. North Carolina can boast that E. P. Lewis, Ra-

leigh, has won the world's record for Sunday School attendance. He has not missed attending Sunday school for 26 consecutive years. This record is officially kept in New York City.

Many of us can recall with keen pleasure rising early on the Sabbath, donning our best and all of the children of the community assembling for Sabbath school, but quite different today, instead the lunch is packed and the day is spent picnicking if the weather is favorable. Even the little children look for the outing. This is one change progress has made, and there is no denying it. The news story states:—"Mr. Lewis was born March, 1867, at New Bern. Lewis is now 64 years old. He never misses a Sunday from Sunday school, and on two occasions he was rolled in two blankets and carried to a Sunday school from a Raleigh hospital. At another time he was physically unable to be taken to the church, so 44 of the class members met with him at his bedside."

We are proud to add to Lewis' record that our attention has been called to fact that young J. Reese Blair, Troy, now seventeen years of age has never missed attending Sunday school since the day he was enrolled in the primary grade. Last year he attended a Junior College some point in the Valley of Virginia. He was scheduled to reach home early one Sunday morning to spend his mid term vacation. Young Reece Blair failed to arrive at the appointed hour. Why, was the question? Instantly the mother replied: "Reece found he could not get home in time for Sunday school and he has stopped in Greensboro for that reason." He did as the story revealed when reaching home. We predict that this young man with a sturdy physique, fine intellect and splendid manners will hold a similar position his father the late J. R. Blair, Jr.—one of the state's most representative citizens.

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TRAVEL BY TRAIN

For many weeks circulars and other forms of propaganda with the above head line have been broadcasted by the Southern Railway system offering attractive week-end rates to the general public. It was surprising to see the results realized through a little bit of advertisement. It goes to show to a certain extent that our people read even admitting the right literature at times is not offered. This reduced rate offered by the Southern was an opportunity that was grasped by many to make new contacts, see old friends as well as

see different parts of the country.

A degree of satisfaction as well as general appreciation, was seen in the face of every employee of the Southern system as to the results of the efforts to give the public an opportunity to spend a vacation from home at little cost with safe travel. It was also evident that the colored maid in the Southern station, Charlotte, was enthused for she moved swiftly and proudly as she uttered, "I tell you folks are a traveling, there is money coming from some where. It seems like old times."

From reliable source it was learned that eight coaches were filled from Charlotte and surrounding country. The whole thing seemed marvelous, and if an estimate of the crowd taken on at each station was avaliable the success of the venture would appear more marvelous. It is quite evident that the Railway system is here to stay and here to serve the people safe, clean and delightful travel.

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A MOST EXCELLENT WORK

The Health Department of Cabarrus county is to be especially commended for the manner in which the treatment of children predisposed to tuberculosis has been conducted for the past six weeks at Sunderland-Montgomery (for whites) and Rock Hill (for colored children). There were twenty five boys and girls at the Sunderland-Montgomery, and ten colored children at the Rock Hill preventoria, and after the six weeks period a thorough examination by the health officer, Dr. D. G. Caldwell was given, and the entire group of youngsters was passed up as greatly improved in health with a gain in weight.

Miss Naomi Moore, a most valuable asset to any community, county tuberculosis nurse, has rendered a splendid service to the county by her care at all times to prevent the spread of this most dreaded affliction that if taken in due time can be arrested. This one feature of preventive work sponsored by the local Health Department of Cabarrus county in conjunction with other organizations, assisted by individuals is no longer an experiment but has proven an absolute necessity. It is possible that this venture in a small way will blaze the way for a tuberculosis Sanatorium for Cabarrus county sooner or later. Greater things have indeed had smaller beginnings. It is an Utopian dream at least, but one we hope will be realized.

WINDJAMMERS

The above caption is not familiar with many unless familiar with terms of nautical significance. This simply means a sailing vessel, and sailing vessels received various names according to their rig and the purpose for which they were used—such as schooners, vessels, barques, brigs and so on. It was not unusual years ago, especially so if living near the water to see these "windjammers" known by various names tied up at some wharf loaded wth cargoes of various things to be taken to some home or foreign port. These canvas sailing boats braved the briny deep long before the advent of the power driven vessels. Slowly but surely these trim old sailing crafts have bowed before the superiority of steam powered boats and are now retired from active service.

Some have been junked, some have been reclaimed by the installation of power equipment and thousands tied up on some isolated water front awaiting their doom. These boats mark the primitive days of navigation, and primitive man is supposed to have conceived the idea of a canvas sail making possible the wind driven crafts. The greatest impetus to the building of sailing vessels was in the latter part of the 14th century, about the time of the discovery of our country, and the Amreicans were accredited with understanding the principles of speed in building the various styles of craft.

The crafts of years ago are ghost ships as compared with the steam driven floating palaces of today, fitted up like great hotels, ploughing through the waters at a rapid speed, such was never dreamed of by the mariners of old, the captians of "Ships Of Long Ago."

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A SPIRITUAL AWAKENING NEEDED

Frequently the remark "the Christian church is falling far short of performing its mission," is heard of its failure to meet the demands of the changing times. Many of the most sanguine in the folds of the church at times feel very much discouraged, realizing the low morale prevailing among the younger social set, and the lawlessness that one is confronted with daily.

It is gratifying to note that the moral and religious life of America right after the Revolutionary War reached a low level, but finally there was a returning to the old ways of thinking and working in the church. The church reached a wide spread opposition and criticism following the Revolution. This

attitude was especially marked in the institutions of learning just as conditions are today in our schools. So it seems that history does truly repeat itself.

For instance, in Princeton in 1872, there were only two of the entire student body who acknowledged themselves to be Christians, and at Bowdoin there was but one man brave enough to take a stand for Christ. Also at the same time Timothy Dwight, the grandson of the great old man Johnathan Edwards, became president of Yale University, the entire senior class gloried and boasted of infidelism. History states that Dr. Dwight met the situation with rare good humor, sound judgement, great sympathy and the resources of a great teacher. His method was several revivals during his administration with splendid results. Many of the student body, two thirds to be exact, embraced the true faith and from that crowd many became ministers of the Gospel.

This marked the occasion for similar changes in the colleges throughout the country, and a wave of religion spread the entire country—this evangelical awakening checked the spread of infidelism and gave fresh life to the churches.

Now, similar conditions prevail due to the fact that we have just emerged from a great war that has shaken the universe, shattering old conventions and confusing lawlessness with liberty. Let us hope that the after effects of the World War will be similar to those of the Revolution—a world wide spiritual awakening. It is truly needed, and we pray the advent of this spiritual awakening will soon be felt.

SMUTTING HEROES—HANDICAPS OF ENVIRONMENT

By C. W. Hunt

Nearly a century and a half passed before any man thought himself smart enough to attempt to smut the good name of George Washington, but it came, and that writer made out George a very ordinary man, but got a small hearing, for George Washington's name is inseparably connected with American civilization and these United States wrote him its greatest citizen in the time when scandal mongers were scarce. Children in all generations from coast to coast have been taught to revere the name of Washington, and his place in his country, in the world, as to that, is fixed beyond the ability of any name-smutter to touch.

Just a few weeks ago some discoverer has learned that Lincoln was a double character; in that he was a great statesman but had a streak of dirt in him that made him like to tell smutty jokes, and for that fact (?) he would place Lincoln a little lower in the ideals of his admirers. The truth about Lincoln is his admirers have always had to fight an insiduous attack upon his birth, and Lincoln's greatest trial was the fight made on him in his own official family as President of this great nation. So many of them felt they were superior to Lincoln in both birth and ability; but accepted history has recorded Lincoln's birth on a certain day and his parentage is as securely written. Lincoln was born and reared amid surroundings that marked him as an unpolished, powerful man, and he was helpless all the days of his life to get away from the marks of his environment. That could all be true, yet not take a single honor off his name, his rearing and his early manhood put marks on him he was unable to erase, but that did not take anything away from the right thinking and soul of the man. Mrs. Rutherford, the Georgia historian claims that Herndon's life of Lincoln, written a few years after his tragic death, was so unlike his worshippers would have him, that the party of his choice bought up and paid for all the copies of that book that could be found and burned them. What inspired this paragraph was the fact that a recent writer had made a discovery (?) that many people had known all their lives. To this writer's mind, and he has always been an admirer of Lincoln's native ability, and has always regretted that he did not have opportunity to show how great and magnanimous he would have been to the south, and would no doubt have softened the days of reconstruction. He would have had to fight, and may have had even more trouble after the war, in his cabinet, than he had during the war. The movie, entitled Abraham Lincoln that made its exit last year was to this mind, the cause of the late attack on Lincoln's shady side of life. That he enjoyed a joke that was forbidden in mixed company, was not worth the trouble of telling at this late day; for some of the finest characters that ever lived had

the same streak in them. The fact is there is as rich humor in tainted jokes as in the most refined. Lincoln's appreciation of the wit and humor in such jokes was nothing against him; for he grew up with such, and the fact that he became great while possessed with a liking for such is all in his favor. He was human.

The writer is not speaking from heresay when he asserts that it is possible for a man to be a very refined man and at the same time enjoy a little smutty joke on the side; for most of us that rub up against the world and have had to shift in many ways in his rearing, associating with dirty men and boys, get a taint, if such can be called a taint, and may have to fight it all his life, when living as clean a life as is possible for a man to live. The very fact that a man or a boy is able to live decent lives with such a taint is all in his favor. By this the writer is in no way advocating the sowing of "wild oats," for vulgarity can be absorbed into one's makeup by association, and the pity of it is all too often our children have been tainted by it before we know, and a man has a fight on his hands all the remainder of his life.

The writer had a boy chum, with whom he grew up, and whom he knew had a tainted streak in him; in fact he was pretty open in much of the indiscretions of youth. When a mature man, and a man of character and standing and ability, a great misfortune overtook him and so completely changed his life that he became a useful minister; but he was never able to get entirely away from the remembrance of the follies of youth. One night as the writer sat near the pulpit as he preached, he turned and calling him by name said:"————we will never get forgiveness for the sins we committed in youth." It was known by that that he was never able to get away from the remembrance of these things, and was no doubt happier when he knew he was entirely away from those who knew anything about his early life. You may say we ought to forget things we know we have been forgiven for, but sixty years of right living has not erased the memory of youth's follies from here. That is brought up here to assure youth and young manhool that they can live right in spite of the remembrances of the things that are gone by. The fact that you have been tainted may trouble you, but need not discourage the boy or man that has risen above them.

Happy and fortunate is he who has been reared amid clean surroundings, for his continued peace of mind, for he may be a stronger man for those facts, but the man who has seen it all knows and feels differently about the weaknesses of his fellowmen.

The man that counts is the man who makes himself felt as a force for decency, a force for clean living, for righteousness.—Roosevelt.

CALVIN, WESLEY AND WASHINGTON

(N. C. Christian Advocate)

Bishop Edwin H. Hughes in an address recently delivered in Evanston, Ill., presented the theologian of the Protestant Reformation, the Founder of Wesleyanism, and the Father of the American Republic in the following interesting and illuminating fashion to his audience who had gathered for the annual meeting of the World Service Commission.

Our readers will not only be interested, but also edified by what Bishop Hughes says about the relationship of these great figures of history.

"Two hundred years, less only six, after John Calvin was born in France, John Wesley was born in England," observes Bishop Hughes. "In 1703 the village of Epworth heard that the rectory had received its fifteenth blessing! The Protestant movement that had developed after Calvin's mind now needed to be developed after Wesley's heart. The contrast is not meant to imply either that Calvin was heartless or that Wesley was mindless, but merely to give an emphasis that is not without significance. The religious almanac comes again into play, and this time it relates directly to the republic and takes the view that John Wesley and George Washington were providential sharers in one of the dramas of God's working.

"Some of my friends have smiled at the parallel that I have sometimes drawn between the two men. Both were of pure English blood. There is a certain resemblance between their pictures, a likeness not wholly accounted for by smoothly-shaven faces and old-fashioned wigs. Both were in the best sense aristocrats, even though the one became the leader of a democratic religious movement, and the other the leader of a democratic political movement. There is a deeper similarity between Wesley and Washington, and that relates again to the calendar. When Washington was born John Wesley was 29 years of age, just enough older to have his religious movement ready for efficient influence upon the life of George Washington's political movement. When the American Revolution began, Mr. Wesley was 72 years of age. His 'Calm Address to the American Colonies' did not prove very calming on this side of the sea! Our founder's relation to the United States was not to be political; and for that we may thank God! If his 'Calm Address' did not achieve its civic purposes, his warm and pulsing address with a spiritual purpose did their gracious work; and God Almighty joined Wesley and Washington as partners in the making of his American kingdom!

"With quick and amazing adaptation Wesley changed his ecclesiastical plan to fit a new and vast land. He gave us an episcopacy without supersitition, an ordination without magic, a scarament without exclusiveness, and a Christ without limitation. Even as the Mayflower Compact furnished seed for political growth, so did Mr. Wesley's plan provide seed for ecclesiastical growth. His system grew like a living organism. It began at once to take on the form of the country where it was to be its main work."

SOME VIRGINIA HISTORY

By Edward Hale Brush

Bacon Compels Barkeley to Sign Commission—The progress of Bacon's Rebellion during the summer of 1676 has been described to the point where Sir William Berkeley, the tyranical Governor of Virginia at the time, enacted the drama of fogiving Bacon and re-instating him in his membership in the council. But the treacherous Governor was only awaiting the opportunity to turn again upon the popular leader. While the Assembly, under Bacon's leadership, was enacting new and more liberal laws Berkeley prepared to leave for his country seat but did not depart until, much against his inclination, he had affixed his signature to the acts passed for the relief of the people. With the work of the Assembly over Bacon and his followers were ready for their march against the Indians but the commission Berkeley had promised Bacon was not yet forthcoming. The obstinate old man postponed granting it, meanwhile plotting the ruin of the young leader so anxious to avert further Indian outrages. Bacon's friends got wind of the Governor's plans and warned him in time for him to escape before the Governor could again place him under arrest. The people gathered around him and were indignant when they learned of Berkeley's duplicity. A rumor reached Jamestown that Bacon was coming back at the head of an army which would pull down the Governor's house if he did not keep his promise. Berkeley in affright ordered four guns set up at the approach to Jamestown and all the men who could be mustered to defend the entrances to it. The Assembly was in session when Bacon, without any resistance marched into the capital of the Colony at the head of 400 foot soldiers and 120 horses. He drew up his men in front of the State House where the Councillors and Burgesses were in session and demanded the promised commission. Berkeley left his chair as presiding officer and stalked out to where Bacon stood, denounced him as a rebel and baring his bosom shouted: "Here, shoot me, 'Fore God, a fair mark' Shoot."

Drawing his sword he next proposed to settle the matter with Bacon himself then and there, but Bacon replied:

"Sir, I came not nor intend to hurt a hair on your honor's head and as for your sword your honor may please to put it up. It shall rust in its scabbard before ever I shall desire you to draw it. I come for a commission against the heathen who daily inhumanly murder us and spill our brethren's blood and no care is taken to prevent it. Damn my blood I came for a commission and a commission I will have before I go."

The Burgesses looked on breathless from the State House windows. The Governor returned to his quarters; Bacon and his guard following and finally the leaders ordered his men to "Make ready and present." The loaded muskets were pointed at the State house windows as the

followers of Bacon shouted: "We will have it." The threat had its effect. A white cloth fluttered from a window, a frightened Councilor shouted "You shall have it" and shortly thereafter commissions were in the hands of Bacon and his men.

The only way some people know is the other way.—Selected.

TREAT BOYS KINDLY

(Selected)

It's a mean man who will treat a boy unkindly, and yet, there are a lot of men who do just this thing. They don't seem to remember that they too, were once a boy, with all the feelings and emotions of a boy. Why do so many men treat boys unkindly when just a word of encouragement may mean the difference between success or failure. The problems of the world a few years hence will be solved by the boys of today.

One of America's great writers once said, "Watch the boy for he is the stuff men are made of." I hope my youthful readers when they grow up will remember that they were once boys and will treat every boy with a kindly smile and a word of encouragement. I know that all boys will not respond, but it doesn't excuse a man for not treating him kindly. Many men seem to take delight in making it hard for a boy. I met lots of them and I can count all the men who were kind to me on the fingers of one hand. The rest took no interest in me and often put stumbling blocks in my pathway, but I resolved when I grew up that I would never treat boys that way and I have tried to keep that vow.

I know men who give liberally of their money to boy causes, but not a minute of their own time. It would be far better for them if they had kept their mony and given liberally of their time.

Boys need the companionship of good men. The stronger they are physically and mentally, the greater inspirations they will be to an ambitious boy. An ambitious boy idolizes a man's man.

There are too many sissies engaged in boys' work. Boys like red-blooded he-men of good character. Boys almost worship such men. Would that more capable men could realize this truth and give more time to boys and less to bridge and golf.

The best investment a man can make is to invest some of his time to boys. It will keep them physically young and mentally alert. So boys, when you grow up, don't forget your boyhood and treat all boys as you would like to be treated when you were a boy, and you will be rewarded in the satisfaction of knowing that you are making a worth while contribution to the boy life of America.

THE BEST SIDE OUT

(Presbyterian Banner)

Even though Mrs. Butterfly did most of her work visiting the flowers during the day and Mrs. Moth spent her working hours at night, it did happen occasionally Mrs. Butterfly met Mrs. Moth late in the afternoon. Mrs. Butterfly would be flying home to rest from her labors and would notice Mrs. Moth quietly resting on the top of a leaf, dozing away in the light of the setting sun and storing up energy for her nightly seach for food. On one of these occasions Mrs. Butterfly stopped on the branch of the tree which held Mrs. Moth's leaf and said: "Mrs. Moth, don't think me impertinent, but would you mind telling me why it is that you sleep so?"

Mrs. Moth roused herself drowsily from her day dream and said that she didn't quite understand. When Mrs. Butterfly repeated the question Mrs. Moth, answered, smiling "Well, really, I don't know, Mrs. Butterfly. I suppose that it is just natural for some of us to work at night and others of us in the daytime."

"Oh, I didn't mean that. Mrs. Moth! I beg your pardon for not making myself clear. I understand perfectly that you are better fitted to do your work at night and that it would be impossible for me to work in the dark. What I meant was this: Why is it that you never rest with your wings together, as we butterflies do? You always sleep, I've noticed, with your wings stretched out flat, so the tops of them will show. But we Butterflies fold ours so the tops will be together." Mrs. Butterfly looked as if she felt better after she had made this explanation and waited patiently for an answer.

Mrs. Moth looked just a bit embarrassed and hesitated. Then she shook her wings a little and roused herself as if she had made up her mind about something. Then she began. "Mrs. Butterfly, you've asked me to disclose a little secret—one that may not be complimentary to our family; but I rather think it may not be in our disfavor, after all.

"As a matter of fact, we Moths are not very attractive looking on the under side of our wings. Our colors are pretty on the top side. Now, you Butterflies have almost as pretty coloring on the lower side as on the upper. For that reason you can well afford to fold your wings in such a way as to show the lower side of them when you rest. But our mothers have for generations taught us that we should live with our best side out. For the reason that we think our mothers taught us well, we try, when we sleep and when we work, to hold our bodies so as to show the very best of ourselves." Mrs. Moth nodded her head emphatically, then, as if she meant to repeat that she thought the teaching of her mother was a good one. She looked to see what effect her words had had upon her friend.

"I hadn't thought of that as being the reason, Mrs. Moth, but is certainly is a good one," agreed

Mrs. Butterfly. "Thank you so much for telling me about it." Then, having invited Mrs. Moth to call on her when she could, she waved her wings and flew away to rest, while Mrs. Moth roused herself to begin work for the night.

SHIPS OF LONG AGO

By Harry Turner Martin

"Sailing, sailing! over the bounding main!
And many a stormy wind may blow
Ere Jack comes home again."

This is a story of days that are gone. It has to deal with the times when romance rode the "Seven Seas" on the decks of the gallant old "windjammers."

Perhaps the sea has lost little of its lure with the advent of the great steamships and other power-driven vessels. Even with the coming of the submarine and the hydroplane, the vast stretches of salt water still retain a facinating charm for all lovers of adventure. But it was in the never-to-be-forgotten past, when ships under full canvas braved the perils of the briny deep, that sea romance held its fullest sway. It was of those exciting times that Cooper, Conrad and other great narrators of sea tales wrote so vividly—it is the memory of it all that to this day thrills the hearts of men who were a part of it.

Slowly but surely the trim old sailing crafts, some of which continused to circumnavigate the globe up to comparatively recent times, have bowed before the superiority of steam-driven vessels and been retired from active service. Those that do remain, as reminders of the vanished years, rank almost as antiques —obsolete, ghost ships of an era that has fled. Thousands have been junked, others kept in limited service by the installation of power equipment; others are tied up here and there on isolated sections of the waterfronts, inactively awaiting their doom, and visted from time to time by curiosity seekers. Poor craft, indeed, beside the immense ocean-going palaces of this enlightened age, but more picturesque. For aboard these old vessels one seems to breathe an atmosphere of sea life as it existed in the long ago.

Time, too, has claimed most of the seasoned mariners who manned these gallant "windjammers" in the days of the more primitive navigation, but such of the old salts as do survive can be found day-dreaming of the past and boasting of it in song and story. Hazardous,, beyond a doubt, were the daily occupations of the sailors in those times. To embark upon an extensive cruise meant that many dangers would be confronted, perhaps that none on board would ever return to tell the tale. And that is why the "old sea dogs" along most every harbor-front, who did come safely through long years of almost constant peril, glory in

their achievements. Who can blame them for living in the past?

America gave to the world many of its most famous sailing vessels. Foremost among them, of course, ranks the U. S. Constitution, better known as Old Ironsides, but there were scores of others, including fighting craft, merchantmen and even a few "tramps," that helped make marine history. And far from the least of these, although she at one time flew the English flag was the old square-rigger Europe, later the Star of India, once rated as the fastest barque afloat. In her best years of service, under the Stars and Stripes, this graceful old ship was a conspicuous and much admired figure in the shipping world. On this grand old barque we shall dwell for some little length, before passing on to other famous crafts of bygone days. After more than sixty years of wonderful service she is now a maritime museum, safely moored to the bulkhead of San Diego harbor, containing within her hold many educational exhibits of oceanic life.

Built in 1863 at Ramsey, in the Isle of Man, this famous ship was one of the first of the old sailing vessels to be constructed of iron. In the years that followed, because of her great strength and speed, she served in scores of capacities, even as a racing ship. More than a score of times she circumnavigated the globe. In both home an doroinfinin globe. In both home and foreign waters she has clipped hours and even days from previous long-distance speed records. She has fought and survived some of the worst storms in history. She always reached her destination at times when larger, more expensive vessels failed.

When first launched, this trim ship was owned by Shaw, Savill & Co., of London: They named her Euterpe and immediately tested her on a long journey from England to Australia. She shattered all records on the trip and in subsequent cruises continued to shatter them. Stories of her remarkable speed and miraculous escapes from terrific storms soon spread throughout the harbors of the world. While in the Australian trade she circled the globe on every voyage—out from the English Channel to Australia and back by way of the south Pacific, past Cape Horn and up the Atlantic to her home port. Numerous times she was given up for lost, but always turned up unexpectedly, crippled but still seaworthy. Mariners nodded their heads wisely and declared that the Euterpe bore a charmed existence.

With the dawn of the year 1898, the Euterpe was sold to the Pacific Colonial Ship Company and operated under Hawaiian registry from Pacific coast ports to the Hawaiian Islands and Australia. A few years later she was purchased by the Alaskan Packers' Association of San Francisco and so came under the American flag—a flag she still flies on the San Diego waterfront. Her name was changed by special act of Congress to Star of India, in order to conform with Star of Italy, Star of Iceland and other "stars" of the Alaskan fleet. Racing up and down the Pacific coast from San Francisco to Alaska and return, she sustained her reputation for speed, easily outdistancing all the other sailing vessels then in service. She would fly

into the teeth of the worst storms off the Alaskan coast, emerging unscathed.

But with the advent and continual improvement of the steamship, the Star of India was in 1926 adjudged obsolete and ordered dismantled and her hull sunk at sea. But men who admired her wonderful record and who love old ships for the part they played in the romances of the sea, decided to save her. They purchased the ancient craft for a small price, towed it down the coast and announced that it would be preserved for posterity. Then began the work of reconditioning her. Successive coats of paint were removed from her woodwork and the wood repainted and varnished. All of the old sleeping berths were ripped out and shelves and cases installed for maritime exhibits. She was cleaned and polished from bow to stern. Her skylight frames, rails and other deck fittings are of solid teak, greenhart and other hard woods. Her officers' quarters are fitted throughout in teak and maple, for she was the most luxurious ship of her time. Her iron plates are in good condition. There is not a leak anywhere in her great hulk. For sixty-four years she battled the worst seas that round-the-world cruises had to offer, but is still sound as a dollar. She stands as a monument to the honesty of ship construction in the days when she was built. Among the exhibits placed on the old vessel is the captain's gig from Farragut's flagship, the old frigate Hartford.

Primitive man is believed to have first conceived the idea of a sail. In fact, there are evidences that he constructed them of barks and skins, attached to his rafts or canoes, the latter made by hollowing out a tree trunk, and sped over the waters with remarkable speed. Genuine ship building developed with civilization, but history tells us that the art was lost in the overwhelming tide of barbarism that overthrew the last of the great empires of antiquity. Consequently, ship building showed little advancement in Europe until the twelfth century. At that period the compass was first introduced. It was then rude in form, of but meager value. But improvement in the instrument gradually took place, and in the fourteenth century it was in quite common use. And that was the beginning of long-distance sailing upon the high seas and exploration never before dared by men, leading to the discovery of America.

It was in that century that three sailing vessels were constructed by the boat builders of Spain that were destined to play a leading part in a venture that proved of inestimatable benefit to the future of mankind. These crude ships were the Pinta, the Nina, and the Santa Maria. Each was fully decked and equipped with four masts. Each was manned by ninety men. All appeared frail, but were adjudged seaworthy.

Under the command of a tall, serious, gray-eyed man, this trio of ships sailed out of port of Palos, Spain, early in the morning of Friday, August 3, 1492, and nosed their way toward the horizon, out into the vast unknown. The tall, serious man was Christopher Columbus, and the story of all that followed is too well known to repeat in this article. But of his ships it can be said that they

stood the test, weathered great storms and made for themselves a place in history that none will hesitate to admire. It was a cannon shot from the Pinta that announced that land had been sighted, the discovery of the great hemisphere that is now our home.

Almost everyone knows something of the story of Old Ironsides, the U. S. Constitution, as a fine sailing craft as ever sped before the wind, now reconstructed and preserved for centuries to come. Few have failed to read Oliver Wendell Holmes' immortal poem about this old ship. Briefly, she was a frigate of the United States Navy, famous for the part she played in the War of 1812. Our second war with the British was declared on June 18, 1812, and on July 17 the Constitution, which was built in Boston in 1797-98, had a runnng fight with five of the enemy's vessels. This battle lasted three days in almost a dead calm. The Constitution escaped, after seriously damaging the enemy. The world proclaimed this a remarkable feat of seamanship and her commander, Isaac Hull, was highly praised. Then came the morning of August 19, 1812, when Old Ironsides fought and easily conquered the Guerriere, one of the five ships with which she had previously battled. Four monthes later, December 29, of the same year, she defeated the British frigate Java off the coast of Brazil, and on February 14 of the following year she captured the British ship Picton. Not satisfied with these feats, Old Ironsides continued her triumphant campaign and on February 15 attacked and captured two more British vessels, the Cyane and the Levant.

Days of peace came, and in 1830 it was proposed by the Secretary of the Navy to dismantle the old fighting ship. Widespread indignation was voiced. The poet Holmes gave to the world his verses, Old Ironsides, and a general demand for the preservation of the old ship resulted, the Secretary of the Navy reconsidering his decision. So Old Ironsides became a school ship, later a receiving ship at Portsmouth, N. H. In 1900 and for years thereafter, she was stationed at the Boston Navy Yard. And recently a movement to have her thoroughly overhauled and made almost as good as new proved a success.

Few of us, unless we have sailed the seas are familiar with the construction of "windjammers" and the terms applied to them. Sailing vessels received various names, according to their irg and the purposes to which they were applied. These included men-of-war ships, transports, merchantmen, barques, brigs, schooners, luggers, sloops, xebecs, galleys and others. Distinctive terms are applied to the masts of sailing vessels. They are the fore, the main and the mizzen masts, and when there is a fourth, it is the jigger mast. The principal sails are named according to the masts to which they belong.

It was the opening up of the passage to India and the discovery of America in the latter part of the fourteenth century that gave the building of sailing vessels its greatest impetus. Spain soon exhibited great skill in this work and for years held the lead in construction of the larger ships. Who has not seen a

picture of the Spanish galleons, great picturesque ships standing high out of the water, and first used by the Spanish in transporting gold and silver bullion to Spain from the mines of Mexico and Peru? Some of our finest paintings show these galleons under full sail.

But while the Spaniards were busy with their immense galleons, France took up the theoretical study of the art of ship building. She distinguished herself in this work, producing some of the finest vessels of those times and paving the way to even greater development of navigation. England, to the contrary, displayed but little interest at that time in ship construction. In both ship building and navigation that country was considered greatly inferior to the nations of southern Europe. But the day of awakening came.

King Henry VIII saw the weakness of his kingdom and supervised the construction of the Henri Grace la Dieu. She was a splendid craft for that period and was regarded as the parent of the great British navy. England followed this with the construction of many stalwart ships. And when in the reign of Queen Elizabeth England engaged in war with Spain, the English ships were best. They outfought the Spanish and sank most of Spain's great fleet.

Later Holland took the lead in ship building, but did not hold it long in the face of English progress. Vast improvement was made in ship building during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Among the vessels that found a place in history was the Sovereign of the Seas, built by England in 1637. For many years she was regarded as the finest man-of-war afloat, and under full sail presented a picture that was the inspiration of many famous painters. She was the first of the English "three-deckers."

Not until the nineteenth century was Europe forced to relinquish the lead in ship building to the western hemisphere, and that was when the United States stepped in and claimed the honors. England was at first inclined to scoff. She regarded American improvements and innovations with scepticism, but she was soon to learn that America had established the principles on which the speed of sailing vessels depends. These were similar to the principles of the ship builders of ancient Spain, but greatly modernized, through the efforts of Scott Russell in 1832. America at that time began constructing the Baltimore clipper, schooners. These ships were sharp in the bow, deep in the stern, of great length and lying low in the water. Another feature was the long, slender masts. The sails were large, cut skillfully under an improved design. England was compelled to admit their superiority and fell to constructing similar ships, competing with the United States in improvements on vessels of the clipper schooner type. Then came the famous American "square-riggers," such as the Star of India, with the same general principles applied. A few of the sailing vessels were then constructed of iron, causing widespread criticism, but eventually proved their worth.

Not until 1837 did the builders of "windjammers" begin to realize that the reign of sailing vessels, cen-

turies old, was threatened by a strange contrivance launched in that year and propelled by steam. This steamship was The Great Western and despite the fact that she was propelled by paddles, she made successful voyages between the United States and Europe. Still the old sailing crafts seemed to hold their own, for many doubted the practicability of the new steamers. But then came steamers of the screw type, with many other improvements, and the "windjammers" gradually began to fade from the picture. When the first iron steamship was built for trans-ocean service and proved an immediate success, the doom of the sailing crafts was pronounced. The Great Britian, launched in 1842, an all-iron screw-driven steamship, hastened the end of gallant ships that depended upon canvas for their operations, but although they dropped from service one by one, not a few were still in service at the beginning of the present century and a scattered few are still in use.

And so today when you embark on an ocean voyage, you board an immense steamship, fitted up like a great hotel, that ploughs through the water at amazing speed, offering every comfort and all the advantages of a time schedule such as the mariners of old could not have pictured in their wildest dreams.

But where is the romance and the enchantment of the vanished days when the art of navigation was young? Where is the atmosphere of adventure that was a part of every sea voyage in the times of long ago? Indeed they are not lost to us. You will find them clinging to the old hulks along the waterfronts —loath to leave the derelicts of a bygone era.

THIS MAY BE TRUE

Roads get rougher every mile;
Jog on, Jehosophat, and show some style!
Mule's gone lame, an' hens wan't lay;
Corn's way down an' wheat won't pay.
Hogs no better; steers too cheap.
Cow's quit milkin'; meat won't keep.
Oats all heated; spuds all froze.
Fruit crop busted; wind still blows.
Sheep seems puny, an' I'll be durned!
Rye field's flooded an' the hay stack's burned.
Looks gloomy, I'll admit.
Jog on, Jehosophat! We ain't down yit.

—New York Teller.

THE LIGHT BY NIGHT

By Wilodyne Dickinson Hack

"There aren't any girls for miles around here, Elsa," explained Mrs. Banks, "but you'll find Teddy interesting, I'm sure."

"A ten-year-old boy!" Incredulous scorn filled Elsa's voice. "Ten years is frightfully young, but a ten-year-old girl might have possibilities. I could show her my pretty dresses, at least, and teach her to sew and embroider, but a boy!"

"If you had brothers you would want to know Ted," declared Mrs. Banks. "I hope you won't be lonesome while you're here, dear."

"Oh, I won't be, with the woods to explore and your pleasant company and letters to write to mother and dad," Elsa assured her. "Then you know I expect to spend a great deal of time painting wild flowers. With this splendid opportunity, I should be able to win one of the big prizes. I'm so enthused about that, that I'm going to start looking for some today."

While her parents were in Europe, Elsa Tilden was staying with her mother's friends, Mrs. Banks, at the fish hatchery in the Sierras of which Mr. Banks had charge. Mr. and Mrs. Banks had met her in Pineville several days before and brought her home in their old car.

"Don't stray too far until you are more used to the country," cautioned Mrs. Banks.

The fish hatchery was situated on Verdant Creek near where it flowed into Crystal Lake and the Bank's cottage, surrounded by a garden, lay a short distance from the water at the foot of a mountain. Up stream, Elsa knew, the creek flowed between steep walls. She decided to take an easier route, a path that led along the lake, sometimes very near its edge, again farther back among the trees. She walked slowly, looking about her with interest and stopping often to examine wild flowers. Unexpectedly she came upon a boy, who was sitting on a log in front of a cabin, feeding some chipmunks. One was on his shoulder and several more on his knees, eating from his hands, but as Elsa appeared, they all scampered away.

"I'm sorry I frightened your chipmunks away," she said, apologetically.

"Come sit down here and don't move and they'll come back," invited the boy. Elsa sat down on the log, but the boy himself could not keep quiet. "Are you the girl that's come to stay with Mrs. Banks?" he asked.

"Yes. You are Ted, aren't you?"

"How did you know?"

"Guessed. Not very hard when Mrs. Banks said you were the only young person around here," laughed Elsa. "Do you feed the chipmunks often?"

"Every day. They're my playmates," the boy answered seriously.

Elsa got up. "I'm looking for wild flowers," she told him. "I can see your chipmunks some other day."

"Please don't go yet," begged Teddy, jumping up quickly as if to detain her.

Elsa, looking at the eager, freckled face and the pleading eyes, remembered that Mrs. Banks had said that Teddy saw other children only when he was attending the little school several miles away or during an occasional visit to Sunday school and that he kept house for his father who worked in the woods and was gone from early morning until late. She could see the cabin. The furnishings were crude—an old cook stove, two bunks, a table, a couple of chairs and a lamp, but the furniture was in order and the bare wooden floor was clean. Teddy, too, was clean and his hair neatly brushed, but his shirt hung open at the neck where several buttons were missing and his knees showed through jagged holes in his overalls. It had not been part of Elsa's plan to have anything to do with this little boy. Still he was so pathetically eager that she said, "Would you like to come with me?"

"May I?" cried Ted, his eyes shining.

"Can you help me to find the rarest of the wild flowers?" she asked, as they walked on through the beautiful forest.

"I don't know their names, but I know where they all grow and which ones are hardest to find. I'll show you," Teddy answered her, eagerly. He took her to see flowers that grew right in the water of a stream, to others on its banks and to some that grew in a mountain meadow .

"Why, Teddy, you've shown me enough different flowers in one morning to keep me busy painting for weeks!" Elsa exclaimed, delightedly.

Teddy seemed pleased. "How can you tell the names of the flowers by looking in that book you're carrying?" he asked, wonderingly.

Elsa explained the mystery. At last they descended the mountain back of the Bank's cottage. Elsa invited Teddy in to lunch, for she knew that he was always welcome there. Later they went for a swim in the lake.

"He seems so lonely, I'll just have to give him some companionship," Elsa told Mrs. Banks that evening. "Maybe I can make him happier."

Elsa's experience in making plans for the happiness of someone else had been limited, but she decided that taking Teddy with her on hikes was a beginning. The next time they went in search of wild flowers she took a picnic lunch and her paints with her.

"I'm going to take part in a contest, Ted," she explained. "The Golden State Nature Society is offering prizes to boys and girls for the best collections of paintings of rare wild flowers found in our state. They are to be painted in their natural surroundings, for nature lovers leave wild flowers growing where they find them, so that others may enjoy them and so they make seed for the next year."

This time she and Ted followed the path up Verdant Creek until they came to the foot of the falls. Here the creek, divided by an island at the top of a perpendicular cliff, dashed down in two misty falls and joined again at the base in a pool beautifully colored between an aquamarine and a sapphire blue. This was lava country and rivulets seeped through the porous rock of the precipice on both sides of the creek and between the two sections of the

falls. Around these miniature waterfalls grew a profusion of ferns and vines, through which the water trickled.

"Oh, it is just like fairyland!" breathed Elsa. "Let's sit down on the flat rock and look at it all."

Nearby grew a thicket of wild roses and she and Ted could see leopard lilies growing here and there near the water. Later Teddy took her a short way up the mountainside to show her many more wild flowers. Even at this distance the mist from the falls blew about them.

"This would be just the right place to start painting if only it weren't so wet," cried Elsa.

"The wind will shift pretty soon and then you can," Teddy told her.

After they had eaten lunch, Elsa found that it was fairly dry close to the flowers and began to sketch. "I'm going to draw the whole plant and a little of its surroundings and then make a detailed picture of one flower," she told Ted.

The little boy hung over her shoulder, intently watching every stroke. Elsa, looking up suddenly, saw the wistful expression on his face. "Teddy, would you like to try for a prize, too?" she asked.

"I'd like to paint, but there'd be no use of my trying for a prize. I couldn't do it like you could. Besides, I wouldn't want to take the flowers away from you," he answered.

"Oh, Teddy, there are dozens of different ones—plenty for both of us," smiled Elsa; "and your work would be judged with that of other children of your age, not with mine."

Teddy's eyes were shining, but still he demurred, breathlessly, "I can't draw very well. Do you really think I should try?"

"Indeed I do," Elsa answered, emphatically. "I can't touch the work that you send in, but I'll give you all the instruction and help that I can."

Teddy turned a handspring, dislodging a shower of rocks which went skipping down the slope into the creek. "Then I'm going to try for a prize and I'll win one, too!" he shouted.

From that moment, the painting of wild flowers for the contest was the most important issue in Ted's life. Elsa found that the sketching was difficult for him, but that he delighted in colors and was particularly happy when she opened up her paint box and allowed him to work with the pinks, lavenders and yellows of the flowers and the green of stems and leaves. She gave him instruction in sketching, mixing colors, and shading, but in his final work for the contest she encouraged him to carry out his own ideas. Elsa made it a game to see which one of them could identify the most flowers, and, before long, Teddy had learned the names of many which previously he had known only by sight.

Elsa saw so much ahead of them to do that she was inclined to spend most of her time painting, but, with all his enthusiasm, Teddy could not work so constantly. Elsa left her work rather reluctantly when he begged her to go swimming or to read to him. Finally she decided that if she was going to spend so much time doing things other than painting, she would teach Teddy something useful.

"You know how to swim and read,

but don't you think it would be wise for you to learn how to fasten on buttons and sew up tears and rips?'' she broached to him one day. ''Mrs. Banks mends your clothes and makes you new ones every little while, but you are not with her all of the time.

Teddy had already proven that he was a better swimmer than she and, in their woods hikes, Elsa had encouraged him to take the lead, so that his pride did not suffer in acknowledging her leadership in matters where she was more skilled. He had accepted her gratefully as his painting teacher. Now he did not rebel at her suggestinon that she show him how to sew.

''Well, if I've got to, all right,'' he agreed, resignedly.

It took a great deal of patience on both their parts before Elsa had taught Ted to handle a needle, but they made a game of repairing Ted's clothes and at last the improved appearance of his wardrobe proved their ability to see a difficult job through.

''I've learned how to do it and I'll practice the stitches next winter when I'm snowed in,'' Teddy promised, ''but right now let's paint.''

''We will,'' agreed Elsa. ''I've just realized that two months have slipped by since I came and the closing date of the contest is near.''

Had they worked steadily they could have been through in ample time, she knew, but now they would have to hurry to finish the new sketches they wished to make and retouch those already done. When, finally, the paintings were ready, but three days remained in which to get them in. Elsa and Teddy wrapped their paintings carefully with cardboards on both sides and Mr. Banks prepared to take them to Pineville, the nearest post office, but when he tried to start the engine of his old car, it choked, coughed and stopped. Neither starter nor crank had any effect. After he had worked with the engine for an hour, Elsa grew alarmed. ''Hadn't Ted and I better walk to town '' she proposed.

''I don't want you to walk unless you have to,'' insisted Mrs. Banks.

Elsa knew that the trip to town was a hard one. To reach Pineville, one had to cross Verdant Creek above its source and to do this, the road from the fish hatchery made many turns, starting south to Teddy's cabin and then turning north into the mountains, which made the distance too great to walk. The foot path along Verdant Creek was much more direct, but above the falls it was rough and hard to travel.

''If your pictures are mailed tomorrow they will go out by the midnight stage and will reach the Nature Society in time,'' Mrs. Banks assured Elsa. ''If Mr. Banks hasn't gotten the car running by morning, you can go then and you will have all day to make the trip.''

However, by evening, Mr. Banks had the car temporarily repaired. ''It will get us to town, and I'll have some parts replaced while I'm there,'' he said.

''I'm going to take my pictures home and show them to daddy,'' cried Ted. ''He hasn't seen them since they were finished.''

Elsa felt that it would be wiser for him to leave them with her. Still she did not want to deprive him of the pleasure of showing them to his father, his best pal, who had been so

interested in his work. "Wrap them carefully and be sure to have them ready for Mr. Banks when he comes by in the morning," she cautioned Teddy, as he started home.

The next morning, Mrs. Banks decided to accompany her husband. Elsa saw them off, helped Mrs. Doane, the elderly woman who lived with Mrs. Banks, with the work, then walked up to the foot of the falls. Here she wrote a letter to her parents, read a while and then sat watching the water and thinking of all that she had done for Teddy. He had had a happy summer and she had given him real help. From then on, whether he won a prize or not, he would receive from the Nature Society interesting booklets and letters concerning nature lore. And he would win a prize, too, she was sure! Others might exceed him in the technique and painting, but surely no other ten-year-old child would have a more complete collections of unusual flowers, and on this the contest would be principally judged. It was even better than hers, she admitted, for she had left the choicest flowers for him. Her painting, too, would have been carefully done, if she had not devoted so much time to him. Yes, really, she had done a great deal for Teddy. But she was glad. He was so happy and grateful .

"El-sa El-sa!" came Teddy's distracted voice.

"Here! Why, Teddy, what's happened?"

"Daddy got home late last night, so I thought I'd wait and wrap my package this morning. Then while we were hurrying to get breakfast I spilled some water on two of my paintings and the colors got smeared," gulped Teddy. "I've been trying and trying to do them over, but I can't get them right."

"And you couldn't send your package by Mrs. Banks? Oh, Teddy!" She unwrapped the package that Teddy thrust at her and looked at his pitiful attempts to duplicate the spotted paintings. "You were in too much of a hurry," she declared. "Suppose you do them over again with me."

"I won't have time to get them to town if I do that," wailed Ted.

"Mr. Banks expects to be home by four. I'll ask him to drive back to town with your package as soon as he has had supper," promised Elsa.

"Will you? Oh, thank you. Now I can do my pictures right," cried Ted.

With Elsa steadying and encouraging him, he did his two sketches over again. At four, the package was again wrapped and Teddy started happily homeward to get his father's dinner. Elsa also prepared supper for the Banks. When they hadn't come by five, she was anxious; by six, decidedly worried. Suppose they did not get home in time to take Tedy's package! Half an hour later a machine drove up. But it was Mr. Trent, a man whom she had met a few times.

"Mr. and Mrs. Banks asked me to stop on my way from town and tell you that their car wasn't finished today," he explained. "They are going to stay all night at the hotel and come home tomorrow."

Elsa's heart sank as she thought of Teddy's pictures. Mr. Trent lived some distance away and evening chores were awaiting him, she knew, so she couldn't ask him to go back

to Pineville. Nor would it be right to ask Teddy's father to walk so far after his hard day in the woods. As Mr. Trent drove away, another plan occurred to her. She might make up Teddy's prize money out of her own allowance or her prize money, if she won any. But, unless his work were sent in, he would not receive booklets and letters from the Nature Society in the future, and she knew, too, that the thrill in getting a prize would not be half so much in receiving the money as in the joy of successful accomplishment. Teddy would have sent the unspoiled paintings from town that afternoon if she had not suggested that they wait for Mr. Banks.

Suddenly she decided that Teddy's package must get to Pineville and she would take it! She explained the necessity for her trip to Mrs. Doane, telling her that she would stay that night with Mrs. Banks in Pineville. Then she started.

It was quite light, even though the sun had already disappeared behind the mountain. By the time she reached the foot of the falls, however, darkness was falling with disconcerting swiftness. She stopped a moment to gaze at the beautiful falls, like a curtain of snow against the dark rocks. Then she hurried on, hoping to reach the top of the falls before dark.

Although the path up the steep precipice lay some distance from the falls, the strong wind blew the spray across it. Elsa had to climb the huge stone stairs slowly and by the time she reached the top, her clothing was quite damp. From there on she had to use her flashlight every moment to keep from walking into the branches that protruded across her way and to watch each step ahead on the rough path. After another hour of tramping over the sharp rocks her feet were sore and she had to go more slowly. She looked at her wrist watch. Nine o'clock! Could she reach Pineville in time?

Suddenly she slipped on some loose stones and slid down the bank to the edge of the water. She held Teddy's package tightly clasped in her arms and so was not so well able to break her fall and her flashlight was jolted out of her hand. She groped for it in the darkness on her hands and knees and finally found it among the rocks, but it would not light. Elsa slumped into a discouraged heap. How could she go on without a light?

But why should she? Surely it was foolish under such handicaps. She was sorry not to send Teddy's package, but certainly she had tried. And she had already done a great deal for the little boy, giving him her time and companionship as well as helping him in other ways.

The weird howl of a coyote caused her shoulder to quiver. She felt suddenly frightened. She clambered quickly back to the path and started slowly to grope her way toward home. But she could not forget Teddy. His appealing face seemed to be right there looking into hers. Then, quickly, she knew that she did not want to go back — she wanted to go on. She wanted Teddy to win his prize more than anything else, because she loved the little fellow. She really loved Teddy!

"All along I've thought I was

wonderfully generous and self-sacrificing to help him, but I was enjoying it, too,'' she gasped, in surprise. ''I'll find some way to get his paintings mailed tonight. God will help me,'' she declared.

She turned and started slowly but resolutely to feel her way toward Pineville. Just then, above the dark trees, she saw the edge of the moon —God's glorious light by night. Soon it cast a silver path across the water almost at her feet and lit up the trees and path. She thrilled at its beauty and felt its peace. Now she could follow the path safely and quickly!

Joyfully she thought of the words, ''He that loveth his brother abideth in the light, and there is none occasion of stumbling in him.'' Her heart sang. She loved Ted and she had received the light of understanding. Never again would she sink into the darkness of her own selfishness.

Elsa was not surprised to find that from there on the creek grew rapidly narrower. She had been told that it had its source in some springs in the lava and was fed by hundreds of others in its bed so that in a comparatively short distance it became a roaring torrent. At last she reached the pools at its very beginning and crossed to the other side just above them. From there the path lay acros a mountain meadow. Elsa paused to make out the time. It was eleven o'clock. Then she ran.

The main street of Pineville was dimly illuminated by several electric lights when Elsa reached the little town. She ran to the hotel and while the night clerk was phoning up to the Banks' room, she stood at the window watching the post office opposite. Mr. and Mrs. Banks were entering the lobby when the mail stage drove up. A moment later, Teddy's package was on its way to the Nature Society with Elsa's.

''I'm much more excited about your prize than about mine, Teddy!'' exclaimed Elsa, when the impatiently awaited news arrived at last. ''Isn't it splendid that you won?''

''Is it!'' cried Teddy. ''Oh, Elsa, I didn't know I could ever, ever be so happy!''

Elsa smiled. ''And you won't be lonesome now. I'm coming back next summer and meanwhile you'll be busy with the mail from the Nature Society and receiving and answering all my letters and opening the packages that I'm going to send you to show how glad I am that you taught me what a fine pal a little boy like you can be.''

''I'm sure you're the very best make-believe sister there is,'' answered Teddy, enthusiastically .

Discovery of a tablet is said to provide the first evidence that the ancient city of Ur of the Chaldees was inhabited as late as 324 B. C., in the reign of Alexander the Great.

GENERAL SHAKESPEARE HARRIS PROUDEST REBEL OF THEM ALL

By Lewis Perrin

Some months ago, the writer had the pleasure of listening to the reminiscences of as brave a soldier as the south ever knew; and he tells of his experiences during the War Between the States with a modesty that adds charm to the narrative.

This soldier is Shakespeare Harris, who lives near Concord. He is mentioned six times for bravery in the "History of Butler's Brigade," by the late Col. U. R. Brooks. He is now a man of 86, enjoying an Indian summer of old age, surrounded with all the comforts of life, and filled with a flood of golden memories, which have not dimmed through the passing years, but seem to stand out as vividly in his mind as if the events of which he speaks had happened only yesterday.

There are so few of these veterans left to tell of the hardships that they endured during these days that tried men's souls, that the writer feels that it is well to record some of the things that these brave men suffered, that future generations may "read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest them" before the last of this gallant band has passed over the river, to join his comrades. This is the story of the imprisonment of Mr. Harris.

He was only 16 years old when the war began; he enlisted at the very beginning, and served throughout the entire war, and of course was only 20 at its close. He was one of Wade Hampton's scouts, and undertook and carried out many dangerous expeditions; sometimes remaining within the enemy's lines many weeks at a time.

At the time of his capture he with three other scouts had gone to a little place called Dyspatania Station, to learn the result of an election. That night they spent in a vacant cabin a little way out in the country. They were attacked the next morning about daylight by a detachment of the First Main Cavalry, Lieutenant Herrick being in charge; the attacking party being about 52 in number, surrounded the scouts and fired upon them.

Solomon Legare of Charleston, S. C., fell at the first volley, badly wounded. Mr. Harris attacked a member of the party, and while engaged with him, was sabred in the back of his neck. The other two scouts escaped. Mr. Harris and Mr. Legare were handcuffed together and taken to the headquarters of General Grant, on the James river at City Point. From there they were sent to Point Lookout, which had 26,000 prisoners.

Mr. Legare was sick and suffering from his wound when they reached the prison, and was taken from Mr. Harris and put in the hospital, where he died afterwards. Mr. Harris was regarded as such a dangerous prisoner that a ball and chain was put on him, and he was sentenced to wear it for 10 months. But Mr. Harris says that he did not wear it four

days. He had an old fashioned silver pencil, with which he finally managed to unlock the padlock on the chain, which he removed and hid in a hole in the ground under his tent. He would replace it each day, and answer the roll call, after which he would return to his tent and hide it.

He was finally reported by a fellow prisoner, who wanted to take the oath of allegiance and be paroled. He then had another ball and chain put on him double the size of the first. He commenced to work on this one right away, with a small nail from a cracker box, and some wire that he found on the grounds, and anything that he could get, until finally, with the help of his tent mates, he succeeded in turning the screws in the lock, and was able to remove this ball and chain as he did the first one. Each morning his mates would help him put it back, tie it with a string, covered with mud, so as not to attract attention, and he would go to answer the roll call. There were 13 ball and chain prisoners only, and they had to report at the call of the first bugle in the morning, at the gate. One morning one of the guards jerked the chain and the string gave way and the ball came off.

He was rushed to Brady's headquarters, where he was cursed and abused in every way possible. Brady ordered him to be taken to the blacksmith, and a steal band riveted about his ankle and the ball attached to it. This band was so tight on his ankle that it made it swell and turn perfectly black. He went to Brady and asked to have it loosened, Brady refused saying that he thought of having him chained to the floor.

When he returned to his tent he secured a small watch spring, which, with the help of his comrades, he began to file the steel band; after several days steady work, the band was cut in two, and his ankle was released by his mates pulling the band apart. They replaced it each morning as they had formerly done.

One day while out in the prison grounds without the ball and chain, watching a number of soldiers who were being taken out of the prison for exchange or parole, he heard the name of one called that he knew had died about a week before. He promptly answered to his name, and replied to all questions required of prisoners going out, and was told to pass out. Fortune, however, was not with him. The boat that was to take the prisoners down the river was unable to approach the shore because of the ice in the river channel, and all the prisoners were kept in the "Bull pen" to wait for the boat until the next morning.

In the mean-time when the roll was called for the ball and chain prisoners the next day, Mr. Harris was missed, and search started for him. He was finally located in the Bull pen among the prisoners awaiting the boat. He was carried back to the prison, and put in a dungeon, which was a tunnel dug from the prison down toward the river. The cells were about four feet high, six feet long, and five wide.

They were in total darkness, with no comfort of any kind in them. He was kept in this place for twenty-eight days. Once a day, so-called

food and a cup of water would be pushed under the door, he never being able to see the person bringing it, but would hear him say, "well, he is still alive, as his rations are gone." When he was brought out at the end of that time, he was totally blind, and suffered for days in agony until his eyes gradually grew accustomed to the light. He never regained the full use of his eyes and as he grew older his sight slowly failed, until now he is almost totally blind.

He remained in this prison until all prisons were opened and all prisoners discharged. When carried before Major Brady to be discharged, and the order for the steel band to be removed was given, Mr. Harris begged him to let him wear it back to Dixie, saying: "I would value it more than the finest piece of jewelry in the world." But Major Brady refused with many oaths. When he discovered that the band had already been filed in two, his rage knew no bounds, and he said that if it were in his power he would return him to prison and keep him there forever.

He was sent out with a pair of "britches" reaching only to his knees made from an old army blanket, a ragged shirt, no coat, no shoes or socks, and no hat. How he finally made his way back to his home and to his mother he tells more interestingly; but "that is another story."

Mr. Harris likes to say of himself, in speaking of these days, so full of memories, now softened by time, "I am the proudest Rebel that ever was."

PIGEON VETERAN DIES

"Charlie," veteran of many battlefields, is dead. He was a famous carrier pigeon, stationed at Lille, France, during four years of German occupation of that city, from which he carried hundreds of important messages to the allied generals, sent by his owner, an Englishman named Richardson.

Charlie's services were recognized by the French government by a pension of two francs a month granted him since the war. He was buried with military honors.

Throughout the World War hundreds of carrier pigeons were employed as message bearer and many authentic stories of real heroism on the past of these wonderful birds have been told. One that is remembered was that of a pigeon which carried a message through shell torn territory, was wounded to death while on the wing, but delivered its message and expired in the hands of the officer who received it.

Human beings never display greater courage and fidelity than that.

—Selected.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Miss Kate Latimer, a teacher in an orphanage at Clinton, S. C., has been visiting her aunt, Miss Mary P. Latimer, matron in charge of Cottage No. 3.

—o—

Mr. Presson and a group of boys have been improving the driveways on our campus, cleaning out ditches and resurfacing some sections with gravel.

—o—

The game scheduled for last Saturday afternoon between the Training School ball tossers and a team from Flowe's Store, was called off on account of rain.

—o—

Miss Jessie Lawrence, of Salisbury, Miss Mary McCoy Hodges, of Swannanoa, and Mrs. J. E. Smoot, of Concord, spent last Wednesday with the latter's daughter, Mrs. Virginia Smoot Haywood, a member of our staff.

—o—

On Thursday afternoon of last week Superintendent Boger addressed the Kiwanis Club, Charlotte, at their weekly luncheon. He was accompanied by Mrs. Haywood and a group of our smaller boys who rendered a short program of songs and recitations.

—o—

As weather conditions were so unfavorable as to prevent outside work, a motion picture show scheduled for last Thursday night, was postponed until the following afternoon. The picture entitled, "Burning Up," featuring an exciting automobile race, was thoroughly enjoyed by the boys.

Having made good records during their stay at the institution, thirty-seven boys have been permitted to leave the school since August 1st. Some of these lads will take up some kind of regular employment, while others will enter school in the Fall. We trust these boys will continue the good record begun here at the school and make good amid new surroundings.

—o—

Mr. John W. Winbourne, of Marion, who is Grand Master of the North Carolina Grand Lodge, A. F. & A. M., visited the Training School last Tuesday afternoon. After being conducted through the various departments, he expressed his appreciation of the manner in which the work is being carried on here. For several days Mr. Winbourne has been attending the annual meetings of the Board of Custodians and Grand Lodge lecturers, being held in Concord.

—o—

In the absence of Mr. A. C. Sheldon, who is spending his vacation up in the New England States, Mr. John McCachren, of the Charlotte Y. M. C. A., had charge of the service in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon. After the singing of the opening hymns and Scripture recitation, Mr. McCachren presented Mr. Carson, a prominent Charlotte attorney, who made a very helpful and interesting talk to the boys. Another enjoyable feature of the afternoon was a vocal selection by Mr. Summerville, one of Charlotte's well-known singers, Miss McKnight accompanying at the piano.

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THE UPLIFT

VOL. XIX CONCORD, N. C., SEPTEMBER 5, 1931 No. 36

THREE THINGS

Three things to govern—
Temper, tongue, conduct.
Three things to love—
Courage, gentleness, affection.
Three things to hate—
Cruelty, arrogance, ingratitude.
Three things to delight in—
Frankness, freedom, beauty.
Three things to wish for—
Health, friends, a cheerful spirit.
Three things to avoid—
Idleness, loquacity, flippant jesting.
Three things to fight for—
Honor, country, home.
Three things to think about—
Life, death, eternity.

—The Pilot.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL
PUBLISHED BY
The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

NOT GRAVEN TABLETS NOR GRANITE MONUMENTS

It is a commonplace but none the less one that should be written in every heart and rehearsed at even time about every hearthstone. What is it? The truth contained in the following lines, the author of which is unknown to us. Listen:

"He built a house; Time laid it in the dust;
He wrote a book, its title was forgot.
He ruled a city but his name is not
On any tablet graven, or where rust
Can gather from disuse, or marble bust.
He took a child from out a wretched cot
And reared him to the Christian's hope and trust.
The boy to manhood grown, became a light
To many souls, and preached for human need
The wondrous love of the omnipotent.
The work has multiplied like stars at night
When darkness deepens; every noble deed
Lasts longer than a granite monument."

—*Selected.*

LABOR DAY, SEPTEMBER 7th

It is barely possible that we shall discover a motive for observing Labor Day with a more serious interest than ever before, realizing that according to government statistics there are approximately 6,000,000 people out of employment at the present time. This vast army of men and women constitute about one-twentieth of our population.

The whole situation is a grave matter, an abnormal condition, and one that, if possible, should be corrected. Much credit should be given to corporations

and other concerns for having mercifully retained their employees in spite of greatly reduced prifits.

The duty to relieve conditions devolves upon every individual as well as upon the power and wisdom of the State in which we trust.

There are people of all classes and kinds unexpectedly and unavoidably victims of these conditions and are aimlessly abiding their time for a better day, so as to avoid the bread line.

* * * * * * * * * *

BE YE KIND

Just lately a news article conveyed the information that fewer books are being printed today than there were twenty years ago. It is possible that those printed are making the world poorer in higher ideals, at least not lending an influence for good, so the authors would render a service to humanity if they were never written. There are volumes that once had to be read it the cultural life of the intellectually elite was considered complete. They are worth their weight in gold. These classics are found in the hands of few, and the Book of Books no longer holds the place it once did.

Just now we need to read more books in which there is expressed the milk-of-human-kindness for our fellow man in the business world. This should be especially true at this time when confidence has to be restored in the business life. No one can lift himself up by pulling his brother down by jealousies, underhand methods or dishonest gains, but on the other hand be willing to give a fair share of what the world has to offer. Take warning, the business man who prospers at the expense of another soon flounders, and is cast upon the white sand bars of time with other wreckage that is never reclaimed. Kindness and honor win out when dollars and cents fail. We only wish that such virtues were as easily written on the fleshy tablets of the heart as it is to record the worldly possessions of a life time. Life is a game of give and take. No one person is independent of his neighbor. The two thoughts that should be uppermost in mankind is the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of mankind.

* * * * * * * * * *

PREPAREDNESS

For one time the Lindberghs have "been forced down." To be forced

down is not an unusual thing to experience during these days of financial depression. Every day we hear of great financial reverses so naturally some one is forced down from high position previously held.

The Lindberghs were forced down due to atmospheric conditions, a dense fog, that completely enveloped their airplane making aviation risky and hazardous. The fog caused by deflation, overproduction and the unemployed is as hard to penetrate as the fog the Lindberghs encountered. So there has been no alternative for the business man but to accept conditions without a grouch and meet every emergency with a hope.

From every achievement there is a lesson to be learned. It is well to make impressive that in Lindbergh's career he has emphasized preparedness. In this he has shown wisdom by looking to the future. If this were done more frequently every one would be better prepared to meet unavoidable emergencies, besides fewer anxious moments would be spent as to the approaching shadows of the evening of life. Self preservation is one of the cardinal principles to be observed at all times.

Col. Lindbergh in every instance has proven himself foresighted by making careful calculations as to the needs of his venture. The lesson to be learned possibly is that many business fogs could be averted in the journey of life if Lindbergh's example were accepted—look to the future and anticipate certain conditions that are liable to arise. The emergency tank in the affairs of life should be watched.

Another instance of preparedness was when Richard E. Byrd made his exploration in the Antarctic regions. It took nearly two years of planning, figuring and thought before starting. The men of the type of Lindbergh and Byrd never start out with the spirit of adventure alone, but to make discoveries for the advancement of science thereby contributing to the success and welfare of mankind. This thing of depending upon luck is not best.

* * * * * * * * * *

UNANSWERABLE

A fine young woman who has been summering in New York City, taking a course of study at Columbia University so as to be better fitted for her school duties, was impressed with the concourse of restless humanity that packed and jammed all thoroughfares and public buildings apparently with money sufficient to meet every emergency. This moving and spending,

she declared, are wholesale and yet there is an unanimous cry of tight money. She was so impressed with conditions, seemingly talking one thing, (economy), and acting another (spending lavishly), that she was constrained to be bold enough to ask a banker the occasion of all this depression. "Well," replied the New York banker, "if I could answer your question I could easily become a multimillionaire, for every one is trying to solve the problem and adjust matters. No one knows the cause of the economic question."

It takes time to soften sorrow, it takes time to build up a dissipated fortune so we gather it will take continued time to adjust the world-wide economic question that is universally felt despite the fact people are making the best of conditions. In the words of the editor of the Charlotte News "the situation is strange" and:

> "It's a funny world.
>
> People crying for food in one area and warehouses, barns and granaries filled to overflowing with supplies in another.
>
> Millions half clad and millions with clothing material they can not get rid of at cost of production.
>
> Multitudes clamoring for money and the banks so full of it they are puzzled to know how to dispose of it profitably.
>
> Peaches by tons dumped into rivers in an effort to force the price up, bananas by trainloads thrown into harbors because there is no demand for them and people by the thousands hungry in the very communities where this waste is being perpetrated.
>
> Again we remark, it's a funny world."

* * * * * * * * * *

The art of correct living is often discussed, and from as many angles as there are people with different view points. From the health magazine the scientist emphasizes a well balanced diet as an essential for proper nourishment, from the physical culture director the athletic field is stressed, making it possible to measure up to standards requiring agility and physical strength and from the teacher the source of correct living comes through mental cultture. These three assets are to be desired, especially so realizing that the possession of the three in one insures a "sound mind within a sound body." But in many cases it has proven to be possible to have a strong body, a brilliant mind, grace and refinement and never know the art of living peaceably and peacefully together The whole life chisled and refined by our most skilled artists in every line of culture is not complete without that touch of divine

love, an innate grace that develops a finer understanding, a higher appreciation, a greater sympathy and more charity for our fellow man. God created man in His own image giving him that indefinable something, love, that adds charm and peace to the human family.

* * * * * * * * * *

The next change in the daily routine of affairs is to see the streets flocked with young girls, young boys and children of the grammar and elementary grades wending their course towards the school room after a most delightful vacation. The school question, and the teacher's salaries have been discussed by all classes, but in spite of the adjustment of money matters to fit the teacher's wage with other incidentals we predict that the schools will move along as usual and the teachers will not suffer the least inconvenience by the cut. When living expenses are reduced so that the teachers can live within their means and have a savings accounts, there will be no occasion for a kick. If you did but know it the teacher is not the only person who has received a cut in salaries. There are few people dependent upon their own savings who have not realized a most drastic cut. There is nothing to do but grin and bear it. We believe the teachers like soldiers will bear their part of the economic question most gracefully.

* * * * * * * * * *

The Charlotte King's Daughters are making great plans to meet the conditions that are anticipated this coming winter. They know the secret of true service—looking after the physically sick, the mentally sick and the destitute. They are conscious of the fact that the Scriptures teach the poor will continue with us, and they are making plans to that end to render a service. They have a closet filled with good clothing, and are continuing to receive any and everything one sees fit to donate. They also are planning to open up a soup kitchen this coming winter. This will meet the demands since the unemployed army continues on the increase. They are busy every day. Preparedness is their watch word and every thing will be done In-His-Name.

NORTH CAROLINA SECOND TOTAL SPINDLES HOURS

(Conservation & Industry)

During June, 1931, North Carolina dropped to second place in the number of active cotton spinning spindles, though she continued her leadership in the other important respects in the cotton textile manufacturing business. South Carolina reports 5, 408,056 active spindles sometime during June, while in North Carolina 5,369,322 spindles were operated sometime during the month, according to report to the U. S. Department of Commerce from the mills themselves.

While Massachusetts still leads in the number of spindles in place her supremacy in this respect is being rapidly undermined. Since June, 1930, the state has lost almost exactly one million of her spindles in place, while North Carolina has just about held her own. The result is that Massachusetts now has only about 700,000 more spindles in place than does North Carolina, whereas a year ago she led by 1,626,000.

At the present rate of decrease in Massachusetts, another year should put North Carolina in the lead in the number of spindles in place. She already leads in the number of active cotton spindles, the consumption of cotton, the manufacture of cotton goods and of combed and carded yarns on a per annum basis.

During the month of June the Southern States consumed 357,872 bales of cotton as compared with 320,190 in 1930; the New England States consumed 82,804 this June as compared with 72,123 during the same month last year. However, consumption for the past eleven months was under that for the same period in 1929-1930 by more than 600,000 bales in the cotton growing States and by 220,000 bales in the New England States.

THE BLIND BEGGAR

A mission society opened a school for the blind in a town in Brazil. The first pupil was a blind beggar. As he learned to read he learned to love Jesus.

Now he spends his time in the market place reading the Bible aloud. Great crowds gather to listen to the blind man reading, and thus they hear the Bible. When he stops to rest he tells them of what Jesus has done for him, then he holds up a Gospel and cries, "A book to open the eyes of the blind; one penny." He sells many Gospels and the people read God's Word for the first time. Who knows how many minds are opened letting in the light of Jesus!—Selected.

THE AMERICAN VILLAGE

(Asheville Citizen)

G. K. Chesterton's visit to Ameri- last spring and his criticism of our villages stirred a sensation. He termed them "eyescores" and "ephemeral, like gypsy encampments or booths set up at a fair," adding that we "have never produced anything like a village fit to look at." Controversy as to these statements has raged ever since. In last Sunday's New York Times, Zona Gale undertook to reply to Mr. Chesterton and to defend the American village. So the subject deserves attention.

The best that can be said on the subject of small towns in America is that there are villages and villages. Chapel Hill and Sewanee are famous Southern college towns, widely known for their beauty. Four years ago the Bishop of London described the latter as the loveliest spot which he had ever seen in the United States. Again Laurens, South Carolina, and Athens, Alabama, are small industrial communities, where there is nevertheless great attention paid to appearances. So they have civic consciousness and are charming to pass through or to visit. But Monteagle, Tennessee has a dingy appearance as the railroad runs through the main street and as pigs sleep on the side walks. Yet it has very pretty spots. And Century, West Va., is a coal mining town, with miners' cabins sprawled around irregularly.

So small towns in America, as everywhere else, can be made places of great beauty. Where civic pride is aroused, a few people can influence the life and appearance of the whole community. But where population is careless or ignorant, an unkept village can be ugly in every way. Industrialism has produced many unattarctive small towns. A century ago in England Dr. Quincey used the phrase "hideous as a Lancashire factory." But, on the other hand, maunfacturing communities may be made models of good appearance.

Automobile highways and motor transportation are taking thousands of people through the most isolated regions in America. Many of these are charming, while others are not. But they are turning our attention more and more to developing small communities. The era of municipal reform for large cities is being supplanted by one of agitation for edvancement in rural districts. Mr. Chesterton's criticism is altogether too sweeping, even if we have many unkempt village. And the future should hold great store for advancement of our towns.

The human ear can now be photographed with a new camera. Thus a pictorial record of the different stages of ear-disease can now be kept.

A JOY FOREVER

(The Presbyterian)

"One of the most beautiful things to me," said mother, "is unselfishness—making others happy. To me it is a thing of beauty and a joy forever. Only today I was reading a little story of a wonder boy who did a very wonderful and unselfish thing."

"Who was it, Mother" asked Mary eagerly.

"It was Wolfgang Mozart, one of the wonders of music land."

"Oh, Mother!" exclaimed Mary. "Please tell me the little story."

Mother smiled. "This happened more than a hundred years ago," she began. Father Mozart, with his two children, Marianne and Wolfgang, were journeying from their home in Salzburg to Vienna. They traveled by boat, and the little girl, her dress worn and almost threadbare, stood by the rail tossing pebbles into the water, her large bright eyes watching them sink into the turbulent water. She looked very pretty in spite of her shabbiness.

Just behind her, father and brother stood talking.

"If we make some money in the city you'll buy sister a new dress, won't you, father?" asked the little Wolfgang.

Marianne heard and started toward them. She knew it would make her father sad. "Don't coax, Wolfgang," she called. "My dress will do very well until we can buy another, and a new one will seem all the nicer because of my having worn this one so long."

"I know you want one," persisted the brother. "I heard you wishing for one, and praying for one."

The father turned away with a sad look, longing with all his heart to do the thing the brother asked. But he was only a poor orchestra conductor with a small income. It was hard to even stretch it to buy food and shelter. They were on their way to give some concerts in the Austrian city, hoping that they could earn enough to make them more comfortable than ever before. Until then they must save, not spend a penny save what was needed for food and shelter, because the customs fee on the harp they carried must be paid, and that would make their little fund much smaller.

The little Wolfgang thought of all this as the boat crept along and he wondered if there was no way to buy his sister a dress. Not once did he think of his poor clothes—it was all for sister.

He thought of what his old teacher had always told him, "There is a way out of every difficulty if one is clever enough to think of it." Surely there must be a way out of this.

He thought and thought and suddenly an idea popped into his mind. It was a good idea—Wolfgang thought—so good that he smiled. If it worked out, and he believed it would, Marrianne would get her dress.

As they drew near to Vienna, Wolfgang's eyes were dancing and his cheeks were flushed. His father thought it was the thought of seeing

the great capital, but it was not.

The journey was ended and the people were going ashore.

"Father, please loosen the cover," said Wolfgang as his father carried the great harp toward the custom gate.

"Ah, you are proud of it!" answered his father with a smile.

The boy did not answer, thinking what a poor guesser his father was. His eyes sparkled when the polished frame and glistening strings appeared. He took his place beside the harp and Marianne came and stood beside him.

"What have you to declare?" asked the man.

"Only a harp," said the father.

"A beautiful instrument and valuable," answered the official, and named an amount so big as to cut their small hoard in half.

Father and Marianne looked worried but Wolfgang did not worry at all.

Franz Mozart reached for his little sack of money, but it was not necessary, for just then Wolfgang began to play. The officer turned with a start and listened and the people gathered; duty charges were forgotten as they listened. Wolfgang's tiny hands swept the strings as if with some magic power. For five minutes—ten minutes he kept on; there was not a sound, only a breathless surprise that one so small could play so wonderfully.

"Amazing—'tis amazing—for one so young," murmured the officer, "Play some more boy!"

For some minutes the happy boy picked the strings until father said, "It is growing late, we must go now," and he handed the money to the officer.

But the man shook his head, "No," he said. "A boy who can play like that does not have to pay duty. We who have heard will pay the duty. Keep the money and buy something nice for him!"

When Wolfgang heard these words he cried, "Father, buy that dress for Marianne. You can do it now, since you have saved the customs money."

"A wonderful lad, truly and as unselfish as he is wonderful," said the amazed officer.

And Marianne did get her new dress, and Wolfgang was as pleased as his sister. He danced with delight.

They gave many a concert and the "wonder boy" kept on with his music, doing such marvelous things that his fame traveled far. He grew to be the great master, Mozart, at whose glorious music the world still marvels.

"That's a good story, Mother," said Mary, "but I think it was nicer that he was kind, than that he became great."

"Yes, dear," said Mother. "Kindness is the best of all."

"Gather the crumbs of happiness and they will make you a loaf of contentment."

A CURE FOR THE BLUES

(Morganton News-Herald)

A recipe for the "summer blues" as told by a midwestern newspaper is good enough to pass along for reading in any part of the country. Here is the story in which it is given:

Father came up to the cottage in a state described by mother as "worried sick." He hadn't been able to get enough money to pay the taxes. He didn't know how he was going to meet the house payment next October. He . . .

"What of it?" asked mother, who had been in the cool air a month.

"But we may lose our home."

That gave mother pause. She had worked pretty hard, too, and done without—

"Well, I don't think we will," she said. "But if we do, we do. Lots of other people have lost their life's savings and they haven't got health left or even summer cottages, or children almost grown. Girls almost through college, and sister's college money is almost complete, and boy's is coming along, and when they are out they can take care of themselves, and we can start over if need be."

"But—"

"You just look at that water. It's lower this year than for many years. But it always comes back. And if business were good you wouldn't have this month off. Let the wind blow on you and the water ripple back and forth and the trees swish around and you'll feel better."

Father began to smile a little. He sposed she was right.

"But the atmosphere in town is so thick with depression you could cut it. Everybody's full of gloom and and sure next winter will be terrible."

"Sure," says mother. "When the patient is coming down with something he doen't even know he's sick. When he's convalescent he's cross and gloomy and thinks he's never going to get well."

"If this were a quick catastrophe," she added, "like San Francisco in 1906 or Chicago's fire or a devastating flood everybody would be brave and cheerful and making the best of things. Because it's business everybody thinks he has to be glum. Let's pretend we've lost everything and see what we can salvage out of the wreck.

"We've got some paid-up insurance, besides the children's college endowments."

"Sure."

"And this little place—"

"And a nice place it is, and if we put tarpaper and slabs on it, we could live through the winter here. And three good children and a dog and I found your old flannel shirts good enough for another year, and some perfectly good fishing trousers—"

"And I've got a peach of a rod," said father, jumping up. "I guess I'll—"

"You can catch a fish next week," said mother firmly. "Today we are going over to the fish dock and buy a big one. Fish is only 12 cents a pound this year."

"What has gloom to do with fried fish? Nothing."

HOW UNCLE SAM IS WARRING ON THE FOREST FIRE PERIL

By O. S. Lutz

Imagine that you are listening to a telephone conversation of a forest ranger in the Rocky Mountain region as he talks to his chief:

"Well, chief," says the ranger, "we got them. Yes, sir, we made a record of the footprints we found in Bear Creek canyon where it looked as though the fire had started, and just a while ago Charlie found two hunters whose tracks checked up with those we found and when we quizzed 'em they admitted they may have forgotten to put out their fire before they left Bear Creek.

"No, chief, I wouldn't advise locking them up. Yes, I know it's criminal carelessness, but we caught the fire before it had a chance to spread and there wasn't much damage. These fellows are nice chaps, too, and they're terribly sorry about their forgetfulness. All right, I'll give 'em a scare and then let 'em go. So long."

No longer is it a matter of guesswork as to who might and might not have been responsible for a serious forest fire, for science has come to the aid of the forest ranger and is eliminating much of the guesswork from forest firebug identification. Now, footprint evidence is almost the same clue to the identification of the person who starts a forest fire as fingerprints are to a police department.

The "record" that the forest ranger told his chief he had made was obtained in the following manner: First he made a very thin mixture of plaster of Paris and water, and then he poured this mixture into the impression found on the ground. The plaster hardened in a few minutes. When the forest ranger picked it up, he had a durable, negative replica of the imprint. The negative plaster cast of the footprint impression thus became practically a duplicate image of the footwear worn by the suspected forest criminal. And since there were two different footprints found, plaster casts were made of each. Hence, when Charlie saw two hunters whose boots on a casual inspection gave evidence of having made the footprints at the scene of the start of the fire, he rightly brought them to the other ranger for further questioning. Their boots were compared with the negative plaster casts, found to check with them, and what followed has been related.

The best footprint records are taken from those that occur in soft earth, damp sand, clay or mud. However, it is also possible to secure good impressions of footprints made in dry sand. In such cases it is first necessary to spray the sand carefully with oil from an atomizer. With the sand firmly bound together, plaster impressions are taken as described.

To the average person two pairs of shoes of the same size and shape and made by the same manufacturer would leave what one might think were identical imprints upon the ground. But the footprint expert, just like the fingerprint expert, will

quickly notice differences. Here the one is worn a trifle more than the other; at this point the one shows a fractional part of an inch greater width than the other; here the one was cut by sharp stone; etc.

But why this great interest on the part of the forest service to learn who may have started a fire? Here is why: Eighty-three per cent in the national parks of the Rocky Mountain district, just as an example, are **man caused!** Lightning is responsible for the other seventeen per cent.

Forest fires cost this country millions of dollars annually. Just to fight fires, and this does not include the damage done by them, costs your Uncle Sam $2,000 daily during the first ten day of August, 1930. Fire suppression work during the month of July cost the Federal Government $286,360—over a hundred thousand dollars more than was expender during the month of July, 1929, for a like purpose.

Doesn't that explain clearly enough why authorities are desirous of knowing who started a forest fire? And if that isn't enough, consider this fact: Out of a total of 652 fires in the new Moquah Forest area in Wisconsin and in California, in a seven months' period, 461 **were attributed by the forest service to human carelessness!**

The detection of those responsible for forest fires is only one of the steps science and engineering experts are making in decreasing the forest fire peril. Various instruments are in use by forest rangers, to tell them when fire hazards are greatest; and the matter of locating fires and getting men to the point of action is now accomplished in a much lesser time than was possible several years ago. The two chief warning instruments used by the forest ranger in ascertaining conditions under which fires are most likely to occur are the sling psychrometer (for recording the humidity of the atmosphere) and the duff hygrometer (for indicating the percentage of moisture in the ground debris).

The sling psychrometer consists of two thermometers, one of which is of the wet-bulb-type, the other dry. The instrument is swung through the air for a few seconds, the mercury reading on the two thermometers taken and, by comparing the readings with a printed scale, the forest ranger is able to determine the relative humidity of the air. The forest service has found that below twenty-five per cent humidity conditions are highly dangerous and are especially suitable for the most serious of fires, namely, the crown fire. A humidity reading of sixty per cent or above is relatively safe.

The duff hygrometer is in the form of a long, hollow spike, dotted with holes and with a gauge on the end. This spike is inserted in the ground debris, and an expanding and contracting coil registers the moisture percentage. When the topmost layer of duff has less than ten per cent of moisture in it, the heat of an ordinary match will ignite the material. With less than seven per cent moisture, experiments have shown that a glowing cigarette butt will raise the duff to the kindling point. When the duff contains twenty-five per cent of moisture, it is generally safe from any of the ordinary causes of forest fires except possibly lightning. The U. S. Weather Bureau al-

so co-operates with forest rangers by sending forecast of "forest fire weather" so that, when critical conditions are indicated, special preparation can be made to meet them. Instruments known as "alidades" are used by the forest ranger in quickly and accurately locating any fire that he may see from his lookout tower.

Trenching and back-firing have proved to be the most successful methods of fighting a duff or undergrowth fire, while the fire that leaps from tree top to tree top (so called "crown fire") can be stopped only by a drenching rain of when it burns itself out. Chemicals have not proved successful except in instances where the fire could be blanketed. As an actual instrument in fire-fighting, the airplane has not been able to do much good: in a crown fire the heat is so intense planes cannot approach close enough to aid; and in undergrowth fire airplanes cannot reach the fire source.

Forest fire control work requires definite knowledge of what to do under certain circumstances but more than anything else it demands from one the ability to act quickly, yet correctly, under unexpected circumstances.

One of the basic instructions given the forest ranger is, to take immediate action or any unattended fire he finds. If it has covered only a few square feet and is smoldering, he will put it out with water; if water is not at hand, he will use sand or clean dirt. When water is available he will pour some on the fire and then, with a shovel or stick, he will stir he embers, dirt and water together until it is well puddled, and finally pour on some more water. Drowning a fire with water is the surest way to kill it.

If the fire is spreading in grass and leaves, it may be quited by beating it with gunny sacks or a wetted heavy coat. If it is on sandy soil, such as occurs in Michigan or Nebraska, a lot of fire can be extinguished very rapidly by throwing shovelfuls of sand along the fire parallel to the burning edge.

In the mountain region sand it not often available and shovels and axes must be used, stopping the fire by cutting a trench around the outside. The axes are used to cut logs in two and to cut down trees that are in the way where the trench is to be made. Then the shovel employed (or in heavy sod a mattock is better) to clear away all the needles, duff and grass, after which a trench about twelve or fourteen inches wide is made in the clearing that has been cut. This is what fire fighters call the "fire-control line." The trench is made only deep enough to get to the mineral soil, the object being to remove the inflammable material ahead of the fire so that when it burns up to the trench, it has nothing to feed on and dies out.

If the fire is traveling slowly, fire fighters try to put the first line in front of it and then later trench the sides and rear. If it is running rapidly, they will go ahead some distance to an old trail or road or open ridge, where they will put in a fire-control line. If the fire is a so-called "runaway," that is, going up a steep side hill fanned by a high wind, what is known as a flank attack will be started. In this method the trench will be started on the sides, from the rear, and then will

follow around the fire until it is surrounded.

Fire fighting is thrilling, to say the least. As the fire comes up against the line it will try to jump in spots, and right here is where one experiences all the joy of battling and winning over a worthy foe. It is hot and smoky, but the satisfaction of holding every foot of trench repays the effort. Amateur fire fighters, unless properly instructed, are often careless as to the direction in which they throw cuttings from the trench. Such needles and litter should always be thrown away from the fire: if thrown toward the fire, that much more fuel is added to increase the heat when it burns up to the line.

Since about 1922 airplanes have been used in one way or another in fire-control work. They have proved helpful in confirming reports of fires, in reconnoitering over fire-swept areas, in giving warning to people in areas likely to be reached by an approaching fire, in transporting materials and dropping them where needed on the actual fire lines, and more recently large planes have been used in transporting fire-fighters to the threatened areas.

Fire prevention is the best insurance against the starting of a forest fire. The U. S. Forest Service say that if the following simple rules for preventing fire be followed by persons camping in or passing through woods, fire damage would be very greatly lessened:

1. **Matches.** Be sure your match is out. Break it in two before you throw it away.

2. **Tobacco.** Be sure that pipe ashes and cigar or cigarette stubs are dead before throwing them away. Never throw them in brush, leaves or needles.

3. **Making Camp.** Before building a fire, scrape away all inflammable material from a spot five feet in diameter. Dig a hole in the center and in it build your camp fire. Keep your fire small. Never build it against trees or logs or near brush.

4. **Breaking Camp.** Never break camp until the fire is out—dead out.

5. **Brush Burning.** Never burn slash or brush in windy weather or while there is the slighest danger that the fire will get away.

6. **How to Put Out a Camp Fire.** Stir the coals while soaking them with water. Turn small sticks and drench both sides. Wet the ground around the fire. If you can't get water, stir in earth and tread it down tightly over and around the fire. Be sure the last spark is dead.

Smokers indifferently or carelessly discarding burning matches, cigars, and tobacco from automobiles or other moving vehicles is another frequent cause of forest fires. Tests recently conducted also show that there is danger of starting a fire when a lighted cigarette, or the like, is thrown overboard from an airplane in flight. "Persons should never drop such 'fire starters' without making sure that the flame is entirely extinguished," says Forest Fire Chief McLaren. "Fires may start in a region remote from supplies and water, and may reach vast proportions before a party of fire fighters can get to the scene, no matter how promptly the start is made. By far the best plan is to prevent fires rather than to depend upon fighting them once they start."

MONUMENTS OF THE ROCKIES

By Carroll Schell Voss

Great men are remembered and honored by different types of monuments. There are tombs, mausoleums, arches, marble columns, sculptured figures, and halls of fame to perpetuate the memory of worthy individuals.

But travelers in the Rocky Mountains of the West find still a different type of monument. There the story of the past lives on in the names of the great towering peaks. There the names of great explorers, Indians, governors, pioneers and others of an adventurous spirit will be preserved as long as the hills endure.

The most famous peak of the Rockies and the most accessible mountain of very high altitude is Pikes's Peak. To the thousands of tourists from all over the world who visit this region, this mighty mountain stands as a greater monument to the memory of Lieutenant Zebulon Pike than any memorial that man might have erected. Strange to say, however, this veteran soldier and explorer never climbed the peak that bears his name. But more than a hundred and twenty years ago, he climbed a beautiful spur, now known as Cheyenne Mountain, and was the first white man ever to see the majestic peak. At the time he first viewed this great snowcapped sentinel of the front-range, he estimated that he was thirty-five miles from its summit, an estimate that has since been verified.

Lieutenant Pike had a great desire to reach the summit. Time and time again, he and his followers made the attempt, but always they were driven back by cold and snow, lack of food, and other dangers. Later, he wrote in his diary that "no human being could have ascended to its pinnacle." In those days, it would have been impossible for Pike to have foreseen the Pike's Peak of today with its famous cog railroad that has operated for over forty years, and its more modern automobile highway, a smooth, double-track boulevard, blasted in many places from the solid granite, which runs up the other side of the mountain so that tourists can now go up one route and down the other. What would have been his amazement if he could have foreseen the thrilling automobile races that take place annually on the Pike's Peak Highway on Labor Day.

Another of the loftiest and most beautiful of the Rocky Mountain peaks also bears the name of the first white man who discovered it. Long's Peak was first seen by Captain Stephen D. Long in 1820 when he was on his important expedition. Later it was named after him. Long's Peak has always been a favorite spot for hardy mountain climbers to display their skill and courage. Many lives have been lost in attempts to conquer this mountain. The present route to the summit leads up the east face of the mountain, around and above a vertical cliff over two hundred thousand feet high. The ascent, even in midsummer, is difficult and strenuous.

But one is well rewarded for his climb by the remarkable sight that awaits him. On a moderately clear day, the traveler, on arrivng at the top of the peak, has a view of mountain, valley and plain for more than two hundred miles.

Fremont Peak was named for General John C. Fremont, who made extensive explorations in Colorado, Wyoming, and California. This peak was first ascended by Fremont about eighty-eight years ago and has not been climbed many times since. Gannett Peak reminds us of Henry Gannett, head of the United States geological survey, the author of a book on the place names of the United States, and an early explorer as well.

National figures whose influence was strongly felt in the west, such as Lincoln and Sherman, have also been memorialized in the Rockies. Early governors, too, have been honored. Mount Elbert, the highest peak in the state of Colorado, 14,420 feet high, was named for Governor Samuel H. Elbert.

Mount Evans is a peak with an unusual and colorful history. It is of special interest at present because of the Harding Memorial Highway, which, when completed, will lead to the summit and is the highest automobile road in the world. Today this peak bears the name of the second territorial governor of Colorado, John Evans. At a celebration in Greeley in 1870, the mountain was so named in the governor's honor. On the occesion of his eighty-first birthday, the state legislature confirmed the name.

But many years before these events, the Indians called the peak Mount Rosa, probably on account of the color of the mountain. On the Union Pacific railroad map in 1868, the same mountain was called Mount Rosalia, or Rosalie. The famous artist, Albert Bierstadt, is said to have painted his picture, "Storm in the Rocky Mountains, Mount Rosalie," in 1866, with Mount Evans as the model. The picture is now in a collection in London and valued at thirty-two thousand dollars. He probably chose this version of the name for his picture because Mrs. Bierstadt's name was Rosalie. When the artist accompanied General Lander on his expedition in 1857, it is thought that he gained his first glimpse of the mountain which he was later to make famous on canvas.

It would have been fitting, indeed, if the present Mount Evans had been named after the great painter; but, instead, another mountain was chosen to memorialize him. Mount Bierstadt was named for the artist in 1914.

One of the best known Wyoming mountains, Mount Moran, is a monument to Thomas Moran, who, as well as Bierstadt, was a renowned painter of Rocky Mountain scenes. Many of his masterpieces were made not far from the mountain bearing his name.

Another group of peaks serves to keep alive the memory of a great company of American naturalists. The two "ant hills" on the front range, so called by the Indians, are now known to us as Gray's Peak and Torrey's Peak. Gray and Torrey are the well-known botanists who wrote "Flora of North America." Osa Gray made three trips

over the Rockies to the coast. Gray's Peak is famous for rare species of plants. Professor John Torrey visited the west and saw Torrey's Peak several years after an ex-pupil and admirer had named the mountain in his honor.

There are also peaks named for Engelmann, James and Parry, all great botanists. Dr. Edwin James was the first white man to ascend Pike's Peak. The mountain which honors him is now famous because it roofs the great Moffat Tunnel, one of the notable engineering projects of modern times. One very prominent peak of the Rockies is named after the great naturalist, Audubon, who was especially well-known for his study of birds.

One group of mountains in the Sawatch Range stands as monuments to great colleges and institutions of learning. Mount Harvard, Mount Princeton, Mount Yale, and Mount Columbia were so named in honor of the various schools by students and professors.

The most famous of the early scouts, Bill Williams, will not be forgotten, for his memory still survives in the William River Mountains of Colorado and in Bill Williams Mountain in New Mexico.

Men who first surveyed the Rocky Mountain states now have their names on the map, although their work may have been long forgotten. Major Powell, Hayden, Wilson, Whitney and others have been so honored.

The Indians, too, once the great monarch of the west, has received his share of glory. Three of the best known western Indians, Ouray, Shavano, and Antero are now commemorated by three mountains standing in a row in central Colorado. The names of many Indian tribes, Arapahoe, Navajo, Paiute, Apache, and Commanche survive in names that have been given to summits. Mount Meeker, near Long's Peak, was named for the best known of the Indian agents. He was murdered by the Indians in the seventies.

The influence of the Spanish period in the southwest still survives in the lofty heights of some parts of the Rockies. Sierra Blanca, San Luis, Rito Alto, La Junta, Santa Fe, and Chequita are all peaks over thirteen thousand feet in height. One of the latest peaks to be named is "El Diente," the Spanish for tooth or jag.

We find, too, a large body of names which are in themselves an everlasting monument to the beauties and wonders of the Rockies. Perhaps nothing expresses better the infinite variety of form and color found in these mountains than the descriptive names which have been attached to many of the peaks. Castle, Maroon, Sunlight, Redcloud, Pyramid, Capitol, Snowmass, Mount of the Holy Cross, Vermillion, Turret, Arrow, Star, Silvr, Plume, Tower, Three Needles, Altar, Lizard Head, Organ, Nimbus, Cumulus, Ruby, Crystal, and Gothic, each brings to mind a beautiful, a colorful, or a fantastic picture.

Less inspiring, perhaps, are the names which early miners themselves bestowed on the mountains. However, some of these names, too, are a monument to the bounty and riches which nature has so lavish-

ly poured into these hills. Gold Dust, Carbonate, Treasury, Iron Beds, Bullion, Carbon, Porphry, and Silver all indicate the rich deposits that long ago lured the prospector westward. Other names are in interest because they portray so simply and yet strikingly the hopes and disappointments of humanity. What names could be more expressive than Oh-Be-Joyful, Humbug, Last Dollar, and Expectation?

A few memorials of the old mining days still live in such names as Silverheels, named for the dancing girl of Alma; and Buckskin Mountain, named for Joseph Higginbotham, "Buckskin Joe," of the same town.

The most important summit which has been named recently is Lindbergh Peak. This mighty pinnacle, with Fair Glacier on one side and Peak Glacier on the other, rests in the heart of one of the wildest and most rugged regions in the Rocky Mountains, known as Hell Hole. So inaccessible is the region that but few white men have yet explored its mountains, gorges, and cirques. Precipitous cliffs, more than a thousand feet high, encircle it. Awe-inspiring peaks and pinnacles of rock soar upward. But the most imposing of all these spires is Lindbergh Peak, which rises, almost sheer some eighteen hundred feet from Carter Lake as its base. This is truly a worthy monument to the great "Viking of "the air." The school children of the Rocky Mountain states presented a very impressive picture of this peak to Colonel Lindbergh as a wedding present. The peak was called for the first time in 1929, and was a most difficult feat. Thus have men in whom the element of the heroic dwelt, and without any thought of fame, increased our knowledge of the wonders of our land.

Fitting, indeed, are these colossal monuments of the Rockies, which tell the story of our nation's greatest conquest, the winning of the west, and pay lasting tribute to the memory of those courageous spirits who dared to achieve.

X-ACTLY

X in the Roman notation is ten;
X is the mark of illiterate men;
X means a crossing, as drivers should note;
X in a circle may count as a vote;
X is a quantity wholly unknown;
X is a ruler removed from his throne;
X may be xenon, a curious gas;
X is a ray of similar class;
X mas is Christmas, a season of bliss;
X in a letter is good for one kiss;
X is for Xerxes, that monarch renowned;
X is the place where the body was found.

—Selected.

DECLARES SCHOOL IS LOGICAL MENTAL HYGIENE LABORATORY

By Ellen Black Winston, Ph. D.

"Childhood is the golden age for mental hygiene." Realization of the significance of this statement by Dr. William A. White leads to emphasis on the function of the schools in connection with any far-reaching mental hygiene program. Children's habits and their emotional behavior receive their characteristic form in early years and if the school is to fulfill its role adequately, it must play an important guiding part in the formation of these patterns of behavior, for most mental health or ill health is determined in childhood. The child who enjoys mental health and gives promise of being a healthy-minded adult must be happily adjusted to his fellows and to his environment. He must be efficient and cheerful, emotionally controlled, intellectually keen, and socially adaptable.

Mental hygiene and its problems apply to every child. In the past the emphasis has been placed on physical hygiene primarily and only more tardily is the equal, if not greater, significance of mental hygiene becoming recognized. If a child has a broken limb or a high fever, he receives a physician's care. It is just as important that the child who displays some marked form of mental maladjustment receive adequate care.

The school is the logical mental hygiene laboratory. Under our system of compulsory education, practically every child enters its doors and remains for a considerable length of time. This gives the school authorities ample opportunity for observing the child as he reacts to many situations, as he copes with new experiences, as he comes into intimate contact with his fellows. If a child is not able to meet the demands of his daily life healthily and happily, the teacher is in a position to note the fact and institute remedial measures. The school is the best agent for following the development of every child whether he be normal or abnormal.

Who is the normal child? And who is the abnormal child? Society sets up certain standards or forms of behavior and expects normal individuals to conform to them. Those who vary markedly from these standards are classified as abnormal. Many maladjusted children are well developed intellectually and pursue their school work without difficulty but they have personality and behavior problems which handicap them in their social relations. The child suffering from mental ill health may be maladjusted in certain repects, relatively normal in others. It is the function of the school not only to help these poorly adjusted children but also to keep the relatively adjusted children in a state of harmonious emotional relations with their fellows.

There are many forms of maladjustment which are apparent in childhood. The emphasis in the present

discussion is placed on the child with the less serious mental problems but the child who may develop ever more dangerous forms of mental disorder. If a child suffers from actual mental disease, or if a child is a low-grade feeble-minded individual, or if a child obviously cannot get along at all satisfactorily, cognizance is taken of his case and special treatment or instruction provided. But what about the at present less obvious forms of mental maladjustment? The school as the laboratory for mental hygiene must recognize the symptoms of potential mental disease and institute preventive and curative measures. It must deal with the child who is abnormally timid, The child who has excessive fears, the child who is oversensitive, the child who is resentful and "carries a chip on his shoulder," the child who is suspicious and feels persecuted, the child who is abnormally obstinate, the child who is so unstable that he swings from the heights to the depths on the slightest provocation, the child who is solitary and lacking is sociability, the child who devotes an excessive amount of time to unrealistic fantasy and daydreaming, the child who suffers from intense depressions, the child who has a strong inferiority complex, the child who gives morbid attention to bodily ills, real or imaginary, the child who has physical disabilities such as deafness and stuttering, the child who suffers from mental conflicts, and the child under unusual emotional strain. These and many other symptoms make it more difficult for some children to adapt themselves to their environment than for more normal persons.

Every teacher will have pupils who suffer from more or less marked forms of mental maladjustment. The importance of having her trained to recognize such symptoms and trained to help solve the problems involved cannot be over-emphasized. At present most teachers are sublimely ignorant of the objective signs of mental health and ill health. Classes in the problems of mental hygiene and behavior disorders should become an integral part of every teacher training curriculum. Only when this becomes an actuality will the educational system be prepared to do its full share in forestalling mental disorders. Then will the school truly be able to fulfill its role as the most adequate mental hygiene laboratory.

MODE A LA FEMININE

Mary had a little car
She drove in manner deft,
But every time she signaled right
The little car turned left.

OUR NATIONAL HOME OF INVENTION

By Annie R. Hunter

There is not more difference between a baby boy and the big man he grows to be than there is between the infant Patent Office and the great Patent Office of today. The Patent Office was born about the year 1790. It is not surprising to learn that George Washington had something to do with its beginning. The Constitution had authorized it, and Washington urged Congress to establish it. It began with a board of three members.

Thomas Jefferson, as Secretary of State, was the first keeper of the patent records, but he did not have many to keep. Only fifty-seven were issued in the first three years. The first one was to Samuel Hopkins for a "New Method of Making Pot or Pearl Ashes." Four dollars covered the cost of the early patents, but the Jeffersonian standard of merit was high. So many inventors complained of having their inventions rejected that a more liberal act was passed by Congress. The fee was raised to thirty dollars.

Dr. William Thornton, one of the distinguished architects of his day, became the first "superintendent of patents" in 1802. At the time of the War of 1812, when the British soldiers had invaded Washington, and were burning buildings here and there, even the Capitol building, Dr. Thornton successfully interceded for the preservation of the Patent Office records.

It was with the Patent Office as it is with some families, who put up a small house at first, and add to it as the years go by and the family grows. The erection of the present building began in 1837, and the south wing was completed in 1842, the east wing in 1855, the west in 1859, and the north wing, except the portico, in 1860. The Civil War stopped work for awhile, but the north portico was finished in 1868. The building is a rectangular building of Doric architecture, built as a hollow square, with a portico on each side facing the street, and a charming little park in the center. Its cost as orginlaly completed was $2,700,000.

The second Lincoln inaugural ball was held there, but the broad halls that gave plently of room for such a function, have necessarily been cut up to provide office space, owing to the great expansion of the nation's business.

Two disastrous fires have wrought havoc with the Patent Office records. The first of these was in 1836, before the "Office had a building of its own, and it took years to replace many of the records and models. The second fire came in 1877. The next year Congress voted for restoration of the damaged models and of the building.

The Patent Office has been under three departments. It started under the State Department, was placed in jurisdiction of the newly organized Interior Department about 1849, and in 1917, was transferred to the Department of Commerce, where it naturally belongs, as it has so much to do with commerce and in-

dustry, not only of the United States, but of the whole world.

Among the important inventions which have passed through the Office have been the telegraph, the telephone, the reaper, the dynamo, the incandescent lamp, and the gas engine, which last has been called the "greatest advance in power generation since the invention of the steam engine, and which has made possible the automobile and the aeroplane." In the progress of invention, one thing inevitably leads to another. "Plus ultra" is the guiding motto of the inventive mind.

The Patent Office recognizes certain patents as "basic." These are like foundation stones of buildings. They embody broad principles on which later inventors build. A patent to Edison, dated 1878, for a "Speaking Machine," and one for "An Apparatus for Exhibiting Photographs of Moving Pictures" in 1893, are foundation patents. Such, also, is one to E. Berliner for a "gramophone" in 1887. The "earliest American ancestor" of the ubiquitous typewriter is found in a patent issued in 1868, to Sholes, Glidden & Soule, for a "Writing Machine." Then, there are early patents to the Wrights and others for aeroplanes.

There are two patents which are of special interest, because the inventors are among the "immortals" for other reasons than their inventive ability. There was a patent issued to one "A Lincoln" for "Camel and Floating Dock," in 1849, long before anyone thought he would live in the White House. And in the year 1873, one "Samuel Clemens" took out patent for "Scrapbook."

On the second floor of the building, near the F Street entrance, are glass cases filled with models. Here are models of all sorts of agricultural tools. In another case are boats, guns, and instruments of warfare. Here is a collection of engines, steam air and gas. Looms and inventions relating to the textile art in another case. In these exhibits we see not only a summary of American invention for the past one hundred and forty years, but a prophecy for the future.

We are amused now by the story of that member of Congress, who, nearly a century ago, proposed the abolition of the Patent Office, as there was nothing left to invent. As we study the past with the eye of faith, we see the American invention will make as great progress in the next one hundred and forty years, as it has made since its beginning, and that the bigger and better Home of Invention which shall some day house the Patent Office will have a greater glory than the present one.

"A horse can't pull while kicking. This fact I merely mention.
And he can't kick while pulling, which is my chief contention.
Let's imitate the good old horse—try this program that's fitting:
Just pull, each in his place, and then there'll be no time for kicking."

PRACTICAL USES FOR AEROPLANES

By Albert E. Stillman

As Jim Reed, the forest ranger, sat in his lookout station, he noticed smoke rolling and wavering in the wind on the east ridge of Pine Mountain several miles away. Suddenly flames shot up into the sky, higher and higher toward the sun, for the tall pine trees were on fire. Before he started for Pine Mountain, the ranger reported the fire to the nearest army air base and asked them to send one of their planes out scouting over the burning district. In less than an hour the plane arrived to help fight the forest fire.

The plane could be seen flying above the men who were brandishing axes, swinging brush hooks, wielding long shovels, and beating the brush with boughs and branches in their desperate efforts to beat back and subdue the fire demon. The flames swept on through the chaparral, leaping among the high trees which had stood for years in the forest. The pilot flew over the burning area, sometimes high to maks new observations, sometimes low to get a view at close range. Upon completing his observations, he recorded them on a page from his note book and placed it in a missile. After flying above the fire fighters a moment, he signaled to them and dropped the missile. A ranger picked it up and the pilot sped away to continue his scouting.

The note told the ground forces which way the fire was headed and where they could best go to fight it. The aeroplane is found valuable in scouting above bad fires and in patrolling areas during periods when heavy smoke obscures the vision of lookouts. The aeroplane is mobile and can go to the fire, circling above it, determining the status of the fire, its location, and character of the material in which it is burning.

In the seven-place cabin plane sat a photographer holding a queer-looking camera. It was made especially for taking pictures from the air. In aerial photography the operator uses a long range camera in order to get details at great distances. The aviator's camera makes a seven by nine picture. There were seventy-five films on each roll. The pictures give information that it would take pages to describe.

As the pilot flew above the smoke and flying ashes, unmindful of the crackling in the trees below him, the photographer went to work in earnest. He adjusted His camera, pointed it out of the open window and snapped it at regular intervals.

"Map-making methods have been revolutionized since aeroplanes came into use," says an authority on aerial photography. "Maps are made from the air now. The aviator flies over the country he wants to map. The camera is fitted into the bottom of the plane so that it points straight down. The pilot must always fly at exactly the same level and at the same speed, or the map would be out of proportion. He flies first along one edge of the territory he wants to map, snapping the camera once every eight seconds, or once every ten seconds, according to the particular map he is making. Each time he

snaps it, he gets the picture of one square of his checkerboard. When he finishes the first row of squares, he flies back and takes the second row, and so on, until the map is finished. When he gets back to the studio, he finishes his pictures, fits them together, and has a perfect picture map of the country. The scale of the map depends upon the altitude from which it was taken. The lower you fly, the smaller your scale will be. For making maps of large areas, you fly higher. For making maps of small areas, like cities or towns, you fly lower. An air map of a mountainous region would be a picture relief map.''

Aviators often make maps of cities and towns for city planners and city councils. The maps help them to make plans for improvements in their locality. It is easier for them when they have it all laid out before them in a picture map.

In many parts of the United States aeroplanes are used for dusting and spraying crops to destroy insect pests. A plane is capable of dusting a thousand acres an hour. I understand a ground machine can dust about thirty acres a day. Crops should be sprayed immediately after a rain. A ground machine has to wait until the mud dries up before it can get into the field or orchard, but a plane can do the spraying as soon as the rain ceases. The planes dust large orchards and cotton fields. Sometimes they dust over swamps to kill mosquitos.

Among the insect pests that infest the forests of Alsace-Lorraine are hairy caterpillars. There are millions of them clinging to the trees. The forests are sprayed from the air to kill the insects. Near Berlin poisonous bombs are dropped in the woodlands to rid them of these destructive insects.

After millions of locusts had descended upon a certain locality in far Russia, aeroplanes were employed to exterminate the pests. Russian soldiers cleared the territory of human beings for miles around, and then pilots flew at night over the locust-ridden neighborhood, killing the insects by spraying them with poisonous gas.

In Eastern Siberia, where there are many large mines, planes are used to carry the gold to the nearest town. The planes make the trip in five hours. When horses were used, the gold reached its destination in about thirty-five days.

Along the seacoasts "large fishing companies send scout planes out over the water to locate schools of fish. Then the location is radioed to the fishing boats.''

The forestry Service is doing a good work in planting thousands of trees to restock the forest for posterity. It uses planes to reseed the forest area from which the timber men have cut most of the trees, or even to start new forests.

Planes or often used by game wardens in feeding birds and animals over large snow-covered areas. When snow covers the ground the wood folk are unable to find their usual supply of food and soon die of hunger unless food is placed where they can find it.

Ranchmen are able to locate lost cattle and horses by means of aeroplanes. The herds frequently go into regions covered with thick brush, where it impossible to find them.

But a plane can scout over the locality and spy out their hiding-place.

Aeroplanes are used for sight-seeing trips. Surveyors also use them when at work. Recently the Great Barrier Reef off Australia was surveyed by hydroplanes. The aviators made a perfect picture map of the reef. Borneo has been surveyed in like manner.

During the winter months vessels are often marooned by ice floes in the Great Lakes and are given aid by aeroplanes. The planes carry various supplies and drop them down to the ships. Towns cut off by heavy snowstorms are given aid in this way also.

According to the Red Cross, aeroplanes have been especially valuable in flood relief work in the Mississippi Valley and in New England. They carry food, clothing and medicines and drop them down to flooded districts which can be reached no other way.

Planes are sometimes used for ambulance service when speed is necessary. And doctors have been known to use them when they must rush medicines or supplies to their patients. Often lives have been saved in this way.

In the north Pacific aeroplanes work with the whaling vessels in locating the whereabouts of the leviathans of the deep.

IF YOU CAN NOT HAVE WHAT YOU LIKE

Most of us find ourselves, at some time or other, in the position where we can not have what we like. Perhaps we can not have the hat or dress we would like to have, because it is too expensive; perhaps we can not have the vacation trip to the shore or lakes, but must make a nearby trip instead; perhaps we can not have the leading part in our class play, but must take a minor one.

Why fuss about the thiugs that we can not have? Fussing about them will not help in the least, and it will do definite harm. It will only be making a bad situation worse. Why be so foolish as to make worse what already seems bad enough? Why make ourselves and everybody else miserable about something that can not be helped?

But, fortunately, there is something that will help matters at the testing time when we find we can not have just what we want. It consists merely in doing our best to like what we can have. We can wear the cheaper, less desirable dress so well and so cheerfully that no one will ever be the wiser or sadder for our not getting the more expensive one. We can enter so enthusiastically into the less extensive vacation that just as much joy can be secured from it as if we could have the one upon which we had set our hearts. We can direct all our energies to playing the minor part so well that it will help make the play a big success and also prepare us for major parts in the future. Just try liking what you can have and doing the best with it.—A. C. H.

HONOR ROLL FOR AUGUST

Room No. 1

—A—

William Barkley, Dwight Brewer, Winfred Johnson, Wendell Haddock, Bernie Lassiter, Dan Monroe, Constantine Meena, Walter Sistar, and Roy Whitehurst.

—B—

Dewey Cecil, Goldstine Dark, Richard Hill, Leslie Hunter, Fred Miller, William Yow, Francis Hart Graham Bost, Fred Crabtree, Ralph Clinard, Reid Jackson, Richard Kennedy, Clyde Kivett, Theodore Troxler, and Simon Wade.

Room No. 2

—A—

Dalton Boswell, Howard Fralix, George Ozment, Russell Smith, James Talbert, and Marvin Tallent.

—B—

Fred Conner, Belmont Flynn, Earl Irby, George Kornegay, Ben Woody, Floyd Woods, Frank Johnston, Sidney Logan, and James Rivenbark.

Room No. 3

—A—

Jesse Brewer, Boyce Stafford, Gill Strickland, Pinkey Wrenn, William Rose, Jack Hoxit, Ted Diviney, Walter Everhardt, and Wayne Coble.

—B—

Thomas Osteen, Robert Hill, Wilson Esterling, James Kellam, and Charles Smathers.

Room No. 4

—A—

Haddon Gunter, Garland Mangum, William Rathbone, Herman Barrett, James Clemmons, Jack Harris, Junior Hoyle, Ben Merritt, James Ransom and Bufort Shipman.

Joe Boone, Charles Daggenhart, Russell Ferris, David Fowler, Garland Hicks, Homer Smith, Lee West, Lee White, William Handford, Howard Baynes, Jimmie Camden, Howard Faulk, Horace Gardner, Hartley Green, Hershell Hollyfield, Marshall Hartsell, and Frank Jackson.

Room No. 5

—A—

Melvin Gautier, Robert Benfield, John Flannery, Neal Howell, Charles Wagoner, and Harvard Winn.

—B—

Astor Davis, Marvin Cook, Eugene Hogan, Hubert Clemmons, Lonnie Spivey, Robert Branch, Clarence Creech, Lawrence Dorsett, Wilson Dorsey, Charlie Goodman, Charles R. Hodgin, James Marsh, George Nelson, Lee Shields, Lawrence Tompson, and Jim Turnage.

Room No. 6

—A—

James Upton, Lawrence Young, Marvin Watts, John Yorke, Tom McCausley, Ralph Long, Riece Rose, and Bob Poole.

—B—

Starling Crews, James Allison, Russell Dorsett, Albert Roe, Frank Overby, Fred Hatcher, B. T. Ransom, Paul Eason, and Calvin Boone.

Room No. 7

—A—

Ernest Wright, Hermon Hamrick, Lucas Rufus, William Mills, Austin Tallent, J. Henry Evans, Lewis Hanner, Clarence Deal, Allen Barrett, Henry Irby, John Wilson, James Kelley, Latha Miller, and Walter Pitman.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Seven new boys were received this week and placed in the Receiving Cottage. After a two weeks' stay there, they will be transferred to other cottages.

—o—

During the past weeks a number of our old boys called on us. In most cases they reported that they were working and from their appearance seemed to be getting along well.

—o—

Our gardens have recently been producing generous quantities of peas, string beans, corn and tomatoes, which were issued to the various cottages, making a very enjoyable addition to our daily menus.

—o—

For the past few days the dairy boys have been filling our two large silos. The corn used for this purpose is in fine condition and will make good cow feed to be used during the winter months.

—o—

Our farm boys have been busily engaged during the past week cutting lespedeza hay. We are fortunate in having a very good crop of this excellent hay this season, yielding two tons to the acre. It has a fine color and is the best looking hay gathered from our farm for several years.

—o—

Last Saturday's ball game between Hartsell Mill and the Training School boys, resulted in an easy victory for the former by the score of 10 to 2. Lefler, pitching for the visitors, allowed but five hits, and struck out eleven. The local lads used three pitchers, Andrews, Russell and Lisk, and while the Hartsell boys gathered nine hits off their combined deliveries, errors were largely responsible for nearly all of their runs.

—o—

Rev. and Mrs. Roy G. Upson, of Dayton, Ohio; Mr. J. A. B. Goodman and Miss Vernie Goodman, of Mooresville, visited the Training School last Wednesday. Rev. Mr. Upson is holding a two weeks' evangelistic meeting in Mooresville. We were glad to have these visitors with us and hope they will visit us again.

—o—

Rev. E. S. Summers, pastor of the First Baptist Church, Concord, conducted the regular afternoon service in the auditorium last Sunday. In his interesting talk to the boys Rev. Summers gave several reasons why he knew that the Bible was really the word of God, handling the subject in a very capable manner. A very enjoyable feature of the afternoon's program was a vocal number rendered by Mrs. Paul Caldwell, of New York City, the title of her number being, Arise, Shine, for Thy Light Is come.'' Miss Margaret Hartsell, of Concord, played the piano accompaninent. Mrs. Caldwell, who has an excellent voice, frequently sings over the radio in her home city. We were very glad to have had the opportunity of hearing her, and hope she will sing for us again on her next visit to the Southland.

—o—

We received a letter the other day from one of our boys who was paroled about a year ago. He reports that he made all his grades in school

last year, and, of course, will be promoted when school opens this month. From an enclosed newspaper clipping we learn that he is a Boy Scout and has just returned from a camping trip. The article also comments very favorably on the progress this lad has made in thos organization, making a very creditable showing in the various activities in Boy Scout work. We also received a letter from the boy's mother expressing her gratitude for what the Training School had done for him. She states that in addition to his good work in school, that he is a regular attendant at Sunday School and church; does not go out at night without her consent, and is very much improved in every way. Such reports as this are very gratifying to those of us who have had a part in effecting these changes in the lives of the boys who are placed under our care.

THE UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE

There's a language all can speak
And each child can understand;
No one ever finds it Greek,
It is known in every land;
Volapuk it leaves behind,
Nor can Esperanto vie
With his universal tongue,
Reaching all beneath the sky.

It has neither verb nor noun,
It has neither mood nor tense,
Paragraph nor sentence—yet
It conveys the instant sense
Of its meaning, e'en to those
Who can neither write nor read;
It is spoken by the dumb,
And the deaf can hear and heed.

Would you learn this magic tongue,
Speak to all, by all be heard,
Converse hold with every race,
Even talk with beast and bird?
Listen, then—in all God's world
Everywhere, from pole to pole,
Kindness reaches every heart,
Kindness speaks to every soul!

—Selected.

ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XIX CONCORD, N. C. SEPTEMBER 12, 1931 No. 37

Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

A perfectly vigorous and intelligent young American, equipped with all the latest devices of mechanics and chemistry, bursting with all the latest business tips about salesmanship and mass psychology, is not an educated man. He is not educated because he has only been educated in all modern things, and not even in all mortal, let alone all immortal things. In a word, he has not been made acquainted with human things. he has neglected the humanities.—G. K. Chesterton.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL
PUBLISHED BY
The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

NOT GRAVEN TABLETS NOR GRANITE MONUMENTS

A FRIENDSHIP TEST

One test of true friendship is whether we can enjoy the presence of a friend without feeling the necessity to talk or without the friend feeling she must talk to us. When two persons keep up a steady flow of language, it is usually because they are not comfortable in each other's presence "in the silence."

When we are happy merely to be with a friend; when a sense of communion is experienced without words; when another undertakes our desire for silence, and we in turn sense our friend's need—we are experiencing one of the highest privileges of friendship as well as one of its tests.

When we are refreshed and strengthened and encouraged, when we are spiritually renewed merely by being with one, though few words be spoken, we may glory in the possession of an understanding friend.—Exchange.

FINE HISTORY

The Uplift has in this issue an interesting sketch of St. Martin's Lutheran church of Cabarrus county. This article, after considerable research work, was prepared by Mrs. W. A. Foil, Concord, whose parents were among the active early pioneer members of the congregation.

This contribution of local history is of interest to many Cabarrusites of different ages who in the early history of Cabarrus were either members or in some way closely associated with the activities of St. Martin's congregation. Mrs. Foil's interest in this point of Cabarrus history will no doubt stimulate others to write and there will follow other articles that will in the end prove a wonderful aid in assembling facts for a Cabarrus history. Such contributions are more worthwhile than can be realized just at this time. We all know by experience that the passing of many valuable citizens as time ad-

vances makes is impossible to catch up the connecting lniks because of the fact there are no records. The Uplift would appreciate weekly just such brief sketches similar to the one about St. Martin's Lutheran church.

* * * * * * * * * *

AMERIICANS, INVETERATE TRAVELERS

During this era of highway transportation the old hardships of a journey have been transformed by the improved methods and there has become a genuine enjoyment in traveling. With all of these delightful and comfortable ways to move around within easy access of every one it is but natural to hard back, by way of contrast, to the 18th century when the cumbersome stage coach, a medium of transportation for all, rattled over the rough routes between different points of interest.

During the epoch of the stage coach the most colorful line known was the Butterfield Overland Stages plying between St. Louis and San Francisco. In a business way, but not in swiftness and comfort, there was much of a comparable nature between the bus lines of today and this one particular stage line. It was then the largest business of its kind operated in America, using 100 coaches, 1500 horses and mules and employing nearly 800 men to carry on the business. It is impossible to give a suggestion as to property values of any modern up-to-date bus line, but there is reason to think the Butterfield-Overland line held a similar position in point of service to that of the renowned Greyhound-bus-line that has made possible the most remote corners of the country. The Butterfield-Overland stage line possibly was looked upon as a big "corporation" if that term were used then. These stage coaches like other antiques have long since been relegated to the past and are recalled only as a part of traditional history including many instances of early romance.

We know it was the expansion of the railroads during the 19th century that signed the death warrant, so to speak, to the stage lines with their debonair coach drivers. These picturesque coaches were the forerunners of the comfortable and tastily appointed motor busses that operate today over the great net work of American highways, and are possibly passing over highways once used by the stage coaches.

If time were taken for a parallel study of the old cross-country stages, followed up by the advent of the steam driven engines of the railroads, and

later the introduction of the motor bus transportation much interesting history would be learned as to the developments and progress of the modern civilization we are enjoying today.

Admitting that natural events made the extinction of the stage coach inevitable for similar reasons we acknowledge that the fine system of concrete roads with their delightful motor coaches have predestined a greater impetus than ever to traveling over the highways.

Without argument the highways are extensively traveled because the Americans are inveterate travelers. The consensus of opinion is the Americans are a restless people because born of fathers from distant shores and heirs of pioneers who scouted for favorable home spots, therefore, it is not astonishing when the fact is revealed millions toured the country over the highways for various reasons this past year.

The quickening cultural growth of our people has stimulated interest in journeying, and the convenience of the motor coach service has a strong appeal to the traveler.

* * * * * * * * * *

THE NEED OF LEADERSHIP

On the occasion of the mid-year bar examination of 142 young lawyers, of this number five were women, Chief Justice Stacy of the North Carolina Supreme court made an impassioned plea emphasizing the need of leadership during the crisis that the nation is encountering at this time.

We have not an intimate acquaintance with the distinguished jurist, but knowing the influence of the home from which he came we were expecting the splendid thought he gave to the young lawyers of today. In every instance the parents of this distinguished statesman taught by precept and example the brief expressed, "always do right," besides the "faith in a a something not ourselves that counts for righteousness." Chief Justice Stacy expresses the need of a renewed faith, a new hope and fresh courage to meet emergencies during the depression. Without this armor of righteousness the mental depression will never be overcome:

> "If it be a fact, that the only salvation that can be offered to a prostrate agricultural section is the destruction of the farmers' crops, and that the only hope that can be held out to the unemployed is suicide, and the only panacea that can be suggested for the ills of a democracy is the destruction of democracy itself, then we are suffering from mental

paralysis, and we need the revivifying touch of a new faith, a new hope, a new courage—faith in ourselves, faith in our kind and faith in a something not ourselves that makes for righteousness.''

He continues that at no time since the World War has there been a greater demand for men of clear head, steady nerves and calm courage, neither has there been a broader field presenting opportunities for men of this calibre in which they can render service to humanity. Leadership is aspired to by many but attained by few. With the privilege of high service comes great responsibilities and few can measure up to the requirements. The qualities of superb leadership are a just mind, initiative and ability to cooperate with coworkers, making each and all feel the responsibility of the work entrusted. Many a brilliant career has been marred by the lack of these finer qualities of manhood. Washington and Lee are fine examples of outstanding leadership. They knew the value of their subordinate officers, they knew also how to marshall forces to get the best results, realizing that ''united we stand and divided we fall.'' The need of the hour is strong leadership.

* * * * * * * * * *

WILLIAM CRAWFORD GORGAS

We should keep fresh in the minds of the people the accomplishments of any benefactor, most especially so if the whole world proves to be beneficaries. Here is a story of a man, Major William Crawford Gorgas, taken from a Sunday school leaflet, who has done much to make this world a better and safer place in which to live:

Many of the readers of this page have heard of Walter Reed, but how many of you have any recollection of the name of Major General William Crawford Gorgas Reed discovered the mode of transmission of the yellow fever germ, but it took the genius of Gorgas to make the tropics safe from the terrible disease.

William Crawford Gorgas contracted the disease while still a young man and was made immune. He obtained college and medical degrees and entered the army as a physician. Because of his extensive knowledge of yellow fever, he was appointed Chief Sanitary Officer of Havana. Later, he was placed in command of the Sanitary forces in the Panama Canal Zone. He was also on the staff of the Isthmian Canal Commission. He was one of the few men in the history of the country to receive official recognition and thanks from Congress in behalf of scientific work. As a reward for his untiring work and leadership, he was appointed Surgeon General of the United States Army. He served nobly in this capacity until his death in London. He was buried, as are many

national heroes, in the Arlington Cemetery.

As one writer has stated, Gorgas is the—

1. Man whose work made the Panama Canal possible.
2. Economic saviour of Cuba.
3. Father of the Army.
4. Redeemer of the Tropics.
5. World's Physician.
6. Most beloved medical officer of the United States Army.
7. Man whose work reflected great glory on the medical profession.
8. Man whose genius placed him with Pasteur and Lister.
9. A Servant of Mankind and a Benefactor of humanity.

* * * * * * * * * *

Congressman E. W. Pou of the Fourth District has announced as soon as the schools are opened he expects to send to every school a beautiful portrait-poster of George Washington in colors, a reproduction of the famous Gilbert Stuart painting. The distribution of these posters is done in cooperation with the United States commission to stimulate interest in the George Washington celebration that will begin February 22nd and last till Thanksgiving Day. This Bicentennial celebration commemorates the 200th anniversary of the birth of the Father of our country, an event that will be of interest not to schools alone but to clubs, fraternal and patriotic organization.

RAMBLING AROUND

With Old Hurrygraph

"He spent his health to get his wealth,
And then with might and main
He turned around and spent his wealth,
To get his health again."

—o—

For the past five weeks I have been vacationing and ruminating in and around Asheville, the queen city of the glorious Western North Carolina mountains. It was delightful in all of its phases of scenery and health-giving invigoration. Asheville has been, and is, passing through "trying" times. A mental and financial shock struck that section like a cyclone when the leading bank failed and carried down others to want and poverty. But Asheville, like the giant oak, will stand the shock and come out of the holocaust purified and adorned for greater material achievements. She has only to look up with faith, hope and prayers, smiling, instead of looking down with frowns and curses. Her WWNC—Wonderful Western North Carolina broadcasting station has one of its antennas capped with a cross and the other with a star—emblems of faith and hope and her citizens have need to look up and take courage. It is to be hoped that the good Lord will temper the adverse winds to the shorn lambs of the defunct banks. Asheville's modern and splendidly equipped new postoffice and Federal court building is a thing of beauty, and a joy to her citizens. Everything about it is as bright as a new silver dollar. On the large granite pedestals on either side of its broad commodious steps to the front entrance are the following inscriptions: On one, "Happiness to the people through swift and unfailing communication." On the other, "The rewards of truth are found in the administration of Justice."

—o—

Liberty seems to be my mascot. I was domiciled in a beautiful home at 81 Liberty street, in Asheville, with all the comforts of a lord and here our Durham contingent luxuriated in all the delights of summer recreation. I live on Liberty street in Durham. When I resided in Winston, nod Winston-Salem, I lived and had my office on Liberty street there. I bought Liberty bonds and now read Liberty, and in the language of Patrick Henry, "give me liverty, or give me death!" While in Asheville we had two cold spells. We had to sally forth to get fuel to keep warm. But Frank M. Sally came to our rescue and proposed something that acted like magic. He suggested, and brought us old automobile rubber tires cut in about two feet lengths, and it was a revelation what a hot fire they made. There was no odor and one piece burns as long as a stick of wood. Just wrap one piece in a newspaper, touch a match and off goes your fire like lighting gas. One piece at the time and you will be astonished at what a comfortable fire it will make. That is something new under the sun.

—o—

Speaking of matter to burn re-

minds me that I made a visit to Burnsville, the county seat of Yancey county. Nice mountain town. The highway to this place is through a beautiful and rugged section of the country, and believe it or not, there were rugs for sale along the entire route. Beautiful handiwork, and they were called "Hand Hooked Rugs," but I did not manage to hook any of them. A bumper crop of apples throughout that section loaded the trees until their limbs fairly groaned under the weight. Crops fine. Never saw better. The whole section appears prosperous for living at home.

—o—

The mills of the gods may grind fine, as they say, but the Mills of Asheville know how to please tourists. John D. Mills, of the Cadillac emporium took the Durham party out for a spin in a 12-cylinder Cadillac, which didn't seem to lack a thing, except the cads keeping out of the way, as we glided, as I imagine, on flowery beds of ease along the smooth roads over and around mountains and Biltmore Forests, like an airplane cleaving the ether above us. Either one of the party will tell you it was a delightful afternoon's spin and there is no yarn about its delight and the thanks tendered Mr. Mills for his kindness.

—o—

Sunday afternoon the editress of the Morganton News-Herald, in league with the Cobb family of that delightful town, came over to Ashevlile and kidnapped me and hurried homeward. I thought they were taking me to the Morganton asylum, but it was to their beautiful and hospitable domicile, where, for two days I was thrilled beyond measure by their charming hospitality, so cordial, unrestrained. Morganton is a beautiful town, with some of the best people on earth. I love Morganton. My, more so (mimosa) than ever. Many new improvements were noted since my last visit to the captal of Burke. Morganton, at the Broad Oaks sanitarium, gave me a new lease on life, many years ago, when I suffered a nervous breakdown. Morganton has the unique distinction of having a funeral home next door to the postoffice. A good depository for the dead letters. Friends in Morganton motored me over to the Patterson School, in the Happy Valley, where I found the mountain boys happy in their school and farm work. The school is much improved and doing a great work, but it is in need of much equipment, and financial aid to do better work and enlarge its scope of accomplishments, Pretty Lenoir is still more beautiful since she lifted her face and secured a new postoffice building and a new courthouse, and made other improvements in many ways, More success to her progress.

"A little explained, a little endured,
A little forgiven—the quarrel is cured."

THE WADE HARRIS BRIDGE ON HIGHWAY NUMBER SIXTY

By C. W. Hunt

A highway bridge 110 feet high, in an isolated mountain section is something out of the ordinary, but such a bridge was dedicated at Boone on the 29th of August, in the presence of a great throng of people from four states; and it was dedicated to Col. Wade H. Harris, editor of the Charlotte Observer in appreciation of his newspaper and personal efforts in the development of North western North Carolina. The picture of the bridge as it appeared in the Observer of August 30th is a most striking likeness of the crossing, yet it does not flatter it. Its setting is in the primeval forest, the only thing in sight of it to mar the natural scenery is the remains of a saw mill. To this writer the most remarkable thing about it all is the fact that two mountains lay close enough to each other for a bridge 312 feet long to span the chasm and place the traveler 100 feet higher than he was when he came under the structure on the old highway. It spans both the old highway and the Lewis fork of the Reddies river and touches the mountain on the west side on the grade of the old highway.

The bridge itself is of the arch type, with skeleton supports, giving it the neat and trim appearance of a race horse, yet with the strength and beauty that makes one wonder at the feats of engineering. There was a great gulch and to build the crossing timbers and supports and concrete and steel were necessary, and if one had been there in the building of it he or she would have seen only ugly things, but now there stands a thing of beauty and strength and safety, with no sign of the stuff necessary to make it. Any traveler who will take the time to stop on the parking space at east end will be well repaid for the trouble, for from that point one can see all one side without any climb or obstruction. On the east end the main support sets upon a shelving rock in the side of the mountain: 165 feet west sets the other main support of the arch, anchored deep in the side of the mountain, and from these rises an arch of the above width a sheer lift of 100 feet, as symetrical as is possible for engineers to make, while ribs of support project upward from the arch at given distances on either side of the arch. As stated above the structure is 312 feet long, 20 feet wide, 110 feet high; required 1300 cubic yards of concrete and 85 tons of structural steel, and cost $51,000 to erect it. On the east end is a bronze tablet bearing this inscription: "The Wade Harris Bridge, Erected in 1930." Every particle of it is finished as cleanly as the plastering inside your home, covering every inch of the structural steel and looks like the ravages of time could never harm it. With all that may be said about it, the casual driver, at high speed, will cross it without seeing any thing but concrete railings and go on his or her way unaware of its strength and beauty or its heighth above the bed

of the mountain stream below.

Those who read this and have traveled the old highway from North Wilkesboro to Boone and climbed through Deep Gap, will recall how the old highway followed Lewis fork for miles, right along its banks through farms and meadows until you reached the heavy forest lands and began the ascent. You drove along side the stream still until you crossed it and turned abruptly to the left and began the steep climb along the mountain side until you turned again to the right: well, right there is where the west end of the bridge is located as it spans the chasm from the east. It has lifted you 100 feet higher than you were when on the old highway where you crossed the location of the present bridge, and you go off the west end on the same grade as the old highway. In other words soon after you entered the forest country you begin to leave the old highway on a new grade, gradually leaving it to your left, until you find yourself 100 feet above the old highway, when traveling west.

West of the bridge the engineers encountered some of the heaviest grading in the history of road building in North Carolina. Great sides of the mountains have been blown off and cuts up to fifty feet deep made, yet there is still a grade, a grade that can be made in high with a good working car, yet one is ever cognizant of the fact that he or she is going up grade until a peak is reached, then down grade apparently just as steep. This continues all the way from the bridge to Boone, there being few stretches you can call level road. You can see the old highway, first to the right then to the left, often a long distance off. Where the old highway went through the celebrated Taylor orchard, the new road is about one forth of a mile to the left, then presently you see the place where the old highway circled a cleared mountain, sugar loafed in shape away to your left.

The roadway is wide, the curves long and the construction in the mountain section is of the standard bituminuous macadam until nearing Boone there is a section of concrete road. This highway number sixty is destined to become a great trunk line to the mountains and to the west into other states like Virginia, Tennessee and Kentucky. With the completion of this route across the Blue Ridge there are now four fine highways into what was known as the lost provinces: route 26 by way of Elkin, route sixteen (unpaved) from Millers Creek to Jefferson, route 60 as mentioned above and route 17 by Blowing Rock. Time and time again effort has been made to build a railway across the Blue Ridge in this section, but the grades were too great to ever make a road over which trains of any length could go, but with these highways and the coming of the powerful trucks, it seems Providence has taken care of the matter of transportation by delay in railway building; and since the trucks and busses and privately owned cars have robbed the railways of much of their income, it looks like many generations will pass before a railway enters that section from the east.

A BRIEF SKETCH OF ST. MARTIN'S LUTHERAN CHURCH

By Mrs. W. A. Foil

Unfortunately much of the data that would be greatly instructive and interesting, are not readily available. If regular orderly records were kept we have not, in the short time given us, been able to find them. Doubtless much that would be valuable history was never recorded. Those early days were different to ours. Every thing was in the pioneer stage. The people were in a new and strange land and had to endure many hardships and privations.

The land on which the church stands came through a grant from Governor Branch of North Carolina to John H. Bost and Daniel Boger on November 16, 1819, one hundred and twelve years ago, for a meeting house consisting of 120 acres and official papers are recorded in the office of Register of Deeds of Cabarrus County, Book 44, page 509 on November 25, 1888.

As to early history of the congregation, very little could be found. When the congregation was organized and by whom we were unable to determine. In those early days the congregation did not have regular pastors with stated times for service. Often they were looked after in a way by ministers who lived in other and sometimes distant sections. Doubtless St. Martins was no exception. These ministers were in a way Lutheran "Circuit Riders" of their own making, preaching to the congregations of several seetions as often as possible.

No records that we could find show who the first minister or ministers were. There are records which show that David Henkle preached at Morning Star, Mecklenburg County. He doubtless visited St. Martins in his tours. He lived near Lincolnton, North Carolina. Records show Rev. Adam Miller and David Henkle administered communion to 46 members on June 8, 1821. The Bogers, Shinns, Furrs, Smiths, Bosts, were some of the family names.

Peter C. Boger of Cabarrus County, was a delegate to the second meeting of the Tennessee Synod which convened in Zion Church, Sullivan County, Tennessee, October, 22, 1821. He was appointed on an important committee at this meeting. He also offered a Resolution "That a Copy of the Augsburg Confession and the Minutes of the Synod be deposited in every church." He was also a delegate to the Third Meeting, October 21, 1822. He was a staunch Lutheran and an ardent opponent of Rev. Shober, who was a Moravian.

The Fourth, Fifth and Sixth Sessions of Synod George Goodman was a delegate from Cabarrus County. Later on, the name of T. Shinn appears as delegate. If these were all from St. Martins, it shows that the church was in a pretty vigorous condition even at this early date.

Besides the care of the early visiting ministers there appears later evidence of more regular service.

Rev. A. J. Fox perhaps served the congregation from 1841.

Rev. C. G. Reitzel (?) from 1843

to 1846.

Rev. J. R. Moser in 1847.

Rev. Timothy Moser was ordained in Buehlers Church, Sullivan County, Tennessee, October 7, 1847. He served this congregation with perhaps some interruption from 1848 to 1887. During this period Rev. Henry Goodman must have served this congregation for a while for it is of record that he baptized Rev. W. J. Boger in infancy in the year 1869.

Rev. J. P. Price served as pastor from 1888 to 1901.

Rev. J. F. Deal 1902-1905.

Rev. W. H. Little 1906.

Rev. H. L. Seagle 1907.

Rev. L. D. Miller 1907-1917.

Rev. D. L. Miller 1919-1921.

Rev. E. K. Counts 1922-1926.

Rev. H. W. Jeffcoat 1927-1929.

Rev. James E. Walker 1930-to the present.

Thus the congregation has a long and honorable history, never very large in numbers but always faithful to The Faith.

THE LITTLE THINGS

The little things—the kindly words and deeds
That one may say and do, yet seldom does—
The word of cheer some toiling brother needs
That we withhold and never speak because
We didn't think; 'twould turn his day to gold,
Repaying us, in cheer, ten thousand fold!

The little things—a baby's tiny shoe,
The toys he dropped along the rosy ways,
A broken drum and leaden soldier, too,
All take us back to long-forgotten days;
The greatest things we pass and then forget—
The little things—oh, we remember yet!

The little things! How wrong and misapplied
When all that's best in life is made of such—
The cheering thoughts of kindness that abide—
The song of love that springs from mem'ry's touch;
The little things in all this throbbing strife
Are, after all, the greatest things in life.

—By John B. Wells.

JEWS DEMAND WORK AND WAGES FOR UNEMPLOYED

(Selected)

"We serve notice in the name of the most priceless spiritual possession of man, the sanctity of the human soul, that religion has naught but bitter condemnation for any economic order which, like our present one, again and again places concern for propetey above concern for human life and leaves millions of lives as wreckage in the mad scramble for material wealth," declared the Commission on Social Jusiice of the Contra lConference of American Rabbis in a Labor Day message made public by Rabbi Edward L. Israel, chairman of the commission.

"We face a situation now in which babes moan for a crust of bread while millions of bushels of grain rot in the granaries and the fields teem with an overabundance of produce," continues the message. "Children go barefoot and naked because, so we are told, their laboring fathers have made so many shoes, have produced so much clothing that the only answer of sound economics was to stop their means of livelihood.

"Surely the degradation of charity, bread lines, and soup kitchens is not a Godly answer to the challenging problem of responsibility for a universe where millions who want to work are forced to starve in the midst of teeming overabundance."

To meet the unemployment crisis the message urges five billion dollars for public improvements, including roads, elimination of grade crossings, and reforestation.

"These millions of unemployed workers have a right to jobs," declares the message. "It is essential not only to the material lives of men, women and children, but to their fundamental dignity and respect as human beings. No economic order can ethically rob men of their inalienable self respect by making them objects of charity. If the private processes of our present economic order are paralyzed, our Government owes it to its millions to act at once. A few years ago we, as a Government, spent billions of dollars to destroy the lives of those whom we called our enemies. Yet we hesitate today to spend constructively in order to preserve the lives of our own people?"

Turning to the shorter work week as an essential measure to provide jobs for the unemployed, the message says: "Our machines are turning out products faster than we can consume them. This is one great reason why we have so much unemployment. We must realize that the only solution is to regulate production, to shorten the hours of labor so that all may have the opportunity to be gainfully employed. The shorter working day and the shorter working week are both economic and moral necessities in our mechanized age. Machinery is made for man, not man for machinery."

The message also denounces the inequitable distribution of wealth and declares that "along with the adjustment of the problem of hours must come an adjustment of the

distribution of the profits of industry. We have learned at a terrific price of suffering that whirring wheels piling up enormous profits for the few do not mean prosperity or happiness for society as a whole that is the concern of any righteous program of conduct.

"Our present economic order is to be judged and its permanence to be assured, not to the degree to which it can produce wealth and power, but to the extent to which it can provide the essentials of decent subsistence to the great mass of toiling humanity."

"There is nothing sacred in the present order," the message concludes, "and unless it can place itself more in accord with the fundamental principles of ethical conduct we forecast for it the same inevitable and inexorable doom as did the great prophets of our people in another day to another generation, blind and callous. May we have the wisdom, the humanity, and the consecrated spirituality to bring our stricken world to the healing touch of a Godly justice and righteousness."

A SERIOUS MATTER

This matter of farm tenancy in North Carolina is one which might well deserve the best thought in the State. The report of the University News Letter shows that in the decade, 1920-1930, 72 counties showed an increase of 23,245 tenant farms, while 28 counties lost 3,-151 tenant farms, an increase of 20,094.

Farm tenancy has proven, time and time again, a bad thing. Despite a temporary prosperity, it ultimately leads to poverty and despair. Witness certain counties in Carolina today.

Davidson County is among those 28 counties in which tenancy has shown a decrease during the ten years, having 730 tenant farms, 8.2 per cent less than in 1920, and ranking 19th in the decrease.

That the foundation of a state, nation, or any group is its body politic is a platitude. That farm tenancy lowers rather than elevates the standards of a people is also known. The matter is serious and deserves immediate attention.

It might be well to remember Goldsmith's words:

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay:
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade;
A breath can make them, as a breath has made:
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride.
When once destroyed, can never be supplied.—Lexington Dispatch.

NEW STATE HEALTH OFFICER

(The Health Bulletin)

Doctor James Marion Parrott of Kinston, on July 1st assumed the office of Secretary of the State Board of Health and State Heath Officer, the office to which he was unanimously elected at the first meeting of the "New" State Board of Health held in Raleigh, Thursday, May 28, 1931. He succeeds Dr. Charles O'H. Laughinghouse, who died August 26, 1930.

Doctor Parrott was born in Lenoir County near Kinston fifty-seven years ago. His preparotoy education was obtained in the local schools. He attended Wake Forest College and University of Maryland and was graduated in medicine from the Tulane University school of Medicine in New Orleans in 1885. He received his license to practice medicine by the North Carolina State Board of Medical Examiners at Goldsboro in 1895. He immediately joined the State Medical Society and has been one of its most loyal and devoted members ever since, never having missed but one annual meeting and that was in 1898 while he was a member of the U. S. Army of occupation in Cuba. He served as a sanitary officer under Gorgas and Carter in the Spanish-American War. He has practiced medicine in Kinston during all the intervening years where from the first he has been a leader in the profession. About twenty-five years ago he built the Parrott Hospital in Kinston, which was one of the first hospitals in that section. He successfully operated the hospital until four years ago when he retired from that service.

Doctor Parrott has held every office within the gift of his profession in North Carolina. He has been President of the State Medical Society; Member and President of the State Board of Medical Examiners; Member of the Board of Trustees of the State Hospital for the Insane and at one time President of the Board. He is at present a member of the various medical associations, such as the American Medical and the North Carolina Medical Society. He has taken numerous post-graduate courses in this country and abroad and has kept abreast of the rapid progress in medicine. He is an active member of the Missionary Baptist Church and was at one time President of the Board of Trustees of Wake Forest College.

Doctor Parrott has always been an advocate of progress in health and education consistant with economy and efficiency. He was for several years, early in his career, official county physician of Lenoir County, so the fundamentals of public health work are familiar to him.

The writer of this sketch has known Doctor Parrott well for twenty-six years and has always found him to be a man of the highest personal integrity, fine moral character, and in his dealings with friend and foe alike, the very quintessence of honor. In his relations with his patients as a physician he is known to them by the affectionate title of "Doctor Jim." He has a high sense of duty and will not hesitate to cut to the bone when he thinks mea-

sures are necessary for the best interests of the State Board of Health and the people of North Carolina. He brings to the leadership of the public health forces of the State at this time a fresh outlook, a new viewpoint and a broad vision which lends hope for better things.

In the fifty-four years since the State Board of Health was organized in 1877, there have been only four permanent Sate Health Officers. Doctor Thomas F. Wood of Wilmington, who organized the first Board and who was the first State Health Officer, served until his death, August 22, 1892. Sixteen days after Dr. Wood's death Dr. Richard H. Lewis of Raleigh was elected Secretary. Dr. Lewis served until the Legislature of 1909 made the office a full time one and increased the annual appropriation from $2,000 a year in 1892 to $10,500 a year in 1909. When Dr. Lewis resigned, effective July 1st, 1909, Dr. W. S. Rankin of Wake Forest was elected secretary. Dr. Rankin served until his resignation, effective June 1st, 1925. On June 21st, 1926, Dr. C. O'H Laughinghouse was elected and assumed office October 1st, 1926, serving until his death, August 26th 1930. During the interim between the resignation of Dr. Rankin and the assumption of office by Dr. Laughinghouse, and after the death of Dr. Laughinghouse before Dr. Parrott assumed office the affairs of the Board were administered by acting officers.

NAILS

Whenever the bright blue nails would drop
Down on the floor of his carpenter shop,
Saint Joseph, prince of carpenter men,
Would stoop to gather them up again;
For he feared for two little sandals sweet,
And very easy to pierce they were
As they pattered over the lumber there
And rode on two little sacred feet.
But alas, on a hill between earth and heaven
One day—two nails in a cross were driven,
And fastened it firm to the sacred feet
Where once rode two little sandals sweet;
And Christ and His Mother looked off in death
Afar—to the valley of Nazareth,
Where the carpenter's shop was spread with dust
And the little blue nails, all packed in rust,
Slept in a box on the window-sill;
And Joseph lay sleeping under the hill.

—Leonard Feeney.

"OLD IRONSIDES" AND THE DO-X

(Asheville Citizen)

We see by the New York Herald Tribune that only 12,500 persons visited the U. S. S. Constitution, "Old Ironsides," in New York harbor on Sunday, whereas on the same day 30,000 persons inspected the giant Dornier seaplane DO-X a few miles away, paying a dollar apiece for the privilege of going on board the new German wonder the largest and heaviest flying ship ever built.

Perhaps there is a text in this for some wholesome sermonizing, but we doubt it. The "Old Ironsides" now touring the coast cities, after having been rebult once more, this time with the pennies of school children, is not in fact the ship that was launched in Boston while George Washington was still President, whose first flags were made by Betsy Ross, which went out against the Barbary pirate and later fought in the war of 1812. The present Constitution is a replica, rather, of the original gallant frigate, immortalized by the poem of Oliver Wendell Holmes a hundred years ago when it was first proposed to scrap the old craft.

"Old Ironsides" has been rebuilt several times. There is not much of the original vessel left. She is today, as the Herald Tribune says, a museum piece, recalling the gallantry of our early navy, reviving historic memories, a legacy from the past. Those who visited her should have been stirred by the glamour of the traditions that she invisages. Most of the 12,500 who went on board her on Sunday were more interested, the report says, in the grog barrel, a twenty-gallon cedar cask from which liquor was regularly dispensed to the crew in the days when the Constitution first sailed the seas.

So, as we say, there may be a moral in the fact that 30,000 people went to see the DO-X last Sunday while only 12,500 visited "Old Ironsides." That moral, we think, if there be a moral, is that today men's imaginations and their thoughts are reaching more and more into the challenging future, clouded though it is, and less and less into the past, which is as it should be in these changeful days, so filled with alarums and excursions. The past has its lessons to teach us. It is well that some should bend themselves attentively to find out, if they can, what they are. But there never was a time when it was so important that the minds of the people should reach forward, that their eyes should look straight ahead.

"Truth forever on the scaffold, wrong forever on the throne—
Yet that scaffold sways the future, and behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow,
Keeping watch above His own."—Selected.

HERBERT HOOVER

By Mitchell V. Charnley

(Telling the story of an orphan boy who became President of the United States—the land of opportunity).

PART I

It wasn't a log cabin, that little one-story frame home in the pioneer village of West Branch, Iowa, but it certainly wasn't a mansion. It was rectangular, without porch or ornament. The "front door" was at ground level and opened onto a little board walk. It was lighted by oil lamps inside, and it was furnished with utmost simplicity.

But it was neat and it was "homey"; Jesse and Huldah Hoover were Quakers, and their home reflected their quiet, happy religious life. Their son Theodore—they called him Tad—was three years old when August 10, 1874, came around, and to Tad it would have been an ideal life if he could have had a brother or sister to enjoy it with him.

Tad had not many toys, but what did a fellow need of toys when his father's blacksmith shop was just across the alley? There were great bellows to watch, and the ring of the mighty hammer on red-hot iron to hear. There were horses being shod, great wagon wheels sizzling with new iron tires in the big tub of water, flying sparks to dodge, a hundred scraps of metal to play with.

But Tad would have liked a small brother or sister, and his parents yearned for a daughter. It was the morning of August 11 that Tad's wish was granted—that was the morning that he was wakened with the electric words: "You have a baby brother!"

This new brother was a roly-poly little fellow, and he looked about at the world with pleasant blue eyes. He seemed as glad to be there as Tad was to have him.

And Jesse Hoover, the twenty-four-year-old blacksmith, was a proud father. Early that morning, not more than six hours after the boy was born, he went to the home of an aunt of the new baby. He tapped on her window, and called smilingly: "Well, we have another General Grant at our house. Huldah would like to see you."

The baby was not destined to be a general—as a matter of fact, the Quaker faith distinctly forbade carrying arms. But, like General Grant, he was to be a President.

That new boy was Herbert Hoover.

Two other boys, almost a century and a half earlier, had come to primintive America, the land of the red man, and had established the families that finally met in Iowa. One of the boys was a little fellow named William Minthorn who landed in Boston in 1725, an orphan, and who was taken in by relatives who had previously come from England. The other was sixteen-year-old Andreas Huber, a German lad who came to Philadelphia in 1739.

Both of these boys grew up as Quakers. Their families were strictly religious—had come to America so as to enjoy religious freedom—and the boys carried on the religious

tradition as they became men. When they emigrated to new territory—for pioneer blood seemed to run in both Minthorn and Huber veins—they took their firm convictions with them.

The Minthorns went North and West. Some of them, it is true, got down into Pennsylvania; but more went into Canada, and established Quaker settlements near what is now Toronto. The Hubers (whose name soon changed to Hoover) on the other hand went South and West, first to Maryland, then to North Carolina, and finally, about 1800, to the wilds of Ohio.

For half a century, then, these two adventurous families "stayed put." But America kept moving westward; there was the gold rush to California; there were tales of marvelous farm lands out in Iowa. So, about the middle of the century, Minthorns and Hoovers were on the pioneering trail again.

It was in 1854 that the Hoovers arrived in Iowa and settled a little community which they promptly called West Branch because one of their number was a Quaker minister in the "West Branch of the Friends' Congregation in America." And it was four years later that Theodore Minthorn and his family came to West Branch and passed through it, to purchase a farm three miles west of town and make it the new Minthorn home.

West Branch, established as a Quaker settlement, drew more Quakers. Eventually there were meetinghouses of a number of branches of the faith in the little town. It had, too, Churches of other denominations.

Diversions were few. "Ice cream sociables" were given by the ladies of some of the Churches, and home-talent entertainments sometimes took place. On pleasant Saturday evenings in summer the town band gave concerts from the little band stand built over the village pump. Farmers came from miles around for these concerts. But they were not always in favor with the stern Quakers. "They'll be wanting to have music right in meeting next thing you know," prophesied one Quaker elder darkly.

For the Quakers were the strictest of the strict in their religious observances. There were meetings twice a week, silent meetings in the little meetinghouses, where parents sat in silent reflection and children sometimes found it hard to keep fidgety fingers quiet for the long hour. And the Quakers carried their faith into their relations with one another. Written agreements were not necessary among Quakers, to bind business deals; oral promises were enough. A Quaker victimized by bad crops or bad business was not allowed to suffer; his Quaker neighbors saw to it that he was "tided over" the hard times. The religion of William Penn was rightly called the religion of brotherly love.

It was in this atmosphere that the children of Theodore Minthorn and Eli Hoover grew up. The Minthorn children lived outside of West Branch, but they never missed regular meetings. They went to school at Yankee Corners, a school taught by Joel and Hannah Bean; and they found plenty of encouragement in

their school work at home.

Like their parents, the Minthorn children were taught to love books. The Bible, of course, was their mainstay; they had also other approved books—the writings of Quaker leaders, "Pilgrim's Progress," occasionally the weekly semi-religious magazine of the period, the Youth's Companion. Ann Minthorn, the story goes, used to spin with a book propped up before her. Her brother plowed with a book tied to the handle of his plow. Ellen was noted for the large number of Bible chapters she committed to memory, and Huldah and Phœbe for their ability as "readers."

At the little shool of Yankee Corners, Huldah came to know Jesse Hoover, a quiet, good boy' who had a sense of humor as keen as hers. She became better acquainted with him through her visits to the home of John Y. Hoover, the head of the Quaker meeting in the "Fast Friends" meetinghouse on North Downey Street. As she grew older she spent many hours at Mr. Hoover's home, drinking in the wisdom of the minister and, it may be guessed, seeing more and more of young Jesse. In Jess's delight in a practical joke as well as in his religion she she found a kindred spirit; in time the community accepted the fact that the boy and the girl were "keeping company."

Like five of her six brothers and sisters, Huldah attended the University of Iowa; unlike John, who later attended medical school in Philadelphia and eventually went westward as a pioneer doctor, and Phœbe, she did not graduate.

After Huldah's months at the university she became more serious and more deeply religious. She laid aside the minor frivolities of dress she had affected, and followed in the steps of her sisters Phœbe and Ellen, who became missionary preachers and teachers.

In 1866 her father died, and Huldah devoted herself more than ever to religion. Meantime young Jesse Hoover, a robust youth, had set himself up as a blacksmith. He took to making farm implements and machinery for the farmers around West Branch, and in time became local agent for farm machine factories. He had a little shop, and acoss the alley from it he put up a tiny frame cottage. On March 12, 1870, he married Huldah Minthorn, then minister of the Springdale Friends' Assembly, and moved into the little home.

It was there that Theodore Hoover, their first child, was born. It was there that Jesse, Huldah, and little Tad waited for a daughter and sister—the baby who, on August 10, 1874, turned out to be a boy.

So much had the boy's parents counted on a daughter that they had no name ready for him. It was several days after his birth that his Aunt Ann, sitting beside Huldah's bedside, asked: "What are you going to call him?"

Huldah admitted smilingly that she did not know. Ann Minthorn decided it for her.

"Call him Herbert."

So the boy became Herbert Clark Hoover, the Clark taken from the name of Jesse Clark Hoover, his father. It is not likely that his Quaker parents, lovers of peace, knew that that the name they had given their

son meant: "Warrior Bold!"

Jesse Hoover's boys, Tad and Bert, were comrades from the time young Herbert was old enough to tag along after Tad until, years later, circumstances separated them.

Healthy, active, normal outdoor life these two boys had. As soon as Bert could toddle—he grew to be a chubby, businesslike young man with rosy cheeks and a disposition to say little and see much—they played in the blacksmith shop, along the near-by creek, in the neighboring woods. By stepping on a scrap of red-hot iron Bert acquired a scar that never left him. Another time he managed to him. Another time he managed to set a vat of tar on fire and almost burn up the entire shop. When he was four, the little sister came along. They called her May. And about that time, his farm implement business prospering, Jesse Hoover moved into a grand new home, one with two stories and an acre of gardens and rochard.

The new home was just at the foot of Cook's Hill, and was a great advantage in winter. For all the boys and girls of West Branch coasted in the deep Iowa snow, and Bert and Tad, on their homemade sleds, learned the joy of flying a long "belly buster" as did the other children. They hiked over the hills, too; they became snowball experts; they spent hours chasing elusive jack rabbits through and orchard.

In summer, of course, they saw even more of outdoor life. They had the year-round chores to do—wood to saw, garden to hoe, cows to milk. They visited at Grandmother Minthorn's beautiful farm or at Uncle Benajah Hoover's farm; and there they made George Hoover, Uncle Benajah's son, a third member of their group. George, a little older than Tad, became the leader of the triumvirate; Bert, as the youngest, perhaps had few privileges. But he seemed to appreciate the fact that he could always tag along!

It was in the early winter after Bert's sixth birthday that the smooth, happy existence of the small boy was suddenly rudely interrupted. Their strong young father was abruptly taken ill with typhoid fever, then a swift and terrible disease. Doctors could do nothing. Jesse Hoover died.

His death left an unfillable hole in the Hoover world. He had only a modest estate, not nearly enough to support his family. So Huldah Hoover had to find ways to keep food on the table and shoes on the four pairs of feet, and she turned to her needlework and her profession as a Quaker preacher. More and more she came to spend her time going from one meetinghouse to another, helping to conduct Quaker services; and she became known for her religious zeal and her moving talks.

For Bert life went on pretty much as usual. The three children were more often at Uncle Benajah's, because Mrs. Hoover was absent so much. But he and Tad and George played as usual, and school kept on. Bert was taken by Uncle Laban Miles, an Indian agent, down into Indian Territory (now Oklahoma) for one summer, and there he "went native" as he played Indian games with little redskins. He learned Indian cooking and camping, Indian wood lore and habits, and his knowledge always stayed with him.

Gradually the boys began to turn

to older games. They played baseball. They swam in the old swimming hole. They trapped rabbits, explored the woods, played circus. And they read such facinating tales as "Robinson Crusoe," "The Last of the Mohicans," and "Deerslayer" (though they had to read them on the sly, usually out at Uncle Benajah's, for Mrs. Hoover did not approve of this type of literature for small boys).

It was through the village dentist, Dr. William Walker, that Bert began to develop a new interest. Dr. Walker was, among other things, an amateur geologist. He had a collection of strange rocks—white, gray, red, blue, black, spotted with a thousand glistening colors. And this "rock pile" became one of Bert's obsessions. The rocks were not only fascinating in themselves; they urged Dr. Walker into absorbing stories. Bert began to call frequently to hear the story of the rocks—to learn how the earth is made up, why lava flows, how coal is formed. He found more and more questions to ask the dentist, and finally, it seemed, he had asked all the amateur geologist could answer and was thinking up more!

It was due to this interest, and to Dr. Walker's urging, that Bert began to think of the desirability of going to college. His mother planned this. She wanted all of her children to have the best education possible. But Bert commenced to plan on it now, too, and eventually his plans bore fruit.

Meantime his second shock of his youthful life arrived. Mrs. Hoover was taken ill on one of her preaching excursions—a bad cold that rapidly became pneumonia. In February, 1884, before Bert was ten, his mother died. And the three children were parentless.

But Quakers always looked out for their own. There were dozens of Minthorn and Hoover relatives, and the question was only as to which relative should take care of which child. Finally it was decided that May was to go to Grandmother Minthorn, Tad would live with Uncle Davis, and Bert would become a member of the family of Uncle Allan Hoover.

So now Bert Hoover became a real farm boy. For eighteen months he lived with Uncle Allan, and he learned to drive in the cows and help cultivate the corn just as did his small cousin Walter, Uncle Allan's son. Then came an opportunity for him to make another big change: Uncle John Minthorn, his mother's brother, had become the physician and leading figure in a new settlement 'way out West, in Oregon, and he would like to have Bert come there to live.

It is easy to imagine how excited the small boy was as, in the care of an older West Branchite who happened to be going West, he boarded the tourist train with all his belongings and his food supply for the long ride to the coast. And how much more excited he must have been, a few days later, when the little river steamer going up the Willamette River from Portland let him off at the pioneer town of Newberg, and his journey was ended!

Life was truly new now for young Herbert Hoover. He had to make new friends. He had to adjust himself to new conditions. He was to attend the new academy which Dr. John had helped to found; he was to

help earn his board by doing the school chores. True to his training and his nature, he went about his job in a direct and businesslike way. It was not like Bert Hoover to waste time when there was work to be done. He pitched in and put it out of the way.

And there proved to be plenty of work for this new boy to do. Dr. John was not only the village physician, but also the promoter of the land company, acting head of the academy, and a little of everything else. He found out very soon that his nephew could be relied on to handle tasks given him, and before long Bert had not only his chores and his school work, but also dozens of duties around the land office. He kept hmiself more than busy there —in time, before he was fifteen, he was doing advertising, filing, stenographic work, selling, and everything else that nobody older than he seemed to have time for. When the main office was moved to Salem, Bert moved with it.

And it was in Salem one day that a mining engineer became interested in this hard-working, serious-faced boy and told of the delights and the opportunities in a mining career. He found in Bert, the story of the rocks still warm in his mind, an eager listener.

"Go to Stanford to study mining," advised the engineer. "It's a brand-new university, and it has the best teachers in the field."

Then and there Bert decided to go to Stanford. How he was to do it, even whether he could get in, he didn't think of at first. He was simply going to Stanford!

It was in the spring of 1891 that his opportunity came. Dr. Joseph Swain, an examining officer, visited Portland, and Bert went to meet him and attempt to pass the entrance examinations. He found himself woefully unprepared; his mathematics, his English were very weak indeed. But—

Professor Swain, himself a Quaker, liked this boy and liked the way the boy worked. "You couldn't have expected to solve those geometry problems," he said. "They were 'way beyond you. But you tried. I'm going to recommend you for admission when Stanford opens next fall."

And so the Quaker boy, his slim savings in his pocket, went down to California the next August, found himself a job to make sure he could eat regularly, and then found himself tutors in math and English.

Bert Hoover's four years of college were not easy ones. He had to earn every penny of his own way, and he did it by peddling papers, running a laundry agency, working as a laboratory assistant. He worked hard in his classes, too, and did good work in those that interested him most; but he had a very difficult time with freshman English, and passed it off only in the spring of his senior year.

Bert had a good time, even though he did not have an easy time. He became involved in an epic campus political battle between members of fraternities and nonmembers (he was a leader of the nonmembers), and his side came through with banners flaunting. He acted as manager of the football team and managed to pay off a big deficit and show a considerable profit for the college's

athletic association. He became very intimate with John Branner, the famous geologist and engineer who was in charge of the work in which Bert was most interested, and Dr. Branner quickly came to consider Bert one of his most promising students.

He spent one summer in Arkansas, working on data for a topographic map for Dr. Branner. He spent three more summers, following his sophomore, junior, and senior years, with the United States Geological Survey in the high California Sierras, under the famous Waldemar Lindgren. There he worked with gold lodes and mining methods and learned thousands of things that were directly in line with his mounting ambitions. There, too, he made a remarkable record—so that, when Lindgren published reports of the Survey's work, he put on them not only his own name, but also that of Herbert Hoover.

So passed the Quaker boy's education. In 1895 he was graduated, a mining engineer. But he was a mining engineer without a job, and he was to learn that jobs weren't the easiest things in the world to find!

(To Be Continued Next Week)

"THANK YOU"

Little Jack was only four years old, and a great pet of his Aunt Ruth, on account of his sweet, affectionate ways. One day his cousin, a boy of sixteen, set Jack to work. for him. He told him to pull some weeds in the field while he finished his story. Little Jack worked away until his fingers were sore and his face very hot. When, at length, he returned to the house, his aunt said to him: "Jackie, what have you been doing?"

The tears came into his eyes, and his lips quivered, and for a moment he did not speak. Then he said, "I've been kind to Cousin Frank; I worked dreffly hard for him, and he never said 'Thank you' to me."

Poor little Jackie! I felt sorry for him. It was hard lines not to have a word of thanks after all his hard work. But that night when I put him in his little cot he said to me: "Aunty, this morning I was sorry that I pulled the weeds, but now I'm not sorry."

"How is that?" I asked. "Has Cousin Frank thanked you?"

"No, he hasn't; but inside of me I have a good feeling. It always comes when I've been kind to any one; and, do you know, I've found out what it is."

"What is it darling?" I asked.

Throwing his arms around my neck, he whispered, "It's God's thank you."—Publisher Unknown.

PINE CONES

By L. E. Flack

Aryness looked up from the cluster of pine cones she was gilding. If only she could have gone on with her art work. And the days, how endlessly long they were! She glanced out the window at the distant, snow-capped mountains, and the nearer wide fields. Not a house in sight. Nothing but the groves of pine trees, and the new highway which would be finished next month.

It was a darling place, though—already Aryness had grown to love the modest five-room house, the tiny orchard, and the sloping fields—if only it had not been so out of the way. It had been such a disappointment to find that the village schools offered no course in art. If she were only back in the city; in town she had had such high hopes. But the inheritance of this farm had brought a sudden change for the little family, and Aryness was glad to think her mother would not have to squeese so hard to make ends meet. But her chance! Oh, it would be impossible now.

The evening before Brother Bob had brought in a fragrant heap of pine cones, and the love of painting had induced the girl to gild them. And there they stood, blue, gold, yellow, red—lovely, delicate things. Tied in clusters they would adorn the loveliest homes. But now they stood mute evidence of the opportunity she had missed.

"I—I'll throw them away." Aryness looked at the cones with determined eyes. "I can't do anything here. I—I'll just try to forget it."

Then suddenly she flushed. What was it Professor Conte had said, "Never be a quitter. Practice in art is as important as practice in music. Keep up your practice."

She glanced at the cones. They were lovely. Of course, she would keep on. Why, of course.

It was the next afternoon that Aryness was sitting by the large bay window in the south room, which served as general store room. She liked it because of the light, and had put her work table in one corner. There was the odor of browned muffins from the kitchen, and brother Bob just in from the fields, thrust his head in at the door.

"Looks like a store!" he laughed. "How did we ever collect so many boxes?"

Aryness laughed, but it was after supper that evening that the plan struck her. For a moment Aryness gasped at its audacity. Of course, people had done it before, and made a success of it, too. And the new highway—surely that was in her favor. Besides, the room did face the road, and if Bob made a door, and put in a counter or two—well, with her pine cones and greeting cards and fancy aprons and a few other little things, why shouldn't she have a real little gift shop!

The days were full after that. Papering, painting; evenings Bob with his saw and hammer fashioning counters, making the door. Aryness was as busy as the day was long.

"It's nearly done," she told her mother one pleasant afternoon.

"Com in, Mumsey, dear, and look at my shop. Isn't it darling!"

Mrs. Crane expresssed warm approval.

"But don't expect to much, dear," she cautioned. "You know we're a long way out from the city. People are likely to pass right by and never notice it."

"I know. And I've been trying to think of a name for a sign. Everybody calls them Ye Olde Gifte Shoppe or something like that. I want this to be—well, different—something," her eyes glowed, "something that will reflect the spirit of our mountains, all covered with green trees." Suddenly she clapped her hands. "I have it—Pine Cones! The very thing!" She glanced at the attractive assortment in the window. "Bob can make a sign and we'll put it on the gate.

Mrs. Crane smiled at the glowing face. "I'm so sorry, dear, that you can't go on with your art, but—"

"Now don't you bother one bit about it, Mumsey dear. Of course, I can't, not now, but maybe sometime—"

It was a bright sunny day that Aryness opened her litle shop. The highway had opened the Monday before, and already the traffic was considerable. Aryness from her seat by the small table where she was gilding a cone, waited expectantly, and her pulse quickened perceptibly when a car drew up and a man entered. It was only a purchase of an apron, but Aryness was jubilant.

"Mumsey, Mumsey," she called quite unprofessionally when the car had rolled away, "come look!"

There were several small sales that day, and Aryness' cheeks were glowing.

"Even if I can't go to art school," she said happily at the supper table, "still this is going to be fine experience, and I'll be keeping up my practice, too."

The days went by quickly, uneventfully. The profit was not great. Money she received had to be used to enlarge her stock. And the days were sometimes long and tiresome. But Aryness loved the work. Little by little she added to her meagre supply, birthday cards, greeting cards. And somehow in all she managed to slip the elusive touch of pine cones.

It was a warm day nearly three months later that a sedan drew up before the little shop, and an exquisitely growned lady entered. She looked around with a bright smile of approval, then as Aryness came forward she inquired for the proprietress.

Aryness acknowledged with a shy little smile that the shop belonged to her.

"And are you the one who makes the lovely cards and all the cone clusters?"

Aryness flushed as she nodded assent.

"They are very attractive, child. But surely you did not learn to paint here."

Under the stranger's kind glance, Aryness found herself telling all about her aims, her hopes of some day becoming an artist, the little shop.

"And now let me explain my visit," the lady smiled at the flushed face. "I am Mrs. Wilvare." She smiled again at the flushed look. "Yes, I am an artist and to make a long story short, last Wednesday was my

birthday, and I received this from a friend of mine.'' She held out a birthday card which Aryness instantly recognized as one of her own. In one corner was a cluster of pine cones, in the other a little sketch of the mountains near her home.

''It was that sketch and the cluster of cones,'' explained the woman. ''I have been looking for a setting for my next picture. I am doing a series—desert, plains, mountain, and there was something about this little sketch that made me feel it had been drawn from nature. So I called up my friend, and found out where she secured it. So here I am, my dear. And I see I was right in my surmise. There are the mountains through that very window!

''And now I have a favor to ask. This seems to be the only house in the vicinity. Would it be possible for me to secure accommodations for one day a week? If you have a room where I can get the view, and put up my easel and have absolute quiet—'' ,She laughed a merry, rippling laugh. ''Do I entirely scare you off, my dear? I really am not formidable! And as far as the quiet is concerned, I mean free from intrusions.''

''I could let you have my room,'' Aryness looked up a bit shyly. ''There's a good window, the same view.''

''The very thing!'' Mrs. Wilvare declared when the room had been inspected, and arrangements made. ''And now,'' she looked at the bright face, ''how would you like to go on with your art? Perhaps you didn't know, but I have art classes at the university. That's why I can come only Saturdays, and I'll be glad to give you a lesson each trip. You do remarkable work, my dear, and with some more instruction—''

Aryness loked up, glad tears in her eyes.

''I—I,'' her voice broke. ''I'm ever so grateful. Why, it just seems like a wonderful dream!'' Then with a happy, little smile, ''The gift of the pine cones!'' she said happily.

SMALL THINGS

Small things made me glad today—
In a frozen brook a tiny rill;
A luring path, that wound and wound
To the top of a snow-wrapped hill;
An oak tree brown in a bright sun ray;
A brave bird sang, and a far bell rang

Small things made me glad today
And lightened a weary load—
An open door, and a friend at home
In a cot by a country road;
A chat, a rest, and a favorite book;
A cup of tea in a fireside nook;
And a godspeed on my way. **—Ina Dudley Ogdon.**

INSTITUTION NOTES

Our new baler comes in very handy in getting the hay crop in such condition as to enable it to be stored in a small available space.

—o—

To the sorrow of the boys of the Training School, the last watermelon feast of the season occurred last Sunday afternoon. As this closing "banquet" was served each boy received a generous helping.

—o—

Mrs. Maude Harris, matron in charge of the Administration Building, who was injured in an auto accident, near Petersburg, Va., a few weeks ago, writes that she is much improved and that she will be back with us in a few days.

—o—

Acres of beans that we have repeatedly planted all through the past season, encountered extremely dry weather at each planting, and as a result our harvest has been very short. As in former years, we expected to can this vegetable in large quantities, and this shortage is very disappointing.

—o—

The dry weather and the lateness of the cotton picking season has its effect on the number of visitors who come to the school on Wednesdays, the regular visiting days. For several weeks past an unusually large number of boys were visited by friends and relatives. These large groups of visitors cause quite an interruption in the orderly working of the school's activities.

—o—

The dairy barn is nearing completion and will soon be turned over to the school ready for use. The space for storing hay is very much needed as our lespedeza, alfalfa and soy bean hay is being cut and baled. This season's crop is very good, and in going about the barns we see large quantities of hay piled in whatever shelter can be found. The approaching Fall season also makes the completion of the barn very urgent on account of housing our large herd of cattle.

—o—

Rev. Paul Hardin, Jr., pastor of Forest Hill M. E. Church, Concord, conducted the service in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon. Rev. Hardin, who is a great favorite with the Training School boys, made a very interesting talk. In the course of his remarks he pointed out why we should not have in our hearts a feeling of hatred towards anyone, as in most cases it will cause us more harm than the other fellow.

—o—

Virgil Shipes, a former member of our printing class who was paroled several years ago, called on us last Sunday, motoring down from Harrisburg, Pa., where he is employed by one of the afternoon newspapers as a cylinder pressman. Virgil informs us that he has been working at his present place of employment for the past eighteen months, and will return after spendng a week's vacation with his parents in Charlotte. He is the proud owner of a new auto and from appearances seems to be getting along nicely.

—o—

Last Saturday afternoon the Training School boys entertained the

Hartsell Mill team on the local diamond, defeating them in in a well-played contest by the score of 3 to 2. Lisk, who did the hurling for the school lads, was in fine form, allowing the visitors but four widely scattered hits and causing seven batters to fan the atmosphere. But for some erratic fielding on the part of his team mates he would have registered a shut-out. Lefler, the visiting pitcher, also struck out seven, but was touched up for seven hits, two of them triples, coming at a time when hits meant runs. The Hartsell boys started the scoring in the second inning when B. Lefler singled, took second on a fielder's choice, and scored on an error by the local shortstop. They talled their second and last run in the fourth as B. Lefler again singled and scored on two successive errors. The Training School boys scored their first tally as Poole clouted a three-sacker and scored on a passed ball. The score was tied in the next frame, Boswell, first man up, hit to right field for three bases, and counted a few minutes later on Monroe's single. The winning marker was put across in the eighth frame on singles by Monroe, Little and Hill.

I MIGHT HAVE MADE A FRIEND

I might have made a friend of him who crossed my path today,
Whom carelessly I greeted as I went upon my way,
A smile to meet his wistful glance, a cordial word or two—
Such things as these start friendships that are sweet and warm and true.

He might have shared with me some grace, some strength where I am weak;
Perhaps his heart, some message held God meant for him to speak;
And in some future time of grief I could not understand
He might have stood beside me there and tightly held my hand.

Oh, let us gather friendships as we find them, you and I.
Love is a treasure far too rare to pass unheeding by,
And none of us can ever tell how we shall need some day
The friendships we have failed to win that passed us on the way.

—Nellie Goode.

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XIX CONCORD, N. C., SEPTEMBER 19, 1931 No. 38

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"I never knew a night so black
Light failed to follow on its track;
I never knew a storm so gray
It failed to have its clearing day;
I never knew such bleak despair
That there was not a rift somewhere;
I never knew an hour so drear
Love could not fill it full of cheer."

—Exchange.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL
PUBLISHED BY
The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

BLIND ALLEYS

Civilization is riddled with blind alleys. The prosperity that ends in my being prosperous is a blind alley; the education that ends in my being educated is a blind alley; the amusement that ends in my being amused is a blind alley; the religion that ends in my being religious is a blind alley. These broad highways were never intended to end abruptly at the points that I have indicated. My prosperity, instead of ending with the inflation of my bank account, should lead to the enrichment of the world. My education, instead of ending with a university triumph, should equip my whole individuality for loftier service. My amusement, instead of being a mere revel, should be a tonic, a refreshment, a re-creation. And my religion, instead of merely filling my soul with a smug and unwholesome self-content, should help every man I meet to fight life's battle with a braver heart.—F. W. Boreham.

THE KING'S DAUGHTERS ANNUAL CONVENTION

There seems to be much interest centering around the King's Daughters convention, meeting this year, October 7-8 in Salisbury.

Mrs. Z. A. Rochelle, Durham, and chairman of the publicity committee of the North Carolina Branch of the King's Daughters, gives in the Charlotte Observer, 13th, a lucid write-up of the activities of the North Carolina Branch from the date of the first circle and convention in the State. This Order from the date of the organization of the first circle and the first convention in the State. This Order from the date of its genesis has done much constructive work. This noble band of workers have shown themselves master hands in politics long before they were allowed to express their sentiments by being permitted to vote.

The election of a new president this year will be one of the interesting

features of the occasion. We hope that a woman in the prime of life, with splendid bearing, and fine spirit will be chosen for the work that has been most successfully carried on for the love of humanity during the many years of active service. A most noble Order is that known as "The International Order of the King's Daughters and Sons," that encircles the globe.

* * * * * * * * * *

HOW TO MEET THE QUESTION

Again the use of the lash on prisoners in the grand old state of North Carolina is the occasion of much discussion. All of this is only a sympton of the need to meet the question.

The manner in which the prisions, prison camps and reformatories of all kinds are crowded is proof of the urgent need of these institutions, but in the face of the demand the heads of the institutions are at their wits-ends as to how best to use corrective measures so as not to give offence or cause criticism. The only question that should be involved is to administer the punishment with a strong arm but a most merciful one.

To correct by means of corporal punishment is forbidden, to punish by confinement with short rashings is worse than cruel, but is more crul yet to herd this class, having them know they have protection, and permit these places of confinement to be converted into incubators of immoral and criminal thoughts, that at times are in evidence, destroying every hope of ever transforming the inmates into better citizenship. There should be some means to punish the incorrigible cases, without criticism for if this class were not in existence there would be no need of a correctional institution in the State, or any other state. Solomon in all his wisdom, said, "he that spareth his rod hateth his son, but he that loveth him chastenth him betimes."

* * * * * * * * * *

CONSTITUTION DAY—SEPTEMBER SEVENTEENTH

The date, September 17th, marks the 144th anniversary of the adoption of the Constitution of the United States, after a four months discussion by members of the commission, during the Constitutional Convention in Philadelphia. There are few who are familiar with this document or know the cause that led up to the framing of the same. There were many questions

that could not be settled by a meeting of the State commissioners locally, and nothing short of a constituent assembly was adequate to the task of remodeling the old Articles of Confederation so as to assure peace and harmony in the State.

Representatives from the various States were sent to Philadelphia in May 1787, informed as to the critical State affairs that demanded the "united co-operation and wisdom of all members of the meeting." The adoption of the immortal document took place September 17th, a date that should be emphasized especially by the schools of the country with appropriate programs, so as to show that the wisdom and foresight of the authors have been amply vindicated throughout the life of the nation.

Some distinguished statesman said, "the Constitution ranks above every other document of its kind, because of its intrinsic excellence of its scheme, its adaption of the circumstances, brevity and precision of language, its judicious mixture of definiteness in principle with elasticity in details." Constitution Day is an appropriate time to become better informed as to the value and significance of this great document.

* * * * * * * * * *

IT CAN BE DONE

Anticipating conditions this coming winter, suffering and distress among the unemployed, Governor Gardner has called into conference at Raleigh on Friday, September 18, leading men and women of the State, representing the industrial and agricultural life of North Carolina, with the hope of working out a program of relief. The Governor has had fine response in his "live-at-home" program, and we bespeak that he will have the finest co-operation in the "relief work" he wishes to push forward this coming winter. The one idea stressed is "relief," a distribution of food in spots where there is not sufficient stuff for those in need. We should keep in mind our State is 80 per cent rural and in these districts there is a vast need for aid, besides it is well to know the forecast is the city problems will also be acute. It is going to take a fine piece of team work to meet the urgent needs of this coming winter, but North Carolina can be depended upon. We have faith and look to the future with confidence in the men and women who will prosecute this task of "relief" in the State of North Carolina. The duty of each individual is to endeavor to reduce suffering and unemployment to

the lowest possible minimum. The Governor has shown faith in his people by asking for their co-operation in this great humanitarian work, and we in return should show our appreciation of his confidence by a most generous response to his appeal.

* * * * * * * * * *

DR. W. D. PEMBERTON

On the morning of September 9th, Dr. W. D. Pemberton, a most representative citizen and much beloved physician, after a lingering illness, died at his home on North Union Street.

Dr. Pemberton was recognized as a skilled physician and when in the vigor of health enjoyed an extensive practice besides his genial nature won for him a host of friends who will miss him not alone for his interest in the affairs of the community, but as a kindly physician whose one aim was to administer to suffering humanity. Dr. Pemberton came from a home of distinguished forebears noted for culture and leadership. He was a brother of the late Hon. S. J. Pemberton a distinguished jurist of the State, and is regarded today as a pioneer in the development ond progress Albemarle, the capital of Stanly county, has lately realized. The passing of Dr. Pemberton means the community and the church have lost a most valuable citizen—one who will be missed.

* * * * * * * * * *

EDITOR H. P. DEATON

It is with pleasure we note that Harry P. Deaton thirty-two years ago went to Mooresville and there started the Enterprise that has contributed greatly to the business, civic and moral uplift of the community. Harry Deaton, as a young fellow, learned the ways of the newspaper life in the office of the Concord Standard, and from this point he branched out in business for himself, and we extend to him our most hearty congratulations and bespeak for him continued success.

A man of Mr. Deaton's calibre was obliged to succeed, he recalls the source of his most splendid career and never fails to enumerate the many little lifts in life when struggling over the hills of misfortune. Yes, he has succeeded and deservedly so, and is resting today with the sweet conscious-

ness of having done something for the community and his fellowman. A life of wealth is nothing to a life of usefulness, filled to the brim and overflowing with gratitude to God and your fellowman for the many blessings realized throughout life.

* * * * * * * * * *

THE WIDELY ADVERTISED PLAY

The most widely advertised play in recent years, "Green Pastures," has closed a most successful season of performances in New York City and moved on to Chicago. This play is looked upon by some as sacrilegious, and by others approved, but regardless of public opinion Green Pastures has been presented in New York City 640 times and at each performance crowds filled the house to capacity. It is estimated that nearly 1,900,000 people witnessed the play in New York City. From the fact that the play has received extensive publicity the crowd will continue to follow "Ol' Man Adam and His Chillun" and judge for themselves.

* * * * * * * * * *

We miss the Presbyterian Standard from this office. The unavoidable brought about the merging of this splendid paper into the Presbyterian of the South and will be published from Richmond, Virginia. It will be a greater paper and serve a larger quota of Presbyterians, but we will miss it just the same.

RAMBLING AROUND

With Old Hurrygraph

"It's the way you sing, not the way you sigh,
Not the way you whine, but the way you try,
That will hold you down, or will help you far—
Not the way you seem, but the way you are."

—o—

A family is an institution in which children must be taught industry, truthfulness, saving, honesty and other essential principles of success, or go to wreck and ruin. And in this the father and mother are the ruling influences.

—o—

Business signs grow better in the news. It would be strange if they did not. If American business efficiency cannot steer the way into profitable channels in spite of meddlesome politicians seeking only political advantage, it will be the first time it has failed.

—o—

The trouble of nations arise from the troubles of individuals. This idea suggests the thought that the prosperity of individuals is intimately associated with the prosperity of nations. No man and no nation liveth unto him or itself.

—o—

People will build rock gardens, but a Durham financier thinks that every farmer who nobly resisted the temptation to plant too much wheat, cotton and tobacco should be given a dollar and a half for each acre not planted. Then we city fellows ought to get a dime for every window box not planted in wheat. We don't plant wheat in the window boxes anyhow, but, at least, if there's some more government money being scattered around we folks that never get in on these things ought to be given some kind of a break. Now I'm getting around to the rock garden part. Maybe city people could be given a dollar and a half for every rock gar- they didn't build. There ought to be some way of rewarding the heroic souls who refuse to build those things.

—o—

Apple dumplings, Indian pudding, hasty pudding, cob pie and stone soup are mentioned as dishes of long ago. And what has become of tomato preserves, with orange peelings as a tasty ingredient? By the way, there ought to be an abundance of bread and butter and apple-butter this winter for the children.

—o—

Ryves's comet, going 100 miles a second, flashed across the United States the other day, bound for nobody knows where. It is a ball of white-hot gas whizzing through space, that came within seven million miles of the sun, whose attraction was not sufficient to capture it. It was discovered by a British amateur astronomer with a small telescope at Saragassa, Spain. There's something doing every second in the universe.

—o—

I was just about to type a hot paragraph right where this one is, when there was a wild scream of sirens along Liberty street, and I looked out

to see two motor cops clearing the way for the "Red Devil" fire engine, which whizzed by like a meteor. And darned if it didn't knock every sign of an idea out of my noggin for the next fifteen minutes. Wish the "Red Devil" would use some other street when we are working. The monstrous screaming thing sounds like the devil himself is after me and gets me all excited so I can't work.

—o—

For several days last week a young wife out in Forest Hills was ill and her husband attended to such domestic duties as washing the dishes, getting the meals, taking care of the house, and the like. A night or so ago the young woman had some friends in for bridge and the wife, in a burst of enthusiastic admiration for her husband's solicitude, recounted his wonderful deeds. The mere man in the case was highly embarrassed, particularly when his masculine guest kept giving him queer little smiles, as much as to say that they needed a maid at their house, too. At last the distracted spouse could stand no more. With gentle, but withering sarcasm, he said: "Darling, don't forget to tell them about the gorgeous tatting I do."

—o—

Everybody has more or less interest in money, but not everybody gets interest on money. Coin Harvey proposes a new money based solely on "service" rendered, that cannot be loaned at interest or taken out of the United States for invesement. Interest he regards os a great enemy of prosperity and the cause of hard times. There may be something in the last clause of the above sentence. If everybody puts their money out at interest, that much is withdrawn from circulation, and the fellow without money and interest is the loser thereby. The more money you can get into circulation, the greater the prosperity. It is the life blood of business and commerce.

—o—

The other day I was in the office of Morganton's sprightly and beautifully printed weekly, the News-Herald and there came in a jovial and chatty visitor and regaled those present with some very amusing stories. He told of a fellow who got into a good deal of trouble by talking too much, and he said a neighbor told the gabber that he was like what Jonah told the whale, which was, "If you had kept your mouth shut I would not be in this trouble." There is quaint philosophy in that expression.

—o—

Harken to a Wall Street joke as revealed in a dispatch from New York the other day. "Some attribute weakness in such stocks"—and several are named—"to Wall Street's expectation that from now on the world will settle down to talk less and work more." Which probably caused roars of shrieking on Wall Street, but to the rest of us is about as funny as an undertaker with a boil on the back of his neck peeling onions. Lawsy sakes, those Wall Street cutups will pust be the death of some of us yet.

"Don't give up just because you happen to be down."

SCHOOL STUDIES

(Selected)

School will soon begin again and bring back all it's rush of studies. Some of you will find the higher grades harder than you expected, and if one of the studies isn't made entirely clear to you, no doubt it will cause you considerable worry.

The thing to remember when starting a new school year, is not to be afraid of the advanced school work, nor let the anxiety to make the grade ruin your health, which, in the end, counts more than all your learning achievements. Fear has been the cause of losing out in many a worthwhile endeaver. Just take it "slow and careful." Remember Æsop's famous old proverb: "Slow and easy wins the race."

One of the secrets of learning is to listen! When teacher is reciting, keep your ears and mind open. If the day seems dull, or if you have something more interesting to detract your attention at that moment, catch yourself in time and force yourself to listen for the words that come from your instructor's lips. Give every phrase its full attention, for one of those sentences may explain to you a difficult theme or text that has been puzzling you. At the same time, you may learn something entirely new, to help you in your future studies.

For some, memorizing is a hard task. During the waking hours the human brain is like a great sponge, constantly receiving impressions and information, which soaks in as readily as water does in a sponge, with the least bit of concentration. Psychologists say that poor memories are really nothing else than poor management of good memories. If a person reads something and does not remember it, it is because it is read in a blind, passive sort of way. The way to correct this is to read, then mentally review the portion read and analyze it. In other words, read a few paragraphs, then look up from the book and tell it over again to yourself as though you were explaining the lesson to some one else. It will help strengthen and develop your mental capacity for memorizing. Then ask yourself questions pertaining to the lesson and think out the answer. This will stimulate and act on your brain like a plow breaking up hard soil.

Just keep studying and scratching at your new studies, like the old hen who knew that worms were somewhere in the vicinity, and kept on working until she found them. With each scratch or dig into your school work, you will gradually find yourself closer to good marks and, if you have been distressed over some study, after it has once been mastered and become exceedingly easy, you will soon realize that you have been doing a $1,000 worth of worry over a ten-cent trouble.

Be interested in making life richer for some one else and life will be more interesting to you.—Selected.

ACCOMPLISHMENTS OF ORDER OF KINGS DAUGHTERS TOLD

By Mrs. J. A. Rochelle

On January 13, 1886, Mrs. Margaret Bottome, an influential woman of New York City, called together nine of her personal friends, women from different walks of life, for the purpose of organizing themselves into a body for the uplift of humanity, regardless of race, social creed or standing.

These christian women had long been concerned about the existing conditions among the women of the city, and when Mrs. Bottome finally called this body to meet at her home, 84 Irving Place, N. Y., they came together in all earnestness praying that they might be guided by the Holy Spirit.

They chose for their motto:

"Look up and not down,
Look foward and not back;
Look out and not in,
And lend a hand."

The aim is:

"Not to be ministered unto but to minister, in His name."

The emblem is the Maltese cross of silver with "I. H. N," engraved on one side and the date of the organization "1886" on the other.

The colors chosen were purple and white, standing for royalty and purity.

It was amid such surroundings and with such purposes in view that The Order, The King's Daughters was born.

Much to the gratification of all concerned The Order grew by leaps and bounds until the globe is encircled in the Master's name.

Circles sprang up over night, figuratively speaking. According to the best information obtainable, the "Whatsoever Circle," of Wilmington, 1886, and a Circle in Greensboro, in 1887, were the first organizations in North Carolina. These were closely followed by the "Relief Circle," of Salisbury and the "Patient Circle," of Greenville.

It is interesting to note that the "West End Circle," of Greensboro was the first circle in North Carolina to be composed of representatives from different churches, or, in other words, regardless of church affiliation.

The first convention convened in Greensboro in 1890 with Miss Mary E. Carter of Greensboro Female College, the first state president presiding. This Circle has the honor of having built the first hospital in Greensboro in 1891.

I think I am correct when I say that the seed was planted by The King's Daughters in this convention which finally germinated into the State Normal and Industrial School for Girls. This name was later changed to The North Carolina College for Women.

In this same convention The King's Daughters decided to draft a petition and present it to the legislature asking for $20,000 for the establishment of an industrial school for white girls. The motion was unanimously carried, and Mrs. Lyndon Hobbs, wife of the president of Guilford College, was appointed chairman

of this committee. The following paragraphs are taken from the petition circulated by Mrs. Hobbs and her committee:

"We appeal to the lawmakers of North Carolina to help her daughters; we appeal to the electors of these law makers to give their names and influence to this object; we appeal to the wives, mothers, and sisters who sit in comfortable homes guarded by strong arms and sheltered by loving hearts to lend their sympathy and aid to a cause which seeks to enable less fortunate women who are compelled to be bread winners to equip themselves to earn honest and honorable livelihoods.

"For every class North Carolina has provided by legislation except for her daughters. The university is for her sons. The Agricultural and Mechanical school is for her sons. But unless her daughters are blind or deaf or dumb or insane or criminals she says: 'I take no interest in you. Live as you can. Be good or bad, high or low, learned or ignorant, I care not.' And this the Old North State.

"In behalf of the King's Daughters of North Carolina, and 'In His name' whom we love, we ask this."

Two years later, in 1892, the North Carolina College for Women was established at Greensboro. This was the first public lobbying by women in the state of North Carolina.

Following Miss Carter as state president we find Mrs. Hamden Smith, Mrs. J. B. Cherry (Mrs. Cherry is at present our state chaplain), Mrs. R. N. Sweet, Mrs. Fred Hill, and Mrs. Henry Perry, who each served one year.

In 1901 our now honorary president, Mrs. Margrèt Burgwyn, of Raleigh, was elected to succeed Mrs. Perry.

The second year of Mrs. Burgwyn's administration, when the convention met in Raleigh in 1902, it was decided that all circles unite in some state work, while continuing to carry on the work of the individual circles.

It was about this same time that J. P. Cook, editor of The Concord Standard, after having been present in the court room and having seen a young white boy of Concord, convicted of petty larceny, sentenced to serve along with hardened criminals, conceived the idea of a school under the care of the state where misguided and neglected boys might be reclaimed, trained and turned back to the state as valuable citizens.

This, as it then seemed, dream-school refused to be laid aside and soon an editorial appeared in The Standard setting forth the need of such a school. Other papers took the idea of a school for misguided boys, and thus the Jackson Training School was born. But don't think for an instant that a magic wand was waved, or a Gyges ring, or a Fortunatus hat was put on simply by a wish. It was the fruit of hope, faith, charity, and work.

The North Carolina branch of the King's Daughters adopted this school as its state project.

In convention in Salisbury in 1903 it was decided to appeal to the legislature for a charter and appropriation for this school. The charter was granted minus the appropriation.

Governor Aycock was in sympathy with the idea and in his message to the legislature in 1903 recommend-

ed the establishment of such a school.

This was the second success in North Carolina of women lobbying. The King's Daughters felt it to be no small privilege when they were permitted to break the ground for this school.

The first building erected was the King's Daughters cottage, after which a beautiful chapel of Rowan granite with superior art glass windows was constructed. These were connected by a bridge across the National highway. The bridge stands as a memorial to the soldiers and sailors of the Jackson Training School who fell in the World War.

The King's Daughters were represented on the first board of directors by James P. Cook, a king's son whom we always claimed for his outstanding aid to the order. This concensus of opinion can be no better accounted for than by the following quotation from a letter written by Mrs. Burgwyn to Mr. Cook on March 7, 1927, in which she says in part: "The large correspondence which I had with members of the legislature from 1903 to 1907 made me familiar to the fact that you were largely instrumental in getting the charter for the school.'"

Mrs. Mary Ann Jackson, wife of General Stonewall Jackson, for whom the school was named, Mrs. Burgwyn, Miss Easdale Shaw, Mrs. I. W. Fasion, and Mrs. D. Y. Cooper constituted the representation given the order at this time.

Through the influence of Mrs. D. Y. Cooper, Sr., of Henderson, the Federation of Women's clubs gave $1,000 toward this work.

The first $10,000 was appropriated by the legislature during the administration of Governor Bob Glenn. The chairman of the board, Hon. J. P. Cook, solicited the citizens of Cabarrus county, who gave more than 300 acres of land as a site for the institution. It was then the King's Daughters came forward and built the first cottage. The $10,000 appropriated by the legislature was used for the building of the second cottage.

This, in a nut shell, was the nucleus of the school which works on the principle that there are no bad boys.

The furniture for the King's Daughters cottage was donated by the factories of Thomasville and High Point. The linen was given by the merchants of Salisbury. The silver was contributed by the merchants of Charlotte, and the china was a gift from the merchants of Concord.

It was through the above enumerated sources and peoples together with many other outstanding women and men of North Carolina that the "dream-school" sprang into existence and stands today as a memorial to the laborers gone on to the "other side" and a credit to the ones who labor on in His name.

When the work was temporarily finished at Jackson Training School, the attention of the King's Daughters was directed to Samarcand, the state school for girls.

It was during the latter part of Mrs. Burgwyn's administration that this work was begun. During the three years of administration of Mrs. J. P. Cook the Chapel of the Cross was built and all indebtedness cancelled. However, the chapel was not

dedicated until Mrs. Hortense F. Moye, the present president, was guiding the affairs of the King's Daughters.

Now that the Samarcand chapel is in use, the Daughters are preparing to enlarge the chapel at Jackson Training School. They earnestly solicit the support of the good people of North Carolina both spiritually and financially in this undertaking.

This objective will be gone into thoroughly at the convention in Salisbury, October 7 and 8, and it is expected that the King's Daughters will be present in full force. For this promises to be one of the best conventions in the hstory of the order. Much interest is being manifested at this time, as a new president and vice president will be elected at this convention.

While the international and state King's Daughters have been busy and successful, the individual circles have not been idle.

The Sheltering Home circle, of Durham, and the St. Luke's circle, of Raleigh, each own, maintain and control valuable homes for aged ladies, besides doing a vast amount of social welfare work.

The Henderson circle, while not as strong as Durham and Raleigh, owns a park and swimming pool for the benefit of the public at large.

The above mentioned projects are only a small part of the work done in North Carolina by the individual circles.

Perhaps the outstanding phase of work upon which the future of the order most depends is the junior state work. This has made splendid progress during the past year under the leadership of the vice president, Mrs. C. H. Shipp, of Durham.

ACCIDENT "IF'S"

The biggest little word in the English language is the word "if." It is a word that is often used by persons who have been injured in some kind of accident.

If I only had thought what I was doing—
If I hadn't been in such a foolish hurry—
If I had only worn my gloves—
If I only had taken time to put on my safety belt—
If I only had followed the safety rules—
If I only had reported for first aid—
If,—If,—If,—

"It's the "If" in Life that keeps us from enjoying it as much as we should.

Take the "If" out of Life by remembering always to Think Ahead for Safety and by being Careful All the Time.

Isn't it better to be safe first than sorry afterward?—The Ohio Echo.

HERBERT HOOVER

By Mitchell V. Charnley

PART II

Herbert Hoover, in the summer of 1895, was entitled to call himself "mining engineer." Hadn't he been graduated from Stanford University? And hadn't he done outstandingly well in the field work he had undertaken?

Yet, as the tall, square-jawed young man discovered, it took more than a diploma to make a fellow a mining engineer. It took a job. And jobs weren't to be had. Moreover, a fellow had to eat—this particular fellow's funds were running lower and lower. So, after a summer spent with the U. S. Geological Survey, young Hoover went up to Nevada City, the center of California's gold mining, and found himself a place as a laborer in the drifts of the Mayflower mine, at $2.50 a day!

But he learned; and while he worked and learned, he planned. He knew that the name of Louis Janin was the open sesame to mining in the West, and he decided that Janin was the man he must work for. So, after six months in Nevada City, he journeyed down to San Francisco, heard Janin say discouragingly that there waited a three-year-long list of applicants for jobs like that he wanted, and finally took the only existing opening—a clerkship.

That small opening was all Herbert Hoover needed. He worked like a beaver; he kept eyes and ears open; always he learned. There came a case on which Janin's expert advice was needed, and Hoover, clerking away, knew from his summer experience that the information given to Janin was faulty. He pointed out the errors, and Janin saw that he had more than a clerk working in his office!

Very soon, then, young Hoover began to get real engineering assignments. Janin sent him on investigation trips, first with older and more experienced heads, then by himself. Eventually he was sent to a "tough" town, Carlisle, N. Mex. to take over a small mine, put it into operation, produce the ore, and keep calm the hard-faced, drinking, shooting miners who made up the citizenry of the little town. Hoover handled the job.

And then came his big chance.

Louis Janin called him back to San Francisco, and bowled him over with the message awaiting him. "Down in Australia," said Janin, "there s a gold rush. Bewick, Moreing and Company one of the big London mining firms, wants to open up a property in the Great Victoria Desert, and needs an American mining engineer to direct the work.

"Hoover, you're young. But I think you can manage it, and—if you say the word—I'll recommend you for it. How about it?"

Herbert Hoover hardly believed it. But he did say yes, and so it was not long before he was headed eastward for the first time since 1885, going to London to talk to his new employers. And he grew a beard to make himself look older than his twenty-three years!

There were long conferences with

the firm in London. There was a month-long round-the-world voyage; there was quarantine on arrival in Australia; then there was a three-hundred-mile trip on the new narrow-gauge railroad to Coolgardie, the Nevada City of Western Australia. And Hoover found himself deposited in one of the driest, most desolate, most uncompromising spots on the earth's surface!

Western Australia is for hundreds of miles' expanse a real desert. It was here that this young engineer came, in 1897, to develop new mining processes (for Australian mining was very different from that of California), to organize his cohorts on a business basis, to prove by making profits that Louis Janin's trust in him was justified.

Hoover at once impressed his co-workers with his remarkable penchant for analyzing his problems, for finding solutions to them, for organization of business-like methods and groups of workers, and for his technical and scientific abilities. For the monumental amount of work he accomplished, too. For, very soon, the Bewick, Moreing mines began to pay; their stock went up in London, and Hoover's personal stock went up with it!

He not only developed the properties already belonging to his employers. He made it part of his job to look for new leads, and he was always testing out—and usualy discarding—new fields. Then came the big chance. He heard of a small prospect near Mount Leonora—this was in 1898—and he looked it over. He liked it, bought it. And before long the famous Sons of Gwalia mine was a profitable producer.

Meantime his fame was spreading. Over in China they wanted to establish mining as a national industry, and thew wanted an American engineer to direct the work. Herbert Hoover was asked to try his hand at it. He appreciated the splendor of the opportunity, the size of the field. He asked permission from Bewick, Moreing to take leave for the new job; the leave was granted. He started at once for London.

But, before he started, he did one thing: he sent a cable to one Lou Henry, in Monterey, Cali. "Will you marry me?" that cable said.

Lou Henry said, "Yes," and so, early in 1889, Hoover and the girl he had known as a co-ed at Stanford were married. Together they set out for China, never dreaming that they were headed for one of the most tempestuous years a newly married couple had ever faced.
er faced.

The story of Hoover's years in China would fill many books. He traveled all over eastern and northern China investigating mining properties. He found disappointment and achieved successes. He discovered that the government of the Oriental nation, the government for which he was working, was distressingly weak —that a revolutionary movement was likely any moment.

And, in 1900, the movement came. The Boxers, an organization whose motto was "Death to Foreigners," brought it on, and with fanatical anger began to attack the outlander wherever he appeared. The Hoovers were at the time in Tientsin, with a large foreign colony, and there the Boxer attack centered. For weeks the city was besieged; for weeks it

looked as though no escape was possible. The Hoovers did their share, and more than their share, in protection of their little colony. Hoover became food dictator—food ran short, and it was necessary to ration it.

Eventually, after horror and pestilence had almost wiped out the city Japanese, German, British, French. American relief came. Tientsin was saved. But Hoover's work was ruined, for his backers were powerless and the country was no place just then, for mining operations. He started back for London. . .And before he got out of the country a new proposition came, one that kept him in China for another year. The new job was the development of mining properties for a company owned jointly by Chinese, British, and Belgian captial (Hoover had to go to Europe to arrange the financing of the scheme). And it called for business on a huge scale—operation of everything from coal mines to steamhip lines, railroads to grocery stores.

That kept Hoover until 1901. Then control of the company changed, and Hoover went a fourth time to London. He was now a junior partner in the big London firm, and his work took him all over the world. He was rapdily becoming one of the world's most famous mining consultants; no big job, it seemed, was complete unless it had Hoover's approval. For more than ten years, then, he worked in and out of London. He maintained a home in London, one in St. Petersburg; he learned to make steamship cabins his home. Lou Hoover usually made his interminable journeys with him; as Allan Hoover and young Herbert, their two sons grew old enough to travel, they often went along too.

And Hoover's fame grew. He handled great projects in Russia, projects involving not only mining and business problems but also problems of sanitation of backward villages, establishment of satisfactory living conditions, founding of schools. He went into the mountains of South America to investigate mining prospects. He spent another long period in Australia, where his first success was far from forgotten. He devoted four years to pulling Bewick, Moreing out of serious financial trouble. He heard of a promising mine in the tiger-ridden jungles of Burma, and there built up one of the most elaborate, most difficult to handle, and most phenomenally successful mining projects in the history of the world.

And all this time he was, perhaps unconsciously, fitting himself to be a world leader. His high position in business circles led him inevitably into contact with the political and diplomatic leaders of every country under the sun. He was learning the problems and the desires and natures of almost every people; he was studying methods of handling men and nations. He was a great reader; he loved to listen to visitors who had things to say—and he held to his boyhood habit of listening more than he talked.

Throughout all his voyaging and his adventuring, he kept his love for California and Stanford. He hoped, eventually, to have a home in Palo Alto, the seat of Stanford University. And in 1912 he finally seemed about to achieve his goal. With his family (the boys had been in school in Cali-

forna, off and on, for some time) he took up residence in Palo Alto. He planned to devote his time to Stanford, to the service of his country —to give less and less time to business. He was well-to-do—not fabulously wealthy, he told his friends, because he did not think it important to be. "I need only have enough to keep my family comfortable and happy," he declared.

Then in 1914 Hoover was asked by San Francisco to act the city's "high commissioner" to invite European governments to participate in the Panama-Pacific Exposition. Hoover accepted and sailed for Europe.

Before he could finish his business, a keg of dynamite exploded in Serbia and Hoover found himself faced with one of the biggest jobs any man has ever been asked to handle.

Herbert Hoover, private citizen, had gone to Europe in 1914 on the eminently peaceable business of inviting Old World nations to take part in San Francisco's proposed exposition. But before his errand was finished an archduke had been shot, armies had been mobilized, and the most disastrous war in history had started.

Hoover was in London, out of the war zone. London, it quickly became apparent, was the one place every American in Europe wanted to be. The entire continent, it seemed, was soon to become a battle ground; and frantic students, tourists, American business people poured into England in thousands. They wanted to go to America; but, ships were lacking, and most of the "refugees" had no money, anyway. So the problem of handling them arose.

It was Hoover, finally who handled them. At the request of Ambassador Walter Hines Page and other leading Americans, he started the organization that cashed hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of checks, arranged transportation for stranded tourists, and sent chaperons to France to bring students across the Channel. Those days of August and September, 1914, were fraught with bitter tragedy. The task of handling their problems was a big one, one requiring prompt action, decision and courage; but Herbert Hoover had handled others as big. And by late September the emergency was over. Hoover was ready to give up his share in the work and depart for home.

Then he heard the wail of starving children.

The call for help came from the war-ridden fields of Belgium and France. Seven million Belgians, three miillion French were trapped in the territory occupied by the invading German army. Their food supplies were inadequate, and the Allied blockade, intended to keep food from the Germans, also kept food from their own imprisoned nationals. So there was threatened famine, and the cries of hungry children came to Hoover's ears.

The call for aid from children was one Herbert Hoover always heeded. Child health, child welfare, child care have inevitably demanded his attention. Though there were millions of adults as well as millions of children in the occupied territories, there is no question but that

his thoughts were largely of the boys and girls.

So, when Americans from Brussels came to London to organize food relief for the Belgians and French, Hoover was at once involved. He was asked to accept the chairmanship of the Commission for Relief in Belgiam (soon to be known as C. R. B.), and after two or three trying days, during which he had to decide to take the opportunity for public service in place of the unparalleled opportunity offered him for private commercial gain, he said, "I'll do it."

Then commenced what was to become the most stupendous experiment in human relief in history. For four years the people of occupied France and Belgium were to be dependent on the C. R. B. The projects was to involve a billion dollars in foodstuffs. And it was to mean for Hoover a task that made that American relief job look tiny.

There were three principal problems: Germanic and Allied approval for the work, obtaining foodstuffs and transportation, and finding the money to pay for it. The Hoover drive took care of the second problem—he got hold of food and of ships where others said they were not to be had. But approval from the warring nations was often hard to get. And so Hoover had to become a diplomat. He seemed to spend most of his time on the road between German headquarters and those of the Allies; he had important weekly emergnecies and dozens of lesser daily ones, he once said. He was the only man permitted free and unquestioned access to headquarters of both sides, and he gained this access only because both sides believed implicitly in the fairness and honor with which he conducted himself.

He had to convince Lloyd George and Kitchener of England that food could be taken to Belgium for the refugees without allowing it to get into the hands of the Germans. He had to convince the Germans that it was wise and humane to feed the noncombatants—that military necessity did not require that a food blockade be operated. And he had to do this not once for each side, but dozens of times, for new emergencies were always arising.

He had to raise money to pay for the food, too. He did this in many ways. America, responding to his call, contributed hugely. But a financial plan he installed, whereby the occupied countries themselves paid for most of the foods, took care of most of the cost. . . . And he had to build a gigantic, and a perfectly unprejudiced, food-distribution organization—an organization that should hand out the food where it was needed, should keep it from military use, should suggest and enforce dietaries for children and often for adults.

It was a huge, unprecedented job. But Hoover handled it, through more than two years of emergencies. He even moved his headquarters to New York, after things were running smoothly in Europe.

And then, Germany announced ruthless submarine warfare, and that brought the United States into the conflict. Immediately the problem altered. Hoover was asked by President Wilson to take a new job.

"We need not only to feed occu-

pied Europe, but also to supply food to the armies of ourself and our Allies," the President said. "We need to conserve food at home, to make sure that we will not run short as long as the war lasts. That means a new organization here. Will you take it on?"

Hoover would, and did. He directed the formation of the United States Food Administration, and he enlisted the aid of every capitalist and every farmer, every housewife and every child, in America. "We must all save food," he declared. "We are not saying that the nation is forced by law to save; instead we are saying that it is a patriotic and a humanitarian duty. Will you help?"

America and the world know the answer. The United States put itself on a diet, saved wheat, sugar, meat. Industries organized to aid; farmers co-operated. When Great Britain cabled, early in 1918—after a disastrous wheat crop in the United States—that the war would be lost if this country could not send 75 million bushels of wheat to Europe at once, Hoover called on the nation again. And in July he reported that the nation had responded not with 75,000,000 but with 85,000,000 bushels!

For fifteen months the work went on. Then, late in 1918, the war ended. But Hoover's work did not; for, due to his unceasing efforts, huge surpluses of foods had been created, and he now had to make sure that prices and demand held up, so that the American farmer would not be "let down."

That, in turn, was followed by more work in Europe—it now became Hoover's task again to see that starving Europeans were fed, and again the nourishment of children captured his attention. Again he had the experience of meeting, directly and often forcibly, European diplomats, rulers, dictators—an experience that, like his years of work as an engineer and his term at the head of the C. R. B., helped him to know the habits of thought and action of the Old World.

And it helped, too, to fit him for his next task. He returned to California in 1919, hoping to establish himself in the Palo Alto home for which he and his family had longed. But the country knew too much about this man Hoover now—he could no longer remain in obscurity than the Washington monument could go unobserved by a sightseer. Democrats and Republicians both claimed him; he was mentioned as a candidate for the Presidency. He refused flatly to run for the nomination; but when Warren G. Harding was made President, he drafted Herbert Hoover, made him Secretary of Commerce.

And so Hoover went again into the public eye. This time he started as head of a little-known department of the government. "Hoover has been sidetracked," said his admirers.

But such comment did not bother the man. With his talent for organization, he built the Department of Commerce into one of the leading divisions of American government. He helped the infant air mail; he directed Mississippi flood relief when the great disaster came along. He devoted a good deal of his time to child welfare; he put radio

broadcasting on its feet. He helped the Russians in their famine of 1921, directed the relief of unemployment in the United States in the same year.

And when Calvin Coolidge "did not choose to run" in 1928, the country clamored for Hoover. Though many of the political bosses did not want this quiet,, hard-working man whose thoughts were so little known, the nation demanded him. Elected by the largest vote in the history of the United States, the Iowa Quaker, the farm boy, became the first President born west of the Mississippi River.

And there we leave him.

SONG OF THE BUILDER

I sink my piers to the solid rock,
And I send my steel to the sky,
And I pile up the granite, block by block
Full twenty stories high;
Nor wind nor weather shall wash away
The thing that I've builded, day by day.

Here's something of mine that shall
ever stand
Till another shall tear it down;
Here is the work of my brain and hand,
Towering above the town.
And the ideas gay in their smug content,
Have nothing to leave for a monument.

Here from my girders I look below
At the throngs which travel by,
For little that's real will they leave to
show
When it comes their time to die.
But I, when my time if life is through,
Will leave this building for men to view.

Oh, the work is hard and the days are long,
But hammers are tools for men,
And granite endures and steel is strong,
Outliving both brush and pen.
And ages after my voice is stilled,
Men shall know I lived by the things I build.

—Edgar A. Guest.

HE AIN'T HEAVY; HE'S MY BROTHER

(Kiwanis Magazizne)

At times I wish this page was illustrated. I want you to see a picture that I am going to try to paint with words. First let me recall to you how a crane's knees look; how knobby they are when compared with his slender legs? We see the same structure in calves, colts and boys around twelve or thirteen. Their joints seem to grow out of all proportion to the size of their legs and it makes them look weak, awkward and wabbly on their pins. A small boy I want you to visualize was in this stage of development. His Boy Scout knickers and his rolled down stockings showed him a spindly and physically weak lad.

He was carrying a baby; one of those fat squashy babies. It was all full of wrinkles and dimples, and where he squeezed it, his arms sank as if he hugged a toy balloon. The baby's head lay over his shoulder and it cooed, blew bubbles and was quite happy as it dribbled down his back. The boy was staggering towards a neighboring park with it when I met him. It was such a big load for a spindle-shanked boy that I thought of a small tug warping a big liner into its dock or a small ant dragging a big grub home to its hill.

"Pretty big load for such a small kid," I said as I met him.

"Why, mister," he smiled, "He ain't heavy; he's my brother."

I belong to more lodges than Heinz makes pickles. In every one of them we work beautiful degrees intended to impress the great lesson of brotherhood of man. But not one of all those degrees ever made such an impression on me as that remark—"He ain't heavy; he's my brother." I have heard the greatest pulpit orators of the day and attended the meetings of some of the world's greatest revivalists. These eloquent educated teachers have expounded the laws of God and praised the universal brotherhood, but none of them ever moved me as that snub-nosed kid with that matter-of-course answer, "He ain't heavy; he's my brother."

Hard boiled, business men join Kiwanis clubs. The mellowing influence of the brotherhood in our organization changes them from cold, calculating men, almost machine like in their eternal diggng for the pile of dollars which they try to accumulate, to warm ethusiasts of our underpriviledged child work.

But we who have to be educated gradualy to become human again have missed the biggest thing in life which this simple, unaffected boy had growing in his heart.

"He ain't heavy; he's my brother."

Would we could feel it as strongly as this little codger. We, too, have to carry the burden of some of our fellowmen. We, too, have to struggle along the up-hill path of life with some of the other fellows, weight on our own, spindling legs. And all of us fret and quarrel a bit at the weakness of the other fellow we lug along when he can't make his own legs carry him. Sometimes he laughs when we help him and then we think he has no business being very happy while he is a burden on us!

But from this time forth I am go-

ing to whistle as I lug him. Underprivileged child assessment a burden? It's a joy!

"He ain't heavy; he's my brother."

I indorsed a note for a good fellow in hard luck a year ago. He has not been able to curtail it. Three times I have renewed it for him, standing sponsor for his honesty in the bank. I know in my heart I have not been as cordial to him when he come in for renewals as I might. I know he is doing the best he can. I know he is up against it and some day he will pay. But he was getting heavy till I met that kid. Now I feel differently about it.

"He ain't heavy; he's my brother."

My own Kiwanis club has been spending a lot of money on orthopedic work. It costs money. It has never flagged since, with the assistance of a kind-hearted surgeon, we took it up. No one could feel one of those poor staggering, little chaps on whom we have had operations performed and on whose weak and wabby legs we have put braces as a burden. But sometimes we call an assessment a burden. But I shall never feel the burden of any such assessments.

"He ain't heavy; he's my brother."

The little speaker made me think what a lucky person I am. I have a couple of cars, nice new home, a corking wife and a darling mother. I belong to lodges and clubs and have friends scattered from one end of the continent to the other. Money has never come to me in great sums nor do I care to have it. When I think of how hard it is for some pepple, less lucky, to get it I am blessed far beyond my deserts.

I'm going to hold my luck. Life is a poker game. You can play on for years, filling almost every hand you draw to; suddenly there comes a change and you will hold nothing but an assortment of blasted hopes and bobtailed flushes. Somehow I am superstitious enough to think if my luck is going to hold I've got to be mighty kind and helpful to the other fellows, not so lucky as I.

So I shall try to be more grateful and less grouchy, try to play them a little loser and not quite so close to my chest, try to look around a little more to see if I haven't missed some places where I could drop a friendly dollar or a happy smile which might give some poor chap a lift. I intend to remember that spindle-legged urchin and if I have set down even the half of his unconscious sermon you also will not forget:

"He ain't heavy; he's my brother!"

"Every economic crisis, every upheaval of business and trade conditions, brings in its train a toll of human hardship. And it has taken centuries for the world to realize that the child is frequently the greatest sufferer from war, or drought, or unemployment."—Ruth Bryan Owen.

TRAFFIC

By Lois Snelling

I wonder if there is a boy living who doesn't like to drive a car!

You wouldn't have thought so—at least, not in Westwater—if you had seen the string of Young America that filed into Judge Crittenden's waiting-room at ten o'clock on the morning his advertisement appeared in the paper. Judge Crittenden wanted a chauffeur, and we were all there Johnny-on-the-spot to advise him that each of us was just the gentleman he was looking for. You see, school had just closed and we were all keen for vacation jobs, especially we seniors, who were trying to help our fathers get us decently into college in the fall.

Actually, that somber, dignified office, bound all around with its yellow-backed "Codes" and "Statutes," looked like one of our class meetings that morning. Of course, there were under-gradutes present, too, and some fellows who hadn't been in our high at all, but we were inpreponderance.

It was silly of me to go. I am all right about keeping the old family boat floating if there is nothing wrong, but, Pshaw! let her lose a bolt or something, and I'm as helpless as mother is. Nevertheless, I have always been glad I did answer the ad, because I learned something that day, something that didn't have to do with automobiles.

Judge Crittenden gave us all an impartial interview and I was among the first to go into his private office—therefore, among the first to be elimated. When I came out, with a sheepish grin on my face, I saw Jerry Cabot and Pete Baird sitting on the davenport together, teasing each other about the job they both wanted. Each was claiming that the other hadn't a chance against himself.

When they saw me, Jerry called out, "Hello, Bill! Is that you?"

I said, "No. This is a young fool who, in the April of his conceit, didn't have any better sense than to come here and buck up against real car-men like you and Pete. Pity him, do."

They both laughed, then they sobered down and changed their tune towards each other. At least, Jerry changed his tune. Pete didn't say very much because I think he had sense enough to realize that out of all that crowd he was the one best qualified for the job. He knew the mechanical side from A to Z; was a good, steady worker and honest enough to suit old Diogenes himself. Pete was a likeable scout, too; a big husky, who had been the very soul and life of our football team until last winter, when right square in the middle of the season, Mr. Davis, our coach, threw him out because Pete lost his temper and bawled out the referee. Goodness knows it was a trying moment! We were all so wrought up that we felt like bawling somebody out. A crooked point was positively being carried right under our nose! We were all green in the face, but we were a pretty well trained outfit, and Mr. Davis passed around a look

which we all knew meant "Keep quiet." But poor old Pete just couldn't. How he did simmer and boil! In the end, his outburst proved costly to the team, as well as to Pete.

Jerry was saying, "So you're out, are you, Bill? Serves you right, you goof! You're crazy as I am, coming in here to compete with Pete. Why, Bill, Mr. Ford and Mr. Willys and those fellows came in to confer with Pete—"

"Oh, hush, Jerry!" broke in Pete, smiling good-naturedly. Pete didn't have any big eye on himself, even if he was a better applicant for the job than the rest of us.

"Yes," went on Jerry, paying no attention to Pete's admonition, "Bill and I, and all these other incompetents, are in the same boat. And the boat is leaking—"

"Pete Baird."

It was Miss Pembroke, Judge Crittenden's secretary. Pete's turn had come.

"There goes my job," grinned Jerry Cabot, as Pete walked toward the judge's door. Then kissing his hand towards Pete's broad, receding back, "Farewell, fond hopes!"

I nodded. I couldn't help feeling sorry that Jerry was losing out, but, really, there was no choice for me between the two. I loved them both, and I knew Judge Crittenden would be getting a bargain in either of them. They were both loyal and honest and industrious, but Pete had the advantage of having much more physical strength and more practical training in mechanics.

I said good-bye to Jerry and went out in town to make some purchases for mother. It was past noon when, finished, I passed Judge Crittenden's office on my way home. Through curiosity, I went in. I wanted to see the outcome.

The outcome were sitting, solemn as a couple of owls, on the davenport. Pete Baird and Jerry Cabot. The others were all gone.

The owls grinned up at me, then turned to make hideous faces at each other.

"Except for this, Bill," whined Jerry, "I'd begin pushing the judge's million dollar car toworrow, and start in on the earnization of a big vacation salary. Besides—"

"And except for this," cut in Pete, with elaborate seriousness, "my worries would all be dead and buried. I'd—"

"—besides," continued Jerry, "I need this association with Judge Crittenden, since I am going to study law. Don't, Pete, please don't spoil my prosp—"

"Well! And am not I going to be a lawyer, too? Who are you, to come here telling me to 'Don't, Pete, Don't?' If you'd be sensible and go and jump in the lake, this job would be—"

"You see, Bill," said Miss Pembroke, who had stood laughing at the two, "the contest lies between these aspirants. Judge Crittenden was so pleased with them both that he was unable to make up his mind He took them out to lunch with him, but soup and salad didn't seem to settle the issue. He has an oppointment over at Brewster this afternoon, so he decided to take them along with him, as an aid in making a choice."

Just then Judge Crittenden called the two boys and they all went out-

side to his big car.

"I am a little surprised," I confided to Miss Pembroke. "Jerry is fine, of course, but really, he does something of a fadeaway beside Pete. Has a real chance?

She shook her head. "No, I think not. I think the judge just wanted to show how much he appreciated his qualifications."

"Oh, Bill!" It was Pete. "Judge Crittenden says come along. Nice drive. Do you good."

"Bound to be a nice drive," called out Jerry, who was at the wheel, "'cause I'm going to do the driving."

"The boys are on trial, Bill," explained Judge Crittenden, smiling, as I climbed in beside Jerry. "Jerry is to be our pilot going over, and Pete's to row us safely home again."

Poor Jerry was a bit flustered, we could all see that. One always is, on test. He knew, you see, that no matter how well he performed, he shill couldn't quite measure up to Pete. Judge Crittenden offered no suggestions at all. He made no criticisms. Passed no compliments. He just talked with Pete, who was sitting with him, about the scenery, Pete's future college work, the news of Westwater. Jerry had his own way with the car.

Sh-sh-sh-sss! Sh-sh-ssssss!

I jumped and glanced at Jerry in dismay. Poor kid! What rotten luck! We hadn't gone more than two miles.

"Rats!" I said, under my breath, "is it possible—?"

Jerry only grinnned wryly. "No," he replied, "it isn't. But it is true."

He cast a regretful glance over his shoulder at Judge Crittenden, then hopped out. The judge drew out his watch, but returned it to his pocket again without speaking. We all knew what was in his mind. With a blow-out on his hands, the chances were he would miss his appointment.

Pete and I each opened a door and started to alight. We would help Jerry.

"Wa-a-ait a minute," Judge Crittenden said. "Sit down, boys, sit down! What's a chauffeur for, if not to chauff? This is Jerry's job."

Jerry didn't even hear. He was already yanking off the tire. He didn't waste a minute. He didn't make an idle movement. But in spite of his hurry, we saw Judge Crittenden time and again draw out his watch as we waited. Each time, Pete looked across at me. I knew what Pete was thinking. He was thinking that he could have had that tire off and the spare on in much less time than Jerry was requiring. He could, too! Pete's such a giant. Jerry is a slender thing, with more endurance than strength. Those balloons are heavy as lead, and hard to manage.

When we were off again, Judge Crittenden told Jerry to make as much speed as he safely could, as his appointment hour was drawing near.

Jerry did. I was filled with admiration for the kid as I sat beside him and watched. The big car soughed along like a smooth, swift wind. Jerry didn't talk. He looked straight ahead, watchful of every change in the traffic. I could tell by the set profile of his jaw that

his intention was to get the judge to his appointment on time and in safety.

When we reached Brewster and started up Main Street, I decided pretty definitely that he would be disappointed. One of the motion-picture houses was opening its doors for a special matinee. You know how it is. The sidewalk was lined with people and the street was jammed with honking, grinding cars. Jerry slowed down to a snail-pace and began creeping through the mess.

There was only one block of the congestion and we would have steered through all right if it hadn't been for the big blue sedan in front of us. The driver kept looking back to see how close we were to him. When the car ahead of him came to an abrupt stop, he suddenly put his own machine into reverse and slammed back into us, in order to save his front fenders. The compact was heavy and our heads were almost snapped off our necks.

Jerry's face flushed in anger, as he put his car into slow reverse.

"The hog!" cried out Pete, craning his neck to get a better view of the driver of the sedam. "He sloughed into us deliberately, so to save his own car! Such folks ought to have a law passed against them!"

"I hope our car isn't damaged," said Jerry. "I don't believe it is, though I think some of my upper vertebræ are displaced."

"I'm going to find out!" Pete exclaimed; "and if it is—"

We didn't learn what would happen if it was, for Pete had already flung himself out of the car and rushed up to the front.

"Smashed lamps!" he cried to us. Then he approached the man who had been so rude, and who was preparing to drive away without a word of apology or reparation.

We waited, and all that long, impatient line of traffic waited, while Pete talked to the prodigal motorist. Brewster has no traffic policemen, so there was nobody to interfere. True, all of the cars behind us honked and clamored for passageway, and there were irate words sent along the line to Pete, but he paid no attention. He was using many words, loud ones and angry. As he talked, they grew louder and angrier. He gesticulated, and his face became crimson with rage at the insolence of the man.

A queer, restless, uneasy feeling began to creep into me. Oh, why didn't Pete come on back and let the traffic get under way? This driver was despicable, but why hold up everything? Motor hogs will still be hogging the highways long after Pete Baird and I are tranquilly moldering in our graves! The damage couldn't be undone.

Time after time Judge Crittenden drew out his watch, glanced at it, replaced it, and patently waited. Jerry Cabot did nothing at all. He seemed to think that if Judge Crittenden saw fit to recall Pete, he would do so himself.

At last Pete, with a final shake of his fist at the departing motorist, crawled into the seat beside Judge Crittenden.

"The fool!" he growled sullenly.

When we finally drew up before the building where Judge Crittenden was to transact his business, Jerry said apologetically, "I surely am sorry, Judge. You are at least thirty minutes late."

The judge made no reply, which caused me to feel sorry for Jerry. The kid had tried to get him there, goodness knows!

Going home, Pete drove. Just as I had marvelled at Jerry's adept handling of the huge machine, I now marvelled at Pete's. I fancied Judge Crittenden would be more undecided than ever, after comparing the two. They both seemed perfect.

Pete had better luck all the way round than Jerry had. There was no bluwout, no congestion.

When Pete drew up at Judge Crittenden's office door, the judge got out and thanked the boys for the trip to Brewster. He said he'd phone them in the morning as to his decision.

I went into the office for the fruits of my shopping, which I had left with Miss Pembroke. Presently the judge came in. He picked up a notepad from Miss Pembroke's desk and scribbled on it for a moment, then laid it back on the desk and went into his private office.

Miss Pembroke picked up the pad. A puzzled expression came to her face, as she read the judge's notation.

"Well, well," she said musingly. Then she added, "Well!"

She handed the pad to me. Judge Crittenden had written in his big, sprawling hand: "Phone Jerry Cabot A. M.—engage as chauffeur—both good men—almost decided on wrong fellow — loses head at wrong time —life's road is cluttered up with all sorts of traffic — got to keep cool—"

I dropped the pad with a return of that queer, uneasy feeling I had entertained while waiting for Pete baird to finish talking to the motorist at Brewster.

"Well, well, well!" I echoed Miss Pembroke. "Poor old Pete! Poor, dear old Pete!"

THE HAPPIEST LITTLE BOY

"Guess who was the happiest child I saw today," said father, taking his two little boys on his knees.

"Well," said Jim. slowly, "it was a very rich little boy, with lots and lots of sweets and cakes."

"No," said father. "He wasn't rich; he had no sweets, no cakes."

"He was a pretty big boy," said Joe, "and he was riding a bicycle."

"No," said father. "He wasn't big and he wasn't riding a bicycle. You have lost your guess, so I'll have to tell you. There was a flock of sheep crosing the city today, and they must have come a long way, so dusty and tired were they. The drover took them up, bleating and lolling out their tongues, to the great pump in Hamilton Court to water them. But one poor old sheep was too tired to get to the trough and fell down on the hot, dusty stones. Then I saw my little man, ragged and dirty and tousled, spring out from the crowd of urchins who were watching the drove, fill his hat and carry it—one, two—three—oh, as many as six times, to the poor suffering animal. And the little boy's face shone so that I knew he was happy."—Exchange

INSTITUTION NOTES

For the past week the shoe shop boys have been busily engaged repairing the Sunday shoes.

—o—

Miss Sara Boger, daughter of Superintendent and Mrs. C. E. Boger, left this week for Greensboro, where she has enrolled as a student at N. C. C. W.

—o—

For the first time in several weeks, the boys enjoyed a picture show last Thursday night. Due to the scarcity of silent films, we are informed that it will be but a short time until these shows will be discontinued.

—o—

Our crop of peas is unusually large this year, so large, in fact, that in addition to the regular outside forces, the boys from two school rooms have been pressed into service to help gather same.

—o—

We now have a flock of more than fifty fine turkeys in our poultry yard. Although no official information has been forthcoming, we have an idea that some of these birds will be found on the tables when we assemble for Christmas dinner.

—o—

"Rat" Phillips, who was paroled from the institution in 1917, called on us last Sunday afternoon. Phillips informed us that he was on his way to New York City, where he is employed as an engraver. He had been spending his vacation with relatives in High Point.

—o—

Dr. A. J. Pieters, acting senior agronomist, and E. A. Hollowell, legume specialist, both of the U. S. Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., spent Monday afternoon inspecting crops at the Jackson Training School. They also studied the pasture possibilities of lespedeza.

—o—

As we go about the campus we hear considerable discussion among the boys concerning the Cabarrus District Fair, which will open October 13th. It has been the custom of the officials to invite the Training School boys on the opening day of the Fair, and our youngsters are anticipating a good time again this year.

—o—

Last Saturday afternoon's game between the Training School and the Hartsell Mill teams resulted in an easy victory for the visiting ball-tossers by the score of 15 to 1. The game was called by agreement at the end of the seventh inning. Lefler, the visiting moundsman, hurled a nice game, having the local lads completely at his mercy, allowing but four hits and striking out fourteen batters. The Training School used three pitchers who were touched up for eighteen hits. While that is a lot of hits for any team to make in a seven inning game, the score would have been much closer had the local lads played their usual good game in the field. Many of the hits and runs accredited to the visitors came after two men were out and the side should have been retired on easy chances; eight costly errors by the school boys being responsible for the majority of the runs marked up by their opponents. The local lads registered their lone tally in the second inning

when Brown doubled and scored on a single by Little.

—o—

One of the most enjoyable services of the year was held in our auditorium last Sunday afternoon. Our good friend from Concord, Mr. John J. Barnhardt, acting as spokesman for the afternoon, after a few appropriate introductory remarks, presented the Kannapolis Y. M. C. A. male quartet. After the invocation by Rev. T. W. Fogleman, pastor of McGill Street Baptist Church, Concord, and the singing of the opening hymn by the student body, the quartet rendered two numbers. This was followed by a prayer by Mr. Barnhardt. Rev. Fogleman then made a very helpful and interesting talk on "Christian Service and Christian Courage." In the course of his remarks the speaker stated that a person who doesn't admire courage is a most abnormal person, and that real Christian service is determined by the amount of Christian courage in our make-up. Following the sermon the quartet rendered several numbers in a most creditable manner. By reason of their Sunday afternoon programs of sacred songs broadcast weekly for more than two years, through radio station WBT, Charlotte, this organization is one of he best known groups of singers in the State, and has probably reached more listeners than any other organization of its kind in the United States. With voices blending perfectly, the singers from Kannapolis rendered one of the best programs it has been our privilege to hear in sevaerl years. The quartet is composed of the following members: Messrs O. E. Williams, first tenor; Frank Dennard, second tenor; E. J. Sharpe, baritone; and Sandy Hutton, bass. Miss Jessie Twomey, also of Kannapolis, played the piano accompanient.

JOY IS A FOUNTAIN

Joy is a fountain, not a cistern, and
Love is the waters trickling o'er the sand!
In far-off space those waters have their birth
That feed this fountain that refreshes earth!—
Science a whisp'ring gall'ry of the skies
Has made: and sometime from God's Paradise
Will music of His angels bright, and fair,
Come down on measured wave-lengths of the air!

Ah, list! are there not angels in the room
Who wake with music and with song the gloom?
Unseen they steal along the magic wire,
And breathe their message through the lips of fire!
Science, unite earth with that heav'n above!
Nor cease to flow from fount of joy, oh, love!

—By Arthur Eugene Smith.

LINA R

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XIX CONCORD, N. C., SEPTEMBER 26, 1931 No. 39

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What's the use of worrying
When things do not go right?
Stewing and fretting over trifles
Won't help you out a mite.
When the whole wide world has gone to pot,
And business on the bum,
A lifted chin and a two-cent grin
Helps some, my boy, help some.

—Selected.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL
PUBLISHED BY
The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

FROM GOD TO NATURE

"Show me your God!" the doubter cries.
I point him out the smiling skies,
I show him all the woodland greens,
I show him peaceful sylvan scenes,
I show him winter snows and frost,
I show him waters tempest-tossed,
I show him hills rock-ribbed and strong,
I bid him hear the thrush's song,
I show him flowers in the close,—
The lily, violet and rose,
I show him rivers, babbling streams,
I show him youthful hopes and dreams,
I show him stars, the moon, the sun,
. . . .
And still he holds his doubting tone
And faithless goes his way, for he
Is blind of soul and cannot see!

This beautiful poem expresses the truth that nature does reveal God. It also hints that seeing eyes are necessary if we are to read the book of nature aright. Montgomery wrote:

"And not from Nature up to Nature's God,
But down from Nature's God look Nature through."

ORIENTATION

One goes a far piece sometimes to learn things that are looked upon as being new, when there is (and we all know it) nothing new under the sun. There is little incentive to be self informed since the standardization system so completely discourages every personal effort for self improvement. Nothing

counts but units, and these units can only be acquired one way and that is through the standardized school system of today. If gotten any other way they count for naught. At least you are not allowed to teach, besides other phases of work are becoming standardized.

Well, the idea in mind when starting to write was to tell of a new word, "orientation," learned while some of our North Carolina teachers were taking a required six weeks course at Columbia University, N. Y. While looking through a Sunday school quarterly of the M. E. Church our eyes fell upon the following article that gave explicitly the meaning of the word, orientation. The thought came," well, the old south is not so far behind after all." There are highly cultured people, refined and delightful people the world over and all we need to do is to know better the advantages offered in our own state. But this tells you the girls of this old-fashioned "charme school" know how to use the new word, "orientation":

> An old-fashioned "charme school" is Grenada College's (Grenada, Miss.) way of orienting freshman women who annually enter school in search of degrees. When the new group of first-year women enter college in the fall, they will become a part of an intensive orientation scheme which will feature academic, social, and religious activities, and which will climax with a formal dinner on a Saturday evening for which one-half of the students will play the part of men and escort others to the dining room. For the entire week all chapel periods are given to lectures or proper conduct, good manners—particularly when eating—proper dress for various occasions, proper forms for introductions, and other things which tend to put a young woman at ease socially.

* * * * * * * * * *

ONDOSTATIC

It is quite impossible to find any thing out of the ordinary to attract the attention of the people. But there is a magnetic needle, the ondostatic, that is attracting attention and used in locating minerals of the earth. The effect is similar to that of the peach tree limb that at one time was thought to have virtue indicating streams of water when wells were indispensable. We witnessed the peach tree experiment once, but never accepted the experiment.

But this mystic instrument, the "ondostatic," is the invention of a Frenchman and has been used over twenty years. This magnet has been manipulated in the foreign fields to locate minerals with great success, so the

press reads. The inventor states he has been deluged with requests to come to America and hunt in quest of treasures buried during the War Between the States. The experiment will soon be made in Louisiana. The Americans are quick to catch on to something new. We do not like to say they are gullible, but there are times when things point that way. The inventor, Debauge, said he would make a tour of America before returning to France. It is possible he will form a company before leaving this country, putting ondostatic stock on the market. The Frenchman has very persuasive ways, and fine manners and the hope of finding money is hard to pass up.

* * * * * * * * * *

WHAT CAUSED HARD TIMES?

There are many view points as to the cause of hard times, if such really do exist, but the truth about the situation is there is not a soul who has the key to the problem. So there is no use wasting valuable time discussing the topic. The best solution is to go to work for if the strained conditions are loosened up in your own home there is a chance to give a helping hand.

We know a woman, the mother of six children, her husband was suddenly stricken with tuberculosis and things looked gloomy for a while. But instead of putting up a pitiful wail she went to work, collecting rents, soliciting insurance besides collecting for civic organizations,—in fact she made herself indispensable and today is making a fine living for her family. That is the only cure for hard times.

For pastime we give this clipping with answers as to the cause of hard times. We believe though that you will agree the example of the mother of six with an invalid husband will come nearer solving the problem than all the talk in the world. It is a world wide subject and the individual alone can adjust matters. The following are view points as to cause of hard times:

Judge Hubbard, of Iowa, says it is the existence of corporations.
George Gould says it is the hostility to corporations.
The farmer says it is the low price of wheat and cotton.
The silver men say it is the action of Wall Street.
The Wall Street men say it is the action of the silver men.
The manufacturer says it is the fear of free trade.
The consumer says it is the tariff.
The debtor says it is the creditor.
The creditor says it is the debtor.

The Democrats say it is the Republicans.
The Republicans say it is the Democrats.
The Populists say it is both.
The preacher says it is the devil.
Now what have you got to say about it?

* * * * * * * * * *

A RECLINING POSTURE NOT HARMFUL

It is not unusual to have some one remark, "It is very hard on the eyes to read when reclining." This is a habit that many indulge in, but in the course of time the many cases of defective eyesight have been adjudged to be from other causes. As proof of the habit not proving a detrimental one the progressive Pullman company has installed foot rests for travelers on the Sportsmen's train of the Chesapeake and Ohio railroad. The passengers ride very comfortably while tilted backward, legs stretched out and feet raised—a typical American habit. The reason given as to the advantages of this position is that the blood flowing horizontally, does so with less resistance than when flowing perpendicularly, causing less strain on the heart.

It is comforting to know that it is better to do your thinking and working when in a reclining posture and most especially so in old age.

* * * * * * * * * *

SWEET CHARITY

The expression "done in the name of sweet charity" is more often abused than in the truest sense practiced. There are few of us who give for the welfare of another and give till it hurts. We hear the echo as this is read—"there is not one." Yes, people have given time and means for certain pieces of splendid uplift work till the spirit of giving was a genuine pleasure. But it is not difficult to find organized charity carried on by script card parties, dances and real old knock-outs. That kind of charity is not approved by the Lord,—He loveth a cheerful giver.

It is evident that this country with its bountiful wheat supply has a wonderful opportunity to show the magnanimous spirit in a practical manner by giving to the famine stricken districts of China a gift of wheat without strings. That would in a manner give fine proof of our belief of the foreign missionary spirit this country carries on so extensively. It is a little difficult to enjoy

food in the midst of starvation, feeling that as soon as physically able the debt has to be paid. The mental condition has considerable to do with the healing of the body so as to make haste to meet the emergencies of life.

* * * * * * * * * *

LET US HOPE

If historgy continues to repeat itself there will be nothing short of a bumper crop of prosperity following this continued siege of business depression for nearly three years. It has been high tension, under which many large business concerns have collapsed, and the enduring powers of humanity in many cases have snapped. From the Charlotte Observer we clip the following, and after reading, see between the lines that the peak of depression will soon be a thing of the past:

> Rockwell Smith, a real estate man of Van Nuys, California, went through a file of newspapers back to the 1850's, and finds as follows:
>
> There was a business depression in 1857 lasting 12 months; in 1869, lasting 8 months; in 1873, lasting 30 months; in 1884, lasting 22 months; in 1887, lasting 10 months; in 1893, lasting 25 months; in 1903, lasting 25 months; in 1907, lasting a few months; in 1914, lasting 8 months; and in 1921, lasting 14 months.
>
> The important thing about these past depressions, however, is that every one of them has been followed by flush times, and the longer the depression lasted, the longer and more active the "boom."
>
> And it is the timely reminder of The Wall Street Journal that the present depression has now lasted 20 months, the hopeful indication being for a similarly prolonged season of good times following in its wake.

* * * * * * * * * *

Mahatma Gandhi, of India, as queer as he looks, thinks the English are "too dumb" to be led by him, and that the Americans are "too hasty" to give him a hearing. It takes more than talking to convert the Anglo-Americans to such primitive view points of life as practiced by Gandhi.

RAMBLING AROUND

With Old Hurrygraph

"A health to our future, a sigh
for our past,
We love, we remember, we hope
to the last,
And for all the base lies that the
almanac hold,
While we've youth in our hearts
we can never grow old."

—o—

Fools are born, not made. But there are some who make fools of themselves. We all have some of the fool in us. The only fool difference between one of us and the other is the amount of fool matter is mixed into our brain matter; the strength of its ability to resist temptation, and the direction that the fool strain follows. Some of the fool strains are inclined in a direction that follows the lines of a triangle and finishes up at Reno. Other fool strains follow the broad highway that leads in the direction of the rainbow's tail, and then after burning up ever so many miles, find that the rainbow has lost its tail and there isn't enough gas in the tank to go back home. But the one strain with which all of us fools are endowed, is the one which impels us to follow a leader. Like the sheep that follow the bell-wether, we frolic along, hither and thither and gambol right through the welcoming doors. And we come out through a hole in the wall —a well done hamburger steak.

—o—

Whiskers are out of fashion these days. Those of us who can remember the Civil War period as boys, lived in a whiskered age. They were all but universal then. Grant, Sherman, Lee, Lincoln and Jeff Davis wore them. Cabinet officers, lieutenants, novelists, like Dickens, preachers and notables generally wore them. A beard was then the insignia of manhood. Financiers, bankers, merchants, men in the trades, physicians, scientists and statesmen wore them. Hayes, Garfield, Arthur and Harrison were whiskered presidents, along with Grant and Lincoln. Then came McKinley with a smooth face, followed by Roosevelt, Wilson, Harding, Coolidge and Hoover. Taft adopted the moustache, as did many young men during the Cilil War, among them Sherman. The World War brought us the caterpillar moustache as a sequel to the flowing moustache of the Kaiser, but King George, like his father Edward, wears a full beard. In the days of the "Moustache coffee cup" men wore what is now called the "Horse Tail moustache," which still appears in the small towns as an evidence of manly pride. It seems impossible now that lovely women ever snuggled up among long bushy whiskers, but there is evidence that they once did—and liked it. Many years ago I turned my beard out, and "by George" some people said I looked like King George. I had a girl then who said she could not bear "those bristles." She said if she had to bear it she wanted a bear cub, as its hair was softer and she could stroke it with more pleasure. My whiskers went. And have been gone ever since.

—o—

New York is all excited over the

story that its coast line is being ravaged by pirates, regular pirates with the skull and cross bones on a black flag, dripping with blood, burying treasures chests and everything of the kind. New York has pirates all right, but they do not sail the Seven Seas. They drive taxis, hang around Tammany Hall, sit on the judicial bench sometimes, and sell tickets to the theatres now and then. And Wall street—gosh, that place is just full of pirates.

—o—

Well, that was pretty sad news that came over the wires from Washington a few days ago. Anyhow it sounded pretty sad the first time you read it, but if you thought it all over and if you were a Demorcat, it didn't seem so sad after all. The news was that both parties, the G. O. P. and the Democrats, had reported that they were stone broke and didn't know where the heck the money was coming from to run the presidential campaigns next year. The big millionaire lads, who usually throw in great wads of coin when the hat is passed, are all setting up a yell about their being in the bread-line when any one says a word to them about saving the party and making that garage safe for two cars. But the second thought that the Democrats get on the story is that, anyhow, they've got the Republicans dragged right down to their level when it comes to campaign funds, and that when there's no money to hand around among the voters they always get mad at the Republicans and march right over to the polls and vote for anything that walks around on two legs, if it says it's a Democrat. So if you look at it that way the news is pretty good after all for the Tom Jefferson lads.

—o—

As a people we are still far from mastery of vehicle traffic on streets and highways. Motor cars killed 31,000 people in 1929, an increase of more than 10 per cent over the slaughter of 1928. Traffic accidents resulting in hurts and heavy damage to cars numbered 1,000,000. The economic loss of these accidents totaled $850,000,000 in 1929, an increase of $350,000,000 annually, since 1923. The annual increase in fatalities was larger last year than in any year during the past decade. From these figures it would seem that the safety of street and highway travel grows continuously less, which shows its government less and less efficient. The question arises, Is it possible to control vehicles driven by gas power? The answer is, No, not under present law and rules. I venture to say that so long as powerful motor cars are driven by all kinds and conditions of men and women and minors, the hazards of the roads will increase. A locomotive engineer on a railroad must undergo a long training before he can be trusted on rails. But any person who has learned to start and stop a car is permitted on the street. A steamboat pilot must undergo long training on the river. But the pilot of a motor car is not compelled to show efficiency in piloting his car. He "learns" in the midst of traffic, while a menace to all about him. No wonder accidents and fatalities increase. Now the cheap car can be driven seventy miles an hour. Imagine a fool going that fast! We need some drastic legislation over adventure on the highways.

SOME NOTABLE PLACES IN OUR NORTH CAROLINA

By Col. Fred A. Olds

Raleigh. The Present State Capital. Bought by the State, March 30, 1792, for this purpose; 1,000 acres, for $2750; the only State Capital so acquired. At this seat of government are more State institutions than in any other in the United States, these being the Governor's Mansion, Supreme Court, State Library, Department of Agriculture and its Museum, Hall of History, Highway Commission, State Prison, Hospital for the White Insane, Schools for the White Blind, Negro Blind, Negro Deaf, Revenue Department, Confederate Soldiers Home, State College of Agriculture and Engineering, (now a part of the State University) State Fair, the Historical Commission, Department of Health, etc.

The first "City of Raleigh," named in honor of Sir Walter Raleigh, in 1587, to whom Queen Elizabeth of England gave all this area as far south as the northern boundary of Florida, only lasted a little while. The first English baby born on this continent saw the light there August 18, 1587, and was baptised two days later.

In the area of the present Raleigh was born Andrew Johnson, the 17th President of the United States, December 28, 1809. His birth-house is yet standing. A couple of miles south of Raleigh is "Hunter's Lodge," an estate on which 1771 Governor Willian Tryon (next to the last Royal Governor) made his camp on his march from New Bern, then the Capital of the Colony of North Carolina, to conquer the "Regulators," as the people were called who had risen against the British Government; who were defeated at the "Battle of the Alamance, some 50 miles west of Raleigh.

Charlotte. County seat of Mecklenburg, where May 31, 1775, action was taken looking to separation from the British rule. A few miles south of it, near Pineville, was born a President of the United States, James Knox Polk, who removed to Knoxville, Tennessee, and was elected from that State. His birthplace was a log-house, one story and two rooms. At Charlotte is the residence in which was held in April, 1865, the last meeting of President Jefferson Davis of the Confederate States and his Cabinet, on their retreat towards the far South.

New Bern. Founded in 1710 and settled by Swiss, under the patronage of Great Britian. In April 1862, after the capture of Fort Macon, at Beaufort, N. C., by the Federal forces, New Bern was also captured, and the U. S. established a large garrison there and held a considerable area of this State until the war ended in April, 1865. A notable feature of New Bern was the "Palace," built by Colonial Governor William Tryon, finished in 1770, and at that date by far the finest building in all America. Tryon was succeeded by Governor Josiah Martin, who fled in fear of the "Patriots" from the "Palace" after spiking the cannon of its battery. In 1791 President George Washington visited New Bern and was in the "Palace." The lat-

ter was accidentally burned in 1799, the year Washington died.

Wilmington. November 20, 1765, the first revolt against the British "Stamp Act" occurred here., and a vessel from London bringing the "tax stamps" was not allowed to land. Early in the War Between the States, [1861-65] a very strong fort was built between the Atlantic Ocean and the Cape Fear River, to protect what were known as "Blockade-Runners," small and swift vessels, built in England, to take out material wanted by the latter and to bring in supplies for the Confederacy. This was "Fort Fisher," by far the most important fort the Confederacy had. January 15, 1865, a vast Federal Army and Navy captured it, and this soon brought the long war to an end. Wilmington was for a short time during the Revolutionary War the Capital of North Carolina.

Edenton. Was for many years the Capital of early Colonial North Carolina. One of its interesting events was the "Tea Party" held there Oct. 25, 1776, composed of 51 ladies of prominence who met at the residence of Mrs. Penelope Barker, who presided, and adopted "resolves" not to drink any English taxed teas and to wear only home-made goods. The British caricaturists made a picture of this, in gay colors, and the grossest exaggerations, but this did not drive the women from their position. The brother of one of the signers, Samuel Johnston, was later Governor of North Carolina, as a State. He was really an Earl of Arnondale, in the peerage of Scotland, but declined to take this title. His mansion at "Edenton," "Hayes-Barton," named for Sir Walter Raleigh's ancestral home in Devonshire, England, is one of the "showplaces" not only of Edenton but of all "North Carolina."

Hertford. The County seat of Perquimans County, (one of many counties in this State named for Indian tribes), where the first General Assembly (legislature) met February 6, 1605.

Roanoke Island. Here the first English settlement in America began and the first English child was born (Virginia Dare) a few days after the landing. The location is well marked by North Carolina and the United States, and England and America jointly observe August 18th as the anniversary of Virginia Dare's birth.

Durham. A mile west of Raleigh, General Joseph E. Johnston surrendered the last Confederate Army to General William Tecumpseh Sherman on the morning of April 18, 1865, nine days after the surrender of General R. E. Lee's army of Southern Virginia at Appomotox, Va. April 9 Gen. Johnston really surrendered all the remaining Confederate Armies, at the same time, as he was only second in rank to Lee. The place of surrender, the "Bennett house," is beside North Carolina's most important highway, "Number Ten."

Hillsboro. To this town Governor Tryon in April 1771, marched his little army from his capital, New Bern. Here he tried some of the captured "Requiters," hanged six of them in the town, and buried their bodies on the Cameron estate.

Bath. This is the oldest incorporated town in North Carolina and is near Washington. Bath dates from 1695. In 1721 the Tuscorora Indians rose against the white settlers and in a day and night massacred 130

of them. The settlers took swift and terrible revenge, and nearly exterminated these Indians. Those who were spared, of the several thousand, were sent northward to upper New York, where they joined the "Five Nations." Bath was a semi-fortified place and had some cannons. Swiss settlers aided their English companions in the defense. Bath has the oldest Church now standing in the State, dating from 1734 and in continuous use. It is a "Church of England" (Now Episcopal). Bath had the first library in this colony, 1695.

Halifax. This was one of the ten "Capitals" of North Carolina. In it is the "Constitution House," where April 12, 1776, the first State Constitution was adopted, antedating the U. S. Constitution 54 days. The oldest Masonic Hall in the world is in Halifax, "Royal White Hart" (hart meaning in old English a "deer"). It dates from Jan 1, 1771. London's oldest Masonic Hall is a year younger. Joseph Montfort, master of Royal White Hart, lodge, was appointed by the Duke of Beaufort, Grand Master of England, "Grand Master for All America;" the only person to hold such a title. His grave is cared for by England and North Carolina and annually is decorated by British and U. S. Flags.

Lincolnton. Few towns can show a Revolutionary battlefield within their limits, but Lincolnton has this distinction. June 20, 1780, the "Whigs" and "Tories" had a real battle here. The country was then Tryon (named for the Royal Governor) who in 1771 left North Carolina to beome governor of New York. Ramesour's Mill was the feature of the location, as a grain mill was a vital thing in that day. The Tories crossed the stream on its dam, which was also a roadway. They took position on a hill-top, but neglected to protect their flanks which the Whigs quickly turned, the Tories fleeing losing many dead or captured. The soldiers there engaged were all local people and so brother fought brother. They were buried in a common trench. The Whig winners have, for this reason, never celebrated the battle. In February, 1781, Lord Cornwallis, the Brtish Commander-in-chief in North Carolina, retreating before the pressure of the Patriot (Whig) forces, encamped on this very battle-field, looked at the location and said the Tories utterly failed in their plan of battle. He pushed on eastward towards Salisbury, crossed the Yadkin River and then marched to Guilford Court House, went thence to Wilmington, very near the sea, and lastly marched to Yorktown, where he was completely hemmed in by the French and American allies in November, 1781, surrendered to Washington and La-Fayette, and the long war thus was ended.

Fayetteville. This place is in the center of the important Scotch settlements of North Carolina. Of the inhabitants here, with a total of 3,000,000, a third are English and about the same number Scotch. The town is the seat of Cumberland County, created in 1757, which was named for the Duke of Cumberland, second son of King George the Third. This Duke commanded the British Army at the battle of Culloden, in Scotland, in 1745, when the Scotch received the severest defeat in all their history, and when the "House of Stuart" was forever crushed. This Duke was so cruel to the Scotch

that he was long called "The Bloody Duke." His victory and its sequence immensely increased the already large migration of the Scotch to America. The then Royal Governor of North Carolina, Gabriel Johnston, greatly fostered this migration. The Scotch had begun to come here by ship-loads. By 1770 practically all the Scotch "clans" represented in North Carolina, wore their national costume and mingled like one family. Governor Josiah Martin in 1776 (Jan. 1) called on his loyal Scotch to raise the Royal Standard (flag) at Fayetteville and 1500 assembled and marched towards Wilmington, but 9000 Whigs (Patriots) gathered to meet their attack. The "Highlanders" equipped by Gen. Gage (of Boston) got no further than Moore's Creek Bridge, and there were overwhelmed. It was the first American victory in the South. When, after his bad fortune at the Battle of Guilford Court House, Lord Cornwallis got to Fayetteville he found no aid of men and supplies. Fayetteville was named in honor of General LaFayette. In 1857 the United States established an arsenal there and early in 1861 this was taken in possession by the Confederate States. In March, 1865, it was recaptured by the United States. In 1917 the largest artillery post in the United States was established near there, covering 188 square miles of territory. North Carolina at Fayetteville ratified the Federal Constitution November 19, 1789, at Fayetteville, with imposing ceremonies. The first plank-road in this State was established from Fayetteville to Salisbury in 1849. Near Fayetteville the North Carolina Confederate Women's Home was established, in 1913.

Winston-Salem. Popularly called the "Twin City." It was at first named Salem (a German word meaning "Peace,") and there in 1753 the Moravians, or United Brothern" established their famous settlement or Colony, in the South. The place was then in Rowan County, and Bishop Spangenburg bought from Earl Granville (in whose territory Rowan was) 100,000 acres and in 1754 the Moravians built their first house, a few miles from Salem, at Bethabara. The legislature in 1755 made their territory a parish of the "Established Church." Royal Governor Tryon made a special visit to Salem after he had defeated the "Regulators" in 1771. President Washington also paid the town a special visit in 1791 and praised it greatly. In 1849 the County of Forsyth was created and then Salem became its county seat. The first female college in the State was established in Salem in 1785. The Moravian Cathedral is in this city, which is the seat of the"Southern Jurisdiction"; Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, being the seat of the Northern one. The largest industry in this state, the Reynolds Tobacco Company, with 100 million dollars capital stock, is here, established in 1874 by Richard J. Reynolds, a native of the vicinity, in whose honor is the first school auditorium and high school in the South. In 1913 the adjoining town, Winston, was consolidated with Salem and became the "Twin City."

Rutherfordton. At this point, in 1830, a private mint, to make coins, was begun by the Bechtler family and for five years it turned out this currency, which was in great request and which had the sanction of the

U. S. Government. The discovery of gold in North Carolina was in 1779, when a 12 year old boy, Conrad Reed, found it near Concord. In 1903 a nugget wighing 28 pounds was found there. A "gold rush" followed, the first in the world, and from all the world gold-seekers came.

Chapel Hill. The seat of the first State University in the United States, opened in 1795, the first student, Hinton James, riding on horseback that autumn, from Wilmington.

Pinehurst. Established by James W. Tufts, of Boston, in 1895, as a health resort, for tubercular patients, but soon changed to health and pleasure resort; one of the largest in the South; in the North Carolian sand hills; a few miles away being Southern Pines, established in 1884, the pioneer in this line in this area.

Greensboro. A central situation in North Carolina; sharing this with Winston-Salem and High Point. The location of the great North Carolina College for Women, a section of the State University. Six miles away the battle of Guilford Courthouse was fought March 15, 1781, between the British under Lord Cornwallis and the Americans under Major General Nathanael Greene, Washington's favorite general in the South. It was a drawn battle, but Cornwallis was really the great loser, for the result was that in a little over six months he had to surrender. The battleground is a National Park.

Monroe. The county seat of Union County. Near it is the birthplace of President Andrew Jackson, in a region popularly called "The Waxhaw Settlement." The President was born in a log cabin, owned by his mother's brother. There is a stone monument on the site, which is a few hundred yards east of the line between North and South Carolina, and not far from the birthplace of President James K. Polk.

Bentonville. The last pitched battle of the War Between the States was fought here about forty miles southeast of Raleigh, in Johnston County, between 30,000 Federal Troops, under commant of Gen. Sherman and half as many under Gen. Joseph E. Johnston. The latter had the advantage in the encounter. The Federals lost 1560, the Confederates a few more. In the Confederate force was a brigade of boys under 18, which numbered nearly 3000; the only such brigade on either side during the entire war. The fighting covered 3 days, March 18, 19, and 20. Gen. Sherman then advanced on Raleigh, but the fighting was over. The battle-area is to be a National Park. It is already marked.

Beaufort. Established in 1705. On the ocean, 150 miles east of Raleigh. Named for the Duke of Beaufort. It was captured by Spaniards, coming up from Havana and Florida, in 1747, but they could not hold it or other points in this State. A fort was built there soon after this attack. The place is on the great "Inland Water-Way," now in aperation from Massechusetts to Beaufort, and under extension to the Cape Fear River below Wilmington, a distance of 90 miles, at a cost of $4,000,000. This waterway cuts out 3 dangerous capes in North Carolina, Hatteras, Lookout and Cape Fear, with 12 feet of water at low tide.

Asheville. The first county created west of the Blue Ridge, in 1792, named for Col. Edward Buncombe,

of North Carolina., of the Revolutionary army; mortally wounded and captured at the battle of Germantown. The Blue Ridge was then the eastern boundary of the great "Cherokee Nation." Near is Mt. Mitchell, its top a State Park, the remainder being a U. S. Forest Reserve. Oteen, (a Cherokee word meaning "I'll Try,") is one of the largest U. S. Army hospitals. "Biltmore House," the finest and costliest residence in the United States, is in Asheville, and is owned by the New York Vanderbilts.

MOTHERLESS FAWNS BROUGHT UP IN NURSERY

One hundred motherless fawns, picked up by rangers on the game preserves of Pisgah National Forest near here, are being reared at special nurseries in the forest and will soon be sent out to various game refuges throughout the nation.

Most of the fawns were found on the game refuge area, during the month of June. Approximately 3,000 deer are protected on the preserve, and the fawns deserted by their mothers, would have perished but for the timely aid of foresters. The fawns are kept at six different locations in the forest, each nursery being under the supervision of a game warden or forestry expert.

During June and July the fawns were kept closely confined at the nursery stations. In August their maturity had advanced to such an extent that they were allowed to roam the woods near the nurseries during the day and were fed and confined at night. The fawns will be kept in the nurseries until they can subsist in part upon green foods, when they will be transferred to other game refuges.

The fawns now being cared for in the Pisgah National game preserve will be moved during September to other refuges maintained by the state of North Carolina in the mountain section, to state refuges in Georgia, South Carolina, Virginia, Tennessee and Arkansas. The fawns will be protected on the refuges, to increase the supply of game in these states.

Extending across the mountain section of North Carolina, in addition to the Pisgah National game preserve, the state of North Carolina maintains the Wayah Bald refuge, the Mount Mitchell refuge, the Daniel Boone refuge and the Interstate refuge on the boundary between North Carolina and Tennessee.

These refuges have been stocked annually with fawns from the Pisgah preserve. The overflow from the refuges provide good hunting in the surrounding territory. Demand for the fawns from state refuges has been so great that the forest officials have been unable to supply fawns to private individuals for stocking private preserves.—Asheville Citizen.

VIRGINIA'S MIRACLE IN STONE

By Donald Faulkner

Perhaps the greatest common attribute of famous natural scenic spectacles is the disillusionment, the twinge of disappointment experienced by everyone viewing them for the first time. In the majority of cases, true appreciation of their majesty, their beauty, or whatever constitutes their claim to renown is achieved only after a closer examination, a slow infiltration of their charm.

It is in this respect that the Natural Bridge of Virginia stands unique among contemporary attractions. The briefest glance suffices to impress the beholder with a sense of awe at the most striking curiosity of its kind in all America.

Prior to 1774 the property of the Crown of England, before passing out of royal hands, there is on record an exact description of the Natural Bridge and adjacent territory, and persistent legend tells us that George Washington himself ran the surveyor's lines. It is entirely possible that he made the survey, noted in the following extract of a grant to Thomas Jefferson, from King George III, dated July 5, 1774, the original of which hangs in Monticello, Jefferson's home near Charlottesville, Virginia.

George the Third, &c., to All, &c.

"Know ye that for divers good causes and considerations, but more Especially for and in Consideration of the sum of Twenty Shillings, of good and lawful money for our use paid to our Receiver General of our Revenues, in this our Colony and Dominion of Virginia, We have Given, Granted and Confirmed, and by these presents for us, our heirs and successors, Do Give, Grant and Confirm unto Thomas Jefferson, one certain tract or parcel of land, containing 157 acres, lying and being in the country of Botecourt, including the Natural Bridge on Cedar Creek, a branch of James River, and bounded as followeth: etc."

By this grant Natural Bridge and one hundred and fifty-seven acres of its bordering lands passed into private ownership and Thomas Jefferson thus became the first American owner. He visited it many times, and in 1802, the year after his first inauguration as President of the United States, he surveyed the place with his own hands, and made the first map.

The following year he built a two-room log cabin on the site of the present Jefferson cottage, placing Patrick Henry and his wife, and negro slaves in charge of the cabin. Many famous men, including Marshall, Monroe, Clay, Benton, Jackson, Van Buren, and Sam Huston who helped to make American history were guests at this cabin.

The Natural Bridge and a small village of the same name are situated in Rockbridge County, a few miles west of the Blue Ridge Mountains in the heart of the Great Appalachian Valley of Western Virginia. Cedar Creek, whose riotous, lime-impregnated waters are responsible for both the Natural Bridge and the amazing eroded gorge which extends two miles above and two miles below the arch, is a tributary of the James River, flowing into it several miles

to the northeast of the Bridge. The great water gap where the James breaks through the rock Blue Ridge barrier is seven miles northeast, at Glasgow and Balcony Falls.

Many noted engineers have measured the tremendous arch of virgin stone, and it is commonly agreed to measure 90 feet in length, while its width varies from 150 feet at one end to 50 feet at the other. From the surface of a government bench mark, a brass plate set into the top of the span, to the tumultuous surface of Cedar Creek in the gluch below is a distance of 200 feet. The unbroken span of rock which constitutes the bridge is estimated to weigh in excess of 36,000 tons.

The approach to the bridge is overhung with age-old arbor-vitae trees, many measuring fifteen feet in circumference. After the first spellbound stare, the visitor's fancy is intrigued by the ever changing lights and colors playing under the Bridge. Fantastic figures detach themselves from the dark recesses, and a vivid imagination pieces them into Indian chiefs, beautiful girls, and shrouded witches much the same as clouds resolve into figures and peoples upon gusty, spring days.

The dimensions of the bridge are stupendous, and on a hot and brilliant day, when one desires to escape the summer sun, its dark shadows, cool breezes and green slopes are very welcome. Now that the Bridge has been set with electric lights, many of the detailed features of the bridge have been made more entrancing, and with darkness hovering just beyond the searching beams, the Bridge becomes one of the most romantic places in America.

There is no clear determination of the history of Natural Bridge. Suffice to say that it is old, very old. That for at least a million years it has withstood the ravages of time, while its sculptor, Cedar Creek, has endured for more than a hundred million years.

HOT DOG VS. COLLEGE

George J. Deck of Buffalo was poor but ambitious when at the age of approximately 18 he determined to have a college education. But hot dogs blocked his way.

Casting about for some means of earning his way through college, Deck tried running a hot dog stand and met success beyond his fondest expectations. Business was so good that he could not take time to go to school. Soon he opened additional stands, all of which prospered.

Recently he bought out six competitors and now has what virtually amounts to a "hot dog trust" in his home city, with a warehouse, a bakery, a butcher shop, a fleet of 12 trucks and 16 hot dog stands. His annual turnover is more than $500,000 and he draws from his business a salary equal to that of the president of the United States—$75,000 a year.

But it looks as if he will have to worry along without a college degree. Still he holds a very desirable, if not dignified title. He is known as "the hot dog king.—Reidsville Review.

START PLANS TO ASSIST NEEDY THIS WINTER

(Asheville Citizen)

With winter only around the corner, Asheville and Buncombe county are well prepared to aid many needy families in obtaining food, fuel, shelter and clothing, a survey showed recently.

About 350 Asheville families are being assisted by local charitable organizations at present. This figure, records indicate, is slightly in excess of the number at the same time a year ago.

Of an approximate population of 95,000 persons, there are now 3,000 unemployed in Asheville and the county, the Federal employment bureau estimates. As compared with other cities this is not considered a large percentage of the total population. Of this number about 1,500 are white men, 350 are ex-service men on a special list and the remainder are negroes.

Merchants reported unprecedented sales of sugar, fruit jars and cans during the past two months, and the demand is still continuing. The question of how much food has been canned in various households has supplanted the weather as a general topic of conversation. It is not confined to the housewives but is freely discussed by men on the streets and wherever they gather in groups. The man whose wife has canned the largest amount of foodstuffs is proud to tell of the fact and he never misses an opportunity to do so.

In addition, the farm clubs have been doing work along this line and the Community Canneries, under the supervision of Miss Edna Edwards, turning out nearly 1,000 cans of food daily now. Much of this food is being canned on the shares and the surplus that is accumulated during the operation of the canneries in various parts of the county is being stored for the use of the various charitable organizations of the county during the winter months.

On the question of clothing, many stores report that they have various articles of winter clothing "put away" for people who are paying for it a little at a time. Others are content with second hand clothing and the closets and storerooms in many residences in the city have been ransacked this summer by housewives upon the request of persons who wanted to do odd jobs around the premises in exchange for the cast off clothing. The only requisite is that this clothing be serviceable and warm. It is believed that this determination to get ready for winter as far as clothing is concerned will relieve much suffering when the mercury hovers down at the bottom of the thermometer this winter.

On the question of fuel an even more interesting situation is found. Practically all coal and fuel dealers in the city some months ago went on a strictly cash basis. The result was that the summer sale of coal and other fuel has dropped far below what it has been in previous years. However, dealers who have been in the business here for a number of years, know that with the first real

cold snap the demand for coal will come all at once. Many of them have added to their equipment in order to be able to meet this "peak" demand when it comes, but they still warn the people that if they wait to the last minute it will be a physical impossibility to fill all the orders at once and some inconvenience and even suffering may result.

There is another side to this picture, however, that is even more signficant. The negroes of the city are getting ready for winter by preparing for their coal supply now. Many of them have been paying for their coal, and have not yet received it. Their storage facilities are limited and in some instances they are not yet located for the winter but they are steadily paying small amounts each week, so that when winter comes they can order a ton of coal with the assurance that it will be delivered promptly.

The fact that a great many white people have not yet made arrangements for their winter fuel supply is taken to indicate that they have assurance that they will have sufficient money to provide this at the proper time, or that they are holding off the purchase until the last minute in order to use their money for other and more pressing needs until that time.

CORRECTING CHILDREN

The old idea that to spare the rod will spoil the child dates back to Proverbs, and it has been re-echoed down through the centuries by authors like John Skelton who lived a thousand years ago, and by every class and breed of re-write artists who have used quills, pens and typewriters, during all the intervening space of time.

But civilization has improved and corporal punishment of children is now condemned by leaders in the educational professions.

Old notions of threatening the child are tabooed by the United States Children's Bureau.

"A child who fights with his playmates should be removed from them. His inability to associate with them is ample punishment," says the Bureau. "One who refuses to eat food set before him may be punished by being denied dessert or some dish he especially likes. When the child gets into a tantrum and smashes his toy, he is sufficiently punished by not getting one to replace it.

"Physical punishment such as slapping and spanking should be used rarely, and if at all never in anger. The only justification for striking a child is when he has done something which if repeated might endanger his life, such as running into the street or playing with matches. The punishment for misdeeds of this kind should be prompt.

"The value of punishment is often exaggerated. A child should never be threatened. It is harmful to threaten him with punishment or hold over his head a penalty like being shut in a dark room."

Don't lose your head when correcting a child. Use the brains in your head, and be kind.—Selected.

MINES AND QUARRIES

(News-Letter)

North Carolina is said to possess more minerals than any other state. In fact nearly all known minerals have been discovered in this state, and more than a dozen that have been found in North Carolina are not known to occur elsewhere in the United States.

Yet North Carolina is not a very important mining state. The Census Bureau has announced the main finding of its recent survey covering the year 1929. For that year the value of output of our mines and quarries amounted to very nearly six million dollars. (This is not to be confused with the value of our mineral output which is considerably larged than the output of mines and quarries. Mineral output includes brick, tile, pottery and so on.)

The recent survey shows that there are 129 mines and quarries in the state with an annual output of more than $2,500 each. There are nearly twenty-eight hundred employees, including salaried officers. The mining industry pays wages and salaries amounting to around two million eight hundred thousand dollars. Possibly ten thousand people are supported by our mining industry.

While we have a great variety of minerals, North Carolina ranks low as a mining state. Two years ago we ranked thirty-seventh in output of mines and quarries. Our six million dollars' worth of output is rather small compared with Pennsylvania's seven hundred million, or with five other states above a hundred million each.

The leading products of our mines are granite, sand and gravel, feldspar, limestone and marble, coal, kaolin, and mica.

"HOME, SWEET HOME"

On one occasion Howard Payne, the genial-hearted kind little man who wrote the immortal song of "Home, Sweet Home," was walking with me in the great city of London, and pointing to one of the aristrocratic streets in Mayfair, where wealth and luxury had the windows closed and curtained, lest the light and warmth should go out or the smallest air or cold winter come in, where isolated, exclusive English comfort was guarded by a practical dragon of gold, he, this tiny man, with a big heart, said, "There, my good friend, I became inspired with the idea of 'Home, Sweet Home,' as I wandered about without food or a semblance of shelter I could call my own. Many a night since I wrote those words that issued out of my heart by absolute want of a home have I passed and repassed in this locality, and heard a siren voice coming from these gilded, fur-lined, comfortable walls, in the depth of a dim, cold London winter, warbling, 'Home, Sweet Home,' and I knew no bed to call my own."—Religious Anecdotes.

THE RESCUE OF RED APPLE COTTAGE

By Miriam E. Mason

Somehow Lida did not feel like eating very much breakfast that morning, although Mrs. Wright had opened a big jar of the little crisp sausages which Lida liked so well, there was fresh peach preserves to go with the hot biscuits.

"What's the matter with you this morning, child?" demanded brisk Mrs. Wright half impatiently. "You aren't eating enough to keep a sparrow going. I hope you're not feeling bad because we can't take you to the Old Settlers' with us."

Lida shook her brown head vigorously. "There's nothing the matter. I don't mind about the picnic. I just don't feel much hungry this morning."

"I'd have liked to take Lida along," Mr. Wright added in his milder tones, "if we'd been driving our own car. Being as it's so near time for her to go back to the home and she won't be here next summer—"

Lida looked down at her plate where the little sausages seemed to be swimming in a misty pool. She bit her lip and waited for the large, aching lump in her throat to dissolve. Why did Mr. Wright have to remind her of the very thing she was trying to forget; that this was her last Sunday on the farm, and that next Friday she would have to go back to the Putnamville Orphans' Home? It was much worse this year than it had been last—the thought of going back. For last year she knew that she would be returning this summer and she had something to look forward to.

There was nothing to look forward to next summer. The Wrights' married son was coming to live with them next summer and help on the farm. He had two children and so there would not be room for an extra person at Wrights'—not even for a person so small, so helpful, so easily pleased as Lida was.

When the Wrights had gone off in the big car with their neighbors Lida drew a long breath of relief. The neat, snug farmhouse did not need her. It was new and bright and clean. It was well cared for, because Mrs. Wright was a good housekeeper and Lida was a willing helper.

"I'll clean up poor little Red Apple Cottage—before I go," thought Lida. Four or six big tears rolled down the side of her nose. She did not bother to wipe them away. There was nobody around to have to make explanations to.

It would have been hard to explain to the Wrights about Red Apple Cottage. Hard to explain why she loved it so and why she was so sorry to leave it.

"Houses were made to be lived in and loved," thought Lida as she stepped about Mrs. Wright's spotless kitchen collecting a little lunch for herself. There were some cold biscuits and sausages, and a couple of doughnuts from the picnic lunch. There were ripe tomatoes and two big yellow peaches. Lida would eat dinner in the little house. She felt, somehow, that the little house would

be glad.

She gathered up house-cleaning implements, too: a broom, a mop, a big bucket and some soap and rags. Perhaps if she swept and garnished the little house beautifully somebody might pass by and notice it. They might notice the appletree in the yard, the east window through which the morning sun streamed, the deep window seat where the children could keep their toys, the wide yard where the children might play with their kittens and puppies.

It was one of Lida's favorite dreams that the little house might be thus rescued from its silence and loneliness and be a place of love and laughter. Her other favorite dream was of a time when she herself would be rich enough to come back and buy Red Apple Cottage and live in it.

Red Apple Cottage was on a quiet back lane about a quarter of a mile from the Wrights' house. There was not much danger of anybody passing by to bother her. She would have all the rest of the day for her lovely dreams because the Wrights would not be home from the picnic until late that evening.

She came to the house, a gray, shabby little place set in the midst of an overgrown yard with an apple tree in front. To most people this was merely the old Rollins place, and a very run down and out of the way place they thought it.

The red apples hung from the tree like little lanterns. Lida picked up one from the ground and bit into it: creamy white inside, crisp and jucy it was, the very kind that children love. She ate the apple slowly, delighting in its flavor and in the sweetness of the day which seemed sweeter, somehow, at Red Apple Cottage than it did at Wrights' house. Here was drowsy sunlight, and murmuring sounds of honey bees and crickets and sleepy, hidden birds; here was the bright fragrance of bruised apples and sharp, sun-warmed pennyroyal and catnip.

Without half trying she could imagine the little house as it would be warmed by love and care into life. Those crooked shutters would be fresh with green paint . They would be open wide and the windows would be open wide, too. There would be white curtains fluttering at the windows. In the kitchen there would be an old-fashioned cupboard and a table with a red checked cloth and a cooking stove which poured out good things to eat as if it were a magic mill.

There would be children to live in the house and love it, too. Sometimes they would play out in the yard under the apple tree. Sometimes they would sit around the red checked table eating the good things which the stove cooked. There would be two or three little beds in the small back bedroom with the casement windows. She could imagine children saying their prayers before they jumped into the little beds. They never forgot: "And bless our Apple Tree Cottage and keep it a happy home forever and ever. Amen."

The door was not locked, for nobody seemed to care what happened to the poor, little house. Lida went in and threw the windows open wide. She brought in a big bucket of water from the well in the yard. Then she set to work. Mrs. Wright

always said that Lida went at her work like "killin' snakes," and the little house changed under her swift strokes. The floors emerged cool and gray from under their dust; windows shone; old, old cobwebs fell before her broom.

She wiped the woodwork, too, smiling over the bedroom which had three sets of notches cut into it. The notches were labeled at the very top; "Anne," "Bob," "Jenny." Those marked "Anne" had stopped when they were not halfway up to the low door. The other two reached considerably above Lida, who was going on fifteen and rather small for her age.

"I suppose Bob and Jenny grew up and went away," she pondered over the higher notches. Maybe Bob and Jenny were married now and had little Bobs and Jennies of their own. "They must have gone a long distance away if they could forget such a dear little house as this," she thought wistfully.

There was a fireplace in the living room. It seemed to be the sort of fireplace which was made especially to hang stockings from on Christmas Eve, and to roast apples over, and to pop corn. There was a mantel above it with a faded place in the wall paper where a picture had once hung.

Lida had made and bought a "motto" to hang over that faded place. It was a verse which she had seen in a magazine several days ago and had liked. She had copied it in large, beautiful printing on the cardboard back of a big pencil tablet. Now put up on the wall with a tin can on either side filled with queen anne's lace and purple ironrod, it looked lovely, she thought.

In the bedroom was a wardrobe closet with hooks on which the children might hang their wraps. In the back was a very low shelf which might hold rows of little shoes or schoolbooks in the summer time. Lida wiped off the shelves and walls carefully with a big damp rag. There should be no dusty corners left in Red Apple Cottage; all should be sweet and clean.

Slam! A little wind came playfully through and shut the closet door leaving Lida in the close darkness of the little place. She laughed, feeling for the door knob. That was just the trick a mischievous brother might play, trying to scare his sister.

Then suddenly she stopped laughing. For the closet, like many wardrobe closets, had a knob only on the outside of the door, and the catch of the lock was sprung, leaving her fastened most securely in the closet!

It was pitch dark in the closet, and it was hot and airless. Lida remembered stories—more than she thought she knew—of people getting shut up in closets like this. It seemed to her that the narrow walls of the closet closed up about her and she felt smothered.

The door fitted so tightly. If there had only been a crack below or in the side. But there was not. And when she beat on the door and tried to call, her voice sounded choked and weak.

"Anyway it's silly to call," she realized. Few people went by the cottage. "Maybe after the Wrights come home they'll look for me and find me here."

But her heart sank lower and lower. The Wrights would not be home

till six or seven that evening, and they would have no idea where to look for her. They might even think she had ungratefully run away in order to keep from going back to the home.

She took off one of her shoes and beat on the door with it. It wasn't much of a hammer, but it was all she could get, and it might attract the attention of somebody going along —if anybody was going along.

She sank down to the floor and leaning against the locked door, she laid her head on her knees and cried. Her throat ached and her eyes burned. It was hard to breathe in that closet, and it was hard to keep wide awake. Lida kept slipping off into nightmarish little naps. When she would wake up she would pound on the door a little more and then drop back to sleep. And so time went by; ages of time to Lida —perhaps two or three hours by the clock.

It was right after she had fallen into one of these little naps that a luxurious big car came siftly along the road where Red Apple Cottage stood. A pretty woman in a black dress was driving the car, and with her was a gray-haired man with severe, wiselooking eyeglasses.

"Here is where the man who wishes to buy the place will put in a filling station and sandwich stand," said the lawyer. "If the new highway comes through, it will be good for such a purpose. I should advise you to sell quickly while he is in the mood, for the place is run down and nobody is likely to want it for a home."

"I suppose not," said the woman with a sigh, "although I can remember that it was once a very happy one. I wonder if my children will enjoy the expensive summer home I am getting for them as much as we children did this one?"

The lawyer answered politely; "Of course, Mrs. Graydon, children are different now. And you yourself probably feel different about this house. It would not be pleasant for you with your brother's home so near when you and he are—on unfriendly terms."

"No," agreed the woman. Her expression, which had been of gentle sadness became hard and angry as she looked beyond the cottage to where the red roof of a prosperous farmhouse showed above the trees.

"You can see," the lawyer continued, coming to a stop before the tumbledown gate, "how run-down the place has become. Even the door locks have given away." He waved his hand to the wide, swinging door of the cottage.

"Why somebody's been here," the woman cried, her quicker eye taking in the clean windows, the broom by the doorstep, and the other signs of occupancy. Lightly she dismounted from the car and run up through the gate and into the little house. The lawyer followed more slowly, rather annoyed because he was in a hurry to get back up to town and close up the sale of the house.

Wonderingly the woman walked through the damp, clean-smelling little house. It was odd that it should look thus: freshly cleaned as if for occupants, and yet unfinished.

"Somebody must have decided just to move in without paying rent," commented the lawyer. "Unless," he added, "you don't suppose

your brother—"

"I don't believe Bob would do that," interrupted the woman. "The house was left to me—the farm to him—" Her eyes darkened as she looked across at the red-roofed house, its properous fields within a stone's throw of the cottage. Even as she stood looking, she saw her brother come out on his porch. She could have shouted at him and made him hear. A strange feeling came over her, and a strange desire to call him and break the silence of years. But she drew back from the window. "Never!" she resolved more firmly.

She turned to leave the little house which gave her such mixture of feelings. In the doorway she paused suddenly, and looked at the lawyer with her face paling.

"I think there's somebody in the closet," she said quickly, and strode toward the door with an angry countenance, "they might have been caught in there. I was one time."

"Well, they're caught, all right," said the lawyer grimly. He jerked the door open violently, and Lida, pale and very hot and more than half unconscious, tumbled gently forward.

"A little girl!" the man exclaimed in dismay, "and almost suffocated. What—"

"Carry her into the next room," the woman commanded. "It's cooler in there. I'm going to call Bob. He'll know what to do. He found me the time I was shut up in there—"

She went to the door and called clearly, her hands to her mouth, and the man from the red-roofed house dropped his paper and ran swiftly across the meadow.

But by the time he had reached the cottage, Lida was explaining in rather a weak, scared little voice, about what she was doing and why. The lawyer frightened her with his severe face and his talk of "trespassing." But the young woman's eyes were shining and her face was kind, and her arms were gentle.

"Is anything the matter, Jenny?" there was dread and anxiety, but no anger in the brother's voice as he hurried into the little room. This was no longer the proud, self-willed woman who had angered him; it was only his little sister needing him. And Jenny, kneeling on the floor beside Lida, looked up at him and smiled, with tears shining in her eyes.

"Bob," she said, "what did we quarrel about. Do you remember?"

He shook his head. The lawyer strolled out doors, irritated at a curious feeling in his eyes and throat. The brother spoke gently.

"I don't remember what we quarreled about, Jenny," he said, "and I—I don't want to remember."

His eyes wandered to the mantel with its queen anne's lace and purple ironrod surrounding the printed motto. He read aloud:

"Lord, now our year of work is done,
We have come homeward; one by one.
Grant that whatever ways we roam
Our paths may always lead back home."

"Doesn't it sound like mother?" said Jenny softly. She added. "Bob, I've come back home—to stay. I'm not going to sell this house. I'm going to bring little

Dick and Anne back here for awhile where they can love the things we loved.''

''And I,'' he smiled awkwardly, ''will come over and visit you as we used to do when we played house.''

''Oh, I'm glad,'' cried Lida radiantly, ''for I always knew this little house was meant to be lived in and loved—and I'm glad it won't be lonely when I'm gone—''

She explained to them about the Putnamville Orphans' Home and about the Wrights' married son. And when she had finished, Jenny gathered her closer in her arms.

''Indeed you're not going back there,'' cried Jenny happily. ''You're going to stay here and be my little sister and my children's big sister, and this little house will be your very own home!''

''Oh, thank you, thank you!'' whispered Lida, unable to say more because of the choking flood of joy that swept over her. Jenny nodded, smiling. ''Thank you, too,'' she whispered, raising her eyes above the printed motto on the mantel. For indeed the Lord must have heard her prayer and rescued the little house from anger and hatred into love and life.

WATER FOR THE BIRDS

I wonder how many ever think of how the temporary drying of streams in summer may cause birds to suffer. During the extremely dry and hot weather last season an illustration came to us which set us to thinking of how much even the winged creatures, especially those with eggs or young birds to care for, may need help at such times.

A full-grown barred owl was found in the woods, and its colors so blended with the dead leaves that it was almost unnoticeable save when moved. It did not try to get away nor did it have enough energy to resent our familiarity when we stroked its head. It just turned its big black beadlike eyes—and no other native owl has such solid black eyes—upon us and watched our moves but made no effort to get away. Cold water was offered, of which it drank sparingly, but it did not care for the meat placed before it. The next day it drank more freely. On the third day it had gained appreciably in strength, and had risen to a dead limb a few feet from the ground, and the next day it was gone, no doubt able to fly past the dried-up brooks to a living stream.

The smaller birds all need our care as to water supply during the hot dry months. Wrens and other tiny birds like water not more than half an inch deep. The robin and catbird like it deeper. If the dish has sloping sides all may be accommodated as to depth. It must be safe from cats and preferably in the shade. If you lack funds to buy an ornate container, nail an old wash-basin to a post. See that the water is frequently replenished. The birds will give a world of enjoyment to you as well as find it for themselves.—Bessie L. Putnam.

MOTHER OF MONARCHS

(Monroe Enquirer)

When in 1764 Letitia Ramolina, a rather obscure Corsican girl, married Carlos Bonaparte, an assessor, at the age of 14, there was little in the occurrence to indicate the far-reaching influence that was to follow their union.

It was not particularly strange that 13 children were to be born to them, but it is remarkable that of the 13 four were destined to become emperors or kings and two to become queens.

The most famous, of course, was Napoleon Bonaparte, who became emperor of France, and whose name fills more pages of history than that of any other mortal who ever lived. He was the second child.

Joseph, the eldest, became king of Spain; Jerome was king of Westphalia, and Louis was king of Holland. Of the daughters, Maria became queen of Naples, and Elisa became queen of Toscana.

Two other children held lesser rank, Lucien becoming prince of Canino, and Marie Pauline becoming dutches of Guastalla.

Thus Letitia Romalina has become known to the world as "the mother of monarchs." It might be imagined, therefore, that hers was a happy life—but not so. She was often poverty-stricken, and lived to see all her royal children shorn of their power. When she died at the age of 86, the great Napoleon had been dead 15 years; all her other children had lost their royal prerogatives, and while several survived her they had ceased to be factors in public affairs.

But in spite of all that, Letitia Ramolina gave to the world a progeny whose activities did more to change the course of events than that of any other mother who ever lived.

WHY WALLS CRACK

No matter how good the walls and materials in a building are, if the foundations are not strong, the building will not stand. By and by in some part of the structure a crack will appear, and then it will be known that the fault lies in the foundation. Foundations are laid for life's building during the days of youth. Let not this foundation be laid "crooked," warped, uneven, and of poor material, and you will doubtless some day see all life's efforts collapse, not as the result of a small crack appearing just before the fall, but the faulty construction of years ago. Guard well the construction of life's foundation in the days of your youth. Life will contain many successes and failures, the causes for which you are developing now.—The Boy Agriculturist.

MINISTER SAYS ATHEISM IS ALIVE IN MANY COLLEGES

(Exchange)

Scoring the members of his own church for lack of activity among college men, the Rev. C. Leslie Glenn, rector of Christ's Church, Cambridge, recently told the National Federation of Episcopal Church Clubs that atheistic teachings are dominant in many colleges and universities in America.

The Rev. Mr. Glenn, who is former secretary of college work of the National Episcopal Church, spoke before a group of Episcopalians.

"Most colleges are not more religious than city governments or a city hospital," he declared.

"As an agency for reaching or keeping in touch with students, the home church has broken down," said Mr. Glenn. "The college student is geographically removed from Christian leadership. This situation, coupled with the failure of the church to provide the proper spiritual leadership for students, has brought about an emergency comparable only to that of the World War.

"The modern college is neutral so far as any religious influence is concerned. Religious conditions in American colleges and universities are more alarming than may be thought. There exists among students an amazing idealism that scorns almost all forms of organized religion. There is in many colleges a conventional Christianity which never touches student morals at such points as cheating in examinations, fraternity politics and dirty football.

"The important fact is that there is no religious leadership in the colleges themselves with few exceptions. What ever may have been the religious impulses that led to the founding of the great Eastern colleges, they have long ceased to play an important part in the policy of the colleges. Faculties, for the most part, are anti-Christian in the field of psychology, sociology and philosophy. There is even a mild persecution."

Figures showing how the school dollar in New York City is spent reveal that the lion's share goes to principals and teachers. Of every dollar 83 cents is spent for their salaries.

The analysis of school expenditures, made public by President George J. Ryan, of the Board of Education, shows further that 3 cents of each dollar is for textbooks and supplies and slightly more than 2 cents for salaries of administrators, including the superintendents, examiners, and department directors. Five cents is spent for the maintanance of the school buildings and almost 4 cents for repairs and replacements. —Selected.

INSTITUTION NOTES

In accordance with the State gasoline contract, two Texaco tanks are being placed on the school grounds.

—o—

Fewer boys were entered in our Receiving Cottage on the last entrance days, September 14-15, than at any time since this building was put into operation.

—o—

Mr. R. M. Rothgeb, of Raleigh, mechanical engineer for the State of North Carolina, visited the Training School last week, making an inspection of our buildings as to need of repairs and renovation.

—o—

Our dairy barn has been completed and settlement will be made within a few days. We feel that we have as good or better barn than we had before. The general outline is the same, but in many places heavier and better timbers were used in the new structure.

—o—

Many loads of fine looking hay have passed through the campus on the way to the barn during the past week. We were always very much impressed as a boy, with the great load of hay pictured on the cover page of Blume's Almanoc, and the loads mentioned above recalled impressions made upon our mind in early life.

—o—

Rev. L. C. Baumgarner, pastor of St. Andrew's Lutheran Church, Concord, conducted the service in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon. Taking his text from Ecclesiastes 12:1, "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth," the speaker made a very interesting talk on "Life," pointing out the necessity of preparing ourselves for the finer things of life by the proper kind of training in our youth.

—o—

Last Saturday's game between the Hartsell Mill team and the Training School resulted in a victory for the former by the score of 11 to 9. After getting away to a six-run lead, the school boys weakened and allowed the Hartsell lads to tie the score at nine all in the ninth inning, and then by making two costly errors in the tenth, handed the visitors the two winning runs. There was plenty of hitting in this game (if it might be called such), the Hartsell boys getting fourteen safe blows, and the local lads eleven, the former registering seven consecutive hits in the fourth marker. The fielding was ragged on both sides, many of the runs scored by both teams were put across after the side should have been retired. On several occasions, with two out, and an opportunity to dispose of the third batter on an easy chance, the fielder would stage a perfect imitation of a croquet wicket and by the time the elusive pill could be recovered, all three runners would scamper across the platter. B. Lefler, with a double and three singles, led the visitors with the stick, while Broswell, Brewer and Whitehurst with two each, headed the local batters. Hamilton, the school's first baseman, made a home run.

—o—

The past week has been one of much activity on our farm. One large force of boys has been busily

engaged picking cotton; another group picking peas; and still another, together with the barn boys, has been hauling rocks from the fields, which were used to make a fill in a deep gully that crosses our roadway. The cannery force has been working at top speed, canning string beans, these being packed in gallon cans. The largest gathering of beans this season occurred the other day when 1800 pounds were brought in to the cannery. To handle this quantity of beans, prepare them for canning, an unusually large force of boys was necessary, they having spent several days "snapping" and stringing same. This latter job seems to be rather preferable, as the boys thus employed can work in the shade, while the others are out in the fields picking beans, peas and cotton. While we are speaking of the various tasks assigned to the boys during this busy season, let us call your attention to the group of youngsters known as "water-jacks," whose duty it is to supply the workers with drinking water. They would look like a small army to an outsider who might see them trudging across the fields, loaded with huge white pitchers filled with ice water. While it would seem that these little fellows have a hard job, for during these hot days cold drinking water is in constant demand and to supply the same is no easy task, yet, as the work lines are detailed to various sections of the farm, there are many applicants for the job of "water-jack."

SOMETHING ELSE TO ANSWER

During the past ten years college and university education in the United States has enjoyed an amazing growth. Only a few weeks ago it was published by the Federal Office of Education at Washington that the annual income of the institutions of higher education now totals more than half a billion dollars while the total value of their property approximates nearly $2,500,000,000. Twenty-two publicly controlled and 162 privately controlled institutions have endowments valued $1,000,000 or more each. Nearly 370,000 students are reached each year by 1,076 institutions of higher learning, which granted almost 79,000 degrees in 1928 and probably close to 100,000 degrees in the past year.

These are tremendously impressive figures. It is hard for the average mind to grasp them. But all of us can understand Dr. Henry Smith Pritchett when he says in the twenty-fifth annual report of the Carnegie Endowment for the Advancement of Teaching that it is a question whether the average college student really adds to his sum of knowledge after his freshman year.

Dr. Pritchett is an iconoclast, as is well known, but he has given the colleges and universities something else to answer.—Asheville Citizen.

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XIX CONCORD, N. C., OCTOBER 3, 1931 No. 40

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FAITH, HOPE AND LOVE

Abiding joy does not just happen. It has to be deserved. Pleasure is easy enough to find, but it never lasts very long. It takes love and hope and faith to find the joy that endures, and that broadens more and more toward eternity.—Selected.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL
PUBLISHED BY
The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

WHICH WILL YOU CHOOSE?

I read of a boy who had a remarkable dream. He thought that the richest man in town came to him and said: "I am tired of my house and grounds, come and take care of them, and I will give them to you." Then came an honorable Judge and said: "I want you to take my place; I am weary of being in court day after day; I will give you my seat on the bench if you will do my work. Then the doctor proposed that he take his extensive practice and let him rest, and so on.

At last shambled up old Tommy and said: "I'm wanted to fill a drunkard's grave; I have come to see if you will take my place in these saloons and on the streets?" This is a dream that is not all a dream. For every boy in this land today who lives to grow up some position is waiting as surely as if the rich man, judge, doctor or drunkard stood ready to hand over his place at once. Which will you choose, boys? There are pulpits to be filled by Godfearing ministers, and thousands of other honorable places; but there are also prison cells and drunkard's graves.

Which will you choose?—Selected.

VETERAN BAND MASTER

Serene we sit at times, with chin in hand, and reflect upon memories of the past without giving expression, either by word or pen, that in either case would prove a wonderful impetus towards perpetuating history. Every one each day unconsciously contributes constructively or destructively towards the building of citizenship—this statement holds good "with all kinds and conditions of mankind." We give too little attention to the "majesty of lit-

tle things." Frequently when in a retrospective mood it is easy to see that little things have a wonderful influence in shaping the course of one's life.

The Stanly News-Press carries an interesting write-up of Band Master Sid. J. Ludwig, Mt. Pleasant, showing his interest in music started from the date he became the sole possessor of a battle-scarred drum that was captured, in a struggle during the War-Between-The-States, by an older brother.

Prof. Sid. J. Ludwig's name is suggestive of the Mt. Pleasant band, one of the oldest musicial organizations in North Carolina, having been organized in 1876. This band at one time was greatly in demand on public occasions and enjoyed the reputation of being one of the best in the State. There are few of the older people of Cabarrus who do not recall with pleasure the interest added to any public gathering by the presence of the Mt. Pleasant band giving along with the activities of the day a splendid musical program.

On account of ill health Prof. Ludwig has retired for awhile, resting at his old home in Mt. Pleasant where he first received the inspiration for the divine art—music. We only wish it were possible that "Prof. Sid," so familiarly known by friends, with his ennobling ideas, "teaching a man music and at the same time endeavoring to improve his outlook on life," could be persuaded to come over and give the boys at the Jackson Training School training. The school possesses a full set of band instruments, all we need is a band master like unto the one described in the article of this issue taken from the Stanly News-Press.

* * * * * * * * * *

CONSERVATION OF BOY LIFE

It is pertinent to state the man who understands the perplexities of child life and the best way to meet conditions for the development of healthy manhood, physically, mentally and spiritually, is the one to be accepted as capable of filling not only positions of honor, but is admirably fitted for leadership.

The cause close to the hearts of the Boy Scouts, and their value to the community were impressively emphasized in the following by U. S. Senator Cameron Morrison, prior to launching the campaign to raise funds for the Charlotte Boy Scouts:

"The Boy Scout movement is a healthy and promising thing for this

country, for it awakens initiative and self-reliance in boys and starts them towards being men and good citizens."

"The Boy Scout organization is one of the most useful things ever inaugurated and its results have been great through producing fine young men."

"While times are hard, there is no good in getting scared and going crazy and dropping everything. I like to think of the bright side, and it is possible that we are on the brink of great prosperity. These bad times through which we are passing may be but the purging of the mysterious avenues of the business life of the world. Of course I would not advise anyone to spend improvidently, but we can still care for our children and the great agencies of civilization like the Boy Scout movement. I hope you will all fall in and work for the success of this campaign."

* * * * * * * * * *

THE CABARRUS DISTRICT FAIR

This Fair does not need publicity, for the reason all previous Cabarrus Fairs in every appointment have run a close rival in exhibits and races to that of the State Fair The big-hearted and genial President, Joe F. Cannon, whose aim in life is success in every venture, with his efficient manager, Dr. T. N. Spencer, will this year leave not a stone unturned to make this 1931 Cabarrus District Fair a record-breaker in every respect, attracting people from all parts of the State. The dates, October 13- 14-15-16-17, marks the occasion of this annual Fair in which nine other counties are interested and are co-operating to have the Cabarrus District Fair bigger than of any previous date.

* * * * * * * * * *

A BRIGHTER DAY SOON

Just a few days ago "Old Man Depression" was buried by the unemployed men of New York with not only a great deal of formality, but with a degree of sati-faction, hoping that the resurrection morn would never be realized. All plans prior to the burial were financed by three outstanding business men. The unemployed carried banners marching to band music, playing the funeral march by Chopin, and the Dead March from Saul. A hearse brought up the rear on which was a sign reading, "Old Man Depression" was born against our wishes and lived all too long." Here is hoping this

mock burial will in reality be the means of giving a more hopeful outlook, and the dawn of a brighter day will break for those who have for a period of time been eking out a most miserable existence. The danger point of this continued hard times is that it is making extortioners of many who were formerly playing the game of give and take in a square way. This may seem a broad statement, but true nevertheless in many cases.

* * * * * * * * * *

PLAY THE GAME FAIR

From Young Folks published in Philadelphia we find many splendid stories with a good moral, and other articles that inspire to higher ideals and invigorating thoughts. This is the kind of reading matter the Uplift most earnestly endeavors to give out to its many readers. The boys enjoy the stories, besides an outsider would be amazed to see how quickly these supposedly bad boys snap up this little magazine and devour every word in it. This is one proof of the value of the paper to the school. Its worth is not measured in dollars and the value is its influence upon the young minds at a very critical age when most needed.

This article from the same little periodical carries a lesson, showing that truth crushed to earth will rise again:

> The hypocrite gets away with his covered face, his deluding life, at least for a time. The bank trickster, the postoffice thief, the crooked treasurer, the double-living man or woman, the religion-cloaked public servant may run along for months, even years, commanding the respect and trust of his associates.
>
> But, somebody, or something, is bound to pull off the mask. The truth crushed to earth is sure to rise. An inner canker eats slowly but surely to the surface. "We may fool some of the people all of the time and all of the people some of the time, but we cannot fool all the people all of the time."
>
> There is always somebody who finds out and who is too honest, too much concerned for justice, to keep quiet about the falsity he has discovered, and then the reading public is shocked when a supposedly trustworthy man or woman is caught in fraud.
>
> Jesus had the skill of a mask remover; He exposed the covered face, and hidden life of hyprocites. He denounced with cutting sarcasm, but always told the truth—the truth hurt.
>
> Jesus has lost none of His skill. He allows no hypocrite to pass unexposed.

Editorially the Liberty Magazinze states in sum and substance that a small farm would eliminate much of this cry for more money besides make employment for the unemployed. A little farm would if properly cultivated furnish vegetables, there would be time and room for cows, chickens and pigs, and with all of these things going to the groceryman daily would be unnecessary. The whole picture would show happiness and contentment, and there would be no strain to meet the bill collector the first of every month.

HEROES

'Tis no true sign of hero blood
When forced our lives to give;
We're judged, not by the way we die,
But by the way we live.

'Tis not when death says, "Stand! Thou shalt!"
That hero blood is shown,
But while we have the power to choose,
And choose the good alone.

—Ardella Z. Steward.

RAMBLING AROUND

With Old Hurrygraph

"Get together! Pull together!
Is the spirit that will win!
If the gales of life we'd weather, we must buck them with a grin.
Help yourself by helping others.
Grab an oar and join the crew.
Pull together with your fellows and they'll win the race for you."

—o—

An American singer says our girls don't know how to love. Maybe not. But I will have to see the first one that wasn't anxious to learn.

—o—

I do not care a fig about the brand of English a man may use so long as he is able to say yes at the right time, and in the right place.

—o—

I have reached the point where I will agree with everybody that talks about depression and agree that the world is flat if they will talk about something else.

—o—

They speak—or rather used to speak—of Van, little Van, as a used up man. I notice that it takes a long string of automobiles nowadays to caravan.

—o—

It is announced in the papers that President Hoover recently posed for a portrait. For once, at least, and verily, the President was "sitting pretty."

—o—

I see it stated that some of the colleges are now accepting farm products in exchange for tuition. This thing is growing, and one may expect soon, on grandfather's day, or mother-in-law's day, to see the slogan, "Say it with cabbage" or "Say it with onions," or something like that.

—o—

John D. gave away another bright, shiny new dime the other day. Nobody is going to make me believe that the so-called depression is going to last forever until Mr. Rockefellow commences giving away seven cents instead of a dime.

—o—

Some folks cling so closely to convention and custom that they are colorless, lifeless and stale. Most any man, if he permits his real self to express itself without fear is interesting and colorful. The fear of being called "Queer" has held down many a man who might have become a genius.

—o—

Rheumatism was front paged in the newspapers the other day. The fact was set forth that rheumatism costs the United States two hundred million dollars a year. I have known for years that it has been held that all you have to do to ward off rheumatism is to carry a potato around in your pocket. But maybe there's some who didn't know. All right, I'm telling you.

—o—

Well, well; how the whirligig of affairs spins 'round. A lot of people will remember when William Jennings Bryan demanded that the gold standard be shown the highway and bid travel on. They almost rode him out of town on a rail. Now,

England puts a crimp in this gold basis thing, and some are saying it is the right thing to do, and the only way out of financial difficulties, and a great deal more. It is this same England that gave a groan when Bill Bryan won his first nomination for the presidency by shouting: "You shall not press down upon the brow of labor this crown of thorns. You shall not crucify humanity upon a cross of gold." Our William Jennings opposed the gold standard as long as he lived. His opposition never landed him in the White House. The point I am making is this—what the world turns down today it may pick up tomorrow. The men of great ideas die before the rest of humanity can catch up with them. If you live long enough a stiff necked, hard headed generation will finally see things your way. Live until the world will finally look at you in surprise and wag its head and say: "Well, by golly, that fellow is right." But what's the use? It takes most people too long to catch up. Even Methuselah couldn't live long enough for that. But thirty-five years has brought a change of ideas on the gold standard.

—o—

Lumberton, the capital of Robeson county, is lumbering along with its problems and progress in a manner quite refreshing. It certainly looked good to me. It is an attractive town, with broad, well paved streets, beautiful residences, imposing public buildings, churches and schools. It has a decided air of thrift. Few old, unsightly buildings were seen in its environment. It was through the cordiality of J. A. Sharpe editor of the Robesonian—and his good wife I was given a motor trip through its prominent thoroughfares, and beheld with pleasure the thrift and energy of its good people. The tobacco market is very active and the chewing and smoking weed is selling well. The county home is one of the finest in the State, and kept as a home in reality. I was down there in company with C. M. Herndon, Jr., and Dr. J. T. McCracken, and young C. L. Brown, to see my old friend, C. M. Herndon, Sr., former resident of Durham, who was stricken with blindness a little over three years ago, and who is now living with his daughter, Miss Kate Herndon, who is efficient superintendent of the Baker Sanatorium, beautifully located and splendidly kept. It is a pronounced credit to the health retreats of the State. Deprived of his sight, Mr. Herndon, Sr., was in fine spirits, looking well, and is beautifully domiciled. There were twenty-four pretty young ladies in the class taking instruction in the profession of nursing, and the kindly, sympathetic, tender attention all of them were giving Mr. Herndon was beautiful to witness and was as a bendiction to my good friend.

Someone has said: "To reply to an evil word by another taunt is like trying to clean off dirt with mud." It is just one more way of saying something to which we all agree, but which we do not always practice. The ethics of Jesus Christ are often admired; rarely lived.—Exchange.

THE NORTH CAROLINA WILD PONIES

By Col. Fred A. Olds

Nothing on the Atlantic coast is more full of curious features than the "penning" of the wild "ponies." These are the descendants of the "Little Barbary Horses," which far-seeing Sir Walter Raleigh sent at the suggestion of his half-brother, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, to Roanoke Island, in 1587. They were found on the northern coast of Africa, and then were placed on the long and narrow sand bank which faces the ocean from below Cape Hatteras to Beaufort, North Carolina. Sir Humphrey told Sir Walter, "These horses be little, but they are exceedingly hardy and can endure much," and this has proved true. Along this strip of sand, say sixty miles, amid small forests and marshes, are some 3500 of the "Ponies of the Banks," (called by the natives, "Bankers,") weighing 700 pounds. These are annually "penned," that is, driven into pens or corrals.

The writer has attended many of these events in past years, and the scenes are vividly picturesque, as may be learned from the following description:

Since dawn two gangs of men had been at work driving ponies; one from the north and the other from the south end of the long stretch of banks. Each gang of about thirty had fifteen miles to go, and the driving of the ponies out of that wild waste of scurb growth, marsh and seashore was no easy task. One of these "drives" is known as "Northern Drive," and the other as the "Southern Drive." The men from the north made their drive first, and here came the ponies, two hundred in number, in a wild charge, being headed off by a long line of folks who had figured in many such scenes. First, the sea of pony faces turned one way, then the other, with little wild eyes and a penthous of hair hanging far over the forehead, the hair on the bodies of many being so rough as to make them look like alpacas or llamas. The manes of many were as long as their tails. The prevailing color was dun, but there were dashes of yellow, and one was almost black.

Strapping men plunged into this mass of struggling and quivering flesh and first snatched out the little colts, to save them from being crushed to death. Desperate indeed was the scramble as they sought to sieze the larger ponies. Those pursued sought refuge in the thickest of the press, which literally became a dangerous crush, and it appeared that rib-cracking must be a certainty, yet, strange to say, neither pursuers or pursued were in this case hurt A veteran looker-on said there were accidents at times and that he knew of cases where men had been killed in the pen.

All the beaters and the other participants were fishermen, and their costumes made a picture in themselves; red shirts and blue shirts; high rubber boots, rubber hats with an occasional palmetto hat of great size. Some went into the ruck wearing only a shirt and trousers, risking their bare feet amid that wild trampling of hoofs. There was an all-pervading odor of wild ani-

mals, mingled with a milky smell and the salty tang of the sea air. Above everything rose the roar made by the incessant trampling of the ponies' hoofs. A giant negro, known near and far along the coast as "Big Bart," dashed into the pen and seized a furious stallion. Bart is the most expert "seizer" of the banks where there are only one or two negroes, and there was a rush of the white spectators to see his work. With his hands he caught the stallion by the nose and strained every muscle to hold him. Four or five times the animal broke away, while Bart renewed his efforts. It finally required eight men to help Bart hold the powerful stallion, after the big negro had gotten a secure grip on the animal's nose and had nearly cut off his wind by pressure above the nostrils. The rough rope halter with a double hitch, which is alone used at the pens, was put on the stallion after a ten-minute contest, and then three or four men led the creature out of the pen.

Incidents happened like flashes, among these being fights by stallions, which reared up and fought with forefeet and teeth and then lashed out with heels, hammering with resounding blows the sides of any animals in range, which yet seemed unhurt, so great is their toughness. There was no lassoing during the penning, only the bare hands being used, it being a matter of special pride to thus take the ponies. So they have been taken, the records show, since 1713, when the register of brands begins. But these ponies were in use long before that date. The colts which follow the mares are all the property of the owners of such mares, the latter being branded, but the motherless colts, that is the ones which do not follow any mares, are "mavericks" and become the property of the beaters as a reward for the extremely arduous work the latter do in making the long drives. The tiny colts are first branded and then the larger one, while the penners brand their mavericks, or motherless colts, as they always term them. After the desired animals have been picked out and roped the little boys were allowed to enter the pen and show their skill and prowess in seizing the yearling colts, their elders looking on approvingly. It was noticeable that the talk was all low, and that there was but one burst of applause. These coast people are a quiet sort and chary of speech, really Quaker-like.
really Quaker-like.

These shaggy little animals, taken from the banks, broken, cared for and given other food, quickly become glossy, lose their wild look and are highly valued. The older stallions are always smoother of skin and darker and not nearly so wild-eyed as the other ponies. None of these animals in their wild state ever eat anything save marsh grass and leaves and plants and trees, and the ponies really have to be taught to eat the food given other horses. This is done by putting them in a stable by a horse. The experiment of increasing the size of these ponies while in a wild state by placing horses on the bank, has been tried but failed, as the pony stallions invariably surrounded and kill the horses, which they regard as intruders.

After all the ponies secured by the northern drive have been picked over, those remaining, including the mares, which are never sold, were

turned loose. Out of the wide gate of the pen they fled, but stopped when a few hundred yards away and began eating. The little colts, fresly branded, joined their dams. The drive of the ponies from the southward was next completed and there was another stirring sight as the animals came up in a long-extended line. About a score of them suddenly executed a flank movement by dashing out into the shallow waters of the sound and making a wide circle around the lines of beaters, returned to their wild home. The thunder of their hoofs and the showers of shining spray which they beat up in the shallow water, made a striking spectacle as they made their headlong dash for liberty, and in but a few minutes they had reached the sky-line. The remainder of the ponies were with ease driven into the pen. The bottom of the latter was covered with rain water to the depth of a couple of inches and this had quickly become black mud. The ponies' feet threw out this mud in great splashes on the faces and bodies of the workers and the spectators, but nobody minded it in the least. The hoofs of some of the ponies, which are never shod, were a foot or more in length. This was generally the case with the older mares. Some of the latter were said to be twenty years of age. The total number of ponies in the pen was 512.

The ponies which had been sold were led through the marsh grass to boats, into which they were hoisted by rope "slings," and when the mainland, a couple of miles away, was reached, the buyers took them away to be "broken," that is, trained not to be scared, and taught to eat the regular food of horses.

Those ponies on the banks are as wild as the rabbits which likewise abound there, and they have much instinct, this teaching them to get water by pawing holes in the sand not far from the shore, in which it rises, being filtered by the sand; and they know how to swim fearlessly and far in water reasonably still, and also which are the shallow places on which they can walk and save the trouble of swimming. Thus in times of storm they sometimes walk and swim to the mainland, three or four miles from their home, this movement being before the elemental outbreak. But at other times instinct appears to somewhat fail them and though they must have premonition of impending storms, they are occasionally caught by phenomenally high tides which sweep over spots on which they had in previous times found safety. The water rises to their knees, to their bodies, to their eyes, and they then become terror-stricken and are drowned as huddled in a mass they kick and plunge. Thus in August, 1899, in a notable storm, 400 were drowned on knolls which had before been places of safe refuge. The ponies could have gone to other even higher places which the water never covers.

These ponies, as has been clearly proven, were brought over by the first English colonists to America, and as stated, came from the coast of the Mediterranean, they being then thought to be hardier than the English horses. There are in western North Carolina other ponies, commonly known as Indian ponies, which are of Spanish origin, and which are of entirely different appearance. These Indian ponies are in many cases spotted, this being never the

case with the banker ponies. They are under the medium size, plump and graceful. They are so gentle at all times that they are at home in the yards or even the houses of their owners in the Cherokee reservation in Jackson and Swain counties. They are, in fact, pets from birth, and the Indians have always disliked to sell them. They are really becoming scarce now.

Right and wrong depend upon the same set of maxims in public life and private.—Gladstone.

SAVE YOUR EYES

By Dr. John T. Campbell

The demands of modern civilization are too great on untrained eyes. The endless hours of near vision are wholly unnatural, sometimes resulting in failures, creating social misfits, who tend to become enemies of society, and making real success impossible.

The time at which a child should be permitted to attend school, therefore, depends not alone upon the state of the child's health, but largely upon the condition of his visual apparatus. Children in poor health, especially those who have uncorrected eye defects should not be confined to the routine of systematic schooling.

Back in the primitive world eyes were adjusted for seeing at distance, there was little need for sustained near vision. Today, the child with under-developed eyes is absolutely handicapped in the race for success in this modern near-vision world.

Eye defects, acquired in childhood through improper use of the eyes, are often times allowed to go too far for complete correction. The near-sighted child is not an unfortunate child, he is a neglected child. If gotten in time, near-sightedness in most cases could be prevented.

Mothers of today must know how to care for and train the eyes of their children. They must know how to recognize the first signs of eyestrain, (headaches, nervousness, blurry vision, redness, frequent blinking or squinting), and they must realize the importance of obtaining skilled attention and correction in its early stage.

The future of the child, his education, his success in life depends upon the efficiency of his eyesight. The development and training of that eyesight is dependent to a great extent upon the attention and care given it early in life.

ONE OF MOST APPRECIATED BAND MASTERS IN STATE

By L. L. Cranford

Fifty-five years of music—of learning it in all its phases and imparting this knowledge to others; fifty-five years of constant striving to inculcate high ideals in the minds of the students under his direction—these are only a few of the many qualities which have combined to make Sidney J. Ludwig one of the most appreciated band-masters in North Carolina, as well as a man who is loved and respected by all with whom he comes in contact.

One of the most fiercely-fought battles of the Civil War (although the number participating on each side was relatively small) was, in large measure, connected with the start on the road to musicial knowledge which has led Professor Ludwig to such an eviable place in his chosen profession.

After the battle of Bentonville, North Carolina, the Yankee forces were badly demoralized by the resistance offered them by a small force of Confederates. The battle developed into a complete rout for the Yanks, and large numbers of them were captured by the men in gray. Among the captives was a drummer, who all during the fight had been using his instrument to rally the panic-stricken Yanks and to relay the commands of the officers. A brother of Mr. Ludwig, ever on the alert for souvenirs (and what soldier is not?) took possession of the drum and, after the war, carried it home, where it became the possesion of the Mt. Pleasant band, one of the oldest musicial organizations in North Carolina, having been founded in 1876.

At the early age of 13 years, Sidney J. Ludwig applied for membership in the Mt. Pleasant band and, to his delight, was given and opportunity to learn the mysteries of music. And his first instrument was the battered, battle-scarred drum that had been retrieved at the battle of Bentonville.

"No one will ever know how proud I was of that drum," said Professor Ludwig in a recent interview. "It wasn't much for looks. The paint had been worn off, and the smoke of many camp-fires and the mud and dust of many forced marches had combined to destroy whatever good looks it might have had. But it was a symbol of the fact that I had been accepted by the musical fraternity, and that I was part of the Mt. Pleasant band. And I looked after that drum, polished it, protected it from the weather, and gave it attention that would put to shame owners of some of the high-priced instruments of today."

A short period on the drum, however, revealed to this potential music master that something else was needed to round out his musical education. The roll, the flam, and other evolutions of the sticks were not sufficient. He must need reach out and get a knowledge of those instruments which contained the melody, and to which his drum—however much he loved it—was only a minor accompaniment.

In 1876 Prof. Ed Neave of Salis-

bury was engaged by the officials of the Mt. Pleasant band to teach them for one week. This may seem a short period to hire an instructor, but it must be remembered that bands at that time were few and far between. Consequently the members of such an organization were apt to give more attention to instruction than they are at present, when an instructor is constantly employed, and when bands are taken as a matter of course by the people they entertain. "We took in everything that the instructor tried to teach us," said Professor Ludwig, "and it was surprising what a big change was effected in our performance by these short hours of teaching. Mr. Neave was an excellent teacher and thoroughly understood the methods of teaching which were then in vogue, and which have not changed materially with the passing of the years. At the end of his week's teaching he left us with a sincere desire to become real musicians, and we gained quite a lot by having him with us, even after he had completed the term for which we had employed him."

The taste of professional instruction proved so helpful that the personnel of the band decided to engage another teacher at a later date. And, since Professor Neave was busy at the time, his brother, W. H. Neave, also of Salisbury, was engaged to take up where his brother had left off a short time before.

With this instruction, and with every member showing a sincere desire to advance in music, the Mt. Pleasant band became recognized as a real musical organization, and was in great demand for many different occasions, especially political speakings, auction land sales, and many other gatherings that usually require the presence of a band.

"It was a presidential campaign year," said Professor Ludwig, "we were called upon to play for many political speakings, torchlight parades, and other similar gatherings. There were joint discussions between democrats and republicans in the style which was so popular at that time. People would travel long distances with their families in wagons, buggies, on horseback, or walking to hear the speakers.

"The first speaking we played for after I became a member of the band was the one at Big Lick between Zeb Vance and Tom Settle, two really great orators. Both had their supporters, and the air was filled with the cheers of those who were partisans of the speakers. Vance told many funny anecdotes, handled the crowd in a skilful manner, and really received most of the applause. However, Settle got a big hand from those who were his political faith, and the meeting was a success from every standpoint, and a great day for the people of Big Lick, who thoroughly enjoyed the occasion."

In 1883 the band again felt the need of having someone more versed in music to give them instruction. And as a result Professor Robert J. Herndon of York, S. C., was hired for a period of two weeks. He was a great teacher and composer, according to Mr. Ludwig, and a cornetist of exceptional ability. His beautiful solos were a part of the band's repertoire which were deeply appreciated by those who heard him.

As time went on Professor Ludwig was changed from the snare drum to baritone—a very important instrument in band music. By hard

work and constant practice, aided by his inherent musical talent—the youngster made good progress. So pronounced were his efforts, and so productive of results, that the one-time snare drummer was eventually given the position of band leader. And band leader he has remained to this day.

"After a few more years spent at Mt. Pleasant, during which our band became widely-known, and in which we developed some exceptional musicians, I received several offers to teach bands in other sections," remarked the Professor, with a reminiscent gleam in his eyes. "My first proposition to teach came from the old Queen City Band of Charlotte in 1892. And, inexperienced as I was, I had some measure of success in the instruction of this organization. Afterwards, I taught in Salisbury, Concord, Hillsboro, Henderson, Wadesboro, Kannapolis and many other places. In 1907 I was offered the leadership of the Ninth Cavalry Band at Bataugas, P. I. Also in 1910 I was offered the position of Chief Musician with the Fifth Field Artillery band, stationed at Fort Sheridan, Illinois. These positions, for various reasons, did not appeal to me, and I remained in the territory adjacent to North Carolina."

In 1907 Professor "Sid", as he is familiarly known by his intimates, came to Albemarle and began a career of musical instruction that has placed him in the fore front of North Carolina bandmen. At that time the band at Albemarle was only a small one, with some fifteen instruments, played by men who had only rudimentary instruction. And from that beginning Mr. Ludwig developed band after band, each one made up of musicians who thoroughly understood their instruments, and were well-grounded in the theory and technique of music. These bands were taught at night, for the most part, as Mr. Ludwig was engaged as one of the faculty of the Wiscassett-Efird Graded Schools, this work requiring the major portion of his time.

At present Albemarle boasts of three first-class musical organizations as a result of instruction by Mr. Ludwig. They are known and recognized everywhere as real musicians, and their services are constantly in demand over this territory. And one of the best features of these bands is that each member has had planted in his mind the high ideals of right living and right thinking that are so much a part of the man who gave them musical training.

"I could never be satisfied with teaching a man music and not trying at the same time to improve his outlook on life," said Professor Ludwig recently. "Music is one of the noblest things of life, and any man can be a better musician if his life is clean and above reproach. There is something in music which appeals to the better side of man. And I have found that the man who loves music is, almost without exception, possessed of a fine character, and a lover of the other finer and nobler things of life."

One of the greatest prides of Professor Ludwig is the "Kid Band" that he organized in Albemarle several years ago. This is composed of boys from eight years old upward, and is constantly being changed to make room for other boys. As fast as a lad gets sufficient musical know-

ledge, he is advanced to the "Big Band," and his place is taken by another youngster. And these lads are real musicians. It is really amazing to listen to them as they play compositions which tax more mature musicians. And their love for the man who taught them is boundless.

Ill health recently forced the retirement of Professor Ludwig from his arduous duties as band master and teacher, and he is now taking a long rest at his old home at Mt. Pleasant, where he lives with his two sisters. On a recent Sunday afternoon he was given what he describes as one of the greatest thrills of his life when the Wiscassett-Efird Concert band—some thirty-five in number—motored to his home and played for him a concert which he declared to be the best he had ever heard from this organization.

On the cool, shady lawn of the Holy Trinity Lutheran Church, of which Mr. Ludwig has been a lifelong member, and in the presence of a large congregation of friends, the band gathered and played a two-hour concert of popular and classical selections. Seemingly the players were inspired by the presence of their old master, for they played with a finished perfection that brought delighted comment from their hearers. As for Professor Ludwig, who sat in the shadow of an old willow tree, his face shaded by the felt hat to which he is so partial, and listened with rapt, yet critical attention, the merest novice in human nature could have detected an enormous pride in the performance of his students. And if those eyes of his, as they roamed over each familiar face in the band, were slightly misted, who would gainsay this visible, outward token of pride and love that he felt for "his" boys?

"I wish you would mention the names of these boys," said Professor Ludwig. "They are musicians in the truest sense of the word. And you can't imagine the sensations that come to a man who feels that he is in part responsible for their advancement in music. They have listened patiently to my criticisms, which at time have necessarily been harsh. They have respected me, worked with me, and done everything in their power to make my efforts at teaching successful."

Those making up the band were as follows: Clarinets—Carl Efird, Cardell Arey, Sam Poplin, Harold Lefler; cornets—Printis Mauldin, May Davis, Lawson Lowder, Henry Doby, Dock Saunders, Fred Cox, Will Doby; altos—Rufus Lefler, Shelton Smith, Marshall Smith Glenn Hinson; trombones—Pierce Harwood, Clifford Lowder, Paul Talbert, Shelton Talbert, Alma Doby, James Swanner; baritones—Robert Sanders, Charlie Norton, Boyd Hatley; basses—Milas Eudy, Raymond Sells, Winford Efird, Casper Lowder, Frank Tucker; drums—Gowan Cole, Henry Lowder, Winford Everington, Harry Noah.

One of Professor Ludwig's star pupils, in whose career he takes a distinct pride, is R. Lonnie Sides—now director of music in the Charlotte City Schools.

"I don't know whether my condition will improve sufficiently to enable me to take up band work again," said Professor Ludwig as he concluded the first interview he has ever given out regarding his own life and work. "I am hoping to be able to resume work after a good long

rest. However, if it is fated that my days of active work are over, I am indeed thankful that I have such a full life to look back upon. I am proud that my life has been lived among people who were my friends—who loved and respected me as I loved and respected them. And I am glad to have been able to add to the pleasure of the world through the teaching of music. I believe that in the teaching of music I have also taught better citizenship, a love of the higher things of life. And, although it may appear a bit conceited to say this, I have never considered my life a failure. No man's life is a failure if he has aided in making life more pleasant and more profitable, more beautiful and enjoyable, and richer in human experiences for those with whom he lives."

"Australia has sometimes been called the 'shadeless land,.' because on many of the trees in that country the leaves always present their edges to the sky, while others have only needles for foliage."

THE CAUSE OF ACCIDENTS

(Reidsville Review)

From headquarters of the American Auto Association comes a report to the effect that the toll of death and the total accidents this year promises to be the largest since the auto was invented. That in itself is of interest to every motorist, but of far more interest is the added statement that a vast number of these accidents could have been averted had drivers resorted to hand signals. Left hand extended straight out means a left turn; left hand extended upwards means a right-hand turn; left hand extended downward means slow down or full stop. Nothing could be simpler. A ten year old boy can master the signals in five minutes. Yet deaths are occurring somewhere every day, and accidents are happening every hour, simply because some motorists neglect to hand signal their intentions so that other drivers may know what they are about to do.

It would seem unnecessary to pass state laws to make a man protect himself, for that is exactly what hand signals do for an auto driver. But unless they are more generally observed the time is coming when such laws will be necessary. It's no trouble to stick out your hand and signal your intention. It costs nothing. Then why not safeguard your own life and property by doing it? If motorists will ask themselves that question and then answer it as they know it should be answered there will be fewer accidents around here—and everywhere else—instead of constantly increasing number of of them.

NORTH CAROLINA'S TREASURER KEEN STUDENT OF ECONOMY

(Charlotte Observer)

One of the oldest, yet one of the spryest of North Carolinaa state officials is Captain Nathan O'Berry of Goldsboro, the state treasurer.

Captain O'Berry in his 75 years has never sought public office, but he has held many public trusts and is reconized as a student of finance and economy.

He was appointed state treasurer by Goveror O. Max Gardner in 1929 to succeed the late Benjamin R. Lacy, who held the post 28 years, and in November, 1930, he was re-elected by one of the largest majorities ever given a state candidate after he had been drafted to continue in the office.

Captain O'Berry, born at Tarboro January 26, 1856, grew to manhood during the trying days of reconstuction. He never received a college education, but took advantage of the little bit of public education available at that time in Tarboro and developed to prime a self-made man.

Shortly after growing to manhood, he moved to Goldsboro, where he had the vision to see what was known as long leaf pine could be made marketable. He organized a corporation for this purpose and became successful. Though this type of pine is now almost extinct in eastern North Carolina, Captain O'Berry's enterprise brought many hundreds of millions of dollars to that section of the state.

He still lives at Goldsboro. He is an indefatigable long distance commuter. Every morning he rides to Raleigh, 52 miles away, and returns in the afternoon. He usually travels by motor, but in cold or inclement weather he travels by train.

Captain O'Berry was too young to see service in the Civil War, and he won his military degree as the captain of a local militia company at Goldsboro.

Since he has been state treasurer, the Goldsboro man has applied himself completely to the task. He takes an active part in the many duties of the office, acting as a member of the inportant Local Government commission which supervises the sale of bond issues for every political subdivision of the state.

He is also a member of the state prison commission and is a trustee of Peace Institute, junior college for young women at Raleigh.

Captain O'Berry is an avowed student of economy. He has put into effect a system similar to the Federal Reserve system for the safekeeping of state funds. He believes the state debt must be reduced, and he stands for meeting debt obligations on time.

"We North Carolinians," he said, "boast enough about our state's ranking second in the payment of internal revenue, but we don't have much to say about also standing second in the list of states for bonded indebtedness."

He believes "economy and hard work should be our watchwords." He thinks the state has been riding too fast and "it is time to put on the brakes."

The official thinks more of two appointments he has received in the

past, so far as public service is concerned, than any service he has ever rendered the state.

These were his appointment by Governor Aycock on the state penitentiary board and his appointment by Governor Morrision as a director of the state hospital at Goldsboro.

Besides his public service as a state official, Captain O'Berry has been a bulwark in the progress of his adopted home for 49 years—Goldsboro.

He served as a member of the Goldsboro board of aldermen years ago and helped secure a sewerage system for the city, and he was chairman of the aldermanic bond committee, by which he established a system of safe-bond selling in Goldsboro.

He has never believed in selling more bonds than were absolutely necessary, and he has brought this practice with him in his duties as state treasurer.

The language of love ought not to become a foreign tongue within the home circle.—Selected.

RESEARCH CONTINUES

(Reidsville Review)

It was 55 years ago when there were only two telephones in the world, both of them inventor's models. Today the United States alone has more than 20,000,000 and the world's total surpasses 30,000,000.

The public has a fair understanding of the more concrete facts of telephone progress; of the extensions, the gradual perfection of the mechanic of transmission, of the constantly bettered service.

It knows less of the intensive research, behind the scenes, that has made our telephone history possible.

The industry has taken the best science can offer to solve step by step the many problems that have presented themselves. Perfection of the telephone art, or any other, can only be reached by the most meticulous and exhaustive experimentation.

No difficulty no matter how imposing can discourage these workers of progress. And in half a century they have paved the way for transforming those first two rude instruments into a gigantic industry absolutely necessary to modern life and business.

Today 3700 people make up this laboratory division. We have seen fruits of their labors in television, and trans-Atlantic telephony. Every citizen, whether he uses his telephone to settle a great business venture with a party thousands of miles away or make a date to play golf with Jones down the street owes them a debt.

LALLIE LOU'S FEUD

By Mabel McKee

Lallie Lou Stokes was eating her lunch alone. She had eaten her lunch alone for several days preceding this one. In fact, she had not dared eat with any of the members of the staff of The Commercial since the notice about "office feuds" had gone up on the paper's bulletin board.

In the most concise words it had said that any members of the staff participating in office quarrels would be asked to turn in their resignations. Lallie Lou just couldn't lose her job now. She had waited three months after her graduation from the seminary for an opening on a newspaper. She had held this position as woman's sports writer just five months when she sent for Grandmother Stokes and the girls. And now, after three months in Lindendale, attending the Lindendale schools and making Lindendale friends, it would just break all their hearts to have to go back to Kentucky.

So Lallie Lou's conversation with the staff was limited to talk about news. She not only ate her lunches alone, but "coked" alone and took her short rest periods walking alone in the park across the street from the Commercial Building.

Sometimes Larry North, the sports writer on The Commercial, strolled over to talk to her. He had a southern wife who, like Lallie Lou, was dusky and talked with an accent. There was a baby in his home, so he told Lallie Lou about her antics. She in turn talked to him about grandmother's baking corn pone for her new neighbors, about the way Babs and Betts, the Stokes twins, liked high school and how Judy, the youngest Stokes, was winning all the medals of the fifth grade.

But Lallie Lou was tired of talking about families. She wanted to chat with Jean Barton, the young society editor, about the blond pumps on sale at Innlow's, or with Susan Wier, the young woman's page editor, about the antique show the Woman's Club was to have. Some of the Stoke's heirlooms should be exhibited at this show. There was no one who could arrange for their showing so well as Susan.

But Susan and Jean couldn't talk to anyone without mentioning the office quarrel. After starting it several weeks ago, they were now keeping it alive and adding to their forces in the quarrel the support of most of the members of the staff. The notice on the bulletin board didn't stop their talk—just made them a little more covert with it. When Lallie Lou told Susan she couldn't listen to any more of her bitter words against Jean, Susan had laughed derisively. And then Lallie Lou had vowed to walk the straight and narrow and lonely path.

There was pineapple shortcake on the luncheon menu today. Lallie Lou wanted some, but she passed it by for apple pie. The portions of shortcake at Barry's tea room were too large and too expensive for one person. Before the feud she and Jean had always shared all shortcake and salad orders.

A waitress dropped a glass. It landed with a clatter that made Lal-

lie Lou jump while the young man coming through the door of the tea room dropped his hat. He was Clay Morris, the city editor of The Commercial. The feud had made him more than nervous. According to the other members of the staff, it was going to cost him his position if it continued. For the "old man," who really was the managing editor, had said a desk man who couldn't manage his staff wasn't right timber for an executive.

Clay Morris would not be rude to anyone, would not bellow and shout as the old city editor had done. He believed that with the right influence his staff would work well and not let strife enter its ranks. On blue days now he told himself he was a weakling and might just as well resign his position.

After nodding at Lallie Lou, he sat down at a table as far from the one at which she was sitting as possible. A month ago he would have come to her table and eaten with her. A month ago he was taking Lallie Lou to concerts, was coming out to the Stokes home occasionally for grandmother's beaten biscuit and fried chicken suppers, and was laughing boyishly when the other members of the staff twitted him about his "Kaintuck girl friend."

But now he seemed to be afraid to be nice to her for fear she, too, was a part of the feud. Except when clipping out assignments or commenting on stories, he was silent. "He's just afraid like I am," Lallie Lou told herself, taking the last bite of her apple pie. "It's just too bad to have to be so afraid. But he has a family to help support, too, and right now can't risk losing a job."

She smiled across the tea room at him. The half-hearted smile he flashed back roused her pity. She crossed to his table. "I surely wish you all had come in soonah," she drawled. "Theah was pineapple shortcake on the menu and I was watching for some one to share an order with?"

"Is that so?" His formality cut Lallie Lou.

Her head went up in the air. Instead of asking him to come out that evening to eat the southern baked ham and cup cake supper they were to have, she just sailed out of the tea room and over to the little park.

Her favorite seat was already occupied. Phil Brown, the court house reporter, was sprawled on it, lazily feeding corn to some pigeons that often made the park their feeding ground. He called to Lallie Lou as she neared, "Bring a flash of brightness into the life of a lonely bachelor who was once popular."

She sat down opposite him. "What's the matter with Clay today?" she asked. "He's grouchy as a bear."

"Worse than usual?" Phil laughed his answer. "Well, I'll tell you, my dear, that those warring females on our little paper have gotten young Clay's goat, so that he is talking about resigning. The boys, who are in that quarrel, simply won't work together. Result, the opposition is scooping us and the old man is panning Clay. Who would think that all that trouble could start over a measley little ticket to a woman's luncheon?"

He stretched his long legs and stood up. "What do you say to driving out after some bittersweet when the work day is over, Kain-

tuck?'' he drawled. "We'll get eons of it before the thundering herd has made a mad rush for it. And as we're two people who can spend a couple of hours together without spatting, I say we should go.''

As Lallie Lou hesitated, he added, ''Besides, young lady, you need lots of outdoor air and recreation to get you in trim for the work you soon must do. I heard the big boss say that when the golf season is ended, you are to divide the day between women's winter sports and women's winter society. That will take you back to daily communing with the warring Amazons.''

Lallie Lou's mouth twitched. ''That's just what I've been dreadin','' she admitted. ''I can't get in that quarrel and get fired, for I have to help support a family.''

''How about the drive?'' he insisted. ''I have to get back to that Johnson case. They had the main witness on the stand when court adjourned at noon.''

''I'll go,'' Lallie Lou promised unsmilingly.

She and Clay had planned to get bittersweet. They had planned other autumn picnics one day when they had driven out into the country to get some buttermilk for Grandmother Stokes. But now she knew they would not have any of them. Clay was going to leave the paper. She couldn't help him either because he had showed in the most effective ways that he didn't want her friendship.

''So I'll just leave him alone,'' she decided with finality.

But later that afternoon, despite her vow, her heart felt a sharp twinge when she left the office with Phil. For Clay was looking after them, a strange expression on his face. He was downcast any way. The opposition's final edition showed three scoops on The Commercial. All were big and everyone knew that the ''big boss'' would soon be pouring sarcasm on the head of the city editor because of them.

Phil had told her at noon the feud was responsible for the scoops. As he guided his trim, little car down West Washington Street, he elaborated on each one. Hardin Barry, he was sure, knew the federal men were in town but wouldn't tell so that Duncan Fox, who covered the Federal building, would get scooped. ''Jean caused them to be angry at each other,'' he said, and then asked, ''Aren't office feuds the worst yet? Almost as bad as those down in your own hills in Kaintuck?''

Kentucky mountain feuds! Lallie Lou straightened her shoulders and started talking. Her glib little tongue was at its best when she was talking about Kentucky. Her old home had been out of the radius of feuds, she told Phil, but Grandmother Stokes had lived in the very heart of a feud district all the years of her early life.

''And I know that wise, old lady walked the lonely road safe away from the battling forces and danger, just like her wise granddaughter does,'' he laughed.

Lallie Lou's head went still higher, indignantly. She didn't like the way he intimated things. Mountain feuds were far different from office feuds. If you ignored the mountain battles, you were a coward. But it was wisdom and not fear, as

she saw it, that made you keep away from participants in an office feud. Larry North, "her superior officer," had told her so.

She wanted to tell a story—the one about Grandmother Stokes tearing down the spite fences Abner Holmes had built right against the windows of Jacob Ferth's home when he had been on a visit. They would have started a feud had this not been done. Abner had vowed he'd shoot the man who did it, but had to laugh foolishly when grandmother's guilt had been established.

She wanted to tell about the time grandmother had broken the stocks of the two guns in the home of her father to prevent his starting a feud. He had rung the dinner bell to summon his sons from their fields to go "killing." The Vass boys had shot his hunting dog, which had killed their sheep. Grandmother's act gave the Vass boys time to get away for a week, which, after the fashion of time, had revealed the truth about the great number of sheep the dog had killed, and justified its own death.

After he had discovered grandmother's part in the gun-breaking, her father had locked her in the attic and vowed he'd thrash her with a cowhide. Cooly she had slipped out of the window that night, swung down a rope to the ground and gone to the home of her married sister to stay until her father got his "dander" down.

But she knew he wouldn't be interested. For while Clay liked grandmother's tales and grandmother, Phil called her "a grand old relic, fit for a Ben Heckt story." So instead of telling the story, she chattered on about the coming golf tourney, pretending interest when Phil told her all the disagreeable testimony of the day's big trial.

However she was glad when they had found the bittersweet and were on their way back to town. Blithely she sang "Oh Susanna" and "Darling Nellie Gray" and tried not to expect Phil to give her the applause Clay did when she sang.

That evening she told Grandmother Stokes about the feud, starting with the quarrel over the luncheon ticket and continuing through all its phases. She even detailed the day the office was so disturbed by Jean's tearing up several of her stories rather than to let them be placed on a special woman's page Susan was to edit for the Sunday paper. She told of how they often wrote stories about the same event, claiming it was on both beats, and of how the boss raved when two stories about the same club meeting got into the same edition.

"Now Clay has to go down to the composing room every day and go through all their copy to be sure they aren's both using some of the same events. And if he throws away any of Jean's she sulks, and Susan carries her head so high it touches the ceiling when her stuff is bothered," she ended.

Grandmother Stokes sniffed. "They're in the twenties, those girls, and they act like that," she said. "What they need is the old editor back again to hire and fire fearlessly like he did. That young man of yours is too polite and sympathetic."

Her hearty laugh came when Lallie Lou mentioned that they might have to go back to Kentucky if she got fired. "Since people who started the feud are kept, you should wor-

ry," Grandmother copied the twins' slang. "I'm not afraid we'll ever have to return for that reason."

"But Clay is going to leave."

Grandmother's eyebrows rose. Covertly she studied the face of her oldest granddaughter to whom she had been mother and father for many years—in fact, ever since the flu had taken both her parents within a week's time; the granddaughter she had watched with pride as she worked her way through school, serving as waitress, caretaker of homes and children alike and even firing furnaces when she couldn't find other work. Grandmother's face softened. Her eyes held a beautiful pride.

"Lallie Lou," she said softly, "down in Kentucky we women ended feuds when we were afraid they'd take our men folks away from us. You're a Stokes and you're from Kentucky."

Then grandmother sailed out of the room to set her salt-rising sponge for the next day. And Lallie Lou sat alone. The soft, autumn breeze came in through the opened windows and softly fluttered the new pongee curtains. It rustled some magazines on the table. It caused Lallie Lou to look around the pretty, little room. It was their home, their beloved new home. They were going to stay in it, for she was going to end the office feud.

Her bright good-morning to everyone in The Commercial office the next morning started the day a little easier. A half smile came on the the face of the city editor. The court house reporter rose, made an exaggerated bow and called the attention of the staff to the sprigs of bittersweet pinned to Lallie Lou's coat. Then he told of the nook of bittersweet they had found the afternoon before. "If you take my advice you'll be getting out there before the populace gets next to that spot," he said.

Lallie Lou was gracious that day, bubbling over with happiness just as she had been when her job first opened. Fear of getting into the feud had left her heart. But she was wary, too. All her plans for ending it made her that way. There must not be a slip-up.

She whispered to herself, "As grandmother would say, I mustn't leave one gun overlooked when I start the breaking."

She had to help Phil Brown with the trial at the court house. That gave her a special reason for staying late. It assured her that Phil, too, would leave early as did the other reporters, for he was frankly an indolent person, and when there was any one who would watch to prevent the opposition scooping him, he didn't stay on the job.

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Susan was to cover the Woman's Club's last garden party that afternoon. That insured her late hours at the office. To make sure that Jean would be there, Lallie Lou asked her to "look in" on the woman's golf tourney at the country club for local color and the scores.

Lallie Lou had already made sure that the night lock on the door into the girls' rest room was working, although it had not been used since the rest room was the large store room for the office.

Humming softly to herself she started toward the court house. On the stairway she met Jean, squeezed her fingers gently, and said, "You're

a dear to cover that tournament for me.''

''Oh, I'll get some good costumes to put in my Sunday 'Latest Styles in Lindendale column,' auburn-haired Jean bubbled. ''It will be good to have that column go golf for a change.''

''Anyway,'' Lallie Lou's dusky eyes shone. ''I'm going to give you a supper for covering it. Chicken waffles, like only Grandmother Stokes can make. Come up tomorrow evening.''

''Sure thing, old dear.''

At the corner drug store she stopped to telephone Susan an invitation to the same supper. ''Peace is assured,'' she sang to herself.

The long afternoon at the court house finally passed and Lallie Lou was back in the office, writing human interest stuff by the yard. A haughty Jean was at one desk, an aloof Susan at another. Not far away Larry North smoked his pipe and sorted out mats for his sports page. Impatiently Lallie Lou would glance in his direction. Wasn't he ever going to leave, so she would have a chance to ''strut her peace stuff.''

Finally he was gone. And then it was that Lallie Lou deliberately rose. The hour for breaking the gun stocks had arrived. Slowly she went into the rest room, saying as she did, ''This weather makes me want a drink every few minutes.''

Deliberately she picked up a broken glass on the shelf and deliberately drew it across her hand. The low cry of pain she started became a quick scream.

Susan and Jean came running. At the sight of the blood they ran for bandages and antiseptic at the cabinet in the rest room, while Lallie Lou really sobbed. The blood was spurting from the long, jagged place clear across her hand. And she had planned to make just a scratch across her hand instead.

The bright, red blood spurting from the wound told just one thing. She had cut an artery. It needed a tourniquet. While the two girls tugged at the cork sticking in a bottle of peroxide she ran into the other room to get her scarf. And just as she had planned to do, had the wound been the slight one she intended to make, she pushed the door shut with such force the released night lock clicked.

Lallie Lou stood stock still. After cutting her hand she had forgotten about having released the night lock as she went into the room. According to her plans she was now to saunter to the corner drug store, get a coke and then come back to release the girls. Ten minutes in that little room, which had no window, was sure to make them share complaints about her carelessness. For they were built that way.

But she couldn't go any place with the blood spurting from her hand like that. The tourniquet had to be applied right away. As for peace, she would have to trust to luck to make that. She seized her scarf and rushed back to the door; pulled it, turned at the knob—easily and then frantically, for it refused to turn. The door refused to budge. The rusty, unused lock had caught.

She called the girls to help. There was frantic twisting on both sides. Then Susan's firm voice came in a quick command. ''Leave the door alone, Lallie Lou, until you've found somebody to take care of your hand.

You've cut an artery and you'll bleed to death. When that is done you can get the janitor to open the door."

The janitor was half way across town. Lallie Lou had sent him on an errand so he wouldn't be there when she locked the door. Now she gasped. Her head felt strange. The blood was still spurting. She prayed for help and moved toward the window. Weakly she called to some one standing on the sidewalk, lolling against the building. And then she fainted dead away.

It seemed hours later when she came to. There was something tight on her arm. It was the tourniquet that Clay, who had been feeding the pigeons in the park and heard the confusion, had tied on it. There was something stinging her nose. That was the ammonia an old pressman was holding against it. There was the sound of a hammer and screw driver being used on wood. That was the janitor taking the hinges off the rest room door so he could release the girls.

They wouldn't let Lallie Lou sit up. They told her she'd have to stay in bed and drink all sorts of things to get back the blood she had lost. Both Susan and Jean rode home with her in the taxi that the big boss himself had summoned, and Clay picked her up and carried her down the steps into it.

Grandmother asked the girls to stay for dinner. And they sat side by side, eating beaf stew and talking as if they had never even heard of a feud. While all the time Lallie Lou felt like crying over the way she had messed up her plans to end the feud quickly. Instead of doing that she had made herself the center of a lot of fuss and attention. She felt even worse after dinner, when there came a large box of roses from the boys at the office. Tears came into her eyes. Jean scoffed at them.

The twins, who were putting the roses in water, found the note and turned it over to Susan to read. And everybody laughed when she read: "I'd have cut an artery a long time ago to have made peace in this office and had everybody falling into each other's arms as they did this afternoon. It just takes a clumsy girl to accomplish through an accident what we wise men failed to do. I'd call this evening, but the honorable city editor has already told the rest of us he is coming and we're to stay away. From the way he said that I would wager that 'orders is going to be orders' in this office so far as he is concerned."

Jean laughed foolishly and hugged Susan with one arm and Lallie Lou with the other, while grandmother gently and lovingly scolded her dearest granddaughter.
dearest granddaughter for being so clumsy. But in her eyes there was a wise look which seemed to say, "Broken gun stocks or broken glass —it's just the same when it accomplishes what we girls from Kaintuck plan to do. Oh, yes, I know your secret, Lallie Lou, but we'll never, Never, NEVER share it with the rest of the world."

No settlement is a settlement unless it is fair to all concerned.

HONOR ROLL FOR SEPTEMBER

Room No. 2

—A—

Theodore Crabtree, Marvin Tallent, Howard Fralix, James Medlin, Geo. Ozment, Russell Smith, and James Talbert.

—B—

Shirley Earnhardt, Herman Kissiah, Sidney Logan, Charles Miller, June Starling, Dalton Boswell, Lloyd Cox, Belmont Flynn, Sam Gatewood, Winfred Luck, Ralph Martin, Chas. Morrow, and Floyd Woods.

Room No. 3

—A—

Charles Smathers, Robert Hill, Hurley Miller, Fred Deviney, Jesse Brewer, Boyce Stafford, Wayne Coble, Earl Neal, Pinkey Wrenn, and Thos. Haden.

—B—

Jack Hoxit, Claude Conrad, Walter Everhardt, Russell Moore, and Wm. Rose.

Room No. 6

—A—

Ralph Long, John Moore, John Owens, B. T. Ransome, Marvin Watts, and LeRoy Janey.

—B—

Andrew Ferrell, David M. Avery, Russell Dorsett, Henry Chester, Billie Hall, and Edward Semon.

Room No. 7

—A—

Ernest Wright, Rufus Lucas, Lonie Carlile, Bynum Royal, Dexter Shoemaker, William Mills, Ralph Bradley, Walter Pitman, Austin Tallent, J. D. Simpson, Latha Miller, J. H. Wrans, Henry Irby, Lewis Hanner, Clarence Deal, Ernest Revis, Guy Emerson, Barrett Allan, Perry Futrel, and Charles Muncey.

INDIAN SUMMER

We've always thought Indian summer was a period occurring more or less frequently every autumn, having pretty much a fixed place on the calendar. The United States Weather Bureau, however, comes along with a bulletin dispelling this pleasant belief.

Indian summer, so the Government experts say, is not a fixed season, but varies in date and duration. In many years it is intermittent; that is, there may be several Indian summers in one autumn. Indian summer is not, strictly speaking, a season at all, but merely a type of mild, calm, hazy weather, likely to prevail at any time in the autumn or early winter.—Selected.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Last Sunday's dinner included some very nice veal, from our own herd of cattle.

—B—

Judging from the appearance of our sweet potato fields, there should be plenty of them gathered soon.

—o—

Frank Overby, one of our smaller youngsters, who suffered a fractured arm several weeks ago, has almost fully recovered.

—o—

A group of tinsmiths from Concord have been cleaning out gutters and repairing the roofs on our buildings for several days past.

—o—

Roscoe Pitts, one of our old boys, who recently completed a term of enlistment in the U. S. Army, called on friends at the school last Tuesday.

—o—

The Social Hour Club, of Kannapolis, with Mrs. Ed Lady, president, at a recent meeting voted to send the Training School boys several sets of Rook cards, and on Wednesday of this week Mrs. G. A. Bryant, one of the club members, delivered them. This is an interesting game, one that the boys enjoy very much, and we wish to take this opportunity to thank these good ladies, for their kindness in contributing towards the boys' amusement during the coming winter months.

—o—

Hirman Boughman, one of our boys, has been receiving treatment at the North Carolina Orthopedic Hospital, Gastonia, for several weeks, and from a recent report from that institution we learn that he is very much improved.

—o—

These cool mornings that makes us don our coats and put a little more elasticity in our steps, also makes us think of hog-killing time, with its sausage, spare-ribs, etc. Then in going about the different cottages we notice fires on the hearths, all of which reminds us that Winter is just around the corner.

—o—

William J. Wingate, a member of our teaching staff for the past year, has resigned, and will go to Washington, D. C. within the next few days, where he has secured a position with the Shipping Board. We wish him the best of luck amid his new surroundings.

—o—

Mr. A. C. Sheldon, Boys' Work Secretary of the Charlotte Y. M. C. A., had charge of the service in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon. After the opening exercises, he pre-

sented Miss Anne MacRae, one of Charlotte's talented singers, who rendered two selections in a very delightful manner, with Miss Phosa Darden playing the piano accompaniment. Following this Mr. Sheldon presented Mr. W. B. Bradford, assistent post master, Charlotte, who made a very helpful and interesting talk to the boys. Mr. Bradford, who has had considerable experience in working with boys, having acted for several years as counselor in connection with the annual Y. M. C. A. boys' camp, is well qualified to help them along in the right direction. In the course of his remarks the speaker pointed out that we are all a part of God's great plan or organization, and that each one must do his or her part or be set aside. He further stated that God's great plan was to save the world, and that we cannot be saved on any plan of our own, but must adhere closely to God's plan, and no matter how small our parts may be, we are equally important, and can only attain the goal by doing our very best with our particular part.

GIRLS, STAY OUT OF NEW YORK

The Christian Advocate of New York carries the following timely warning to all young women who would seek a living in big cities:

"New York is so big—so many stores and factories—so many jobs. Certainly there must be something there that a country girl can do." That is the wistful thought in many a village girl's mind, when work is so scarce around home. And to New York they come to swell the multitude of unemployed, already 500,000, of whom perhaps one-tenth are young girls. Just now New York is the most helpless place on the continent for a girl who hasn't at least $25 a week to live on. All the girls' clubs in the city are full and have long waiting lists. New York is no place for a stranger girl unless she has a decent place where she can live cheaply.

What is here said about New York applies to all other big cities. The unemployment situation is more acute in the big cities than anywhere else. Why then crowd into these overcrowded centers with the hope of finding employment when it cannot be had?

What we need at this time is a migration to the farms where with a modicum of intelligence and industry each and all may have food and raiment and friendly neighbors.—N. C. Christian Advocate.

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THE UPLIFT

VOL. XIX CONCORD, N. C., OCTOBER 10, 1931 No. 41

HIGH RESOLVE

I'll hold my candle high, and then
Perhaps, I'll see the hearts of men
Above the sordidness of life,
Beyond misunderstandings, strife.
Though many deeds that other do
Seem foolishness, and sinful, too,
Were I to take another's place,
I could not fill it with such grace;
And who am I, to criticize
What I preceive with my dull eyes?
I'll hold my candle high, and then,
Perhaps, I'll see the hearts of men.

—Ruth M. Griffith.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL
PUBLISHED BY

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

THE CODE OF GOOD SPORT

1. Thou shalt not quit.
2. Thou shalt not alibi.
3. Thou shalt not gloat over winning.
4. Thou shalt not be a rotten loser.
5. Thou shalt not take unfair advantage.
6. Thou shalt not ask odds thou art unwilling to give.
7. Thou shalt always be ready to give thine opponents the shade.
8. Thou shalt not under estimate an opponent, nor over estimate thyself
9. Remember that the game is the thing, and that he who thinketh other wise is a mucker and no true sportsman.
10. Honor the game thou playest, for he who playeth the game straight and hard wins even when he loses.—Grantland Rice.

A FINE LETTER

A letter reflects the inner developments, a mirror reflects the changes physically. This letter from a freshman at Duke University is an indication that he is taking his educationally advantages seriously, and there is little danger that the temptations of college life will lead him astray. It is quite true that college life either helps to make character or helps to change entirely the even and consistent way of living previously pursued. In this instance we have every assurance this young freshman will throughout his college career continue to show his mettle by reflecting the christian training received at home. He will prove a credit to Duke University, and profit by contact with Duke's president. When a boy takes his mother into his confidence it is the finest proof in the world he is made of the right stuff. This message

makes fine reading, most especially so for our boys:

Duke University,
Durham, North Carolina.

Dearest Mother:

How have you been getting along these days? I hope that you have been well and strong. I have been in the best of health and getting along very well. So far, I have found Duke University to be a very good, but very difficult scool.

As to the scholastic work, it is pretty difficult. I succeeded in getting just the courses that I wanted and in arranging an excellent schedule. I have the limit of work and they are all very difficult courses. It sure does not look like I have very much of a chance to get the key, but I am going to study hard and make as good grades as I possibly can. Several of my professors wrote the text-books that we are using. I don't have very much time besides that used for studying and classes.

We had a lecture about extra-curricular activities, such as the band, the newspaper, debating teams, and athletics. All the boys are trying out for them. I wanted to be a big shot and try for a lot of activities, but I have decided to stick to my studies and see just how good grades I can make. The first band meeting was held today. I attended. I sure am enthused about the band, but am doubtful as to whether I can make it or not. It sure is a fine thing because you get college credit towards graduation, several nice long trips, and several socials. He is planning to have about sixty men in the band, all in neat uniforms. I sure do want to make it and am going to try very hard. However, I am up against a hard problem, one that I don't know how to solve. I want you to study it and give me your frank advice. To go out for the band and stay on it, one has to play with it at all times and go on all trips. Since the band goes with the football team on its trips, nearly all the trips are made on the week-ends. They travel all day Sunday in order to get back to school before Monday. Therefore, if I belong to the Band at any time I wuold certainly have to miss Sunday School. I sure would hate to spoil such a splendid record. If I make the band and go on the trips (which I would have to do) there is no possible way to keep my record. To give an example, Mr. Leftwich, the director, said that the week-end of September 26 (a week from Friday) the band of sixty men would accompany the football team to the University of South Carolina at Columbia, which is splendid three-day, three hundred mile trip with all expenses paid. His plan is to charter a large bus and leave on Friday. We will arrive at Columbia Friday night and stay at a hotel. Saturday, we will play at the football game. Also, Saturday night will be spent at the hotel in Columbia. We will leave Columbia Sunday morning and get back to Duke Sunday night. It sure would be swell. Still if I make the Band and go to Columbia, I would have to miss Sunday School. It means either Sunday School and no musical club or Musical club and no Sunday School record. I don't know what to do. Please tell me.

This freshman has a record of twelve years of Sunday School attendance. He asks mother to help him make a decision. Fine!

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THE NEED—THE INFLUENCE OF HOME AND CHURCH

The whole world seems to be restless. People are aimlessly moving about with no objective in view. Just a few days ago while awaiting at the Concord station for an afternoon passenger train a freight went whizzing by towards Charlotte. On one of the flat cars were five young boys, each smoking a cigarette and the boys we judged were not over seventeen years of age. In answer to a question "Agent Woody" stated they were hoboing. We gathered from the manner in which the always obliging and genial Agent replied the scene was not unusual. Just before pulling into the passenger station, Charlotte, the train we were riding stopped for some reason a moment or two, and while waiting there three more boys were loitering, and from appearances were evidently waiting to beat a ride. We thought instantly if this crowd of youngsters continues to augument the army of unemployed the winter bread line will far exceed that of any previous year.

The whole truth of the matter is no one seems to be happy, people are discontented with home, with the way of living, using liberty for an occasion of the flesh and not for service to mankind—but after all what can be done about it? In the words of the old negro who in reply to a mother who was trying to conquer an incorrigable child, "what shall I do?" "Pray, pray for her, my God missus pray," replied the old negro. Prayer is what we need. People are living too far from the influence of home and church. There is a world-wide cry for the stabilizing influence of the home and church to give contentment of mind and create a greater spirit of love for our fellow man.

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A MEMORABLE DATE—OCTOBER 19th, 1492

The text books from the earliest date have recorded that Christopher Columbus discovered America. There has been little of the early life of Columbus emphasized. It has proven sufficiently satisfactory to state the fact that if Columbus did not in reality first touch America, he was without doubt the first pioneer of the high seas under great difficulties, blazing the way for other navigators to make discoveries wherein new lands were claimed and the customs of new people studied.

He was born at Genoa, Italy about 1446 and died in Spain early in the sixteenth century. His forebears were woolcombers, having but little of the worldy goods but despite circumstances he was fairly educated, absorbing a taste and determination to penetrate the mysteries of the seas.

We can only visualize Columbus as a man of iron nerve with a burning desire to sail the briny deep where sail before had never set and man had never before ventured. His scheme had been condemned by the learned as idle and visionary, and discountenanced by people of all ranks. Besides he encountered the misgivings of a crude crew no sooner than he was out of sight of land. He evidently was a master seaman, inspiring confidence, as well as a man of persuasive powers, pacifying the impatience of a crew that had come to absolute munity.

His venture in the face of all difficulties proved a success and his followers including the most rebellious repented and thronged around with assurance of their loyalty and appreciation, declaring him a representative of the sovereigns of their country.

Today there stands a monument on one of the islands of the Bahamas, erected by a Chicago newspaper in 1892, with this inscription: "On this spot, Watling's Island, Christopher Columbus first set foot on the soil of the New World." From this point can be traced the progress of the New World from the crudest form of living to the development of the 20th, century of civilization.

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A FINE OPPORTUNITY

It is quite impossible to understand how the United States, in the name of conscience, if not in the name of the Christian religion, can sell to a famine stricken country, wheat for which there is no sale? It is true the sale is made on easy terms, but when hungry to realize pay day will sooner or later come takes all of the joy out of life. For a Christian country to sear its conscience for the lure of money is decided proof that our missionary spirit is not genuinely true. We preach one thing and act another. There is food in abundance in the United States, much of it going to waste, besides idle ships sufficient to be used for transportation and yet we fail to grasp an opportunity to do missionary work that possibly would be the biggest thing of its kind ever recorded.

We have relief problems, but ours will be solved more easily and readily

if in the meanwhile we pause to hold out a hand of hope to those whose misery was described by Lindbergh "as the most heart-rending experience of his entire career."

The picture depicted by Lindbergh was outstretched hands of men, women and children clutching madly for bread which they thought the Lindbergh plane had brought. The cries that rang so pitifully in the ears of Lindbergh must ring in the ears of all of us who have a spark of pity and love for humanity. Our country is the granary of the world, but a Joseph is needed. We are sadly in need of that something that will stimulate christian activities—possibly it is the spiritual inner growth.

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GOOD SPORTSMANSHIP

There are qualities about a good sport that attracts. Yes, there is an indefinable something, courage and faith perhaps, that gives one a good comeback even in the face of repeated defeats. These truly seemed to be the characteristics of Sir Thomas Lipton, who though foiled in his great ambition to win in the international yacht races, was recognized as one of the world's greatest and gamest sportsmen. The people of America learned to know Sir. Thomas because of his several attempts to win the American cup, and at the same time learned to admire the splendid spirit of this fine old fellow even when on the losing side. It goes without saying that if this octonegerian sportsman had have been spared for a longer time he would have participated in the same sport with the same zeal and earnestness seen on similar occasions.

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BOARD MEETING

There was a splendid representative meeting of Board of Directors of the Jackson Training School, Thursday, October 1—Those present were Chairman L. T. Hartsell, D. B. Coltrane, Herman Cone, Paul C. Whitlock, Mesdames Cameron Morrison, R. E. Everett, W. N. Reynolds, I. W. Faison and Miss Easdale Shaw.

At one o'clock the members assembled for business—The affairs of the institution were reviewed and discussed. Things were found in a healthy state. taken under consideration many minor details were discussed, but no action Many minor details were discussed. but no action taken as to developments.

RAMBLING AROUND

With Old Hurrygraph

"When some great sorrow, like
a mighty river
Flows through your life with
peace-destroying power,
And dearest things are swept
away forever,
Say to your heart each hour:
'This, too, will pass away.' "

—o—

It looks now like a woman to be truly modern must have a vanity case, a cigarette case, and a divorce case.

—o—

Westinghouse seems to have known a little about air breaks, but his knowledge is nothing to be compared with the radio when it gets wheezy.

—o—

It does look as if these world economic conferences always get along famously until somebody suggests really doing something. Then they break up without doing anything.

—o—

After all it seems that the co-operative marketing of wheat has been a success, except for the fact that the farmers wouldn't co-operate and there hasn't been any market. Several millions lost in "the wheat buy, and buy."

—o—

"Listening to a sermon on the wireless has not the same effect as attending a service," declares a clergyman. That may be so, still, it must be ,admitted, a broadcast sermon does bring the preacher's message home to one.

—o—

A good deal of talk is being indulged in over the country over the eighteenth amendment. There are people for and against, like everything else in the world. But give the amendment time. Look how long the Ten Commandments have been trying, and yet there are many who are not obeying them.

—o—

A lady motorist was driving along a country road when she spied a couple of repair men climbing a telephone pole. "What fools they be," she exclaimed to her companion, "they must think I never drove a car before."

—o—

The voice of love is heard in the land. "Oh, Henry!" exclaimed the wife as she threw her arms rapturously round her husband's neck. "I do love you so! Don't forget to leave me a couple of fives when you go to town this morning, will you, dear?" "And this," muttered Henry, as he gently disengaged himself from her fond embrace, "this is what I call being pressed for money."

—o—

A teacher was giving a class of youngsters a lesson on insects, particularly the locusts, when she asked the question, "What comes every seven years?" For some moments there was profound silence. Then a little hand went up. "Well, what, Johnny," and Johnny replied, "The itch." The teacher scratched his head.

—o—

The verse at the top of this column, written by Lanta Wilson Smith, is the inevitable truth in hu-

man life and forcibly tells of what earth brings us. As human beings we are so transient. Life is short at its best. Looking forward, the end is so very near. Looking backward, our race has been so brief. We pass with so many things to be done, and so few accomplishments. Our years may be many, by the Grace of God, but our friendship and loved ones are so broken into by deaths, unless we are making new friends all the time, we are like a Rip Van Winkle upon the shores of time. Our careers terminate so suddenly that it leaves us unfinished. The world and the firmament gives us only one thing when breath ceases, Hope. Hope and Faith! are the only things we can carry out of this world.

—o—

Well, we've all had our opinion and our say about England giving gold a kick, and after all, I'd like to know who's got a gold dollar in his pocket. Don't all speak at once. How many of you get your pay in gold, or ever did get your pay in gold? Or when did you pay your bills in gold, Nobody that I know of. About the only gold one sees nowadays is that some people show in their teeth when they laugh. Some times someone gives somebody else a gold watch. Or perhaps a gold headed cane. Then there's the gold fish. And the gold brick that the kind-hearted philanthropist gives to the countryman who goes to the big city for the first time. We may get excited over England giving gold the bum rush, after all, when we cool down and think it over, gold hasn't such a great place in our in-individual lives when we never see it. The only people I know of who are going to be hard hit because gold has been pushed off the throne are the poets. The talk about gold and rave over it. Maybe that's because they never saw any. England can go ahead and kick gold all over the place so far as I am concerned, they can't make me mad. But if they shoot holes in greenback dollar bills I'll sit up and take notice. I've got one of those things.

—o—

The Chinese and the Japanese, it seems, have about decided not to engage in a war. They would have little attention given them if they did. Everybody is too busy watching the stock market, and their jobs, counting the unemployed and keeping an eye on the coming winter to worry much about whether the Japanese take Whoo Whang Klang from the Chinese, or whether the Chinese invest the Japanese garrison in Chow Sing How. To fight a war you must have money, and a lot of it. If they haven't the money they'll have to borrow. Who's going to loan either side the money? Wars are luxuries and cost while they're fighting them and cost a lot more than that when they are over. The longer they are over the more they cost. The side that wins is just about as close to the poor house as the side that got licked. Look at the world today, after about a dozen years after the big free-for-all in France. Who won that war? That's still an open question. The one sure thing is that we're going to pay for it. No wonder the Japanese and the Chinese are a little slow at starting another fight. Maybe they're both afraid they'd win it, and a dozen years or so later have to pay for it, Gosh, that's enough to make a pacitist out of any nation.

A MOST NOTABLE CHEROKEE INDIAN

By Col. Fred A. Olds

Quite near the court house at Robbinsville, in Graham county, is a monument in honor of a Cherokee Indian chief, who had a very musical name, Junaluska. His name is, properly, in his own language, "Tsunulahunski," which the white settlers corrupted, as they did so many Indian words. His tribe, a powerful one, was at war with the Creek Indians, who then lived in what is now Alabama. In 1813 he raised some 1,800 of his best warriors to go there and exterminate the extremely bloodthirsty Creeks. In 1814 the latter were at war with the United States, and Junaluska saved the day for General Andrew Jackson, who was in command of the U. S. Army, his troops there being a few of the regular army, a regiment of Tennessee militia, and the Cherokee regiment. This campaign lasted seven months and ended with the first battle of "Tallapoose," which in creek means, "Horse-shoe Bend," as the river there makes a bend which is nearly a complete circle. The battle lasted nearly five hours. Of the Creeks the bodies of 555 were found, and their dead totaled 800. General Jackson lost 26 whites and 18 Cherokees killed, and 107 whites and 36 Cherokees wounded. Junaluska and some of his Cherokees swam the wide and deep Tallapoose, headed the rear of the Creeks, cut loose the Creeks' canoes, towed these back, and the body of the Cherokees then crossed the river in them, captured the Creek breastworks and forever crushed Menana, the Creek chief and his 900 warriors, who were called "Baton Rouge," (Red Sticks). After the battle North Carolina made him a citizen and gave him several hundred acres of rich valley land, near the present Robbinsville. There he lived until his death, November 28, 1858, when he was nearly 90 years old, and there he is buried; his wife Nicie, beside him. The Daughters of the American Revolution have placed a bronze tablet on his grave. Lake Junaluska, and a high mountain are named in his honor.

You are either drifting down stream with the tide and the dead ones, or you are pulling for all you are worth against the current of events. You cannot anchor, for life is one continuous voyage. You are either reading, studying, working, or you are fooling away your most valuable asset—time. If you are trying to improve yourself you are moving ahead. If your brain is full of nonsense you are drifting down the stream.—Exchange.

J. A. HARTNESS' SUCCESS ACHIEVED BY HARD WORK

(News & Observer)

James A. Hartness, North Carolina's secretary of state, was born July 23, 1863, in the rural districts of Iredell county, a few miles from Statesville, and grew up on a farm.

He was educated in the rural district school and at the Statesville academy. Following his schooling there, he studied law under an elderly lawyer and was licensed to practice in 1887 locating in Statesville, which has since been his home.

Mr. Hartness has always had a penchant for politics from his youth up. He has always been interested and more or less active in local political contests.

Some half dozen years after he came to Statesville, he became editor of a local weekly paper that had been established a short time and combined his law practice with newspaper editing for some years. He retained his interest in that newspaper and its successors until recent years.

When Grover Cleveland was elected president in 1892, Mr. Hartness sought appointment under his administration but the political organization of Iredell refused to recognize him. Through his newspaper, he waged a verbal campaign against the county faction. Four years later Mr. Hartness himself became county Democratic chairman which position he still holds.

In 1896, the future secretary of state was elected a member of the state legislature from Iredell. Two years previous the Republicans had carried the county. As a member of the 1897 legislature, he was author of the Fellow Servant act which was enacted into law.

He was elected clerk of the Iredell superior court in 1898 and every four years was re-elected to that office until he received the appointment of secretary of state from Governor McLean in February, 1928, to succeed the late W. N. Everett.

In 1916, Mr. Hartness was a candidate in the Democratic primaries for secretary of state against the late J. Bryan Grimes, but Mr. Grimes was too strongly entrenched and in that contest Mr. Hartness met his first and only major political defeat of his career.

Upon Mr. Grimes' death Mr. Hartness was mentioned as a successor, but Mr. Everett was named instead by Governor Cameron Morrison. His appointment by Governor McLean, Mr. Morrison's successor, won for him his long cherished ambition.

Mr. Hartness has always been a strong advocate of temperance and education and was one of the first supporters of the cause of good roads.

A year after he began the practice of law, Mr. Hartness married Miss Jennie Henderson of Rowan county. Eight children survive the union. Several years after the death of Mrs. Hartness, he married, in 1923, Miss Annie Sloan of Winston-Salem.

Mr. Hartness was brought up in the Associated Reform Presbyterian faith, but later he joined the Presbyterian church of which he is now a member.

AS DESCRIBED BY COLUMBUS HIMSELF

The first letter of Columbus, descriptive of his first voyage, was written in February, 1493, when he was off the Azores, on his return home. It was intended for the eyes of the King himself, and for those of his queen, Isabella.

As I know that it will afford you pleasure that I have brought my undertaking to a successful result, I have determined to write to you this letter to inform you of everything that has been done and discovered in this voyage of mine.

On the thirty-third day after leaving Cadiz I came into the Indian Sea, where I discovered many islands inhabited by numerous people. I took possession of all of them for our most fortunate King by making public proclamation and unfurling his standard, no one making any resistance. To the first of them I have given the name of our blest Savior, trusting in whose aid I had reached this and all the rest; but the Indians call it Guanahani. To each of the others also I gave a new name, ordering one to be called Sancta Maria de Concepcion, another Ferdandina, another Hysabella, another Johana; and so with all the rest.

As soon as we reached the island which I have just said was called Johana, I sailed along its coast some considerable distance toward the west, and found it to be so large, without any apparent end, that I believed it was not an island, but a continent, a province of Cathay. But I saw neither towns nor cities lying on the seaboard, only some villages and country farms with whose inhabitants I could not get speech, because they fled as soon as they beheld us. I continued on, supposing I should come to city or country houses. At last, finding that no further discoveries rewarded our progress, and that this course was leading us toward the north, which I was desirous of avoiding, as it was now winter in these regions, and it had always been my intention to proceed southward, and the winds also were favorable to such desires, I concluded not to attempt any other adventures, so, turning back, I came again to a certain harbor, which I had remarked. From there I sent two of our men into the country to learn whether there was any king or cities in that land. They journeyed for three days, and found innumerable people and inhabitations, but small and having no fixt government, on which account they returned. Meanwhile I had learned from some Indians whom I had seized at this place, that this country was really an island. Consequently, I continued along toward the east, as much as 322 miles, always hugging the shore, where was the very extremity of the island. From there I saw another island to the eastwards, distant 54 miles from this Johana, which I named Hispana, and proceeded to it, and directed my course for 564 miles east by north as it were, just as I had done at Johana.

The island called Johana, as well as the others in its neighborhood, is exceedingly fertile. It has numerous harbors on all sides, very safe and wide, above comparison with any I have ever seen. Through it flows many very broad and health-giving rivers; and there are in it numerous

very lofty mountains. All these islands are very beautiful, and quite different shapes and easy to be traversed and full of the greatest variety of trees reaching to the stars. I think these never lose their leaves, as I saw them looking as green and lovely as they are wont to be in the month of May in Spain. Some of them were in leaf, and some in fruit; each flourishing in the condition its nature required. The nightingale was singing and various other little birds, when I was rambling among them in the month of November. There are also in the island called Johana seven or eight kinds of palms, which as readily surpass ours in height and beauty as do all the other trees, herbs, and fruits. There are also wonderful pine-woods, fields, and extensive meadows, birds of various kinds, and honey, and all the different metals except iron.

In the island, which I have said before was called Hispana, there are very lofty and beautiful mountains, great farms, groves and fields, most fertile both for cultivation and for pasturage, and well adapted for constructing buildings. The convenience of the harbors in this island, and the excellence of the rivers, in volume and salubrity, surpass human belief one should see them. In it the trees, pasture-lands, and fruits differ much from those of Johana. Besides, this Hispana abounds in various kinds of spices, gold, and metals.

The inhabitants of both sexes of this and of all other islands I have seen, or of which I have any knowledge, always go as naked as they came into the world, except that some of the women cover parts of their bodies with leaves or branches, or a veil of cotton, which they prepare themselves for this purpose. They are all as I said before, unprovided with any sort of iron, and they are destitute of arms, which are entirely unknown to them, and for which they are not adapted; not on account of any bodily deformity, for they are well made, but because they are timid and full of terror. They carry, however, canes dried in the sun in place of weapons, upon whose roots they fix a wooden shaft, dried and sharpened to a point. But they never dare to make use of these, for it has often happened, when I have sent two or three of my men to some of their villages to speak with the inhabitants, that a crowd of Indians has sallied forth; but, when they saw our men approaching, they speedily took to flight, parents abandoning their children, and children their parents.

This happened not because any loss or injury had been inflicted upon any of them. On the contrary, I gave whatever I had, cloth and many other things, to whomever I approached, or with whom I could get speech, without any return being made to me; but they are by nature fearful and timid. But, when they see that they are safe, and all fear is banished, they are very guileless and honest, and very liberal of all they have. No one refuses the asker anything that he possesses; on the contrary, they themselves invite us to ask for it. They manifest the greatest affection toward all of us, exchanging valuable things for trifles, content with the very least thing or nothing at all. But I forbade giving them a very trifling thing and of no value, such as bits of plates, dishes, or

glass, also nails and straps; altho it seemed to them, if they could get such, that they had acquired the most beautiful jewels in the world.

For it chanced that a sailor received for a single strap as much weight of gold as three gold solidi; and so others for other things of less price, especially for new blancas, and for some gold coins, for which they gave whatever the seller asked; for instance, an ounce and a half or two ounces of gold, or thirty or forty pounds of cotton, with which they were already familiar. So, too, for pieces of hoops, jugs, jars, and pots they bartered cotton and gold like beasts. This I forbade, because it was plainly unjust; and I gave them many beautiful and pleasing things, which I had brought with me, for no return whatever, in order to win their affection, and that they might become Christians and inclined to love our king and queen and princes and all the people of Spain, and that they might be eager to search for and gather and give to us what they abound in and we greatly need.

They do not practise idolatry; on the contrary, they believe that all strength, all power, in short, all blessings, are from heaven, and that I have come down from there with these ships and sailors; and in this spirit was I received everywhere, after they had got over their fear. They are nither lazy nor awkward, but, on the contrary, are of an excellent and acute understanding. Those who have sailed these seas give excellent accounts of everything; but they have never seen men wearing clothes, or ships like ours. . . .

As soon as I had come into this sea, I took by force some Indians from the first island, in order that they might learn from us, and at the same time tell us what they knew about affairs in these regions. This succeeded admirably; for in a short time we understood them and they us, both by gesture and signs and words, and they were of great service to us. They are coming now with me, and have always believed that I have come from heaven, notwithstanding the long time they have been, and still remain, with us. They were the first who told this wherever we went one calling to another, with a loud voice, "Come, come, you will see men from heaven." Whereupon both women and men, children and adults, young and old, laying aside the fear they had felt a little before, flocked eagerly to see us, a great crowd thronging about our steps, some bringing food, and other drink, with greatest love and incredible good will.

I have told already how I sailed in a straight course along the island of Johana from west to east 322 miles. From this voyage and the extent of my journeyings I can say that this Johana is larger than England and Scotland together. For beyong the aforesaid 322 miles, in that portion which looks toward the west, there are two more provinces, which I did not visit. One of them the Indians called Anan, and its inhabitants are born with tails. These provinces extend 180 miles, as I learned from the Indians, whom I am bringing with me, and who are well acquainted with all these islands.

Altho these matters are very wonderful and unheard of, they would have been much more so if the ships to a reasonable amount had been

furnished me. But what has been accomplished is great and wonderful, and not at all proportionate to my deserts, but to the sacred Christian faith, and to the piety and religion of our sovereigns. For what the mind of man could not compass, the spirit of God has granted to mortals. For God is wont to listen to his servants who love his precepts, even in impossibilities, as has happened to me in the present instance, who have accomplished what human strength has hitherto never attained. For, if any one has written or told anything about these islands, all have done so either obscurely or by guesswork, so that it has almost seemed to be fabulous.

Therefore let king and queen and princes, and their most fortunate realms, and all other Christian provinces, let us all return thanks to our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, who has bestowed so great a victory and reward upon us; let there be processions and solemn sacrifices prepared; let the churches be decked festal boughs; let Christ rejoice upon earth as he rejoices in heaven, as He foresees that so many souls of so many people heretofore lost are to be saved; and let us be glad not only for the exaltation of our faith, but also for the increase of temporal prosperity, in which not only Spain, but all Christendom is about to share.

As these things have been accomplished, so have they been briefly narrated. Farewell.

WHITE COLLAR JOBS

Boys should be taught to think less of fitting themselves for "white collar" jobs, Prof. F. G. Nichols, of Harvard, who points out the greater opportunities for promotion in industry than in clerical pursuits.

The young man who starts at the bottom in a factory often soon distances one who begins, say, as a bookkeeper. The idea is that while the clerk or bookkeeper may have a white collar job from the very first, the ambitious and intelligent industrial worker has a better chance to rise to an executive position, so that when he does reach the white collar job it means something worth while.

Advice along a similar line is given by President Thatcher of the Massachusetts Agricultural College, who defends vocational schools against the reproach sometimes leveled against them by the classical student. He says that "the idea is erroneous that vocational schools are undignified because they work with materials near at hand and not with a knowledge of things that are ancient and far off."

Literally, however, the proportion of white collar jobs is constantly increasing. With the continual advent of new machines for doing the "dirty work" of the world, the time may come when everyone may have a white collar job.—Selected.

THE "DOLE"

(Reidsville Review)

With the approach of winter, all thoughtful Americans are conscious of the searching trial to which this country is certain soon to be put, to reveal the stuff of which it is made. It will be a severe experience to go through, but it is unavoidable. and we must not shrink from it.

The department of labor claims that 8,000,000 of workers are idle in this country. The Russell Sage Foundation and the National Association of Community Chests, not only verify these figures but, based on reliable reports from 90 cities, express the opinion that at the present rate of increase the number will be 6 of every 10, or about 10,000,000 by the 1st of December.

Estimating one half of these as heads of families of four, means 20,000,000 mouths to feed, besides the remaining 5,000,000 of single men and women.

The per capita cost of all relief associations reporting to the Sage Foundation indicates an average cost of food at about 50 cents per day. Rent and heat are additional. At this rate it will cost the country $1,250,000 per day to simply ward off starvation, but if rent, light, heat, and some clothing be added this figure will be doubled—or a total of $750,000,000 per month.

Assuming that the necessities of life are supplied by local governments and donations, this method of relief is a "dole" pure and simple. For this reason the Federal and state governments insist that each community arrange to take care of its own needy through voluntary contributions or municipal appropriations. Nearly every community in the land is endeavoring to inaugurate public work, by bond issues, for the purpose of supplying employment and relieving the relief committees of financial difficulties as well as preserving the dignity of men and women to whom charity is distasteful. Reports from 90 cities indicate that so far funds have been raised by taxation, and in 28 cities by voluntary contribution, but in all cases this resource has been practically exhausted with the worst yet to come. It is a problem that requires the best thought and personal interest of every man and woman who call themselves Christians.

WORTH PASSING ALONG

There is no more practical university than the place where we do our daily work. To secure one hundred per cent rating on what is expected of us is to win real honors.

Just as a university student moves from subject to subject, so a worker moves from job to job and finds honorable advance in terms of developed ability.—Selected.

OLD STAGE-COACH DAYS ALONG THE HUDSON

By Julia W. Wolfe

Let us go back to the old stage-coach days along the Hudson River.

It is hard to realize that so late as the Revolutionary War there was not even the poorest kind of a wagon road connecting New York and Albany. Of course, the splendid waterway which Henry Hudson had discovered and explored in his ship, the Half Moon, in 1609, offered good transit facilities then as now; and in the summers an occasional sloop made use of it, carrying passengers and merchandise from one city to another, the time of the journey being as uncertain as the wind that furnished the motive power. But on land there was only an old Indian trail, with its blazed logs, through the woods and over the hills of the east side—a lonesome and winding way which had but few travelers.

The first regular mail communication between the two cities was established about 1730. The letter-bag was carried by foot-post, and the service was once a month. A few years later, the hob-nailed shoes of the white settlers having done better work than the moccasins of the Indians, the foot-path developed into a bridlepath, admitting horse and rider. The carrier was then mounted, a bi-monthly mail arranged, and "post-haste" speed was made, the time being reduced to one week each way. The post-rider was a most important personage to all the people along the route, forming their connecting link with the outside world. If there was any news to carry, he gave it out by word of mouth to eager listeners. As his pay was small, like his mail, he eked out his living by executing commissions in either city, and his saddle-bags were always stuffed with small packages as the result of his shopping errands. Occasionally he served as the trusted escort of some woman traveler. With the dawn of the newspaper era he carried papers for sale. The earliest wood-cut of the post-rider appeared in the Northern Budget of Troy, N. Y., a journal which yet renews its youth despite its heavy weight of years.

During the Revolution there was much coming and going in the settlements, and the bridle-path expanded into a wagon road. While this was a great advance in highway connection, no civil engineer had anything to do with its layout. Its course was meandering rather than direct, its grades were nature's own, and its bridges were fords. The first stage-wagon was put on within a year after the close of the war, and made the round trip twice each month. Fortunately its patrons were of a hardy stock and were used to roughing it; for the board benches had no backs, there was no place for the baggage, the the wagon, being without springs, was as comfortless as an ox cart, bumping along over a road equally rough and crude. Nevertheless, the spirit of travel was so aroused by the vehicle that the next year it was necessary to double the equipment by the addition of a sec-

ond stage-wagon to provide for the increasing number of travelers.

In 1785 the proprietors secured from the legislature the first transportation charter granted by the State of New York. This gave them the right "to erect, set, carry on and drive stage-wagons between Albany and New York on the east side of the Hudson River for a period of ten years." They were to "make the land passage most easy and agreeable, as well as most expeditious, by performing the journey in two days, at three pence a mile." They were to have at least two covered wagons, each drawn by four able horses, with suitable relays, and the trips were to be made a week each way. It was soon found that between the rough wagons and the rough roads a time-limit of two days meant literally "breakneck" speed for driver and passengers, and that a rate of three pence a mile meant bankruptcy for the company. Accordingly, "for ease of passengers," the legislature extended the time to three days, and allowed a four-pence fare. Not only so, but it passed an act granting the stage-coaches right of way over all vehicles at the Albany ferry, so that "the Ferryman shall forfeit and pay the sum of forty shillings if he neglects or refuses to transport said stages in preference to any other carriages whatever, whether the same be by night or day."

So prosperous was the enterprise that in the following year, 1786, a bi-weekly schedule had to be arranged, and within ten years daily stages were run, as appears in the New York Commercial Advertiser in 1797.

The route seems oddly roundabout nowadays. Instead of keeping near the river banks, as the railroad does, the old wagon road at once climbed the hills opposite Albany and ran southeast to the village of Kinderhook, which is several miles back from the Hudson. Thence on the high plateau, now famous for its farms, to Hudson, Red Hook, Rhineback, Poughkeepsie, Fishkill, Tarrytown, and across King's Bridge to the Bloomingdale Road and New York. Stops for a part of the night were made at Rhineback and Peekskill, where the taverns were said to be exceptionally good, but the sleeping accomodations of which were so limited that two men, though strangers, were generally put in one bed, and sometimes four men in a room. Later on there were no stops at all, except for relays and meals. But how welcome those halts must have been to the cramped and suffering passengers, especially in stormy and freezing weather, as they emerged from the buffalo robes in the stage-wagon or sleigh to ease their stiffened joints and warm their benumbered fingers and toes before the tavern fire and to obtain some hot food for the chilled and weary inner man.

In the early years of the last century a continuous road was opened on the west side of the river by way of Catskill, Kingston, Newberg, Goshen and Hackensack, which, though even more winding than that of the east side, soon had its line of stages. Rivalry between the competing lines soon resulted in, quickened speed, cheaper fares, increased misery to passengers, and a demoralizing of equipment. In 1816 "two days and one night were painfully disposed of

in the journey,'' and in February, 1830, the east side company boasted of having made the shortest passage from Albany to New York—in fifteen hours.

Grant Thorburn, a racy Scotchman and noted character in his day, made the journey to Albany by the west side route in the winter of 1831. He describes it in part as follows: ''It now commenced raining, and by the time we got to the next stages, we looked like moving pillars of salt, our hats and coats being covered to the thickness of an eighth of an inch with ice transparents. At the town of Goshen we changed the mail, thawed our garments, and ate our dinner. As we got north the sleighing got better, so we were accommodated with a covered box on runners; but alas! it was like a man's lantern without a candle. The cover was of white wood boards placed a quarter of an inch apart, without paint, leather, or canvas to protect them from the weather. We rode all night. The rain and snow descended through the roof, our hats were frozen to our caps, and our cloaks to one another. In the morning we looked like some mountains of ice moving down the Gulf Stream. And this is what the horse flesh fraternity advertise as their cheap, safe, comfortable and expeditious winter establishment for Albany.''

These conditions of discomfort and disrepute were quickly changed in 1835 when Charles L. Beach, with his father Erastus, secured proprietary control of the stage and mail lines, not only on both sides of the Hudson, but also a line between Catskill and Ithaca, which, connecting with the steamboats on Cayuga Lake, was the most expeditious and popular route to the western part of the state and to the great west in general. This gathering of the several lines was the famous ''merger'' of the day. Coaches with fine equipment were put on the line. Within one year the public patronage had increased threefold, and the journey had become quite enjoyable.

The mail business was an important item, involving honor, responsibility and a good pecuniary reward. Mr. Beach carried ''Uncle Sam's mail-bags for thirty years.'' The postage on a letter of one sheet from New York to Albany was one ''York shilling'' (twelve and a half cents). Envelopes came in in 1852. Mail from Montreal was met at Albany.

The quickest trip on record was that "Caroline" incident, when President Van Buren ordered General Scott to rush from Washington to the Niagara frontier with utmost haste to prevent further bloodshed and riot. The General ordered Mr. Beach to have a sleigh ready at eight that evening to take him to Albany, and to combine comfort with speed. Four of the fleetest horses and a sleigh that had the seats taken out, a bed substituted with mattresses and pillows and blankets was in readiness. The general declared afterward that he slept all through the night; the night was cold, the river was frozen from Poughkeepsie northward; drivers and horses on their mettle. At eight the next morning, the sleigh reached a hotel in Albany, and the proprietor greeted General Scott with "'General, your breakfast is served.''

MOUNDS

By Ruby Lorraine Radford

Among the mysteries of the American continent none is more fascinating to the explorer than the mounds built by the Indians long before the white man came. Gradually from these store houses of history are being collected relics and clues that may some day be pieced together into an accurate history of the American aborigines. Some archaelogists argue that the mounds were not all built by the Indians, citing as proofs the discovery of idols in localities where idolatry was not practiced. But in the majority of cases there is every evidence to believe the mounds were built by the Red men.

Almost as many kinds of mounds have been discovered as there were tribes of Indians. They were built for various purposes; some were constructed as fortifications and strongholds against enemies, others were burying grounds in which not only the bodies of the departed were placed, but all their earthly possessions. To this custom we owe thanks for many valuable relics left us today. Another kind of mound was as the religious and community center.

The great pyramid-like mounds of Mexico have been, perhaps, explored and exploited more than any others. Some historians say that these mounds could only have been built by a people of comparatively advanced civilization, with a government sufficiently strong to force the laboring class to construct these monuments. The Mississippi valley is dotted over with these ruins, and many have been left by the tribes of the southern coast.

Some say the mounds of Georgia were built by the Cherokees, others claim they are relics of an earlier people. Nevertheless the mounds are there in great numbers and can speak for themselves. Several years ago a group of Smithsonian scientists opened a mound near Cartersville, Georgia, and found the skeleton of a giant seven feet, two inches tall. His hair was long and coarse and jet black. Nearby were the skeletons of several children. Whether the Cherokees were a race of giants in their earliest days or these are the relics of another people remains yet to be proved.

Traditions say that the mounds in Georgia were primarily built as the foundations of the townhouses, and as protections against freshets. A foundation of stones was laid, then in this hollow was built the holy fire. Near this was buried the body of some chief or person of importance. With him were buried various symbols, such as beads, horns and a feather from the right wing of an eagle. These were conjured with disease. If an enemy invaded the town and burned the townhouse he would be afflicted with one of these diseases and die before he could return home. The construction of the mound was then completed with earth which the women of the tribe brought in baskets. The holy fire was protected from the earth by a hollow cedar trunk.

There was always a fire keeper at the town house. During a religious festival or at times of war dances the fire was heaped up and the cere-

mony held around it. At times the fire was banked, but never allowed to go out in the town house. Once a year, before the green-corn dance, every fire in the village was allowed to go out, and was then renewed with a blaze from the holy fire in the town house. As late as the Civil War some Cherokee soldiers stationed near a mound in Georgia insisted that they saw smoke rising from the sacred fire that still smouldered in the heart of the mound.

Many of the mounds in Georgia are very small and to the casual observer would seem mere overgrown hillocks. One found near Rome was fifteen feet high, and about fifty feet in diameter at the base.

A group of mounds for which there has not yet been found any satisfactory explanation are the shell mounds of the Florida peninsula. These are tremendous heaps of shells found all down the coast and from which have been taken many Indian relics. Some of them are thirty to forty feet deep and spread over a wide area. One tradition says that ages ago the tribes of Georgia and Carolina migrated to the balmy southern waters during winter. Here they fished for oysters and by some forgotten process preserved the oysters for food on their return home, or on their long hunting trips. According to this account the great shell mounds were mere dump heaps of this industry. Some think they were not built until a very late date, even after the coming of the Spaniards, for buried in some of them have been found tremendous iron pots, which are certainly products of a more modern people. Whatever the origin of these mounds may have been they furnish a luring scene for the explorer. Probably we may never know their true story. In the mean-time we are learning from the scattered fragments unearthed much about the people who inhabited this country before the white man arrived.

GANDHI ABLE TO ENDURE

After the prolonged conferences of Gandhi with Lord Erwin, it was noted that the little man of India was still fresh and strong, while the English Viceroy found himself in a state of utter exhaustion. What was the secret of Gandhi's power at such a time as he bore alone the responsibility for the future destiny of hundreds of millions of his people? Asked this question, he replied as follows:

"The secret? A clean heart; a clear conscience; a cool head; regular communion with God; abstention from carnal food and pleasure; no alcohol, smoking, and condiments; a strict vegetarian diet; and love for all my fellow men."—North Carolina Christian Advocate.

HOW THEY TRAVEL IN OTHER LANDS

By A. M. Barnes

Though the automobile and the airplane are no longer curiosities in the far-away lands where our missionaries are at work, yet in many sections of these countries the crude and primitive ways of travel are still in use—the only means at hand of getting from one place to another.

Though China now boasts some 7,000 miles of railway, yet the transportation facilities in many parts of the country are still of the primitive fashion of thousands of years ago. Foremost among the odd ways of travel in China is the sail-rigged wheelbarrow.

A missionary thus gives his view of wheelbarrow travel in China: "You sit at the side of the barrow, with one foot extended in front and the other supported by a rope stirrup. To maintain one's position with dignity when the driver pushes you in his energetic way across a gulley requires the most rapid power of adjustment, as well as forethought and presence of mind. As a device for teaching one to appreciate the luxury of walking, the Chinese wheelbarrow is incomparable." Some of the missionaries in China have sought to have wheelbarrows for travel constructed after the American fashion. The result, however, has been usually an ungainly, combersome affair, with little to donate its kinship with the barrow of civilization.

Beyond doubt one of the most uncomfortable modes of travel in China, yet one that is quite popular, is by means of the Pekin cart, a big, clumsy-looking vehicle on two wheels. The wheels are two or three times as heavy as those of the ordinary cart of its size, and the shafts half as thick as a telephone pole. There are no springs, and the passenger must sit either flat or cross-legged on the bottom of the cart. The canvas top is set too low for a seat to be placed beneath it, while the body is so short that if the passenger attempts to stretch out, his feet are likely to land on the back of the driver, although the driver sits without on the shafts to drive!

India still has a variety of quaint vehicles, the jinrikisha, cabs known as gharries, camel and bullock carts, and even vehicles elephant drawn. The bullock cart is seen in many parts of India; it is a favorite mode of travel.

A form of travel very popular with the rich natives of India is that by palanquin, an enclosed litter, which is usually six to seven feet long, four feet wide and four feet high.

Various modes of travel are made use of by missionaries in their journeys through the African bush and jungles. One of these is by hammocks swung from poles carried on the shoulders of two bearers. There is at times peril attached to this mode of getting through the African bush, for a bearer may stumble, sending the traveler catapulting over the fallen bearer's head into the treacherous mud or a thicket of thorns. Again, when passing over a treacherous bridge of poles, a bearer's foot may slip, causing hammock, passenger, bearers, and all to go plunging into a stream.

Many times the missionary journeying along the rough trails is a woman, one delicately reared and unused to handicaps. Yet the same dauntless spirit, the same splendid courage is shown. "On leaving the grassy plains," writes a young woman missionary going to her post in the heart of the African wilderness, "we plunged into a forest, where we fought our way over decayed brush and fallen trees, occasionally striking the head or other portion of the body against a concealed stump. The way was treacherous, and sometimes even the sure-footed African bearers were caught, and down we would go, hammock, pole-bearers, passengers, and all.

"As we emerged from the forest we wound down a steep ravine, the angle at which the hammock was borne forcing me into a position decidedly contrary to nature. I heard a swish of water, and lifting my head I found my carriers were carefully walking along a succession of tree-trunks that spanned a much swollen river. I held my breath. One slip, one false step, and I should have been landed in the stream."

Although the automobile is now no unusual sight in Japan, and the Sunrise Land has also its flying fields and native aviators, yet Japan still clings to the riksha, the man-drawn carriage, and for a very good reason. The streets of most Japanese towns and cities were laid out with never a thought of the passing along them of wheeled vehicles. There are no sidewalks for these streets; even pedestrains must take to the road. Along the sides of the streets run the drainage, often in gutters a foot or more deep. Think what would happen if a motor wheel were suddenly to drop into one of these gutters! The story runs that an Englishman introduced the jinrikisha into Japan. He had been a government official in India. On arriving in Japan and finding nothing in the way of a vehicle in which he could travel comfortably, he set out to devise one. He fastened an arm chair on a pair of wheels and employed a collie to draw him about. The Japanese, ever on the alert for innovation, quickly caught the idea. They began the construction of the man-pulled buggy on two wheels, which is the vehicle of vehicles even today.

Despite the fact that Mexico now has thousands of miles of modernly equipped railways, many of the old modes of travel are still widely patronized. Some are adhered to because of choice, others have been retained through necessity.

The Mexican still clings to his burro, despite the rapid growth of the facilities of modern travel throughout the republic. Even with the railway running alongside his domain, and the station but a stone's thrw from his doorway, the Mexican will mount his burro in preference. There are certain sections of Mexico, where without the patient, plodding service would be well-nigh impossible.

The queerest mode of travel I saw in all Mexico was that adopted by a woman who was on her way to the doctor, seated complacently in a chair borne upon the back of a man. Some Mexican women are afraid even of the mule cars, while they look upon the rapidly spinning trolley with such trembling of knees, they can not be persuaded to put foot upon it. Unable to pay coach hire, they employ the human carrier at a few cents for each trip.

GRASPING OPPORTUNITIES

(Maryland School News)

Recently an article in one of our daily newspapers gave an account of the simple manner in which Henry Ford observed his sixty-eighth birthday and how he began his early climb to success. From early boyhood he had an intense interest in mechanics and a fixed determination to develop in that direction, even against the wishes of his father, who wanted him to become a farmer. At the age of thirteen he began his mechanical experiments with clocks and watches; without permission of his father he was repairing them for people in the neighborhood. He did the work gratis for the privilege of seeing how they were made.

When sixteen, work on his father's farm became so irksome he apprenticed himself in a Detroit machine shop, receiving but two dollars and fifty cents weekly, working ten hours daily. In order to help defray his weekly living expenses of three dollars and fifty cents he secured work with a jeweler from seven to eleven in the evening for which he received two dollars per week. A year later his attention was turned from the machine shop to that of learning how to build engines.

Ford's father prevailed upon him when twenty-one years old to accept a gift of forty acres of land, on which he hoped his son would decide to establish a permanent home. Even this gift failed to completely turn his interests and attention from mechanics and within a few years he returned to Detroit to accept a position with the Detroit Edison Company as an engineer and machinist. After working hours he confied himself to a little shop at the rear of his house, building a gasoline motor car. This little shop proved to be the nucleus from which he expanded to the Ford Motor Company. Five years ago this company had assets of about $1,000,000,000 and was the largest motor car company in the world and third largest industry in the United States. He began with a small plan and built large industries.

Reading the life story of the great American inventor and industrialist, people marvel at his accomplishments, yet his success was undoubtedly the result of developing that strong and invaluable trait, stability, steadiness or firmness of character or purpose. Analyzing his early undertaking we find him displaying no evidence of mental shiftlessness or continually changing his line of endeavor, but a persistent concentration upon a single purpose. Before reaching an ultimate aim he had many obstacles and disappointments to overcome, yet was able to tackle them with courage, persistence, determination and confidence.

Many failures occur for no other reason than that of an individual's inability to sense the necessity of tenacity of purpose and the importance of strength of character in overcoming difficulties which are to be encountered along the way. It is folly to expect that every day should be the same, that every undertaking be parallel, and that every effort be met with equal success Some people,

especially in the formative period of life, lose valuable opportunities because they haven't the grit to press on to their greatest capacity.

They often weaken under adversities because of not accepting or realizing the fact that difficulties are many times helps rather than hinderances. The young man who meets his difficulties properly is stimulated thereby and exerts to a greater degree to surmount other obstacles in making for advancement. Only he who possesses stability can ever hope to adhere to life's program without being tossed about as a helpless ship in a rough sea. Except by a continued use of all faculties should anyone expect to reach a definite aim and experience a life of usefulness and happiness.

"Heaven is not reached at a single bound;
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit round by round."

BIBLE CONTAINS MANY REFERENCES TO BIRDS

There are at least 290 references to birds in the Bible, says the American Forestry Association. Thirty-one species are mentioned. One hundred and thirteen of the birds mentioned are general in the sense that they refer to certain species.

According to Alexander Sprunt, Jr., in the May issue of American Forests, the magazine of the association, the dove is mentioned thirty-five times; the eagle, thirty-two; the raven, the cock and the hen are mentioned, twelve times each. The owl is mentioned eleven times; the pigeon, ten; the sparrow; seven; the stork, six; the pelican, five; the quail, swallow and vulture, four times each; the ostrich, bittern, peacock and cormorant, three times each; the crane, partridge, ossifrage, osprey; kite, cuckoo, hawk, heron, nighthawk and lapwing; twice each.

"Birds antedate man himself," says Mr. Sprunt, "for the Genesian scale of creation they are second of the creatures which were endowed with life. First came the denzens of the sea, then the birds. After the account of the creation, one of the earliest mentions of birds is at the time of the deluge. When the patriarch, Noah was desirous of ascertaining whether the waters were subsiding it will be recalled that he employed two kinds of birds, at first a raven; and then a dove."—Conservation and Industry.

COURTESY PAYS

(Reidsville Review)

Speaking well of another is not only good policy, it is a wonderful tonic. Morever, it creates an atmosphere of cordiality, it removes distrust and soothes animosities, it is a social salve that heals many a wound received in the battle of life.

It is good business, too and it promotes a feeling that is at the foundation of united civic endeaver. In a town where there is constant criticism, where wrangling and back-biting are indulged in by any considerable number of persons, there is to be found little of the spirit that makes communities grow.

Bruce Barton tells of a man who made a practice of utilizing every opportunity for doing and saying courteous and considerate things. He declares that at least half of that man's millions were accumulated by courtesy and adds "and it cost him nothing." That is quite true, the cost to him was nothing and while the return may have partaken of material profit the greater gain was in his own happiness—a spiritual dividend, worth more than all else besides.

Next to self-respect, based upon consciousness of a desire and effort to deal fairly with all men and to live aright, there is nothing so stimulating to the nobler ego than an attitude of constant liking for the good points of others, the unconscious searching out and recognition of such traits, the doing of little courtesies, the giving of consideration, the withholding of the spoken word or expression of the unkind thought that might wound if uttered, the daily practice of kindliness that smooths the path of life for those with whom one comes in contact.

There is no lack of sincerity in such an attitude. It becomes a joy to those who possess it even through cultivation. And in civic life it is the force that counts in drawing men together, just as the opposite spirit of shades by practicing or withholding that courtesy which is only recognition of another's rights.

CABARRUS GOLD

Recently parties living on the Nugget Gold Mine property near Georgeville, Cabarrus county, found a nugget that weighed in the rough 12 lbs, and the net gold in it was 6 lbs., worth some $2,000. This mine has produced lots of valuable nuggets in the past. It is owned by a son of M. E. Herrin.

Cabarrus is the richest gold field in the South, its past productions prove this, and all we need is money to develop our large gold fields. They have not been worked in years. Some one should endeavor to get real miners interested in our mineral resources. There are millions in it for the one with nerve and money.—Concord Observer.

PLANS TO CREATE 'WILSON SHRINE'

(Selected)

With former Governor Harry F. Byrd as president of a national restoration association, plans now are well formulated for the restoration of "The Manse," the birthplace of Woodrow Wilson, here.

With this end in view an official opening of the Manse will be held within the immediate future. An appropriate program is now being arranged.

Governor Byrd's organization will not begin to function until times are better, but on his advice the building has been made ready for the visiting public.

The title to the Manse is vested in the trustees of Mary Balwin College, who have agreed to deed the property to a national memorial association, which will hold the property perpetually as a memorial, at what may be the net cost and carrying charges of the property to the college at the date of transfer.

Meanwhile a temporary custodian committee with the assistance of the Staunton unit of the Virginia Garden Club is caring for the property. Members of the custodian committee are Charles Catlett, chairman, A. T. Moore, M. Kivligham, Albert Shultz, L. L. Sutherland, Dr. Hunter B. Blakely, Mrs. H. McK. Smith, Mrs. Charles K. Brown, Mrs. Clara Hamrick and Mrs. A. Hume Sprinkle.

It was here, that Woodrow Wilson was born, December 28, 1856, the son of Joseph R. Wilson, pastor of the Staunton First Presbyterian Church from 1855 to 1857.

While his parents moved away from Staunton soon after the war President's birth, Wilson always referred to Staunton as his home. Many times while a youth he returned to Staunton on visits while his sisters were students in Mary Baldwin College.

The Manse is two stories, the lower full story on the west forming an English basement, which leads out into a back yard and garden.

The rear of the building also has round pillars extending from brick pedestals to the full height of the house, thus giving small porches on the upper and middle stories.

Originally there was only a small porch on the front, and the rear has been modified from time to time, but architects say it can be restored readily to its former simplicity, and would make a charming building with its grounds susceptible to artistic treatment.

Some one has said that the way to test the value and importance of the problem confronting you is to sit down and think about it—to think it through, think! think! think! Don't bother about breakfast, dinner or supper if you have a real problem. Think it through if it takes two, three or four days. Edison, Burbank, Bell, and hosts of men who have thought things through proved that you can reach hard conclusions in no other way—Think.—The Boy Agriculturist.

TEN COMMANDMENTS FOR TEACHERS ARE RELEASED

(Selected)

1—Thou shalt have enough interests outside of thy school room to make the interests in thy school room greater.

2—Thou shalt speak softly the names of thy children and show no irritation in thy voice if thou would hold their respect.

3—Thou shalt laugh, laugh when the doors bang, laugh when the little angels conceal their wings and wriggle, laugh when Willie spills the ink, and laugh when Mike brings in the stray dog. The laughter of the children will heal thine own soul of its hurts and keep the hurts from hurting thy children.

4—Thou shalt take all 'isms and 'ologies of thou superiors with a grain of salt, knowing that thou methods are sound, based upon thine own sympathy and understanding of the children before thee.

5—Thou shalt preserve the individuality of thine young people and not kill their spirits with thy cold water.

6—Thou shalt think of thy young children in the days of their older age when thou may desirest their good-will.

7—Thou shalt remember that the children before thee are a wriggling little bunch whose restlessness is natural and not necessarily caused by thy teaching. So be not offended when they wriggle.

8—Thou shalt be at all times as courteous, cheerful, and responsive as thou expecteth thou pupils to be.

9—Thou shalt remember that long after thy pupils have forgotten thy words, they will remember the spirit in which they were given, the tone of voice in which they were stated, and the manner of thy speech.

10—Thou shalt be as respectable and as little given to yawns at a teacher meeting as thou expecteth thy pupils to be at thy lengthy discourses.

THE STATE'S PLACE IN COTTON MANUFACTURING

During the past year and a little over, or since June, 1930, to be exact, the number of cotton spindles in place in Massachusetts has only about 700,000 more spindles in place than has North Carolina, whereas a year ago she led by 1,626,000.

"At the present rate of decrease in Massachusetts," says Conservation and Industry, "another year should put North Carolina in the lead in the number of spindles in place. She already leads in the number active cotton spindles, the consumption of cotton, the manufacture of cotton goods and of combed and carded yarns on a per annum basis."—Asheville Citizen.

INSTITUTION NOTES

The efficient manager of Cottage No. 15, Mr. Hilery Hoby with his corps of boys who are tonsorial artists, are busy giving hair cuts.

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Plumbers from Concord were called last week to make some repairs at the "little white house," now being used as an infirmary.

—o—

The carpenter shop is humming. There are echoes of saw and hammer heard while Mr. Alpha Carriker and his boys are repairing farm tools.

—o—

There were fewer visitors than usual last Wednesday, visiting day. This is an indication that possibly many are busy in the cotton field, or elsewhere.

—o—

Mrs. Maude Harris, who was injured several weeks ago in an automobile wreck, near Lynchburg, Va., while on her vacation, is still confined to her room we are sorry to report.

—o—

Quite a good supply of pears were gathered from our young orchard last week, by Mr. Lisk and his boys, and were preserved at the cannery. This will be a very palatable addition to our bill of fare next winter.

—o—

The local radio fans enjoyed the broadcasting of the 1931 world's series, and wherever it was possible, groups of boys and officers could be seen grouped around a radio set, eagerly taking in every word of the play by play description. At this writing the St Louis "Cardinals" and the Philadelphia "athletics" are engaged in their second successive World's Series, and while the former have some supporters here, the majority are rooting for Connie Mack, that grand old man of baseball, to bring his Athletics to the front for their third consecutive World's Series victory, something no other manager has ever been able to do.

—o—

Mr. Lawrence Presson, of the receiving cottage, has a squad of boys washing and drying peanuts. The farmers of Eastern part of the state could give some illuminating information as to the way of drying peanuts—just stack them in the field with "goobers" turned upward.

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Mr. George P. Ross, director of State owned farms, en route from Cullowhee to his home in Raleigh, stopped at the Training School last Wednesday. The purpose of this visit was to inspect the crop of lespedeza hay now being gathered. He expressed his delight with the yield of our fields, and had several pictures taken of same.

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Last Sunday marked the beginning of another quarter in our Sunday School activities, and nearly six hundred new lesson quarterlies were issued to the boys and their teachers. The Sunday school work is a very important feature of the training received by the boys at the Training School, and one that they enter into most heartily. If any of our friends should be going about the campus on Friday evenings, after the supper hour, they could step into any one of our cottages and find the boys busily

engaged in studying the lesson for the following Sunday. By strict adherence to this rule, the boys are unusually well-prepared when they take their place in the classes Sunday morning.

—o—

In going about the campus we hear considerable discussion concerning the Cabarrus District Fair, which opens in Concord next week. It has been the custom of the Fair officials for the past seven years, to permit the Training School boys to enter the Fair grounds free of charge, and as the time for the opening day draws near, the youngsters are considerably excited. It has always been a great day for our boys, and they are looking forward to the annual hike to the Fair grounds, with great pleasure.

ON MAKING FRIENDS

It is well to be genial to all, but one should be careful in the choice of friends. Friendship is more than acquaintance. A few friends, well chosen, are a joy forever. A true friend is for life. Some young folks choose their friends because they are schoolmates, or in the same neighborhood or church, and when removing to other locations they drop them and find new friends. Higher reasons should govern the formatiion of lasting friendship.

Friendship is not a mushroom quality, growing up in a few hours. Slowly formed friendships are likely to be permanent. A friend should be one you can love, trust and respect. It takes time to know who may be trusted, who should be respected. It takes experience to tell the strength of one's professions of friendship. One should not, therefore, hastily divulge the secrets of one's heart in sudden friendship. Wait till tests have been made through adversity or other things that try souls.

Choose for a friend one whose character influences to better things, not one who is careless of right and wrong. And be faithful always to the right kind of a friend. To keep friends, one must show one's self friendly with ears and listen to his advice with care.—Milwaukee Journal.

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THE UPLIFT

VOL. XIX CONCORD, N. C., OCTOBER 17, 1931 No. 42

A TASK

To be honest, to be kind; to earn a little to spend a little less; to make upon the whole a family happier for his presence; to renounce, when that shall be necessary, and not to be embittered; to keep a few friends, but these without capitulation; above all, on the same grim condition, to keep friends with himself here is a task for all that man has of fortitude and delicacy.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL
PUBLISHED BY

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

"ACTS OF GOD"

The American Red Cross refused to aid the starving children of striking Pennsylvania coal miners. The reason given by Chairman John Barton Payne is that his organization is confined, by its charter, to the relief only of emergency disasters due to "acts of God." On the other hand, the organization was conspicuous in its efforts to minister to the maimed and dying during the Great War. Is war an act of God? I doubt it. I don't think any intelligent human being can conscientiously worship a deity who advocated the slaughter of millions of innocents. On the contrary, it seems to me the urge to fight for a cause, for better living conditions, for the right to rear and educate their children decently, as these Pennsylvania coal miners are doing, would find favor in the eyes of God. If the American Red Cross is so finicky about living up to the letter of its charter it should have refused to render any aid to the American or Allied armies.—Heywood Broun.

THE KING'S DAUGHTERS VISIT THE SCHOOL

The annual convention of the North Carolina Branch of the King's Daughters and Sons, after a most profitable session in Salisbury, closed its business meeting by making a pilgrimage to the Jackson Training School. This school felt distinctively honored to have so many distinguished guests on this particular occasion. The Jackson Training School prior to its establishment, and up to the present time, has been a work of profound consideration for these noble women of the State.

The objective of this assembling of the King's Daughters at the institution, was to see the grounds appointed as a suitable place for the new chapel the North Carolina Branch comtemplates buildings as soon as funds are avail-

able. These fine women, each and every one, who make up a file and rank of splendid workers, always anticipate the needs of the boys, and with an earnestness of purpose and faith in the good work succeed in every undertaking.

The officials of the institution, as well as the King's Daughters, were glad to welcome Mr. W. H. S. Burgwyn who spent her energies, prayers and influence many years for this school. It seemed but natural to see her on the grounds, mingling with old friends she made when a member of the board of directors of the institution and as president of the North Carolina King's Daughters. We feel though that while she has been detained at home on account of unavoidable circumstances she has been at all times with us in spirit. The day, last Thursday, was bright and balmy, this added much to the pleasure and success of the meeting of the King's Daughters at the Jackson Training School.

* * * * * * * * * *

SPENT A NIGHT AT THE OLD BANGLE HOME, MT. PLEASANT

The little village of Mt. Pleasant has always enjoyed the distinction of being the "hub of Cabarrus" educationally due to her splendid institutions of learning both for young men and women. These institutions have sent out a fine galaxy of men and women who have taken their places as leaders both in the businses and professional life of the country, and we are proud to add the school there today is continuing to carry on a work that will sustain the reputation of the schools of former days.

But, there is one piece of history that does not seem to be generally known, in fact it is hard to accept for the simple reason it has never been talked. If there were a house in any town or community in which men of national reputation, either warriors, statesmen, or patriots, spent a night that house is usually marked. That spirit of pride and patriotism was visibly impressed upon the writer while sight seeing in Williamsburg, Yorktown, Jamestown and Richmond. There were points of interest to attract tourist, and these special places were marked and talked.

Just a few days ago we were told that many years ago, we could not learn the date, that Thomas Alva Edison spent a night in Mt. Pleasant at the old "Bangle home." This information was given out by a young woman of Concord who said, "I know it to be true, because aunt Jennie told me so." The story is that this renowned inventor was going to visit the Gold Hill and

Phœnix mines in search of some minerals for his scientific developments.

If this piece of information be true, this incident will add another interesting page to the history of this restful village so snugly and peacefully nestled between the foot hills of this section of the county with a scenic beauty comparable to that of any part of the state.

Let us hear if there is any doubt about Edison spending a night at the old "Bangle home," Mt. Pleasant, while en route to the gold mines of this part of the country? If this story be true it is worthy at least of note as a news item. Edison whose life is slowly ebbing is an international figure, and is one of the greatest benefactors, if not the greatest the country has ever claimed.

* * * * * * * * * *

"CABARRUS FINE WORK"—HEALTH DEPARTMENT

The prime reason for the existence of a health department and the cause of the creation of such departments and their inclusion in the body politic is the control of contagious disease in the community.

In the early days of health work, this meant only the isolation and quarantining of cases known to exist in the community, with some control of contacts.

The modern trend in communicable disease control has been toward the free use of the preventive treatments that medical science has so rapidly developed in the last few years.

Improved water supplies, sanitary disposal of human excreta, examination of public food handlers, and the free distribution of typhoid vaccine have all played a part in the amazing drop in typhoid fever within the last two decades. Fifty years ago in Cabarrus County, it was almost a matter of course that one would have "the fever" sometime or other. Now, we feel very much chagrined when a case developes, and every effort is made to determine the source of the infection and to clean up the "dirty spot." So far this year, six cases of typhoid have been reported among the 45,000 inhabitants of Cabarrus County. During the summer of 1931, complete typhoid vaccination was given 4,623 persons in the county.

The prevention of diphtheria among the young children has been a major activity of Cabarrus County Health Department for the last five years. This work has been stressed in every possible way, and it is the opinion of Dr D.

G. Caldwell, County Health Officer, that we are beginning to see the result of all educational effort along this line. The month of September showed a considerable increase in diphtheria over the state as a whole, over the figures for last year. This County should be proud that up to October 1st 34 cases were reported in 1930, while only 26 cases have been reported in 1931. September, 1931, showed 7 cases, as against 11 reported in Sept. 1930.

During the last month a special campaign was put on to reach the colored children in and around the City of Concord. Diphtheria is fairly prevalent in these sections and it was felt that time spent in immunizing these colored children would not only be a service to them but would help to protect the community as a whole.

Nurses from the Health Department visited Shankletown School, Silver Hill, and Logan School, schools for colored children, to give the toxin-antitoxin. The campaign was advertised in the churches and, thanks to the efforts of the colored pastors and teachers, the response was really remarkable. Three hundred and forty nine children received the complete preventive treatment. This means a very real contribution to the future health of these communities and one whose value it would be impossible to rate in terms of dollars and cents. N.... .. ..

If the Health Department served no other useful purpose, the activities directed toward the prevention of typhoid fever and diphtheria would more than justify the existence of this department. But these are only a part of a well-rounded program which reaches out and touches the lives of many people in our county in many ways.

* * * * * * * * * *

THE NATIONAL SHRINE—YORKTOWN

While Yorktown is best known for the great battle which was waged in and about it, and through which the great struggle for American independence was virtually brought to a close, the old town preserves valuable and interesting relics of other phases of its venerable past. ....

However, its place in history was made at the close of the Revolution when the British pride under the command of Lord Cornwallis surrendered to the allied forces, American-French armies under command of General Washington and Rochambeau respectively.

All roads doubtless this month will lead to this national American shrine to

witness the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of this surrender October 19th, 1871. On the field, as near as historians can judge, this battle and surrender will be depicted in pageantry unequaled in magnificence. To our people of the nation the Yorktown soil is sacred, it marks the beginning of a new era for freedom and liberty, significant of victory and independence, and the very birth place of the American independence—a new nation. All that we have and all that we hope to have as a nation we owe in a great measure to the victory at Yorktown. In fact if failure had met us on that day the whole trend of history we have been making for the past century and a half would have read quite differently. Instead of living under the Stars and Stripes, significant of the home of the brave and the free, our flag would have been another design floating over the nation and the high seas. The watchword during the fight for independence was "America for the Americans and to hell with the Tories." When the curtain falls upon the celebration of this memorable event, October 19th, it should not be forgotten, but a higher and greater determination to make this spot a national shrine and each year inspire a higher appreciation of the brave spirits that made the United States a reality.

* * * * * * * * * *

NO STONE THROWING

One of the latest pieces of information is that Germany has perfected a process for manufacturing wall paper from glass. It is stated the colors do not fade and the material is durable as well as washable. There is not a doubt that glass wall paper would prove most satisfactory, proving a source of economy from the view point of money and time.

Indeed there have been some highly imaginative—and quite plausible forecasts of the way glass is to be utilized—even the building of houses of glass has been one of the big ideas. Well if that comes true there will be no occasion for "throwing the proverbial stone" for every one will be "living in a glass house."

RAMBLING AROUND

With Old Hurrygraph

"Wouldn't life be lots more happy,
If the good that's in us all,
Were the only thing about us,
That folks bothered to recall."

—o—

It is true that man comes into this world naked and with nothing on his. But it's not long before somebody will have something on him.

—o—

Now that Uncle Sam shows a deficit, I feel like the old gentleman is really a near relative. One touch of deficit makes the whole world kin.

—o—

Another trouble about the so-called depression is that we have to do without so many necessities in order to continue buying luxuries. All of the high-flyers are not in airplanes.

—o—

A newspaper wants to know "why are they called 'peanut politicians?" I guess it is because they are so often roasted. And roasting improves a peanut.

—o—

It is said that Americans drank 12,357,130 bags of coffee in the year ending June 30. And at the hot dog stands I suspect they also put in the bag. They had no "grounds" for that.

—o—

A manufacturer is offering a prize of $1,200 for new uses for lead pencils. Signing order blanks would be a novel use for them these days.

—o—

The Smithsonian Institute slips us the information that man has been on the earth for 400,000 years. And yet he still takes plugged quarters in change, patronizes all the fake concerns floating about the country, and calls up somebody over the telephone and says: "Who is this?" and thinks he's going to be the golf champion next year. But give man another 400,000 years and he may improve a little.

—o—

Newspapers are breathless over the astounding feat of a railroad train that has just run eighty miles an hour. That might have been surprising some twenty years ago, but not now. There isn't the owner of any hunk of tin that is able to take gasoline into its system and go snorting down the road that won't tell you how he came from San Francisco, Chicago, or New York at something better than ninety miles an hour steady, and yessir, and I'd a gone faster but was afraid I'd get pinched.

—o—

H. G. Well, the man who writes histories, has his remedy for the world's troubles, as who has not? H. G. thinks the world should be declared bankrupt, war should be abolished, and all foreign offices, diplomatic services, arsenals, dockyards, war offices, navies, and air forces thrown on the scrap pile and the earth ruled by a dicator. Everything Mr. Wells proposes seems perfectly simple except selecting the dictator. When I see how much people are divided over the comparatively much smaller matters of selecting an alderman, or choosing a sec-

retary of a chamber of commerce, I see how difficult it might be for all of the people in the world to decide on a universal dictator. It just can't be done. By the way, the world already has a dictator, God, and if the world would pay more attention to His dictums, we would not be in the fix we are in.

—o—

To tell you the truth we, as a nation, are getting too lazy. Bought a loaf of bread from the baker's the other day and when the package got home, I'll be dinged if it hadn't been sliced. In days gone by my mother cooked her own bread. So did most of the other mothers, and how they did brag on it—and they had a right to, for it was bread, oh, boy! They came baker's bread; and now it comes already sliced. It probably won't be long before it will be buttered for you at the shop. And then after that they'll sell it to you with any kind of jam smeared on it. The noble art of reading has been lost in the mad rush for the radio and the movies. Now you just sit down and without mental effort you take in the latest news, music, plays, lectures, sermons, novels and all the rest. Can't cross the street without getting into the car and riding over. We are getting lazier and lazier as time passes. Piano music used to be popular. This generation won't even work the pedals. You just push a button somewheres. Now we have our bread sliced. Too much trouble to cut it. They may, after a while, have a machine to sit on the table and feed us. As Cleopatra said to Marc Antony, "Lands sakes! What air we comin' to?"

—o—

Saint Paul had a rare quality of tense, pithy talk. In his first epistle to the Thessalonians, for instance, he gave them advice as follows: "Rejoice evermore;" "pray without ceasing;" "abstain from all appearance of evil." He was writing from Anthens. Perhaps the most quoted sentence in this epistle is: "Prove all things; hold fast that which is good." That sentence applies to nearly all human affairs, not only to things spiritual, but to business. The business man must prove his policies. He must try them out and know them to be good, or he will fail. Having learned what is good for his business he must hold fast to it, or he will be in difficulties. It requires character to "hold fast," strength of purpose, constant attention, obedience to the sound principles of one's vocation. When profit comes from these things, the injunction applies with particular force. Profits are the good that business yields to a man. If he does not hold fast to them, but instead scatters them in places, indulgencies and gratifications, he will not accumulate, and accumulations are essential to the prosperity of any business. How many are there who do not "hold fast" to the surplus they earn, and therefore come to grief!

I had rather excel in knowledge of what is good than in the extent of my power and dominion.—Alexander.

FREDERICKSBURG AND ITS SUNDAY HOUSES

By C. W. Hunt

The Native Place of Miss Lillian Arhelger, About Whose Sacrifice So Much Was Said Last Summer, and to Whose Memory Charlotte Erects a Memorial.

When all the country was mourning the sacrificial death of Lillian Arhelger at Blowing Rock, last summer, when by an attempt to save a child's life she gave her own, a contributor to the Uplift sent a Charlotte paper to a relative in Texas, containing a picture of the falls Miss Arhelger went over; that act prompted the sender of what follows, describing the people and town from which Miss Arhelger came to Charlotte, Fredericksburg, as follows.

Sunday Houses

As you pass through the city of Fredericksburg, you will notice something which you do not see anywhere else, as far as the editor knows. They are small houses here and there over the city, known as Sunday houses.

What is a "Sunday" house, one may well ask. Is it a house in which people live only on Sundays? That's the most practical answer to the question. It's a house in which the people live on Sundays and sometime Saturday nights.

When the German settlers came westward to settle in Gillespie county, they built their churches and schools in the little town called Fredericksburg. Those who lived out in the country found it difficult to attend services at their church on Sunday mornings, since they had no way of going except with a yoke of oxen. As a result of this problem, they came upon the idea of building a small house in Fredesicksburg in which they could come on Saturday nights and remain for the following day in order to attend services.

The trip to town was made on Saturday, for in those days it took the most of them nearly all day to make it. After services the next day they would start on their homeward journey, or else remain until Monday for the return trip. Oftentimes there was some shopping or trading to do and the family came earlier on Saturday to attend to business before night.

In most cases the houses are very small and built of lumber. The largest of these houses has four rooms, and two-room houses are the general type. Many of the houses were built on small lots and contain two rooms, one downstairs and the other upstairs. In these little houses one finds all conveniences that may be had there. There is a tiny cook stove in the room that serves for kitchen, dining room, and often sitting room at the same time. In the corner is a tiny built-in shelf, which contains just enough cups and saucers, knives, plates, forks and dishes to supply the members of the family.

The table, which is small and usually covered with an oilcloth during the week—the linen one being brough in from the home—stands in another corner of the room. This with the addition of a few chairs

completes that room. The other room is the bedroom. It is supplied with enough bedding for the family; in the winter, additional bedding is taken along. Everything about these little houses is neat and tidy. They look much like doll houses, but are very commodious.

With the advancement of the times. the coming of the automobile to every home in the country, the tradition of the "Sunday" houses is gradually fading. They are not used so much, since the average family drives to church in less than an hour these days. Yet, oftentimes, families come in on Saturday afternoon to do their shopping and remain at their "Sunday" house for the night. It is a beautiful and distinctive tradition which has made the little city quaint in its own way. Passer-by often wonder at the little houses.

Many of the "older" people who have come to Fredericksburg to live have built onto the original house and have made a large home of it. They have prepared for the visits of their children and grandchildren from the country.

So throughout the years, as houses come and go, it is hoped that at least a few of the "Sunday" houses will stay to remind the com- their grandfathers and grandmothers ing generations of the way in which their grandfathers and grandmothers lived."

AMERICAN TOURISTS NOT STOPPED BY "HARD TIMES"

More American tourists travelled over-seas and in Canada and Mexico during 1930 than in any previous year of history in spite of the depression, according to a booklet on "International Payments" being distributed by the cooperative office of the U. S. Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce located with the State Department of Conservation and Development.

The increased tourist travel abroad is partly explained by the fact that 52,172 were attracted to Genmany by the Passion Play and that 3,653 Gold Star Mothers, many of them accompanied by friends, went to France to visit the American cemeteries under Congressional appropriations.

This pamphlet gives data about other items entering into foreign trade and other transactions of the United States, including merchandise, freight and passenger charges, immigrant remittances to mother countries, inter-government loans and interesting transactions between Americans and foreigners, gold shipments and many other items.—Conservation and Industry.

THE STRANGE STORY OF AMERICA'S ONLY SCOTTISH QUEEN

By Col. Fred A. Olds

It has been said by one of the greatest of historians the saddest day Scotland ever knew was that of Culloden, that terrible battle which forever crushed the power of the Stuarts, and in which so many of the bravest and best of England's northern neighbors gave up their lives and their liberty, but not their sacred honor. This battle, fateful it was, meant a great deal for North Carolina, since it brought about the emigration from Scotland to this province of more than forty thousand Scotch, members of practically all the clans, who, coming to Wilmington with their few belongongs, went up the Cape Fear river and settled near the head-waters of that stream, choosing as their chief place of settlement a place which they named Cross Creek because of the fact that two streams crossed each other there, this crossing being real and not fanciful, and this strange phenomenon having continued until a very recent period, when some improver tampering with nature changed the course of one of the streams and so ended the strange freak forever

The colonists camte over in a somewhat scattered fashion at first, beginning early in 1750, the year after the battle, but soon they poured in by thousands, and with a large body of them came a woman who had been the heroine of one of history's most notable and winning romances, this personage being none other than Flora McDonald, the bonnie Scotch lassie who had so daringly and skillfully saved "Prince Charles," the "Pretender," as the English called him, and saved him from capture and doubtless death or life inprisonment. This devoted woman, handsome and striking in appearance and manner, came over with her husband and with a great following of her own clan. The country was then forest and the Indians were only beginning to retire. It was a new world and a new life, but the Scotch, whether Highland or Lowland, faced it with undaunted spirits. Flora McDonald was naturally looked upon as virtually the head of the colony, and gentle as was her rule it was yet queenly enough. Her husband built on the very bank of one of the creeks, at a point which is now in the very center of the town of Fayetteville, a cabin using for this the logs of the forest, of which the other buildings at Cross Creek were constructed. There was a rude fort to defend the town against any possible foray by the Indians. The McDonalds lived a very industrious and frugal life, as indeed did all their Scotch compatriots, and wealth began to come to them, as wealth was understood in those days, they acquiring lands and slaves also.

When the war against the French came along in 1758, which broke the power of France on this continent, they volunteered and were in the forces which attacked and captured Fort Duquense, in Pennsylvania. The Scotch have always been a very loyal folk to an oath and they firmly be-

lieved the oaths they had taken before they left the home country bound them to give unquestioning and absolute allegiance to Great Britain. So it came about that when the Revolution came along the Scotch took what to the other settlers seemed the very strange step of standing by the King. McDonald, the husband of Flora, who had been a soldier on the other side, received the King's commission as a brigadier-general and raised the royal standard at Cross Creek, to which, to be sure, the Scotch rallied almost to a man, and they were quickly armed. One company chose as its weapon the claymore, the long, basket-hilted sword the Scotch have always loved. The patriots rose too and they determined to crush McDonald and his men. They succeeded thoroughly, for in the battle of Moore's Creek Bridge in March 1776 the Scotch were outwitted and outfought. The Scotch were attempting to get to Wilmington, to form a junction with other royal forces, the purpose of the Americans being to head them off and bring about a decisive engagement. The Scotch attempted to cross the bridge, from which the Americans had removed the planks and had also greased the remaining timbers. The advance of the Scotch was led by the company of claymore men with their great swords upon their shoulders and with their targets or shields in teir left hands. They advanced to the thrilling music of the bag-pipes, which resounded far through the pine forests, but as they attempted to cross the narrow timbers of the bridge they had to face a withering fire from the squirrel rifles of the Americans, expert marksmen all, while one or two small cannons dealt death among them. The Scotch were shot and drowned and a great many were captured, in fact the brigade was almost completely put out of action, McDonald himself being captured as well as the colors, the baggage and nearly all the arms. Sad indeed was the struggling town of Cross Creek when the almost breathless messengers arrived with the news of the disaster, and the fair Flora hastened to see her husband. Many courtesies were shown her by the loyalists, who indeed treated their captives with much consideration and no cruelty. McDonald said very frankly that he and his people had taken up arms because they felt bound by the very strict oaths they had taken to support the home government and they impressed the Americans by their attitude, so much so in fact that McDonald was allowed to return to Scotland with his wife and such of the Scotch as desired to go with them. The majority of the Scotch decided to remain in their new homes and no men have proved more devoted citizens in every way than they. In the War of 1812 they were with the loyalists and in the War with Mexico they also took part, while in the Civil War there were companies from the Scotch settlements, the names of which looked like the roll of Scotch troops in the old country.

In the hall of history at Raleigh are pictures of Flora McDonald and Prince Charlie which were obtained from Mr. Price Thomas of Fayetteville, a descendant of the McDonalds. "Bonnie Prince Charlie" was really not bonnie at all. He was a false jewel, with no real worth, only glit-

ter, and never did woman waste her efforts on a greater ne'er-do-weel than he was.

Another picture shows the quaint house which stands upon the site of Flora McDonald's home. This house which was formerly the residence of James C. Dobbin, one of the most brilliant Secretaries of the Navy this country has ever had, rises from the very water's edge and is covered with a mass of English ivy.

TRY AND TRY AND TRY AGAIN

I wonder if I'll ever learn
  To jump a funny rope?
If sister Belle can do it,
  I can do it, too, I hope.
She gives a little fairy skip—
  The rope just seems to glide
Beneath her feet, for skipping rope
  Is just her joy and pride.

But it's so different when I try.
  The rope lies on the ground,
And when I get it fixed all nice
  I give a sudden bound,
And there it hasn't moved a bit!
  So then I pull it tight,
But it just twists around my feet:
  I can't make it go right.

Now, rope, lie still; I'll jump across,
  And once again I'll try;
Perhaps in just a little while
  I'll make you swing up high,
For sister Belle says, "Don't give up,
  Whate'er you try to do."
There now it went high over head:
  I'll surely soon jump through!

By F. L. N

THE CRADLE OF THE NATION

By J. Luther Kibler

York County was first called Charles River County, in 1634, being then one of the original eight shires in Virginia. The name was changed to York in 1642. The first settlers on the York River were John Utie and John West, on King's Creek and Felgate's Creek, above the present Yorktown. John West was a brother of Lord Delaware, governor at Jamestown, 1610-1611. At Utiemaria, the seat of John Utie, the first court in York County was held, June 12th, 1633; then at York, on Wormeley's Creek, July 7, 1634. The French ordinary, or Halfway House (towards Williamsburg) became the seat in 1680. In 1697, a new courthouse was built at Yorktown. This courthouse stood until the time of McClellan's peninsular campaign of 1862. Parson John Camm, Virginia's John Alden, lived at the Halfway House at the time of his death. John West's patent became, in 1650, the famous tobacco plantation of Bellfield, owned by Edward Digges, governor of Virginia, 1655-'58. John West's son, Lieutenant-Colonel John West, was the first child born of English parents on the York River, and became the founder of West Point, at the junction of the Pamunkey and the Mattaponi, to form the York River. Bellfield is now owned by the United States Government, only several ancient tombs remaining to mark the site of the ancestral home of the once prominent Digges family.

The Town of Yorke was laid out in 1691, on land originally patented about 1630 by Nicholas Martiau, maternal ancestor of General George Washington and General Thomas Nelson. Lawrence Smith, of Gloucester County (north of the York), surveyed the Port Land into half-acre lots for a town, and his original map of Yorke is on record. Joseph Ring and Thomas Ballard were the first feoffees appointed by the county court to sell these lots. The names of the streets in Yorktown are: Main Street, and those which cross it, in order from the northwest, as follows: Buckner, Ballard, Grace, Reade, Pearl, Smith and Bacon.

In 1781, Yorktown had sixty houses and four hundred people. The population is smaller today. In the War Between the States, Yorktown was abandoned by the inhabitants, as it was occupied and fortified, first, by the Confederate forces, and then by the Federal army, during which period the Battle of Williamsburg was fought (May 5, 1862). But Yorktown is a national landmark and a shrine of patriotism, because the surrender of the British army here, to the American and French allies following a thirteen-day siege, on October 19, 1781 marks the little village as the birthplace of American independence. The inclusion of the Yorktown battlefield in the National Colonial Monument area, which links it with Jamestown Island and colonial Williamsburg, by means of a scenic highway, makes the quaint and quiet little town of York a world mecca. Concerning Yorktown, former Governor E. Lee Trinkle once said, "It is an outrage for a boy or girl of America to be bron, to live

and to die, to have enjoyed the blessings that our nation offers and never to have visited such a spot as Yorktown.''

Erected in 1706. Cradle of the American tariff system, when Yorktown was the port of entry for several Northern cities. Early in the World War, the old customhouse was purchased for a chapter house by the Comte de Grasse local D. A. R. chapter. In 1930, it was restored, with an enclosing brick wall, at a cost of over $25,000, through the generosity of Mrs. Arthur Kelly Evans, of Hot Springs, Virginia. It bears a beautiful bronze tablet recording its early history.

The monument, begun in 1881, was completed in 1885. The corner stone,, six feet in the ground, and containing more than one hundred articles, was laid by the Masonic order, October 19, 1881, a century (lacking a few days) after the old Continental Congress had resolved to erect a marble column to commemorate the surrender of the British army, and thereby the achievement of American independence. This monument is a memorial to both the Americans under Washington and the French under Rochambeau and De Grasse. At the centennial celebration of Cornwalli's surrender, President Chester A. Arthus was present, and sat in the Botetourt Masonic chair from the Masonic lodge in Williamsburg. Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, of Massachusetts, delivered the oration. This memorial, signifying victory by the aid of America's French ally, ranks in beauty and grandeur and historical importance with the Washington Monument in the national capital, and with the Statue of Liberty in New York harbor. It stands in a government plot of ten acres, and is ninety-five feet six inches high. The thirteen female figures are symbolic of the original thirteen States. Michael Glennan, of Norfolk, was the originator of the 1881 Centennial celebration, and in contemplating the meaning of this magnificant tribute to American and French heroism and bravery, as a mecca for patriots, the name of Michael Glennan, the newspaper editor, should not be neglected nor forgotten.

''A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM''

There is nothing in all the world so important as little children, nothing so interesting. If ever you wish to go in for philanthropy, if ever you wish, to be of any real use in the world, do something for children. We can dress the sore, bandage the wound, imprison the criminal, heal the sick and bury the dead, but there is always the chances that we can save the child. If the great army of philanthropists ever exterminate sin and pestilence, ever work out our race's salvation, it will be because a little child has led them.—David Starr Jordan.

ACTIVITIES OF STONEWALL CIRCLE OF KING'S DAUGHTERS

(Concord Tribune)

The Stonewall Circle of King's Daughters, since its organization in 1910, has been active in dispensing cheer and comfort wherever and whenever needed. There was a time when the Stonewall Circle was the only agency of mercy in Concord, and the membership continued, to handle the work like trained social service workers. The membership has endeavored to develop the spirit of Christian activities with the high purpose of co-ordinating the work so as to get best results.

There have been organized other societies of welfare workers isnce the organization of the Stonewall Circle, but not yet have the circle members felt that their place and work have been absorbed. Their record as volunteer workers is too well established in the minds of the people to feel the services of the King's Daughters are no longer needed. They have a tender and compassionate manner of approaching the needy, besides the general public realizes they are economists in the strictest sense—knowing how to make a dollar meet the demands of two dollars in many instances. Their influence is far reaching. The membership of the Stonewall Circle in the past few months has carried on a work that retained for them the name the order first adopted—"sisters of silent service," giving every evidence that they work for results and not for glory or pay. The following report shows the activities of the circle for the past nine months with the continued hope of serving in the future: there were 165 families visited in which were 391 children, 202 adults, a total of 593, and of that number clothing and shoes were given to 306, two homes destroyed by fire were refurnished complete, seven beds with springs, matteresses and bed clothing, 12 blankets and quilts, 31 sheets, 10 gowns, 15 pairs of shoes, (the repair work done by Shoe Hospital gratis), medicine for patients, milk for 25 undernourished children for four months, cloth to nine people for dresses and underwear (this donated), and school books for poor children—all of this done for the needy just as the cases demanded. Besides all of this the King's Daughters gave milk for 12 children at the colored preventorium.

At the request of the teachers of the Logan school, a King's Daughters circle was organized. These teachers made all of the trunks for the colored preventorium and on many occasions did much sewing for the Stonewall Circle—making school clothes for the needy. This is the aim of the King's Daughters—to stimulate Christian activities regardless of class.

We, the members of Stonewall Circle, have given our best in the past to serve those in need, and hope to have the confidence and assurance of the people of their appreciation in the future. "Service" is the watchword of the noble order that today encircles the globe.

JOHN ADAMS' ANNIVERSARY IS RECALLED

(Reidsville Review)

The date of October 3 will have a special meaning this year, as the approaching celebration of George Washington's bicentennary turns the thought of the country back to our beginnings and to the men who labored with George Washington in the founding of the nation. On that day in October, 1735, was born John Adams, second president of the United States and the man whose influence made George Washington commander in chief of the Revolutionary forces.

John Adams is thus of historic prominence for a double reason. The country owes him deeply for what he himself did directly to mold and construct our government. It owes him almost as much for what he accomlished indirectly by the employment of his influence in putting forward men even greater than himself, as he did in the case of George Washington.

John Adams, we are told by the United States George Washington Bicentenial Commision, represented the fouth generation of a race of simple Massachusetts formers. Until the birth of this one of the race, the Adamses were distinguished for nothing but hard work, thrift, and sobriety. With the appearanc of John Adams, the family brought forth a line of illustrious men that has made it a lasting model to students of heredity.

At first the youthful John Adams thought of entering the ministry, but later he turned to the law as permitting the practice of as great service to mankind. Even while studying and practicing law in a modest way, the thinker and writer appeared in young Adams, and the Massachusetts press of his day began to contain his vigorous pronouncements on public policy among the Colonies.

While still an obscure young attorney, he had the good fortune to marry a remarkable young woman, Abiglail Smith, who became an inspiring influence throughout their long life together.

It was John Adams' resolutions against the famous Stamp Act, written for the people of Braintree, which was adopted by the population of Massachusetts as a whole. Thus early he began his part in shaping the popular philosophy which led to the Revolution. And meanwhile he prospered at law, soon was given such cases as the defense of John Hancock against the charge of smuggling.

With the historic "Boston Tea Party," John Adams was fired to his real labors in behalf of the cause of Independence. Elected to the General Court, or Assembly, of Massachusetts, he soon was made a Massachusetts deligate to the first Con- He was made a member of the committee appointed to petition King George for redress of wrongs and the maintenance of friendly relations.

In the second Continential Congress, in 1775, he was among the first to believe that Independence

was inevitable and to urge unity upon the Colonies, and it was at this Congress that he nominated George Washington as commander-in-chief of the Revolutionary armies.

It is a curious fact, forgotten to lay readers of history, that John Adams was appointed chief justice of Massachusetts at this time, but was too busy with Colonial affairs ever to sit on the bench.

By 1776, John Adams was an open and stout contender for independence, and did much to prepare an opinion for a favorable reception of the famous resolutions of Richard Henry Lee which formed the basis of the Declaration of Independence. It was Adams who seconded Lee's resolutions, and the Congress promptly made him member of the committee to draft the great Declaration. Jefferson wrote of him at the time that he was a "pillar of support."

The other activities of Adams are too numerous to mention in space short of book length. He served on the Revolutionary Board of War, went as a commissioner to France, and later, in 1780, was minister to Holland. After the Revolution was won, he helped to shape the treaty of peace, and in 1785 was made minister to England. In 1788 he came home to be elected vice president of the nation under the new Constitution.

It was this vice president who discovered the proverbial shelf-like nature of the office, for in a letter to his wife he called it "insignificant." A born debater, it irked him to sit idle merely a presiding officer.

He escaped further obscurity by election as our second president. His term was clouded with many difficulties, chief of them the difference with France which for a time was so threatening that Adams was moved a second time to appoint George Washington commander-in-chief of the American army to be raised in case of open conflict. Also differences with the Hamilton faction led to a split in the Federalist party that was instrumental in Adams' defeat for re-election.

Incidentally, John Adams, second president, was the first occupant of the White House, into which he moved before the building was finished and while the new "Federal City" was chiefly forest and bog, with its streets and avenues yet to be opened.

At the end of the turbulent administration, the subjects of much criticism and controversy, Adams moved back to his old home in Baintree, Massachusetts, and filled his later years with writing of history and memories. There, away from the turmoil of politics, his old popularity and renown returned to him. He lived to see his son John Quency Adams become the sixth president of the United States, and to enjoy a restoration of his old friendship with Thomas Jefferson. At the great age of 91 he died on the same day of Jefferson's passing, and only a few hours afterward. It is of lasting historic significance that the two men left the scene of their great labors on July 4, just 50 years after the signing of the great document they had done so much to write and see adopted.

ROBERT E. LEE BORN 15 MONTHS AFTER MOTHER 'BURIED'

(Selected)

A strange story of the supposed death of the mother of Robert E. Lee, who lay in her coffin for four days and was then laid to rest in the family mausoleum for three days before it was discovered that her life was not extinct, was unfolded at a recent meeting of the U. D. C. chapter at Appomatox, Va.

This weird story having its origin at Stratford fifteen months before the son, Robert E. Lee was born, was told by Mrs. N. A. Wagers at a meeting of the U. D. C. chapter at Appomatox.

Mrs. Wagers offers as her proof some papers she found in the personal scrap book of her father, Senator S. L. Ferguson, which she produced as proof of the fact and from which she made the following extract:

"Robert E. Lee was born fifteen months after the mother had been buried. Mrs. Lee lay dead for seven days, three of them spent in her coffin in the private mausoleum of the Lee family at Stratford on the Potomac river. It was only by accident that she was discovered alive, yet she was resusciated and restored to health and lived 21 years longer in just as good health as she formerly enjoyed.

"While it is a strange story about a member of one of the most famous families in all America, and the fact is not disclosed in history, it is unquestionably authentic. There is a record of it in Tebb and Vollum in the Library of Surgeon General, Army Medical Museum, at Washington, D. C., and Mrs. Chas. H. Stuart, mother of the present master of Stratford Hall knows the story. Ann Lee was the daughter of Charles Carter of Powhatan. Her first husband was a cousin named Carter. When he died she married "Light Horse Harry Lee," the dashing cavalry leader of the Revolutionary War. Light Horse Harry Lee's wife was in very poor health for a long time before 1805 says Col. Warfield Lee. She was subject to some sort of fainting spells. Physicians did not understand the cause nor were they able to find a cure. There were four doctors present at her bedside when she died in October 1805, and all of them agreed of course that she was dead. For four days, she lay in state in the Lee mansion in a coffin with a glass lid over the casket. Then the casket was removed to the Lee mausoleum which was then a staunch brick structure splendid in its simplicity.

"In the center was a circular stairway from the level of the gound and in three tiers were coffins which held the remains of seven generations of the Lees.

"There was a constant stream of mourners in and out of the mausoleum and all gazed at the face of the dead woman but no one detected signs of life. On the seventh day, the old sexton arrived to sweep up and also to bring a belated floral offering which had just arrived. As he swept, the old man

imagined he heard a far off voice calling help, help. It seemed to cry but so weak was the voice that the sexton felt sure he was imagining. Again he heard the faint cry, but so clearly that his courage deserted him and he fled. Outside in the sun light he laughed at his own fears. 'There was nobody who could have called,' he realized. So he returned to his sweeping. He took up the flowers and began to strew them on the lid of the coffin in which lay the body of Mrs. Lee. 'Help, help, help.' Again he heard the faint voice. The Sexton looked down and staring at the face of the dead woman he saw the lips quiver and her eyes lids struggle. Frightened though he was, the old man retained enough sense to remove the lid before he went for help. Mrs. Lee was taken to the manor house and soon restored to health and lived 21 years before she died.

"Fifteen months afterwards on January, 1, 1807, Robert Lee was born. His mother lived 21 years longer to die a natural death and after young Robert had entered the Military Academy at West Point."

The above was read before the Appomatox Chapter recently and only a few members ever heard of this piece of unprinted history, while a few of the older ones recalled the facts as they heard them when they were young.

A LIVE-AT-HOME FARMER

Mr. Ed. H. McKinnon, who has a splendid home and farm just outside of Rowland, is another Robeson county farmer who lives at home and puts into practice a program that makes him almost independent of cash, but he gets a good supply of that every month from his dairy of 6 cows.

Raising plenty of corn, Mr. McKinnon uses it for money. He barters corn for flour, meal for meat, and raises everything for man or beast on his farm. He is not bothered by a fertilizer bill. He gets tons of manure from his barns and all the commercial fertilizer he used this year was paid for with his first carload of watermelons.

Mr. McKinnon has a splendid pasture of carpet grass and lespedeza clover planted by County Agent O. O. Dukes nearly ten years ago, in 1922. It requires no attention whatever, and upon the 4-acre pasture some 12 head of cattle graze from April to November every year. He has about 25 acres of pasture land in all. He says that any Robeson county farmer can have and should have a pasture and cows.

His farm of 350 acres is tile drained, with no open ditches, and his method of making every edge cut would challenge the admiration of so-called e..ciency experts.—The Robesonian.

TENCH TILGHMAN, FRIEND OF WASHINGTON

By Betty Ward

When, during October, Yorktown commemorates the famous surrender of Cornwallis which occurred in that town one hundred and fity years ago, perhaps Tench Tilghman will become a better known character of American history. Less familiar to us is the name of this messenger of the Revolution than that of Paul Revere, who six years earlier had rendered a similar service for the patriot fathers. Yet Tench carried an important, if less fateful message, and accomplished it with all the speed and efficiency that characterized Revere.

As soon as the siege of Yorktown, in 1781, had culminated in the welcome surrender of the British armies, Washington desired to get the good news as quickly as possible to Congress, which was then in session at Philadelphia. His choice of messenger fell on Tench Tilghman, who had been his faithful secretary and trusted and valued aide for five years and had been, as Washington said, "in every action in which the main army was concerned."

Tench made the long journey on horseback, the swiftest way in that day to transmit any dispatch, arriving at Philadelphia at midnight four days later. No one expected him. The town was wrapped in confident slumber, wishful for the end of war, perhaps, and yet accustomed to the drone of discord. Watchmen of the town, on their duteous round, evinced the only wakeful life in the quiet city.

Despite the midnight hour and unmindful of the sleeping stillness, Tench sought the house of the President of Congress and with noisy determination and importance, vigorously knocked on the McKean front door, arousing not only the distinguished gentleman but the slumbering occupants of neighboring houses.

Taken, at first, for a heedless roisterer and all but arrested for his unseemly disturbance, Tilghman soon convinced the gathering crowd of his identity and the authority of his message.

The wathchmen took up the cry, "Cornwallis is taken," and spread the glad news through the city. It did not take long to arouse the sleeping patriots and shortly, bonfires flashed through the darkness, tolling of bells dispelled the stillness and cannons boomed a deep assurance; right had triumphed; peace prevailed.

Lieutenant Colonel Tilghman was the hero of the hour and consequent attentions and courtesies were heaped upon him both by an impetuous and warm-hearted people and by a formal and grateful government. That very day Congress voted to reward his gallant service through the buying of a "horse with his coparisons, and a sword," which were to be presented to the massenger. Had Congress carried out this plan as expeditiously as it had been prompt in making it, it would have been better for Tilghman. It was not until four years later that he received money from Congress with which to buy the horse. Mean-

while, unfortunately, his health had failed and he was never able to ride it; and the sword was not presented until after his death, when his widow became the recipient.

George Washington thuoght very highly of young Tilghman who joined his military family as secretary to the General in 1776 and a few months later began discharging the duties of an aide de camp with the title, by courtesy, of colonel. His rank was not definitely established nor his title declared until the spring of the next year, when he became lieutenant colonel and retained this title to the end.

Tilghman was well born and came of a Maryland family of social and cultural pretensions. That Washington was extraordinarily fond of him is undisputably evidenced in the numerous letters of Washington to him and to others, some of which are now held by his decendants. In one of Washington's letters toward the end of the war we have these words of praise for his aide; "If there are men in the army deserving of the commission proposed for him, he is one of them. He has been a zealous servant and slave to the public and a faithful assistant to me for nearly five years, a great part of which time he refused to receive pay. Honor and gratitude interest me in his favor."

Though Tench was an ardent patriot himself, his father had retained his accustomed Tory principles and one of his brothers served in the British navy. These two facts gave rise to jealous efforts to discredit Tench in the eyes of his commander and to arouse suspicions in Washington as to possible disloyalty in his trusted aide. Washington, however, a man giving honor where honor was due and kindly and wisely judging his men, was never influenced against Tench through this malicious gossip. He believed in the integrity of his young aide and loved him with the faultless alection of a great heart.

Tench, sensing the situation, appreciated the confidence and trust and friendship of his superior and in a letter written home, said: "As I have never given the least handle for censure, I am determined never to do it."

Another of Washington's letters to Tench himself, written on January 7, 1783, revealed his great personal affection for the man when he wrote, "there are few men in the world to whom I am more attached by inclination than I am to you. With the cause, I hope—most devoutly hope—there will soon be an end to my military services—when as our places of residence will not be far apart, I shall never be more happy than in your company at Mount Vernon. I shall always be glad to hear from you and keep up a correspondence with you."

For the two years following the surrender of Cornwallis and the close of active hostilities Tench remained in the service of his commander and friend. He participated in that historical scene at Fraunces Tavern in New York City on the occasion of Washington's touching farewell to his officers. Tench was spared the sorrow prevalent in this gathering for it was not farewell for him. He was still privileged to accompany. Washington and stood by his side at Annapolis when on December 23, 1783, Washington surrendered his commission as commander-in-chief of

the American army.

Tilgham also soon returned to private life and died three years later at the age of forty-two. Washington again, on the occasion of his death, spoke words of high praise, which convictions grew out of their long and splendid association: "He was in every action in which the main army was concerned. A great part of the time he refused to receive pay. While living no man could be more esteemed and since dead none more lamented. No one had imbibed sentiments of greater friendship for him than I have have done. He left as fair a reputation as ever belonged to a human cahracter."

To be thus loved by so great a man, is this not fame enough?

THE MARSHAL NEY MYSTERY

(Charleston News And Courier)

The Marshal Ney mystery persists. Out of Omaha comes an interesting report that a grand-nephew of the famous Napoleonic soldier insists that his family had ample proof that Ney was not executed by soldiers, that the man Napoleon praised as "the bravest of the brave" escaped into the United States and died in North Carolina, a school teacher in his declining years. The grand-nephew declares that there was a mysterious conspiracy to save Ney, that the King of France, Louis XVIII, and the Duke of Wellington were parties to this conspiracy.

The grand-nephew says that his family knows the story in all its details. According to this statement, Ney, two days, after his supposed execution, boarded a French vessel at Bordeaux. He was at once identified by a ruddy-faced bluejacket who was holystoning the deck. This vessel, the copyrighted report of the North American Newspaper Alliance says, came to Charleston, whence Ney went into North Carolina, the great soldier turning schoolmaster. He taught classes in several places in North and South Carolina and Virginia, and died in the home of Osborne Giles Foard, in Rowan county, North Carolina, November 15, 1846.

"Only one who has gone to France to investigate this great mystery can have the faintest idea of the official forces that, insisting Ney shall be recorded as shot to death as a traitor, refuse even to permit photographs to be taken of his 'grave.' In Pere le Chaise cemetery in Paris, where Marshal Ney was supposedly buried, is a small, plain stone, with the one word up on it. 'Ney,' nothing more. We have a tradition that Emperor Napoleon III, shortly after his accession to the throne, wishing to satisfy himself as to the mystery clinging to the Ney case, had the grave of Ney secretly opened. The leaden coffin, still in a good state of preservation, contained not a bone, not one relic of a human body."

History records that Ney was shot to death as a traitor. He had align-

ed himself with Napoleon whom he had been sent to recapture on his return from Elba, he had served in the Battle of Waterloo under, Napoleon. Royalists were bitterly demanding that "the bravest of the brave" should be shot as a traitor. History is plain, but history is not always accurate. Why should a grand-nephew of Ney more than a century after Waterloo decide to tell his story to the world? "I am urged to disclosure particularly because my own son, Virgil Michel Ney, is a first lieutenant, graduated from the Infantry school of the United States army," Mr. Ney says. His father had documents that had been given him by his father. "The fear that made my grandfather flee France was always heavy upon him, and father inherited the idea of secrecy."

Here is the tale. It is colorful. It has circumstancial affirmation. It is sure to concentrate the fire of historians and other well-read people. Official documents say that Marshal Ney died the death of a traitor, and a man asserting that he is a grand-nephew says that official documents are concealing the truth. A century ago craft from Bordeaux were fairly common in Charleston harbor. Did Ney escape and come through Charleston?

THE CHILD'S ALLOWANCE

Child specialists believe that a pocket allowance works best when it is in no way dependent on work done to help in the house, but is given in order to train the child in the use of money. Help in simple tasks should be expected as a matter of course, and an allowance of some sort given also as a matter of course. Do not use the allowance as a means of discipline. Find other ways of teaching obedience or other necessary lessons. Very unusual tasks may be paid for, if the child would otherwise have a continual sense of drudgery connected with everything around the home. For example, dishwashing is something everyone should help with Everyone makes dishes dirty. Window washing, painting, mowing the lawn, cleaning the cellar, and similar occasional tasks, often a little heavy for a child, may be rewarded by definite pay, just as one might pay an outsider to do them. Where the ready cash in a family is too small to permit any pay, the spirit of teamwork can be so strongly developed that no work need seem like drudgery, unfairly imposed on unwilling shoulders.—Selected.

CHAIR BROUGHT OVER ON MAY-FLOWER

By Kathleen Shelor

It is a problem on entering the home of F. E. Johnson on Grace street, Conistone, whether to begin a profusely illustrated lesson in American history by taking a seat in his ladderback chair which was brought over in the Mayflower by his ancestor, Harry Wilder, or to take one of the popular summer short coursees by beginning only at the little school in Sterling, Mass., where Mary took her famous little lamb and where Mr. Johnson as well as his mother before him, began his education.

The chair, standing in a commanding position in the living room, usually wins in its bid for first attention, and the visitor is lost in a deep plunge into the past. For all its early ocean voyage and its centuries of service, the ancient relic does not look infirm. Its seat of woven splits damaged on a trip to St. Louis where the treasured chair was taken to adorn the Virginia building at the World's Fair, has been replaced by one of strong cord. About four inches of its legs have been worn away by long usage, leaving the bottom rounds only a fraction of an inch above the floor.

At the St. Louis exposition the chair,which is probably one of the rarest American antiques in the city, was used as a throne for the oldest woman in Virginia at that time. Mr. Johnson, who now has the chair heavily insured, relates that his parents declined to sell it although on many occasions they were offered large sums.

Displays of old china, silver, pewter and porcelain, heirlooms owned by Mr. Johnson give a glimpse of American life during the colonial and Revolutionary period. There are boxes and cabinets made by hand of artistically blended dark and light woods, shopmade tongs, candle snuffers, a pestle and mortar carved from wood, still fragrant with the pungent smell of spices ground to dust generations ago. A blue and white porcelain snuff box bearing in tiny letters the inscription, "A Trifling Gift With Much Esteem," might well be used for a vanity case by a girl of today.

Forerunner of the dark glasses worn at times by the modern motorist are the small green glass spectacles with jointed ear pieces used by some ancestor of Mr. Johnson to protect his eyes while riding horseback on windy or sunny days. The tiny black parasol with a handle about twelve inches long was carried by the ancestor's wife to shield her eyes when she accompanied her husband on such outings. An inlaid according with mtoher of pearl keys also suggests another means of entertainment of ancient era. A history of the United States, published in 17-90 is embellished with lengthy proverbs and discussions of citizenship to make it thick enough to look well in its leather binding. Other volumes of and discussions of citizenship to make it thick enough to look well in its leather binding. Other volumes of Psalms and Hymns, an 1824 history of Greece and other books with names of their former owners inscribed

with quill pens complete Mr. Johnson's antique library.

After displaying a compass and magnet used by his grandfather in the California gold rush of 1849, Mr. Johnson leads gently up to the Civil War period by displaying a pocket ink well used by a Federal soldier during his sojourn in Virginia. He also offers for entertainment a package of letters written home by the young Yankee soldier from various points in the South.

His impressions of war are not greatly at variance with those of his leader, General Sherman, and he does not hesitate to employ profanity ad libitum in his descriptions, facetiously adding to his signature the title of "presiding elder."

In his box of ancient papers Mr. Johnson has many interesting records such as a tax receipt for one dollar on a tract of 4 acres including a house and its furnishings, and receipt for 14 yards of rich figured silk which was used for a wedding dress.

Of much help to persons designing outfits for historical plays or costume balls would be Mr. Johnson's large collections of photographs to say nothing of a number of handsome articles of wearing apparel preserved since the days they were in vogue. There is a large velvet pocketbook in which Mr. Johnson's great grandmother must have carried a great many accessories, although tradition indicates that they did not include lipstick or rouge; a genuine paisley shawl, large enough for a bedspread, a fringed black taffeta evening wrap and samples of children's clothes made in the era when the sewing machine was unknown.

HOW CANADA GETS TOURISTS

The growing value of the tourist industry to Canada is brought out in United States consular reports recently made public. In 1929, it is stated, revenue from this source amounted to $300,000,000 and last year it was $280,000,000. This money, as Vice Consul Herbert of Saskatchewan says, "is wholly an increase in Canada's wealth and for that reason is exceptionally desirable. The railways have recognized the value of the traffic and to look after it have built huge and luxurious hotels and enticing parks. Motor clubs, too, have done everthing possible to encourage it."

Thus far Ontario, Quebec and British Columbia have had the lion's share of the tourist revenue. "These provinces," it is stated, "have for years conducted publicity campaigns and have had the advantage of good roads for several years." It takes publicity and good roads as well as other attractions to get Americans, who spend most of the tourist money in Canada, to go there. Here in this section we have the good roads. We need more well-placed publicity.

The money spent by tourists in Canada totals over two and one half times the gross of the cotton and tobacco crops of North Carolina in 1930.—Asheville Citizen.

STRANGE ORIGIN OF WELL-KNOWN THINGS

Anna Leake Ledbetter in Richmond County Journal

Simple little words like "barber poles," "sleeve buttons" a'nd "tips," which are used in our everyday affairs, are so commonplace, and are accepted so much as a matter of course, that it is hard to realize that they probably had a significant origin. For instance.

Barber Poles

In the olden days, a barber shop, besides being a place for shaves and shoe shines, was also a recognized news center, and gossip exchange,as it were. And the barber was a more important individual than he is today, since in addition to his tonsoral duties of shaving beards and cutting hair, he also extracted teeth and praticed surgery in a small way. Among the duties of the latter profession was that of blood letting a generally accepted "cure for all ills," a century or two ago. Whenever a person did not feel well, instead of taking a pill or dose of medicine as we would do today, he went to the barber shop and had himself bled in the arm.

In this operation of drawing blood, the patient grasped a small pole for the purpose of making his arm tense. This pole, when not in use was set up in the window, entwined with a fresh bandage to be used after the next operation. This served as a sign to the public; and after a while instead of using the actual pole and bandage to advertise his business, the barber contented himself with a red pole with a spiral stripe of white painted around it.

Of course blood letting has gone out of fashion, but barbers still use the same sign. And some, with a flare of patriotism, we see, are adding a stripe of blue to the original red and white.

Tips

Did it every strike you as somewhat curious that the small sums of money which we hand to waiter or other servants should be called "tips?" There is certainly nothing in the literal meaning of the word that is in anyway expressive of this significance. As a matter of fact the word is purely a manufactured one and came about in the following way:

In English inns and coffeehouses, it was customary in former days to have a box near the door on which were inscribed the words: "To insure Prompt Service;" a suggestion to the guest to drop a coin in for the benefit of the servant if he desired prompt service. Thus the word as we use is today was coined from the initials of the words on the box "T. I. P. S."

Sleeve Buttons

Sleeve buttons are apparently useless accessories to a man's coat, yet they served a definite purpose when first introduced at a comparatively recent date.

Federick the Great required of his soldiers, immaculate appearance when in uniform. He discovered one day that many of his men were in the habit of wiping prespiration from their faces with their coat sleeve, thus giving the coat an un-

tidy appearance. So the resourceful Frederick conceived the idea of having a row of buttons places on the upper side of the sleeve. The untidy practice was soon broken up by this ingenius means, because when a soldier attempted to draw his sleeve across his face, the buttons made him uncomfortable and he soon abandoned the habit. When the original purpose of the buttons was forgotten, they were placed on the under side of the sleeve, so as to be out of the way. So we see that the use of buttons has become a more persistent habit than the one which they were designed to break up.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Mr. Walker and his boys for the past several days have been distributing fertilizer on our fall onions.

—o—

Last Saturday the boys enjoyed for dinner the first gathering of sweet potatoes from one of our patches.

—o—

The appearance of our lawns are are somewhat improved, since the clicking of the lawn mowers that have been constantly in use. This work being done under the direction of Mr. Hartsell.

—o—

Erie Ballard, formerly one of our old boys called on friends at the Training School last Saturday. Erie informs us that he is employed in a hosiery mill in High Point, N. C., and is getting along nicely.

—o—

Mrs. Pearl M. Young, matron in charge of The King's Daughter Cottage, has been confined to her room for the last or so, on account of illness. We are glad to announce that she is able to report for duty.

—o—

Last Sunday all the boy's eyes were turned skyward, owing to the fact that the All Southern Air Pageant which was being held in Charlotte was in progress. Planes were continuously zooming over our heads.

—o—

Marius Kinder, one of our old boys was permitted to go to his home in Harmony, N. C. During his stay at the school, Marius was employed in the bakery. We hope that he makes good wherever he is situated, as he did when he was here.

—o—

Last Wednesday night Superintendent Boger and his Secretary, Mrs. Haywood and seven of our smaller boys journeyed over to Salisbury, and rendered a program which consisted of recitations and songs during the annual Convention of the North Carolina Branch of the King's Daughters.

—o—

Last Saturday afternoon all the boys assembled at the ball ground at 2:15, for the purpose of listening to the last game of the World's Series. Mr. Andrews, one of the officials at the Training School rigged up his radio and tuned in on Radio Station, W. B. T. All the radio fans grouped around closely, and listening keenly,

heard the game play by play.

—o—

Rev. T. W. Fogleman, pastor of the McGill Street Baptist Church, Concord, conducted the services in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon. Taking his text from 3rd John 1:7. In the course of his remarks, Rev. Fogleman emphasized the fact that "we all ought to be obedient." His talk was very helpful, and was thoroughly enjoyed by all present.

GET THE HABIT

Now while you have your pencil in hand will you read the following list of good habits and check off as many as you can conscientiously subscribe to and say—"That I do."

Get the habit—of early rising.
Get the habit—of retiring early.
Get tht habit—of eating slowly.
Get the habit—of being grateful.
Get the habit—of fearing nothing.
Get the habit—of speaking kindly.
Get the habit—of radiating sunshine.
Get the habit—of seeking the sunshine daily.
Get the habit—of speaking correctly.
Get the habit—of pronouncing correctly.
Get the habit—of closing doors gently.
Get the habit—of neatness in appearance.
Get the habit—of relying on self, always.
Get the habit—of a forgiving spirit.
Get the habit—of being industrious.
Get the habit—of apprehending no evil.
Get the habit—of anticipating only good.
Get the habit—of always being progressive.
Get the habit—of always paying as you go.
Get the habit—of promptness at meals.
Get the habit—of a quiescent concentration.
Get the habit—of daily physical exercise.
Get the habit—of being accommodating.
Get the habit—of being a good listener.
Get the habit—of economy—not stinginess.
Get the habit—of eating but one hearty meal a day.

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THE UPLIFT

VOL. XIX CONCORD, N. C., OCTOBER 24, 1931 No. 43

THE SEED

A wonderful thing is a seed,
The one thing deathless forever;
Forever old and forever new,
Forever faithful and utterly true,
Fickle and faithless never.

Plant lillies, and lillies will bloom;
Plant roses, and roses will grow;
Plant hate, and hate to life will spring;
Plant love, and love to you will bring
The fruit of the seed you sow.—Selected.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL
PUBLISHED BY

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

"MY WORD IS MY BOND"

Our fathers and mothers used to pride themselves in being honest. "My word is my bond," or "his word is his bond," were common expressions and they meant what they said. Dependability and reliability were woven into the very natures of those good old people. We still have a certain amount of the old time honesty, but sometimes we fear our people are slipping.

Let me advise you. Any obligation which you make—perform it. If it be for money—pay it. If you can not pay it—renew it, but never neglect it and never default on it. Your credit, not for money alone, but for good faith, depends upon it. The credit of the nation, the value of our currency, the conduct of business, our very living, depend upon the sancity of public and private obligations.—Marshville Home.

THOMAS A. EDISON

Thomas A. Edison is the greatest scientist the world has ever known. His development in the vast field of electricity after years of constant research work and experiment made possible man's conquest of darkness. To estimate his worth to modern civilization is impossible. He is the greatest man of any era, unquestionably the most useful man of any time and age—sa an inventor he was without a peer. He was a man renowned for achievements and not for applause. He folded his tent and passed to the great beyond as quietly as he moved when perfecting his invention, the electric light, that brought homes and cities throughout the world from flickering shadows to sunlight brilliance. Thomas A. Edison, known as the greatest American

inventor died in his 85th year West Orange, N. J. Sunday morning, 18th October.

* * * * * * * * * *

MRS. I. W. FAISON HONORED

It is with pleasure the Uplift notes Mrs. I. W. Faison, Charlotte, a director and true friend of the Jackson Training School, during the meeting of the State Convention of the United Daughters of Confederacy, Charlotte, was made honorary president of the North Carolina Division. This is an honor worthily bestowed, and one that can be borne with grace, because Mrs. Faison never fails to challenge the cause she cherishes with a loyality of a true daughter of the South.

Previous to this honor, Mrs. Faison has contributed to the interest and enthusiasm of State Conventions by her presence as presiding officer.

* * * * * * * * * *

THE DIFFERENT CLASSES

There are two classes in every organization—active or passive. In other words they are sometimes called workers and wishers. There is nothing startling about this statement for every since there have been organized bodies for work, one class wants success and simply wishes for it, and another wants success and wades right in and works for it. The glory of it is there are a sufficient number of workers who take their stewardship sufficiently serious to put over any proposition despite the dead timber. There are shirkers also and to say the least, they are intolerable.

But, the most disagreeable class in any organization are the ones who have ability but will not work unless things go their way. A person of that type is a strangler to any movement or any organization. There are times absolutely when under such conditions it is impossible to know just the course to pursue. It is almost impossible to find a leader who can breach the chasm with two such factions, unless the leader emphasizes the fact that the cause is greater than any individual viewpoint. By this means conditions may be adjusted and work move on smoothly. One of the greatest mistakes in life is to have too much "ego" about any thing. We must feel at all times there are others whose rights and privileges are to be considered.

One of the finest thoughts to consider in any organization is to be firm if a

principal is involved, but concede a point for the sake of harmony if another just as good is suggested. A dictator in any work politic or later has a fall. It takes a wise man to know how to develop workers, and nothing short of a nonenity ever attempts to be a supreme dictator.

* * * * * * * * * *

LET EVERY ONE HELP

Every one talks depression, but judging money spent for automobiles, shows and other non-essentials, it is hard to believe the depression is felt by the masses. It hits evidently in spots. However, conservation is the word. This is the season for "made-overs" and "pass-downs" (a term familiar with the youths in the 80's) if it is possible for people of limited circumstances to live within their income. Nature so far has yielded abundantly, more than enough for every one, the winds have been tempered, giving more time to meet emergencies of the cold winter winds, a kind dispensations of the unseen power who in a mysterious way administers to the needs of the people in these days of depression. The forecast is a hard winter. To be forewarned is to be forearmed. It behooves every one realizing conditions to be his "brother's keeper," helping by permitting nothing to go to waste in the way of food, clothing or fuel. Just watch there will be a demand for every article and each and every one who helps to relieve conditions will feel better by so doing. This is the season to mobilize to meet the demands of the coming winter months. Conditions can be met only by the combined forces of the entire community.

* * * * * * * * * *

WE DID NOT HEED

Neither did the army of the unemployed, nor the deficit, of State and nation-wide, come like the sudden rushing and rambling of mighty winds. There were many forecasts, but few heeded. We learn from old statistics that ten years ago President Harding called a national unemployment conference, Washington, to work out ways and means of livelihood for the involuntary idle; in a letter from a member of finance committee to Department of agriculture, about 1913, there is a statement to the effect that during the 10 years previous this department collected $1,320,321.72 and not a penny of it reached the state treasury. But previously this same Department thrived on

$96,000 yearly, and later on $108,000, but now, 1913, the same Department receives the enormous amount of over $200.000 nanually for expenses.

This letter carried a plea for a more conservative use of funds, so the same be used to give the country child a school term the equal that of the city child. Thank heavens. There was a request the day has come, also in this letter for salaries of clerical force of department five years ago, and that of the same year. This was done so as to have figures to give out to the members of Finance Committee of that assembly.

We are giving this resume just to show that the deficit and the menacing effects of army of unemployed was anticipated by some men of yesteryear. The whole sum and substance of the matter is we have given too little attention to public matters, and are realizing the pinch in a financial way because of the lack of information and interest. Let us hope when once getting out of this financial jam we will be fully prepared to watch the sign of the times.

* * * * * * * * * *

"COTTON IS KING"

From unexpected sources comes the remark, "if possible to arrange so as to give the farmers 10 cents for cotton there would be an instantaneous boost in business." That "cotton is king" people have learned by experience, and a great sovereign too with absolute power. Ten cent cotton would act like magic in releiving local depression. Henry Grady a peerless son of the South said: cotton is gold from the instant it puts forth its tiny shoot; its fiber is current in every bank; the little worm on its green leaf is more to England than the advance of the Russian army on the Asiatic outposts. The shower that falls upon it is heard around the world; the sun that shines upon it is tempered by the prayers of the people; it is a heritage that God gave to his people forever.

Read some of the various uses of cotton and ponder thereupon:

"Of all the products in the kingdom of agriculture cotton is the most serviceable.

"No other product contains the three essentials for life—food for man and best; clothes for rich and poor; an enricher of the soil; a destroyer of life; and a proctector of life and proverty.

"Think of what cotton means in war! Touched with nitric acid it can hurl implements of destruction more powerful than the thunder of Jove. Gunpowder and explosive shells derive their tremendous power

from cotton. A twelve-inch gun disposes of a half bale of cotton with every shot fired. A machine gun in operation uses up a bale of cotton every five minutes. In a great naval battle, five to six thousand pounds of cotton is consumed every minute in each warship. Twenty thousand bales of cotton a year was needed during the late war to provide absorbent cotton to staunch and bind up the wounds of the injured. The Red Cross nurse knows the value of antiseptic cotton, imitation silk, and bandages and padding.

The wings of the aeroplanes are made of cotton; the sails of ships are made of it; the uniform of the soldier is made of cotton; the flag under which the soldier marches is of cotton; the tent that covers him is of cotton; the sheets, mattresses, pillows, quilts and most of the blankets on his cot, in and out of the hospital are of cotton; the bandages for his wounds are of cotton; and the shroud when he dies will be of cotton.

"Cotton meal can be used to feed the stock, to fertilize the ground. Flour made from cotton has been found to be a good substitute for wheat flour; butterine and oleomargarine made from cotton seed are found to take the place of butter in some homes; an excellent salad oil dressing is made from cotton; paint, soap, harness oil, hair oil, celluloid, paper, face lotions and perfumes are among the many other uses to be made from cotton.

"No automobile can run without a cover of cotton, and cotton in the tire. No yacht can do without it; no great ships of commerce can do without it; no hospital could do without it; surgery would be impossible without it.

"If every ounce of gold and silver that has been mined, and is still to be mined were in the South, it would not bring the wealth that the monopoly of the cotton trade would bring her."

If the farmer would take care and conserve the fruits of the fields and vineyards, have bread stuff sufficient from his own harvest, meat from his pastures and other essentials for living from the dairies and barnyard, leaving cotton a clean surplus, then would return the breaking of the fullness of the day we long for. The value of cotton is known. The world is dependent upon it. The hope of the future is the conservative farmer, then will cotton come into its own, as it has done heretofore. But people are now as they were of old—they will not heed.

RAMBLING AROUND

With Old Hurrygraph

"If there's a corner in your
house
A little dark, the curtain raise;
If there's a corner in your heart
A little dark then build a blaze
Upon the ashes that are dead;
Light some new dream, and
look ahead."

—o—

One trouble seems to be that too many people are above the law, but not above lawlessness.

—o—

There are many things in the world problems I can not understand, but I see and feel the press in depression.

—o—

About the only thing certain in regard to the disarmament parley, that I can see, is that there will be a whole lot of parley,

—o—

The Federal Department of Fisheries is going to investigate the shrimp. I am glad to see some government bureau take an interest in the taxpayers.

—o—

South Dakota farmers are appealing to President Hoover to fight the grasshopper pests. I suppose Mr. Hoover will appoint a commission of grass widows and grass widowers to investigate the matter.

—o—

As we get closer and closer to Thanksgiving day I get more and more worried about just how the national proclamation, calling on everybody to give thanks for whats been showered upon 'em this year, is going to be worded so it won't sound like some body is kidding us.

The love of congress for meddling with business is to be employed in the "regulation" of the stock exchanges, it is threatened. Congress naturally would be opposed to a free market in anything. It prefers to see business handcuffed and in chains. But—business is bigger and more important than any congress, and once it gets after ignorant meddlers in earnest there'll be new faces in congress.

—o—

Dr. Mary Coolidge, of Wellesbey, thinks the most vital problem in education is how to direct the student to intelligent use of leisure. Leisure has been a problem from the beginning. How different man's condition might have been if Adam and Eve had been kept busy in the Garden of Eden! Steady work is the greatest enemy of temptation. Consult Genesis for details.

—o—

I see much in the papers about college boys being drilled by hired coaches in passes and kicks, but never a word about the work of professors in the class rooms. This does not mean that education in sports is now the whole thing, but that an uneducated mass of newspaper readers demand sporting news rather than practical knowledge that has importance in life.

—o—

I love to read the news from Washington about the five hundred million dollar bank pool. Don't you? The five hundred million dollars is what I like best of all. Five hundred million dollars! Gosh: I didn't know

there was anything like that much money left in the whole world, after what they have said about the depression. With the two dollars and fifty cents I've got that makes a world total of $500,000,002.50. Geeminee crackey, I love to say it over, $500,000,002.50. Dosen't it sound good to you? It ought to encourage everybody, and make them feel better.

—o—

A group of English architects were over in the states studying the American methods of building construction. They expressed a desire to see some of the modernistic type of homes. They were taken out to a couple of these houses, and, before entering the first one, the leader of the group announced that this was a house "without a single flaw." The Englishmen held a hurried consultation and finally one of them came over to the American architect and asked, "My word, what do the inhabitants walk upon?" That must have "floored" the American.

—o—

It would be a great satisfaction to know just what is the American language. Prof, Goodspeed—and he seems to be making good headway in his theories—of the University of Chicago, who is preparing the first American Bible, changes the verse in Proverbs, which in the King James version reads, "So shall thy poverty come as one that travelleth," to "So will poverty come upon you like a footpad." But, my, my, Professor. Is footpad typical of American usage? How many people say, "I was walking around the block and I was robbed by a footpad?" A lady at a fashionable dinner, telling of her experience in being held up on her way over, would never say she was waylaid by a footpad. She would most probably say: "I was just getting out of the car when a dirty crook gimme the works and yelled, 'Stick 'em up, sister, and make it snappy!"

—o—

I see it hinted here and there that while prosperity is to come back it is not to be the easy kind we have had heretofore. Profits are to be smaller in all lines of business and industries. Wages will drift lower. Money will be harder to save. Fortunes will be smaller. I put a plenty of salt on all such predictions. Prosperity always has certain characteristics, and the most conspicuous of them are that during such periods it is easy to make money, easy to save money, and that wealth accumulates for all who save. I have no doubt this will be the case when prosperity comes again. I believe, right now, with all my soul, that the better times are nearer than most of the people think they are. General Dawes had it right when he said that some night the American people "turn over in bed." By that he meant that depression would give way to progress. The systems are already to be seen. This great American nation are ready for the inevitable change to optimism, courage and well-being. And we shall begin on a foundation of resources, natural and financial, such as no other nation ever possessed. Be ready for it.

Greatness is the ability to stoop and serve.—Morgan.

SOME INTERESTING NORTH CAROLINA NAMES

By Col Fred A. Olds

Family names in our North Carolina are naturally of much interest. The Wills, which began in 1663, are in record books here, and so are also the originals, both up to 1760. Up to the latter date Wills were required to be filed with the Secretary of the Colony. The earliest will found is that of Mary Fortsen, January 28, 1663. Her county is not given in the will, but it has to be Albemarle, as that was the only one up to 1672, and even after that, for it was in 1672 that four "precincts" were formed out of Albemarle, the "Mother of all our Counties," It is quite odd that all these precincts became counties—Chowan, Currituck, Pasquotank and Perquimans—and that all have Indian names, of little tribes (or septs), no doubt speaking the Tuscarora language, which by the way has an alphabet.

Now then, let's look at some unusual family names: Abercrombie, Abington, Ahier, Allday, Ambros, Anclyn, Arderne, Arenton, Arlow, Bangs, Baptist, Baros, Bartram, Bustable, Beels, Befret, Bellman, Bergeron, Birate, Blaning, Blish, Blye, Bowen, Braske, Bugnion, Burnby, Callia, Camerlen, Chalkhill, Cheasten, Chapham, Cleare, Cominfort, Coste, Cressy, Crecket, Crossot, Damerell, Dans, Dansbee, Darling, Deiptt, Delohoide, Dias, Discorah, Doleer, Ellegood, Feare, Fewox, Felps, Figures, Fogg, Folorell, Foraster, ,Fortsen Freshwater, Fryly, Gammidge, Garfort, Gladstrine, Glishan, Godly, Gomm, Gonsolvo, Grills, Gumgs, Heareson, Hosea, Huckens, Islands, Ismay, Jenoure, Jevins, Joy, Kalbin, Kasewell, Keel, Kince, Lafitte, Lamberson, Learge, Legett, Leirmont, Lewerton, Loadman, Luarton, Mondovel, Mandue, Maudlin, Maule, Meeds, Mons, Moye, Muns, Nessfield, Odyer, Pacquinet, Peurice, Phenny, Pilkington, Pimbrough, Pirent, Plater, Plomer, Pritlowe, Prouse, Rapheld, Recksaker, Ref, Reordaine, Ritega, Sarson, Scaner, Scarfe, Scollay, Spetts, Sloback, Smilage, Snouck, Snoad, Soane, Solley, Somerset, Sitteall, Thoragood, Tremaine, Trueblood, Tweox, Unday, Vanluven, Walbutton, War, Warming, Waxdale, Woodnot, Wotsfood, and Answell.

The names of women in these oldest wills have interest too: such as Mary Cukoo; Perrigan Cox; Mourning Ambrose; Letessha Ansell; Lucy Putt; Rose Touchstone; Uslea Avent; Tamar Baily; Apsilla Ballard; Thankful Covell; Orpha Barrow; Lovewell Bass; Thomasina Oneal; Salome Bender; and Comfort Berry.

Now them let's take a look at a later group of people; that is after 1760, as far as say 1800. Here are some family names: Auld, Flake, Granade, Husbands, Perryman, Wisdom, Belote, Contanche, Daw, Knowis, Ristalobert, Barbaree, Reasons, Dedane, Ikner, Skeen, Charires, Leopard, Ute, Enochs, Paylet, Spurs, Arline, Char, Chew, Dadkins, Lucerf, Poppleson, Penrice, Toppinf, Coor, Grettry, Good, Horsends, Leverage, Opray, Ratterbum, Tinker, Applesbury, Dukemineer, Bomp, Gutson,

Slight, Shugold, Duacks, Falds, Prowse, Pumphrey, Puechey, Amason, Dew, Daughter, Elinor, Flory, Jelks, Maud, Permenter, Surgener, Jonakin, Daffin, Tombleys, Vaulx, Jewel, Ester, Silverthrone, Thoroughgood, Culverhouse, Friday, Pocupine, Tadlock, Choke, Rainwater, Ura, Basket.

SMILE

If our way be dark and dreary
  And there's naught that seems worth while,
Just hide the frown within
  And force a little smile.
If sorrow, pain and heartache
  Has been our lot today,
Let's smile a little broader,
  And they soon will flee away.

The beautiful shiny lily
  So pure, so sweet and white,
Forced its way through mud and stubble
  And bloomed out so pure and bright,
Then try it, friends, where'er you go,
  It's always worth our while
To hide the frown within us
  And just give a little smile.

If we give our friends a smile
  When passing them day, by day,
'Twill lighten up their burdens
  Which they carry on their way.
Who doesn't love a little smile,
  Tho' 'tis forced through tears and pain,
'Twill brighten those around us,
  And come back to us again.

Then where'er we be, whate'er our task,
  Though the way be dark and drear,
By the painful heavy burdens
  Which we are forced to bear,
Let's look up in full submission
  As an humble little child,
And send sunshine all around us
  By our cheerful, sunny smile.

By Mrs. J. Odum.

THE TRUE HISTORY OF THE COTTON GIN

Miss Rutherford's Scrap Book

It has been claimed that Eli Whitney of Connecticut, a graduate of Yale, invented the cotton gin. This is not true, for Joseph Watkins, of Petersburg, Ga., a little town on the Savannah river had a cotton gin in successful operation in 1792, and had secured a patent for it. Early Settlers of Alabama, James E. Saunders.

Eli Whitney graduated that year from Yale, and did not come to Georgia until the following year. He came as a guest of Mrs. Nathaniel Greene on Cumberland Island.

Mr. Phineas Miller, the tutor of Mrs. Greene's children, had been a classmate of Mr. Whitney and he asked to have him invited, hoping to secure for him a position to teach. While on this visit he was constantly making and mending things, showing a most inventive mind.

Some one suggested that he would invent a machine to separate the cotton from the seed, as it was such a slow process to do this by hand. They told him that the invention would bring him a fortune if he could do it.

Mr. Whitney replied that he had never seen a cotton plant, a cotton seed or a cotton boll, so he would not know how to proceed to invent a gin. Mrs. Greene offered to go with him to see a gin then being used at Mr. Joseph Watkin's home. This offer was accepted, and Mr. Watkins was very glad to show the gin to Mr. Whitney, not fearing at all that he would infringe upon his patent, for he did not invent the gin for commercial profit. He was a man of ample means, and did this simply for his own amusement. This is testified to by his family who said, when one of his nieces blamed him for not indicting Whitney for infringing upon his patent, his reply was, "Let the poor Yankee school teacher make as much money as he can."

Whitney secured his patent in 1793, one year after Mr. Watkins had secured his. It was a more practical machine than Watkins', and became more useful in every way. For this Mr. Whitney must have full credit. Whitney, too, improved upon the brush in Watkins' machine, getting the suggestion from a woman's apron. Mrs. Hillhouse of Augusta, Ga., fanned away the lint while watching the machine.

Mr. Watkins' patent came into the possession og Mrs. Martha P. Jones, who was a relative by marriage and during the War between the States when her home was burned the patent was destroyed.

It is a coincident that when the Patent Office was burned in 1836, Whitney's patent was also destroyed, and upon his application for a renewal of the patent it was refused and it was thought it was because it was an infringement upon some other patent. Whose, is not said, and in all probability was that of Joseph Watkins.

Other inventions of the cotton gin are recorded in the history of Georgia and South Carolina.

Mr. Odgen Holmes a Scotchman,

living with Col. Thomas Kincaid invented a cotton gin in Fairfield county, South Carolina. This gin ran by water. It was the first gin invented that ran by water. Mr. Ogden secused his patent 1796, which was also burned when the Patent Office was destroyed in 1836.

William Longstreet, of Augusta, Ga., applied for a patent for a steamboat in 1788, which he had invented in 1776, and when he found that the steamboat would not support his family, he applied the steam to his cotton gin, and this was the first cotton gin run by steam in the world.* It cleaned 1,000 pounds of cotton in a day.

The first Whitney gin was at Rocky Creek, near Augusta, Ga., on the Phinizy plantation and that was run by water.

The invention of the cotton gin revolutionized the cotton industry of

---

CONTRARY WINDS

"Ships sail east and ships sail west,
Tho' the very same wind may blow;
It is the set of the sail, and not the gale,
Determines which way they go."

There are contrary winds in every life. If the choice were ours we would have them otherwise. When we come to the end of some days we seem to think that everything has been against us. There are adverse winds here, and adverse winds there. It is possible for us to rebel against them and to declare that everything is dead wrong. But we soon find that does no good.

I notice that ships, whether driven by wind, steam, or electrical power make good speed even when moving in the teeth of the wind. Who of us has not seen a sail boat push out on lake or ocean and make a circuit, coming back to the place it started, though the winds blew in the same direction all the time? What the sailor did was to change the set of the sails. One of the joys of life is to lay hold of what may seem to be against us and compel it to serve our purpose. An obstacle is not put in our way to defeat us, but to test the stuff of which we are made. What one person stumbles over and permits to drag him down to defeat, another person uses as a stepping stone to higher things. Are we going to be the tool of circumstances, or will we make circumstances serve our purpose? Part of our working philosophy should be, "I know which way I ought to go, and I will allow nothing to prevent me from going that way.—Young Folks.

NO LONGER MATTER OF PROSPERITY

Upton G. Wilson in Winston-Salem Journal

to make safe for democracy was made safe for privilege instead. There is probably less real democracy in the world today than there was in 1914.

And just as children were the greatest sufferers from the war of nations, so are they also the greatest sufferers of the depression, as the pope has so eloquently pointed out. What of our progress, then since German hordes spilled themselves over the Belgian border and began their violent march towards Paris? Did the world make millions of orphans then merely for the privelege of making millions of children hungry now? What can we find to boast of when little ones ask for bread and there is none to break unto them?

How unspeakably horrible for the great and exalted of the earth to babble of increased armament and the balance of power between nations, when scores of millions all throughout the world are jobless and hungry! What a sad lack of regard there is in America for the helpless when senators and representatives think first of battleships and other implements of war and last of those who have not bread to eat.

What the world needs is not increased armies and navies but more jobs for the idle, not more talk of war and the balance of power but greater respect for the rights of humble citizens to food and shelter, not more high-hat and long-coat diplomacy but more shirt-sleeve democracy.

For every effect there is a cause.

In his encyclical of October, 3, Pope Pius XI, writing of the disastrous effects of unemployment, makes this touching reference to depression's most innocent and helpless victims, the children of parents without work:

"In the squalor of misery they are condemned to watch fading from their lives the joy and happiness which these ingenious little souls seek to find about them . . . "The little one have asked for bread and there was none to break it unto them."

The pope is not referring to European children alone but to children all over the world, as unemployment and suffering are not confined to any single nation or continent. Wherever industry and been wont to thrive are men and women without work. They, almost as much so as their children are victims of an industrial catastrophe unparalleled in modern times.

Responsibility for this financial and industrial debacle, like responsibility for the horrible war which preceded it is difficult to fix, but it is probably not too much to say that general disregard of the rights of man had much to do with bringing it on, and that the World War was spawned in the same way.

That is to say the same appalling lack of democracy in high places that brought on the World War is undoubtedly responsible for bringing on the depression, and democracy in one nation has not been a great deal more apparent than in another. The world that Woodrow Wilson wished

The depression didn't just happen. It was brought on by unwise policies of business and government. And since the depression didn't just happen, it won't just go away on its own accord. It must be driven off, fought to a finish, just as the war was fought to a finish. And for a successful conclusion of the fight new leaders are needed. Wars are rarely won by leaders who first begin them. New and more energetic minds almost always have to be brought in.

America and the world need new leadership. Men, women and children must be rescued from the spectre of famine. The issue in this country is no longer one of profitable stock trading but one of food and clothing and shelter for jobless millions and their dependents. The problem has gone beyond a mere matter of profits and prosperity. America is now face to face with a question infinitely more serious—the right of millions to eat and live.

It is idle now to talk of restoring prosperity. What this nation needs to restore at this particular moment is the shaken confidence of the jobless in their ability to ward off starvation.

THE CARELESS SMOKER

A fool there was and his pipe he lit
(Even as you and I.)
On a forest trail where the leaves were fit
To become ablaze from the smallest bit
Of spark—and the fool he furnished it
(Even as you and I.)

The forest was burned to its very roots
Even beneath the ground.
With the flowers, the birds and the poor dumb brutes,
Old hoary oaks, and the tender shoots
Which might have made logs but for such galoots,
Allowed to wander 'round.
A deadly sight are those hills of rocks
Which once were beds of green;
No hope for the human, no food for the flocks;
The floods must be held by expensive locks,
While the harbor is silted to the docks
The ships no more are seen.

But the fool smokes on in the forest still,
Leaves camfires burning, too,
While the patient public pays the bill
And the nation's wealth is destroyed for nil.
If the law doesn't get him, the devil will—
Smoker it's up to you!—Montana Wild Life.

WAKE FOREST TAKES A STAND

(Asheboro Courier)

One college in the state is taking a stand concerning the students running all over the state over week ends. Dean D. B. Bryan, of Wake Forest has expressed himself as thinking that students should spend their week end at college rather than "begging rides home or to cities." Not only does this dean thing, but he is giving notice that he expects to act accordingly and issue passes for week end trips only under exceptional conditions.

Dean Bryan is not considered old fashioned in his views when he feels that students could well spend their time in doing extra studying, or even getting acquainted with each other rather than infesting the highways to the extent they are doing at present. So prevalent has become this habit of "thumbing rides," "bummin'" or running all over North Carolina by any name one may choose to call it, that parents who are considering colleges are wondering when their children will find time from athletics and trotting around to get in a little study. Dr. Bryan is certainly putting in some good advertising for his college when he takes this stand publicly.

The time is fast approaching when parents are going to delve into this problem of educating their children more thoroughly than for the past few years, and instead of only being the person to whom bills may be sent, will consider the merits and conduct of the students in the colleges. Perhaps this is one blessing coming from the present depression of business and finances. People are being forced to seach for values in the business world and certainly this business of educating the youth should come first. Not that on education is the place to start cutting corners, but the educational system will bear investigation.

PASSING THROUGH

Silence is one great art of conversation.

Running people down is a bad habit, whether you are a motorist or a gossip.

Be careful of your thoughts; they may break into words any time.

Some people do not seem to grasp why they were given two ears and only one tongue.

The most useless exercise in the world is running into debt.

It is all right to pat a person's back to his face, but all wrong to laugh in his face behind his back.

If you must carry a chip on your shoulder, get a job in a lumber yard, where it will not be noticed.

The best portion of a good man's life: his little, nameless, unremembered acts of kindness and of love.—Trotty Veek.

ON ECONOMY

(N. C. Christian Advocate)

Economy seems to suggest to most of us a saving of expense in the management of domestic, personal, and household matters, or in the regulation and management of the internal affairs of a state or of any establishment; it inplies thrift and a disposition to save money. However, economy of time and strength is more important than economy of dollars and cents, and to secure this, work must be systematized and children trained to do it in the very best way and with the least expenditure of force. Tihs is no easy lesson; many wise men have failed to learn it, and becaust of this failure have sacrificed a higher good to a lower.

Domestic economy, both in its broader and in its more restricted sense, is a fitting household study. The word economic in its very derivation points to the home as its center. A vital truth is here illustrated, that all true economy, in business or in government, must have its center in the home. Unless there be wise management here, training in correct principles and methods, there will be mismanagement everywhere.

The first lesson to be learned in managing American homes is that true economy is honorable. Many people are ashamed to be thought economical; it is because they probably confuse the two things, economy and parisomy, which in reality are vastly different. Economy avoids all wastes and extravagance, applying money to the best possible advantage, and thus becomes what it has been aptly termed, "Parent to liberty and ease." Parsimony involves meanness of spirit and a sordid way of living and is a vice. Between the two stands frugality, leaning to one or to the other, acording to its actuating motive. Home life should train children to a wise economy, as far removedfrom niggardliness as from extravagance.

We should strive to adopt some method in economy and as far as possible adhere closely to it; spasmodic saving is not good either in itself or in its results. Some people's idea of economy never goes beyond saving a few cents here and there without any regard as to how it is saved or what principles are involved or sacrificed in the saving. This practice constitutes what is called "penny-wise and pound-foolish" policy, and the "penny soul never comes to twopence." Sometimes it is more economical to spend a few dollars than to save them.

Let us endeaver to reconize true values and always strive to avoid sacrificing the more precious things—time, health, temper, and strength—in attempting to save the less precious, money. Money can be replaced, but these once gone are lost forever. It is indeed poor economy to save money by doing work beyond one's strength which one could really afford to hire done; in some cases such saving degenerates into actual extravagance and selfishness. Others really need the work in order to provide for themselves the bare necessities of life; the ones who do the saving do not need always the luxuries that are thereby afforded, and as time goes on it becomes harder for

them to let loose of their money and to share with others less fortunate. Money spent on fine furnishings for the home may be an extravagance, but the same amount invested in an education is wise economy. Whatever helps us in our preparation for noble, helpful, useful living comes under the head of the thing unseen—"the eternal" of which Paul spoke; the others are merely material—the visible and "temporal."

The very endeaver to live on a little less than one makes thereby gaining a firmer position in the world has an innate dignity in it which tends to make a man stronger and better. All this reacts upon household life, and helps children to grow into stronger men and women. The way children get and use money is not a trivial thing; it is a vital factor in the formation of character. It is well to make them realize early in life that they as well as their parents are God's stewards entrusted by him with certain talents, and whether they be gifts of purse, mind, or heart, they are to be used in his service and to be accounted for to Him; for "what have we that we have not received?" If we can accustom children to look upon earthly goods also as talents entrusted to them by the Master, and for whose use they must give an account they will not likely become either misers or spendthrifts.

Hawkesworth says: "Economy is the parent of integrity, or liberty, and of ease; and the beauteous sister of temperance, of cheerfulness, and health; and profuseness is a cruel and crafty demon, that gradually involves her followers in dependence and debts; that is, fetters them with irons that enter into their souls."

JACKSON'S SWORD IS FOR SALE

A sword and saber that once belonged to General Jackson are for sale, and somebody ought to buy them for installation in the state house of South Carolina. the native state of Old Hickory.

The weapons were for a time on exhibition at the French Army Muselm, but were acquired by a private firm. One of the firm's members proposes to sail for the United States, if he does not find a purchaser on the other side.

"Old Hickory" got the saber from the American government itself. Its guard is in gilded bronze of acanthus leaf design, and the scabbard of sterling silver. Paul Revere and a frontier trapper figure among the decorations on it, and an inscription, in French, reads:

"Honor and glory to General Andrew Jackson, conqueror of the English, pacifier of the Indians, installer of liberty, July 1817-July 1837."

The sword has a hilt in gilded bronze and mother-of-pearl, decorated with an eagle's head and the figure of a redskin. It was presented to the victor of New Orleans by the officers who fought under him at Horseshoe Bend, Ala.—Yorkville Enquirer.

A PRISON VOICE

(Asheville Citizen)

Why not let every person committed to prison have an equal chance to gain a parole? So argues an editorial in "Prison News," a little paper published by prisoners at the North Carolina central prison at Raleigh.

The arguments in support of the proposition are both humanitarian and economic. From the economic side it is contended that it has become increasingly difficult for prisons to engage in a wide enough range of activities to assure making expenses without coming into conflict with free labor. This throws a heavy burden on the taxpayers, who must make up the deficit. Then there is the economic side affecting the family of the prisoner, not infrequently made the object of support through public appropriations or private charities.

The economic argument is now partially met by the state's use of many prisoners in road maintenance. But this is really only in a limited way, for what the state has done here is merely to take the class of prisoners that counties were already using in the same kind of work. The great number convicted of felonies are not affected by this.

From the human side, it is argued by the prison editorial that the definite prospect of a parole for every prisoner at the end of one-half or two-thirds of the sentence, for instance, would make better prisoners and better citizens afterwards. Such a parole system as suggested would be based upon the record of the prisoner with prison officials, and would not be subject to the recommendations of judges, solicitors and jurors whose recollections of the case are dulled by the passage of years. Such parole would also be based upon the ability of the prisoner to secure a gainful employment and would be continued on condition that some reputable citizen each month report to the prison authorities upon the conduct of the one paroled. Then at the end of a difinite period, say two years, if the prisoner showed definite proof of a "cure" the parole would be lifted and complete freedom restored. The bad prisoner would of course, automatically remove himself from the benefits of such a system.

With those who hold the idea of avenging punishment above that of restraint and reformation the parole suggestion is not likely to be popular. But from both the practical and humanitarian angles the suggestion appears to have merit. The prisoner whose relatives can command influence always has a strong chance of a fairly early parole. Every other prisoner who may prove himself worthy ought to have the same chance.

"Youth is crowded with opportunities.. Yet many boys and girls go blindly through it, lamenting that they have no chance."

THE RICH BOY AT COLLEGE

(N. C. Christian Advocate)

A prominent educator remarked the other day that the real problem at college is not the poor boy but the rich boy. The poor boy is apt to work his way out somehow; the rich boy is apt to do nothing himself and to prove a snare to others. Here is the real tragedy in our colleges. These idle the time away and tempt others to live as do the idle rich, even though is has to be done on borrowed money. Soon a spirit of extravagance dominates the life of the institution and all the crudities and vulgarities incident to the newly rich bear sway. An institution, no less than an individual, may become boastful, snobbish and vulgar.

After the same fashion, out in the larger world, the idle rich prove a peril by their disregard of moral standards and helpful service in their day and generation. A man who simply clips his coupons, living an idle, self-indulgent life, sociologically speaking, has no right to a place in this work-a-day world. In the days of old, many things were tolerated because of the hardness of men's hearts. But with the coming of a more Christian social order the strong will be made to bear the burdens of the weak. A social system that by heavy taxation penalizes a man for owning a cottage home while men with vast fortunes know nothing of the struggles of the hard working poor indicate that the times are out of joint. Simple justice does not prevail.

Not only do the idle rich fail to carry their load, they also set a vicious example for others. Such is the glittering pace they set that many conclude that the only disgrace is to be poor. They, too, in their poverty must live as do the rich. The old time virtues and simple habits that made their fathers great are pushed aside as a troup of modern day fads take possession. Gambling with bridge prepares the way for gambling with other people's money. The risk of getting in prison is not so bad as is the fearful disgrace of not being able to carry on with those who run the gauntlet of the newly rich. Greed gets in its work on every hand. False standards are set for the young as they are encouraged to run their vulgar rounds. Here the rich boy and the worldly-minded professor get in their most vicious work in our colleges.

Editor Beasley of The Monroe Journal has discovered that people do not like long editorials. Good discovery. Just like long sermons—they may be very good and interesting, but in this age of hustle and bustle, we have acquired the habit of rushing through with everything to the extent that our habits and nerves don't relish long drawn-out editorials or discourses. And besides, the more anything is boiled down the plainer the point presents inself.

NEW BERN MAN FOUNDED FIRST PAPER IN STATE

(Asheville Citizen)

The father of printing and also of journalism in North Carolina was James Davis, who set up a shop June 24, 1749, at New Bern and was chosen public printer at an annual salary of 160 pounds.

Besides being the father of two professions that today loom large in the state, Mr. Davis also published the first book printed in the state—"Swann's Revisal," so called because Samuel Swann was chairman of the commission which prepared it.

"Becaue of the yellowish hue of the parchment in which it was bound," relates R. D. W. Connor's history of North Carolina, "it became popularly known as 'The Yellow Jacket.'

The history further relates that during Mr. Davis' career as public printer, which extended over a period of 33 years, he issued several other revisions of the laws. In 1753 he published Clement Hall's "Collection of Christian Experiences," which, says the history, is "the first book or pamphlet so far known to be compiled by a native of North Carolina" up to that time.

In 1755, Mr. Davis began publication of the first paper in North Carolina, Mr. Connor's history continues. The book adds:

'It was published on Thursdays and bore the imprint: 'New Bern: Printed by James Davis, at the printing office in Front street; where all persons may be supplied with this paper at sixteen shillings per annum: And where advertisements of moderate length are inserted for three shillings the first week, and two shillings for every week after. And where also book-binding is done reasonably."

The Gazette was published for six years when it was suspended. In 1764, the history continues, Mr. Davis began to issue the North Carolina Magazine, or Universal Intelligencer. The Gazette revived in 1768 continued until 1778 when it was suspended because the chief reliance in business, Mr. Davis' son, was drafted into the army. How long the magazine was published is not known.

Mr. Davis' career as public printer ended in 1764 when Andrew Steuart of Philadelphia was induced to bring a printing press to North Carolina. He set up a shop in Wilmington, but when he was established the state decided not to have a public printer. Mr. Steuart was given 100 pounds for his trouble in coming to North Carolina, and decided to remain. He started publication of the state's third paper—"The Carolina Gazette and Weekly Post Boy" which had a brief existence.

In 1769 Mr. Steuart was drowned in the Cape Fear river and his press was purchased by Adam Boyd, who, according to the history, became the state's third and last pre-revolutionary printer.

Mr. Boyd started publication of the Cape Fear Mercury. This publication is said to have printed a copy of the Mecklenburg resolves

adopted May 31, 1775, Mr Connor's history says. The Mercury is said to have suspended publication shortly after printing the Mecklenburg resolves because of their "most traiterously declaring the entire dissolution of the laws government and constitution of this country."

"In Camden, New Jersey," says Arthur Brisbane in an observant paragraph, "little girls, driven by flames from Sheltering Arms Home wanted to go back to save their dolls, which shows the importance of play and playthings for children. Charles Fourier pointed out more than a hundred years ago that playing with dolls develops the mother instinct in little girls and foreshadows it, as playing with swords and toy soldiers develops another instinct in little boys."

A HYMN WRITER

(Lutheran Young Folks)

At The Service last Sunday morning as we were singing the closing hymn which begins "Take my life and let it be," I could not help thinking of two incidents in the life of the author, Frances Ridley Havergal. The first of the two occurred during her school days in Prusia where she is said to have seen in the art gallery of Dusseldorf the "Ecce Homo," a picture of the head of Christ crowned with thorns. She was deeply moved at the sight of the picture which had a profound influence on her whole life. It is believed the origin of the hymn,

Thy life was given for me
Thy blood, O Lord, was shed.

can be traced to the impression the picture made upon her.

The other incident took place some fifteen years later. She had gone to spend several days in the home of some friends. A few of them were Christians, while others were not. It was her desire to lead the latter into the joy of the Christian life, and the former to a fuller measure of consecration. To this end she prayed and labored, and her efforts, before she left the home—at the end of five days—were rewarded. She tells us that she was too happy to sleep, and spent the hours of the night in praise to God and inrenewed consecration of her own life, during which time "these little couplets formed themselves and chimed in my heart, one after another, till they finished with, 'Ever, only, all, for Thee.'" And this is how we come to have the hymn beginning, "Take my life and let it be," which has fittingly been called, "A Hymn of Complete Consecration."

BIG BOY

(Reidsville Review)

He was sitting on the lower step of the shabby old frame house waiting for her when she went out.

"H'lo, Big Boy," she greeted him cheerfully.

She forgot for the moment that she was to give a test concerning trade discount, denominate numbers, successive discount, bank discount and precentage that morning. She forgot to be sorry for the moment that she had chosen to be a junior high school teacher of arithmetic rather than music.

He wagged him tail, and looked up at her face until his eyes met hers. And old dog, Big Boy. Very old. So old that around his eyes white hairs grew, hairs that one time long ago had been brown.

"Come on, Big Boy," said Mary gently; "you take me across the streets.

The truth was, Mary was afraid he would be run over crossing that busy street, but she respected his feelings too much to let him guess that. Big Boy possessed great dignity. Once he had been the dog idol of the screen. Chidren had clapped their hands and screamed his name joyously the moment he appeared. But now Big Boy had grown stiff and tired and old. O he had his good days once in every so often, when he would do once more his well-known tricks. But these days came less and less often. For the motion pictures he was useless.

The people in the great house across the street, the Hutchinsons, had suggested to Big Boy's owner that he would be welcome there for the last days of his life. He had been there for a year, friendly toward them, but doggedly faithful to Mary, who talked to him as pretty screen actresses had talked in his heydey.

"Come on, Big Boy," Mary said again.

Big Boy sat solidly, leaning against the old-fashioned post of the front steps.

Across the street a milkman came from the Hutchinson house, a wire case of empty milk and cream bottles in each hand. He looked at Big Bog, and paused. "Did they forget the dog, or are you going to keep him?" he asked Mary.

"Forget him? Why? They're not gone?"

The milkman stared. "Why, yes, ma'am. They're all gone away for three months. I heard they were going to board the old dog out in the country while they were gone, but they must have forgotten him in the hustle of going away."

Mary glanced at her watch, and patted the old dog's head gently. "Come along, Big Boy, to the back yard. You'll stay with me, won't you?"

She took him in through the basement doorway, laid an old large pillow on the floor for him, poured a basin full of cool water for him to drink and hesitated. "You'd rather be out in the yard, outside?" she asked.

He look up at her with grateful dog eyes. Slowly he went to the door of the basement, and pushed the bolt across. He looked at her, pushed it

unlocked again, and opened the door. It was a trick he had done in the pictures.

"I see," laughed Mary. "You'll go out when you want to, and when you come inside to sleep, you'll lock the door. Is that it, Big Boy?"

She told Jerry about him at noontime when they ate lunch together. Jerry liked dogs almost as well as she did. He thought that the Hutchinsons had acted horribly to forget the old dog, nodding when Mary nodded and scowling when she scowled. But then Jerry was so in love with Mary that he would have agreed with anything she said, even if she declared the rainbow was always a red blob of crimson in the western sky.

If had not been that Mary was determined to wipe off the doctor and hospital bills for grandma Martin's last illness, for which she had signed an eight hundred dollar note at the bank, they would have been married by now. But Mary wanted to start married life without any back debt. That was the reason why she continued teaching denominate numbers and successive discount in the junior high school. But by the strictest economy she could clear off that note in three more years. Jerry insisted that it was all foolishness. Maybe journalism did not pay much, but he would manage the note someway or other. And now and again one of his special articles "caught on" at a good magazine, and put an extra hundred into his bank account.

For the next week Mary expected that some of the Hutchinsons would write to her about Big Boy. True they were scarcely on calling terms back and forth, that great gray stone house and the shabby little frame house. But Big Boy had often come across to visit Mary; and they must, she thought, know where he would go when he found the doors of the big locked against him. But no letter came to her or anyone else about Big Boy, and he settled down quietly in the little frame house, more happy than he had been at any time for years.

He enjoyed Jerry's company in the evening. Jerry talked to him like a person while Mary finished the supper dishes.

It was the night of the big storm when Big Boy called to Mary. Just a faint bark. That was all. Mary ran down stairs in time to put her arms around him and feel his tongue lick faintly and greatfully against her soft fingers.

Big Boy was dead.

Jerry with his newspaperman's instinct for a good story wrote a "string" about Big Boy and his death in the storm that had done severe damage in near-by small towns.

A week later an important-looking man came to Mary's home. "Big Boy was living with you when he died?" he asked her.

"Yes."

"Well, when big boy was going strong in the motion pictures, his owner took out a paid-up insurance policy for him. He made the beneficiary the person who should have taken care of Big Boy for the last month of his life. Have you the date he came to you?"

"Why, it was six weeks ago," said Mary. "The milkman who delivers milk across the street knows; that was the date people left."

"Then you have three thousand dollars coming to you," the stranger

told her as he pulled a long insurance policy out of his pocket.

And that was the way it happened that there was a new arithmetic teacher in the junior high school two weeks later. Mary had married Jerry, and they were honeymooning with now and a soft word for Big Boy. now and then a soft word for Big Boy.

THE TOWN OF "DON'T YOU WORRY"

There's a town called "Don't You Worry"
On the banks of River Smile;
Where the Cheer-Up and Be-Happy
Blossom sweetly all the while.
Where the Never-Grumble flower
Blooms beside the fragrant Try,
And the Ne'er-Give-Up and Patience
Point their faces to the sky.

In the valley of Contentment
In the province of I Will
You will find this lovely city
At the foot of No-Fret hill.
There are thoroughfares delightful
In this very charming town,
And on every hand are shade trees
Named the Ver-Seldom-Frown.

Rustic benches quite enticing
You'll find scattered here and there
And to each a vine is clinging
Called the Frequenet-Earnest-Prayer.
Everybody there is happy,
And is singing all the while
In the town of Don't-You-Worry
On the banks of River Smile.—Selected.

BARTLOW WELLS, BUSINESS MAN

By L. E. Eubanks

Bartlow Wells had won his reward. He had made his grade in school and applied himself honestly in his father's office during spare hours and through vacation. Now he found himself owner of the valuable lot Mr. Wells had promised him.

What should he do with it? His father had told him to think the matter over, to discuss building, talk trade and sale, and rely on himself in deciding. Mr. Wells was a business man, had become wealthy by application and hard work, and it was his ambition to make his son the only child, a prominent man in the world of affairs.

But there was one hindrance to this plan—the boy's poor health. Mr. Wells had been a farmer boy, had developed health and strength by regular work in the open air, and had never known a sick day until after the acquirement of wealth had led to an indoor life and less strenuous daily habits. Bartlow's mother was not strong, and the boy had been weakly since birth.

Overstudy and lack of exercise had kept him frail and peevish. Snatching an hour from his duties at the office one Saturday afternoon, Bartlow jumped into his father's big car, and was soon taking a second look at his real estate. Some thirty or forty boys of about his own age were in possession, and a game of baseball was at the height of its interest.

"Here, you fellows, stop this!" yelled young Wells, angrily. "This lot belongs to me; get off of it immediately."

His voice and gestures were not noticed in the excitement, so he rushed right up to the batter and blocked the game. Instantly an enraged mob surrounded him, and demands for an explanation came from all sides.

"This is my ground," repeated Bartlow. "I going to rent it to the Bellman Lumber Company, and they will want to start the erection of their sheds in a few days. You fellows get right off, and stay off."

There was much remonstrance, but the captains of the contending teams admitted that they had no real right to use the lot, and withdrew with their followers.

That evening, Roscoe Merton, captain and pitcher of one of the teams, called at the Wells home and was shown to Bartlow's room. Being slightly acquainted through school associations, Roscoe lost no time in introductory talk, but said that he had been authorized by his chums to rent the lot, provided that the sum asked was within the reach of their slender means. "What is the lumber company going to pay to you?" he asked.

"That doesn't matter," snapped Bartlow; "it's more than you fellows could pay." Young Wells seemed particularly cross. His digestion had gone wrong again, and his head ached. Also, he felt just a little mean for having broken up the game, but he determined to brave it through now.

"Well, give us a chance, Bart," smiled good-natured Merton. "Maybe we can raise it. We've been

chased off all the other places, and—''

''Don't call me Bart!'' snapped the other. ''City lots are not intended for ball games. You can't have it at all.

Still Roscoe held his temper. He started to speak, then shook his head slowly, looking at young Wells with a puzzled expression on his bright face.

Bartlow had seen such looks before; he knew he was being measured and pronounced a most unnatural boy. It was nice to be a ''little man'' among his father's acquaintances, but he winced before the calm look of astonishment in this boy's eyes. Suddenly he felt a pang of sorrow and a wild desire to be like other boys just for one day; to forget his books and fine clothes, shake off the headache, and mingle with ''the fellows.'' He was trying to choke all this back when Merton, with a hand on the door-knob, said:

''I'm sorry; the fellows will be disappointed. We had a series arranged. We couldn't raise much money, but I've got some things I could sell and—''

''Come back a minute, Roscoe,'' young Wells heard himself saying, as though in a dream. ''Mr. Bellman will not want the ground right away, so if the series wouldn't take too long—''

''Only four more games, one every Saturday,'' explained the ballplayer, delightedly. ''How much will it be for the month, Bart? ''Oh, excuse me.''

''Nothing,'' said Bartlow, letting the familiarity pass unnoticed.

Never before had young Wells felt so strong and manly as during the days following his kindness to his school mates. Boys who had formerly ignored him as a molly-coddle now spoke pleasantly and treated him like one of them. They showed their gratitude, and several members of the teams thanked him in plain words.

Incidently, Bartlow heard much baseball talk, and he found himself growing interested. One day he was contrasting himself with the husky and popular Merton. What a difference in their strength and appearance. As if divining his pearance. As if divining his thought Merton said.

''How would you like to play a little catch after school, Bartlow? We practice only twice a week, and I'd like to use my arm a little oftener.''

''Do you suppose I could?'' asked young Wells, timidly. Had he been asked to solve something difficult in mathematics or conjugate a Latin verb, he would have been at his ease, but the thought of facing the best pitcher in school, of standing at the receiving end of the battery with that awkward looking glove—this thought brought home to him how weak and nervous he really was.

''Certainly you can do it,'' answered Merton. ''With a little practice you'd make a good catcher. You're active and you've got a good eye. You could soon learn to put her down to second. Of course, you may not want to do much of it and may not have the time, but I'd like you to work with me a little, if you will.''

Bartlow was astonished at his own eagerness in agreeing to this proposal, and once under headway the boys practiced every evening—much

to Mrs. Well's satisfaction, for she felt that her son needed this outdoor exercise and fun more than he needed anything else.

Bartlow's interest increased rapidly. He attended the games on Saturday, and yelled himself hoarse for Merton's team. Not only this, but he trained privately.. Being of a studious turn, he delved deeply and scientifically into whatever he took up; so he studied charts of the diamond, got the rules by heart, and measured off the proper distance so he could practice throwing "to second." As yet his nerve was not equal to a real game, but he had the theory, was soon as good a player as most of the boys, and a much better one than he himself realized.

With the wisdom of a competent captain, Roscoe saw all this. Quietly he taught his "discovery" certain signals, and told Wells he was getting along fine. Bartlow kept his own counsel, felt better and happier than ever before in his life, and his old enemy, indigestion, disappeared after the first week's exercise. His headache, too, became a thing of the past.

The time for the last game of the series came. This would decide the long-fought question as to supremacy between the Mertons and the Tigers. Bartlow Wells was one of the first persons on the grounds; he found himself talking to this boy and that, to fellows whom he had never addressed before, who didn't belong to his "set."

Somehow, he didn't care: the main issue was the game, and if they knew anything about the chances of either team, he wanted to learn it. He found them all nice boys, they called him "Bart," and he mingled among them, obviously well liked and respected for his generosity.

He was smiling to himself at how much better "Bart" sounded than Bartlow, when Roscoe Merton hurried up, saying:

"Glad you're here, old man. We're in a jam. Kane's been hurt in an automobile accident. Will you catch?"

Others crowded around them, and Wells found himself an object of admiration. It was a distinction to take Ned Kane's place behind the bat, and a decided compliment to be chosen by Captain Merton. The game was to open in twenty minutes; the Mertons must have a catcher or forfeit the game and lose the series.

"Me?" gasped Bart.

"Sure," answered the captain, handing him the glove. They walked away together, and as they separated, Roscoe replied: "Just use the signals I showed you, and do your best. I know you'll make good."

The game was a close one, Merton's team winning by one run. Bart was the hero of the hour. He had lost his self-consciousness after catching a few balls, and had played a cool, brainy game. Aside from a little weakness at the bat, he seemed an old hand.

"You're all right, Bart," said Captain Merton. Just this, but it meant worlds to young Wells.

The next day was Sunday. At breakfast, Bartlow said: "Father, I don't know yet what I'll do with the lot, but, in the meantime, I'm certainly having a glorious time with it.

INSTITUTION NOTES

BARNHARDT PRIZE

3rd Quarter

For several years our good friend, Mr. J. J. Barnhardt, having the welfare of our boys in mind, has been giving our school department seven dollars each quarter to be used in any way the teachers wish. This is an incentive to the boys to do better work and proves a very valuable stimulus. This gift is designated as the, "Barnhardt Prize."

The winners for the third quarter of 1931 are as follows:

Grade 1—Jesse Tyndall, greatest improvement in studies.

Grade 2—Everett Lassiter, best speller.

Grade 3—Jno. Flannery, highest general average.

Grade 4—Homer Smith, highest general average.

Grade 5—Wayne Coble, greatest improvement.

Grade 6—Russell Smith, highest average.

Grade 7—Graham Bost, highest average in English.

—o—

The farm force is endeavoring to get the oats in the ground before the cold weather.

—o—

Mr. Carriker and his carpenter shop boys have been making repairs on our grand-stand.

—o—

Marvin Cook, who is in the "Little Cottage," recuperating from an attack of Scarlet Fever, is improving nicely. He will be in quarantine until the 28th of October.

Mr. Leon Godown, our printing instructor, who is now in New Jersey visiting his mother, is expected to return in a few days.

—o—

Supintendent Chas. E. Boger visited Gastonia last Wednesday to attend a Welfare meeting being held in that City.

—o—

One of our boys, Irvin McBryde of the 10th Cottage had brought to him the sad news of the death of his baby brother. which occurred in Draper N. C. All the boys were visibly touched and expressed their deepest sympathy for McBryde.

—o—

New boys are always arriving. They are first sent to the Receiving Building and after preliminary requirements of the institution the boys are detailed to the various cottages. This has been some of the work of the School the 15th and 16th of this week.

—o—

Never in the history of the school since our boys have been attending the Cabarrus Fair have they realized a more delightful outing. This annual trip made possible by President J. F. Cannon and Dr. T. N. Spencer giving the school passes, is anticipated by the 500 boys with genuine pleasure. To provide for the comfort and ever increasing appetite of a normal boy the school sent over to the Fair grounds a 2 horse wagon loaded with juicy sandwiches, a truck of milk

and a wagon of ice water. One can easily see the boys had nothing to do but eat food, and be merry, a privilege they enjoyed to the fullest extent. The J. T. S. boys will always have a tender spot in their hearts up to the age of old manhood for Mr. Cherry, manager of the Model Shows, who passed them in free of charge with all privileges of the riding devices. Tired, but still unwilling to admit the same, the 500 boys started on the return homeward hike with neither a misdemeaner or accident to mar the days pleasure.

YOUR MENTAL GARDEN

Resentment is an ugly thing,
It crowds the roses out:
Keep your mental garden fair,
Put harmful things to rout.

Seed-thoughts that you cultivate
Within your fertile mind,
Bring forth varied blossoms
According to their kind.

Anger, malice, worry, fear,
Are noxious mental seeds;
Quickly rid your mind of them
Before they choke as weeds.

Faith, gentleness, humility,
Truth, patience, unselfed love,
Are specimens of seedlings rare,
Approved of God above.
Your mental garden is a place
In which you daily dwell;
Let nothing ugly flourish there,
Safeguard and tend it well.

Grenville Kleiser.

CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XIX CONCORD, N. C., OCTOBER 31, 1931 No. 44

Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

"I do not know, I cannot see,
What God's kind hand prepares for me,
Nor can my glance pierce through the haze
Which covers all my future ways;
But yet I know that o'er it all
Rules He who notes the sparrow's fall."

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL
PUBLISHED BY

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

THE WORLD AS A MIRROR

There are those who are found that always lament the fact that something is wrong, when asked the question, "How is the World Treating You Today?"

Smile into the face of the world, and a smile comes back—render good service to others and a good service is returned to you—show a spirit of helpfulness and that spirit will surely send back aid to you in like kind—think good thoughts and the same good thoughts will be of you.

After all the world is a great mirror which truly reflects thoughts, acts and ambitions of every individual.

No one should cloud his vision, poison his mind and dwarf his soul with the false imagination that the world is not giving him a square deal.

The only way to avoid getting a square deal from the world is to not give the world a square deal. The world always treats everyone right, and if something is wrong, it is either the people in it, or yourself to blame.—Reidsville Review.

THE PROTESTANT REFORMATION

October 31st is known as Reformation Day. Millions of Protestants of every name pause on that day, or on the Sunday nearest October 31st to recount the great work of Martin Luther which was begun when he nailed on the door of the "Church of all Saints," Willenberg, 95 Theses, or propositions against the corruptions which had crept into the church of that day.

Martin Luther was the son of a poor miner. He was born November 10th, 11 o'clock at night, 1483, just nine years before Columbus discovered Ameri-

ea.

day, there was not a more entirely unimportant-looking pair of people, than this miner and his wife. And yet what were all Emperors, Popes and Potentates in comparison? There was born here, once more, a Mighty Man; whose light was to flame as a beacon over long centuries and epochs of the world; the whole world and its history was waiting for such a man. It is strange, it is great. It leads us back to another Birth-hour in a still meaner environment, over eighteen hundred years ago,—of which it is fit that we say nothing, that we think in silence, for what words are there!''

Luther was one of the many poor boys who have changed the course of history. In his early school days he sang before the doors of his village for bread. He was not only fortunate in the piety of his parents, but also he was most richly blessed in his teachers.

One of his teachers said, ''I always raise my hat to my boys, I know not what boy of my class may become a world leader.''

When Luther posted his 95 Theses the printing press scattered them with incredible rapidity throughout every country in Europe as though the Angels had been the postmen. Luther was soon branded as a heretic. All persons were forbidden to read his writings. He was asked to recant within sixty days, or he was to be seized and sent to Rome and to be dealt with as a heretic. Luther in reply publicly burned the papal decree at one of the gates of Wittenberg.

Luther was then summoned before the Diet of Worms to give an account of his writings. His friends were unwilling for him to appear at the Diet, but he replied, ''Though there be as many devils at Worms as there are tiles on the house tops I will go.'' When asked to recall, or recant his writings, he refused, unless his teachings could be shown inconsistent with the Bible. ''Here I stand, I cannot do otherwise, God help me.''

Great effort was made to suppress the doctrines of Luther, yet they gained very rapidly so that in the year 1529 there was summoned a second Diet at Spires to consider the spread of Luther's teachings. It was decreed that no one should do anything to spread his teachings until a general church council should investigate them and pronounce upon them. A large number of the German princes and a great number of the cities issued a formal protest against the action of the Diet. On account of this protest the followers of Luther began to be known as Protestants. The name Protestant soon became applied to all Reformers who had pulled away from

Rome.

Just as the Disciples were first called Christians at Antioch, so were the Christians first called Protestants at the Diet of Spires 1529.

Luther and his followers never desired that the church be called Lutheran after the great Reformer, but that the church should be called Evangelical (Gospel) Church.

Today eighty millions of people are adherents of that great Protestant church. She rejoices in her glorious history. She does not believe that she, or any other body, denomination can rightfully claim to be the "only saving" church outside of which there is no salvation.

She rejoices in the successes of all branches of Protestantism—and in the Counter Reformation in the Roman Catholic Church which in our day is so faithful in good works.

* * * * * * * * * *

HALLOWE'EN NIGHT

Hallowe'en night, October 31st, will soon be with us again. It has on many previous occasions been an evening of fine sport for our boys, but on account of the economic question many such festivities have to be eliminated. The name is given to the eve of All Hallows, or the festival preceding All Saints. In England and Scotland it was long given to fireside gatherings, with many ceremonies by which to discover a future sweetheart.

With the average American youth it is an occasion for myths and spooks that swarm the streets, besides many other ways of penetrating the future by fortune telling that has a charm and thrill for the average young person. It is a festival that is thoroughly enjoyed by young people—and why-for there is a mystery that veils the entire celebration?

* * * * * * * * * *

"BE A FRIEND OF THE POOR"

To know something of the life of people as told in the little story in this issue of the Uplift, captioned, "Friend Of The Poor" is an inspiration and incentive to do something for the unfortunate if there had never been a

suggestion of the milk of human kindness in our natures. The story reveals the sweet impulses of the Strauss family, foreign born, but American by adoption. No one can be truly successful in the business world without happiness, and happiness does not come to the selfish individual who lives for self alone. The business of every soul, let it be large or small, should be not to make a fortune, but to make some life happy or happier. The example of the lives of the Strausses as told in this short story is one worthy to follow.

The greatest trouble with the world today is the masses of people have shown a decided selfish, greedy spirit, a spirit that has already proven a retribution to some who have prospered at the expense of their fellowmen. To have lived the life of service and sacrifice, with a high sense of consideration for each and every one, regardless of creed or nationality, position, high or low, gives a happiness that money can not buy. If to make "a life and not a living" were adopted as a slogan there would be greater prosperity and more contentment prevailing in the world today. A store house of genuine happiness diffused would be of greater value to a country than vaults of money not used for the benefit of mankind.

* * * * * * * * * *

A FINE VISION

We understand from the "Prison News" that an inventory of the three state prison farms, has been taken in order to find out the inmates who are musically talented. The objective of this move is to organize an orchestra, using the "recreation fund" to purchase instruments. There were found more than twenty inmates who played by ear or note some instrument ranging from the harmonica to the pipe organ. In the list, musically talented, were included music teachers, orchestra leaders and another who had broadcasted over the radio for three years. This makes a fine nucleus for a splendid orchestra that will chase away the gloomy thoughts of the past and the future, besides inspire a finer spirit and give cheer to the entire institution.

Nothing could be finer and we commend the management for making a move to bring into the lives of the inmates so ennobling and refining recreation. To either the temperamentally inclined or the most sordid, immovable sinner the influence of good music will have a tendency to obliterate the past and give a brighter outlook for greater and better things.

The officials of the prison boastfully say, "we have the talent and we're going to put it over, and soon North Carolina State Prison will have an orchestra the state will be proud of." We fully realize that a prison sentence in the minds of some spells disaster or eternal damnation, but it should not, because it is the duty of the state to save a soul by reformation. " 'Tis human to err, but to forgive is divine." Our one aim should be reformation and not punishment. Under circumstances of all kinds and with all classes reformation by developing the finer characteristics of humanity and not punishment for a misdemeanor should be emphasized. It is evident that Manager George Ross Pou knows the value and effects of music in a life for he is making an effort in the right direction. Madame Schuman-Heink has given expression to the thought that in a musical nation crime is not prevalent and she is accepted as authority. The only way to eliminate bad thoughts or desires is to plant better ones by making a finer environment.

JUST AROUND THE CORNER

When you're feeling kind of "bluish"
  And life dosen't seem just right
When the sunshine seems to darken
  And the day turns to night,
Don't give up and start to worry
  If your ship begins to list
Maybe just around the corner
  Is the joy you've always missed.

RAMBLING AROUND

With Old Hurrygraph

"Don't you mind about the triumphs,
Don't you worry after fame;
Don't you grive about succeeding,
Let the future guard your name.
All the best in life's the simplest,
Love will last when wealth is gone;
Just be glad you are living,
And keep cheering someone on."

—o—

A lot of time is wasted in this world by people trying to get things for which they have no earthly use. And some of them do not know what to do with them when they get them.

—o—

A total of 23,042,840 automobiles were in use in the United States, compared with 20,098,059 telephones, December 30, 1930. This would indicate that Americans do more riding than they do talking, I cannot believe it.

—o—

There's a lot of bunk being written about reduced wages and salaries. They always are inevitable when business is bad. Under severe conditions business must reduce expenses and living standards must conform to conditions. Any other idea is nonsense.

—o—

Dr. Manning says Christians are inert, and Dr. MacLeod gives a new slant at heaven, where he declares all work. "The Kingdom of Heaven is a working institution," he says, "where men are always busy." This is an inspiring view, because it implies ability to work. The old idea of flying around and playing a harp has passed out.

—o—

A young Texan entered the registrars's office of a college in Texas with a fruit jar in his hands. He put it on the registrar's desk and said: "There's your money." It was to pay his tuition, and totaled $318, all silver. It was a fund saved to pay for fine cattle to improve a diary herd, but says a Houston paper, "his parents decided they would improve their son first." It is not that way in too many families.

—o—

H. G. Wells, upon landing at New York, opined that civilization is goto pot and that something ought to be done about it. He allowed the way to fix things up right away is to assemble the truly brilliant minds of the world for a few moments, the truly brilliant minds being left to straighten out our difficulties. It's a grand idea, but if Mr. Wells will find any two of the brilliant minds of the world that will agree on what is the trouble and how to iron it out, then all will be well. But up to the hour of going to press I cannot think of any brilliant mind of the world that will agree with another brilliant mind. Not even Mr. Wells.

—o—

Do you realize what the concentration of hundreds, or even thousands, of minds upon a given spot or subject can do? There are cases on record where people have died from adverse mental thought currents di rected towards them. The power of thought is terrific. If we were liv-

ing the ideal life, prayer should precede every act of our lives, even the most minor every-day affairs. But as most of our every-day acts are purely selfish, we don't bother with such things. One dosen't have to be narrow-minded, bigoted and goody-goody to link up with the spiritual forces of the universe. There is nothing that I detest more than straight-laced intolerant religionists. To me they are real stumbling blocks to spiritual fundamentals as taught by the Man of Galilee.

—o—

Sorrows, in this life, are like clouds which darken our skys while passing over, but as soon as they have passed the sunbeams fringe them with silver lustre, and make them glisten with variegated tinting of rarest loveliness. They are made to look like floating islands of gorgeous splendors in a sea of silver and gold. Sorrows are the nights of the mind. When they are upon us we feel the blackness of their rayless shadows. Ere long a rift is made, the gloom begins to lighten, the sunbeams of resignation fall among the clouds of bereavement and the shadows catch the silver tintings of brightest cheer and solace, and we see the glory light of God's mercy in all af it's richest effulgence.

—o—

We human beings are hard to understand. Down in Rio de Janeiro the National Coffee council has given authority to destroy a large part of the coffee crop. It was only the other day that a man on the street touched me for a dime to buy a cup of coffee. Now, why should tons and tons of perfectly good coffee be destroyed —oh, well, I just can't figure it out.

"Hello, all my friends in America," said George Bernard Shaw over the radio the other night, in beginning a talk on Russia, and added, "and how are all you dear old boobs?" Boobs? Ah, let us one hundred per cent Americans rise up in our might and rebuke George Bernard in scathing language, or sue him for slander! Or send somebody to give him a sharp slap on the wrist! Boobs? He calls us boobs! But privately and between ourselves—let us think this over. Boobs, Boobs? Now I wonder! Boobs, Let us think it over.

—o—

America, yea, the world, mourns the loss Thomas Alva Edison, and is now paying homage to the world's greatest benefactor. His was a full rounded life of service to his fellow man. Modest, genial worker, the warmhearted friend, who shed all pretense and shams, who was just a man, in the fullest sense of the term. He knew nature as a child knows it's own mother. Every incandescent lamp, evey electric bulb, is the voice of Edison, and a shining monument to his genius. We all are the poorer for his death. He held the radiant twinkling of the glistening jewels of the sky a trembling captive, and the world has become a shining type of the bright and glittering world above. The earth has become opulent with the riches of the splendor realms on high. Methinks I almost heard the rustling of angel's wings, as they wafted from their viewless pinions, some precious fragrance of Heaven as a blessing for mankind, as they welcomed his spirit on the shining shores of eternity.

THE FORMER MANAGER VIEWS CALEDONIA

By Howard C. McNair

Accompanied by Mr. Archie Leitch, Mr. Neil Gilchrist and Mr. Murdock McLaurin, all Scotland County banner farmers and business men, I made a trip this last week to the Caledonia State Prison farm. Personally, I have a peculiar interest in the farm, I am always interested in its activities. With a high-powered Chrysler and guided by the expert hand of Mr. Gilchrist, we arrived at the farm about nine o'clock Friday morning. There were about one hundred and fifty invited guests there, all coming to make personal inspection of the State property and especially to inspect the crops on this most excellent farm. Soon, we were joined by Mr. George R. Ross, Director of "State-Owned Farms." After greeting each other, the visitors were formed into an autocade and a trip around the farm was taken. First down the "short water dyke" into the "second low ground," where we found a most excellent crop of growing corn, practically matured, then up the dyke we traveled for a long distance inspecting more corn. Next we viewed the various crops of peas, beans, potatoes, and the immense 157 acre garden that feeds the one thousand prison farm population, and where every variety of vegetables are grown. All along every route that was taken, evidences were seen of small grain in the piles of straw that yet remained in the fields. It is my information that there were 1,500 acres of wheat grown this year.

Then, we took a trip to the June Tillery farm, of which the State has under cultivation about 1,200 acres. This farm is mostly planted in cotton and cultivated largely by negro prisoners. However, cotton is not the only thing grown on this farm . A large acreage is devoted to corn, peas and beans, all of which showed remarkable fine growth and fruitage. The cotton in a large part, in-so-far as we could discover, was free from boll weevil infestation.

One of the interesting features of our trip around the farm was the visit to see the hogs. There were 860 immense hogs, fat enough to kill. We were shown 160 brood sows. From this farm there has been shipped this season, so I was informed, about a car load a month for the northern market, and in all probability will continue throughout the season. All the hogs are of the Hampshire breed, and the prettiest lot I have ever seen. I was informed that a limited number of gilts were available for disposal to the public.

Returning to the camp, we were invited to a feast of the good things grown on the farm. Numerous vegetables were served, products from the dairy, and a wonderful barbecue and chicken dinner, with all the trimmings that go to make it so popular. After dinner, the Chairman of the Board, Mr. Bunn made a few remarks, as did Mr. George Ros Pou, Superintendent of the Prison. The 150 guests were amply fed and delightfully entertained by the Prison authorities, chief of whom was Superintendent Raines, assisted by Mrs. Raines and many of

the good women, residents of the colony.

I have the pleasure to present a synopsis of the crops that have been harvested up to this time of the year. This embodies the report prepared by Superintendent Raines to the Board of Directors.

These are the crops that are grown and already harvested for the year 1931.

Wheat, 1,500 acres, 36,887 bushels; oats, 450 acres, only 270 acres thrashed, 12,127 bushels; rye, 350 acres, 150 thrashed, 4,493 bushels; barley, 150 acres, 97 acres thrashed, 3,274 bushels; making a grand total of grain thrashed of 56,776 bushels.

The crops that are not harvested, navy beans, 342 acres; soja beans, 479 1-2 acres; cane, 125 acres; corn, 2,136 acres; cotton, 1,190 acres; hay, alfalfa, etc., 180 acres; peanuts, 890 acres; black eyed peas, 33 acres, field peas, 404 1-2 acres; Irish potatoes, 30 acres; sweet potatoes, 121 acres; vegetables in the garden 157 acres.

All the food crops grown on the Caledonia farm are used in the support of the prison population, except the hogs, which are marketed because of the fact that there is no cold storage plant in operation at the farm. However, I learned that it is proposed to, put in a cold storage plant at an early date, so that the meat may be cured and used instead of buying it from the outside.

I was informed that a crop of 100,000 bushels of corn is expected and from 900 to 1,000 bales of cotton from a corn acreage of 2,136 and a cotton acreage of 1,200, and from all appearances their expectations will more than be filled.

Caledonia farm is a great piece of property. On the dykes we noticed that the trees were being taken off. This has been recommended to the Prison Board by the Board of Conservation and Development, as a safety meausere. However, this work has been suspended during the harvesting period, also as a safety measure because of the fact that taking out the large trees, it is necessary to dig immense holes in the ground and refill. It was thought best not to disturb the solid earth in the dyke during the period of harvesting the bountiful crop. From the trees on the dyke they have already secured a large portion of their fuel for the winter, both for the operation of the steam plant and camp use.

We, as visitors from this section desire to extend thanks to Mr. George R. Ross, Director of State-Owned Farms, Mr. George Ross Pou, Supintendent of the State Prison, and to each of the Board of Directors who so graciously received us and entertained us. We trust to be again the guests of these gentlemen at their next annual entertainment,

---

There is as much difference between faith and belief as there is between water at rest and water in motion. Believing is faith in motion. Unbelief is the great sin of the age—the sin that shuts up Heaven—the soul's mittimus to Hell—the sin that damns the soul.

HALLOWEEN—ORIGIN AND CUSTOMS

(Charlotte News)

From time immemorial it has been the custom to celebrate the last day of October, "Halloween" as it is generally called, because it precedes All Saints Day. It is recorded in history that long before the wise men of the east proclaimed the birth of Christ, that a great festival was held on this date by Druid priests.

There are many ways to amuse and many schemes to try for a peep into the mysterious future. A hostess may select those they consider most unique and effective. Of course Jack O'Lanterns must glow from every nook and corner of the rooms and such refreshments served as seem appropriate for the season. Mulled cider is an excellent drink, grapes, apples and nuts should be served, while a dutch lunch served at midnight is ideal. This may consist of rye bread, cider, coffee, potatoes and nut salad grilled herrings, olives, cheeses, and the great "mystery cake." This is cut for by drawing lots, it being considered a great honor to cut the first slice.

Inside the cake tiny white bags have been inserted under the icing containing flour, which indicates a rich marriage, sugar love, cornmeal means that you will have to work for a living, an empty bag foretells single blessedness for the next year. Fortunes may be told by the traditional Three Bowls.

Place three bowls, or saucers (as they are more convenient), on a table, one filled with water, one with milk and the other empty. Each maiden is then blindfolded, turned around three times and started in the direction of the bowls. If she slips her finger in the water she will marry a bachelor, if in the milk her husband will be a widower, while if her finger touches the empty dish she is fated to remain single. After each one makes the test the order of the bowls must be changed so as to prevent those who watch from knowing which is which.

The "candle" fortune is always popular. Place lighted candles in an open window, and the one which burns the longest is the one who will remain faithful to the end; of course, the candles are silently named before being lit.

Fortune telling peanuts are prepared by taking out the nuts and putting in a tightly folded paper on which is written such words as "wealth," success," "journey," "brunette," "blonde," etc. Mix these nuts with the others and they will make lots of fun.

The devil does not care that a Christian believes that God is able and willing. Nor does he care for his believing that God will do it some time. No; it is faith in the present tense that the devil dreads—believing that God does it right now.—Caughey.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL COMMISSION

(Charity & Children)

The Constitutional Commission created by the Legislature of 1931 has been called by Gov. Gardner to meet at 11 o'clock on October 22 to study the state constitution and recommend changes to the 1932 session. This plan was adopted instead of the original plan to call a constitutional convention to revise the constitution or adopt a new one. Many changes have come about since the old constitution was framed that call for new pronouncements that ought to be made at this time. The commission named by Gov. Gardner is composed of excellent men and are as follows: Chief Justice W. P. Stacey, Judge John J. Parker of the Circuit Court of Appeals, Judge Michael Schenck of the North Carolina Superior Court, Congressman Warren Lindsay of Washington, N. C., Burton Craige of Winston-Salem. Commissioner A. J. Maxwell, George Butler of Clinton, Dr. Clarence Poe of Raleigh, and J. O. Carr of Wilmington. This is a wise appointment of fine citizens and they will do their work well and furnish a constitution that will be thoroughly up to date and adapted to the needs of the new day in which we are living.

PEDESTERIANS HAVE RIGHTS

The fellow on foot at least may get a break. There is a decision in his favor.

The court of appeals of the District of Columbia recently was claimed for a woman who tried to get across a street when the green light indicated safety, but was caught and run down when the light changed before she could reach the curb. Defense claimed the victim was negligent.

But the court of appeals said: "The condition of traffic in our crowded streets is such that travel by pedestrians is at best difficult and dangerous. If their absolute right to enter upon a crossing the signal permits is nonsustained, they would be almost without protection. Entering under this nivitation they cannot be charged with contributory negligence if the signal switches when they are in the street."

That is a rebuke to those automobile drivers who persistently ignore fact that sidewalks also intersect vehicular highways and that people who walk have rights.

The ruling makes clear first that pedestarians have the right to cross streets in safety when the signal light invites them and should not be forced to jump for their lives to get out of the way of a driver who whirls around a corner; and, second, that pedestrians caught in the middle of the street by the changing of the signal cannot be ruthlessly run down. "The obligation in this case," says the court, "rests upon the drivers of automobiles not only to observe the situation, but to wait until the crossing is clear."—Reidsville Review.

FRIEND OF THE POOR

By Ruth Arnold Nickel

Across the ocean, in a tiny town of southern Germany near the river Rhine, where grapes ripened in the summer sun, and fat ducks waddled down the village streets, there was born a blond, blue-eyed Jewish baby, as fair as any of the German children who went to the little German school or played in the forests outside of the city. The baby was named Nathan Strauss, and his parents and his older brother who lovingly watched him as he smiled and gurgled in his cradle, did not know that his name would one day be known and loved throughout the world, and that because of him the lives of many thousands of other babies would be saved.

Until he was six years old little Nathan played in the sparkling air and bright sunshine of Bavaria. He watched the older boys and girls go strolling along the forest paths, singing the beautiful folk songs of Germany to the accompaniment of mandolins and guitars. The silvery tinkle of cowbells was familar music to his ears. He did not know then that there were crowded cities with crooked, dark streets, where sickly babies cried in rooms that never saw the sun.

Nathan's father, Lazarus Strauss, was a well educated man, the descendant of a Jewish family that had been prominent in Europe in the time of Napoleon. He owned land and a grain business in southern Germany, and found time to take part in politics as well. However, a revolution had occured in Germany in 1848, and the country was much upset. It was difficult to make a living, and the Strauss family at last decided to go to America.

Having come from a little village in Bavaria, Lazarus Strauss went to a little village in America—Talbotten, Georgia. Here he opened a store, and in two years he was able to send for his family. Nathan was no longer the baby, for there were now three boys instead of two. The Strausses were the only Jews in that part of Georgia, so the boys went to a Baptist Sunday school, for, though they remained Jews throughout their lives, the family respected the Christian religion and believed that its teachings would help their children. Many people did not know that they were Jews, because they were all fair and blue-eyed, but the boy's parents taught them to be proud of their race which has produced so many brave and generous people.

During those early days in Georgia the family was very poor, but the business grew and the father began to need more help. This was before the Civil War, and Mr. Strauss found that he could rent slaves from neighboring farms. So kindly did he treat them that many slaves begged to be hired out or sold to him. When the war broke out, Lazarus Strauss went into the army, and the boys, now in their early teens, carried on the business. With battles raging throughout the south, the boys found it difficult to secure things people wanted to buy, the business which had been so carefully built up fell off, and the family was soon in debt. Following the war, they again found themselves living in a country torn

by the struggles of battles. The Strauss settled all his debts, dollar for dollar. With very little money left, the family moved to New York, where Lazarus Strauss opened a glassware and crockery business. The oldest son went into the business with him, and Nathan was sent to a business school.

When Nathan Strauss was graduted from the business school, he, too, went into his father's business and through his efforts the family established connections with one of the largest department stores in New York, in which they opened a glassware department. Nathan was sent to Germany to buy glassware for the business, and while he was there he fell in love with a girl whose name was Lena Gutherz. Her last name, which, in English, means "good heart," seemed to describe her character. The young couple were married and came back to live in America.

Some years later, Nathan went on another business trip to Europe, this time with his wife and two-year-old daughter. In the year 1892 there were no steamers which crossed the ocean in four days; a trip to Europe was a long and slow voyage. Because there were no refrigerators or ice manufacturing plants such as we have now, it was difficult to keep food and milk fresh on the ships. The baby girl was taken sick. There was no fresh milk to give her, and before the trip was over she died.

When trouble comes to them, many people think only of themselves and of their own sorrows, but some, like Nathan Strauss, begin to wonder how they can prevent similar things from happening to others. Already Nathan Strauss and his brothers and his good-hearted wife had done many things to help poorer people, but now they began to think especially of babies. Down in the side streets of neighborhoods in New York there were thousands of sickly babies whose mothers could not afford to buy milk for them. Others were fed on milk from dirty, little stores, and the Strausses knew that milk could carry the germs of disease which would prevent the babies from growing up into healthy, red-cheeked boys and girls.

About this time, the great French scientist, Pasteur, began to make experiments with milk, to free it of disease-bearing germs. Nathan Strauss was so interested in these experiments that he read everything he could find about them, and finally spent his money for a trip to Europe to see them at first hand. He returned to America with the resolution that he would make these new methods available to the poor people of New York. He had made a great deal of money in business, but instead of using it for himself and his family alone, he now began to set up booths in the public parks where mothers could buy purified milk at about half of the price of the unpasteurized milk which was sold in the stores. Mr. Strauss also arranged through the Board of Health to have this milk furnished to doctors who worked among the poor.

During the years 1893 and 1894

there was much unemployment, and conditions were even worse than they have been during these last few years. Winter came and many people had no coal and no food. In New York City Mr Strauss and his wife opened four lodging houses where people could receive a night's lodging and breakfast for five cents. He gave away food and coal to many, many people. Mr. Morgan, the millionaire, gave him fifty thousand dollars to help in this work, but this was the only time he received money from anyone else to help in his charities. It was the money which he had himself earned which bought milk for the sickly babies and fed and warmed the poor.

When the World War broke out, Nathan Strauss, now an old man, gave thousands of dollars to war work. Throughout his life he had never stopped to think whether needy people were Jews or Christians; when he could help them, he helped. But now, following the war, the land of Palestine was being opened up to the Jews of the world. Nathan Strauss had seen poverty-stricken Jews in the cramped tenements of the East Side of New York. He had toured Europe and seen them in the ghettoes of Poland and Russia, where people who thought themselves Christians had hated them because of their race, where the governments had forbidden Jews to own land, and where people had thrown stones at their shops, and had often beaten and even killed innocent people merely because they were Jews. How wonderful it would be, thought Nathan Strauss, if these poor, persecuted people, could go back to Palestine where they could have their own country, their own schools and their own farms. Again he threw his efforts and his money into a cause to relieve suffering, and through his efforts many poor Jewish families returned to the land of their ancestors.

When he was seventy-five years old, Mr. Strauss was asked how much money he had given away during his lifetime. He replied that he did not know, but he did know that the money which he had given away had brought him more joy than the money which he had spent on himself. His greatest pleasure was in realizing that he was doing good in the world.

Last year his wife, who had been his companion in all of his good works, died. He had never learned to be without her, and this year Nathan Strauss, now an old man, followed her. To the beautiful new Jewish temple on Fifth Avenue in New York his body was carried, and around it gathered the great people of America. Rabbis and Christian ministers stood side by side. There were college presidents and millionaires, a mayor and prize-fighter, and there were present, too, hundreds of poor people whose lives had been saved and whose burdens had been lightened by this great friend who had loved all men as brothers. His splendid life will be long and gratefully remembered.

Not our fields but our faithfulness matters.—McKay.

LUTHER'S GREAT LIGHT

By Julius F. Seebach

A heavy cloud, black with trouble and disaster, hung over the devoted little city of Wittenberg during the winter of 1521-22. Here was the new university established by the great Elector, Frederic the Wise, which Luther's teaching had raised to fame. Here Luther had made his noble protest against the traffic in indulgences, and nailed his ninety-five theses against the traffic upon the door of the Castle Church. From here he had gone to his triumph at the Diet of Worms, but he had not been allowed to return. If Luther had been at home, many thought, everything would have been different, because of his great infiuence with the people. Unfortunately he was many miles away in the Wartburg Castle, where he was lodged in friendly confinement by the Elector of Saxony for protection.

It was during this absence that two of Luther's associates had come into prominence as leaders in fanatical religious opinion. These were Carlstadt, a professor in the university, and Gabriel Zwilling, an eloquent Augustinian ex-monk. The whole city had been greatly excited by the arguments of these men. Every morning crowds thronged the crooked narrow streets, seeking the city's churches to hear how wrong it was for men and women to become monks and nuns, and for the clergy to be compelled to remain unmarried by the authority of the Church; how the Roman Church had robbed the people by taking the cup from them in "the Lord's Supper;" how pictures and images of saints defiled the churches, and should be removed; how people should eat meat and eggs on Friday and other "fast days" to show their freedom from the old priestly bondage.

Carlstadt at least proved his sincerity by encouraging and aiding monks and nuns to renounce their vows, and retire from their monastic retreats; by inducing the Town Council to pass an ordinance ordering the removal of "idols" from the churches; and finally by celebrating with much display a great public wedding with the daughter of a poor nobleman.

Now none of these things seem wrong or out of place to us today. All Protestants recognize that the monastic life of monks and nuns is an unhealthy form of religious devotion; healthy form of religious devotion; they also appreciate the moral and sympathetic value of the Prostestant parsonage. Protestantism has also put a wise restraint on the use of images, and the over-emphasis of fasting. Luther and his saner associates recognized this just as clearly; but appreciated the power of old associations also, and so they were moving slowly. To the consciences of those who had lived long with these ancient practices, these radical teachings seemed like shocking and dangerous innovations, and their hearts were troubled over these violent actions which seemed to be resulting from the Lutheran Reformation. It was for these that Luther moved with patient caution.

But worse things occured. Three religious enthusiasts came that win- from Zwickau, a weaving centre. These men—Nicolaus Storch, Thomas

Stubner and Thomas Munzer—claimed to be prophets, with a peculiar gift of visions, dreams and revelations from God and the Angel Gabriel. They used these special gifts to cast discredit on the Bible as the chief revelation of God. They naturally denied the value and need of a regular minister, and objected to infant baptism. They predicted the overthrow of the existing social order, and the establishment of a millennium in which the common people should rule. In fact, they taught many things which nowadays are considered a part of the Russian Soviet system.

Through these agitations the people were roused to frenzy. They grew impatient with the deliberate procedure of the Town Council, and invaded the churches to tear down and destroy the pictures and images of the saints. Orderly services in the churches were rendered impossible because of the constant interruptions and disturbances of those who shouted out the new vision and prophecies they had received, or else offered original inventions of their own. Influenced by the prophetic teaching, Carlstadt proclaimed the uselessness of all human learning; advised students to leave the university and work with their hands, and, laying aside his own academic robes, put on a peasant's coat and went to work on his father-in-law's land—for a little while.

Revolution was in the air, and there was no telling what might happen. Then men thought more than ever of Luther, and some sent him Wittenberg's need of him. Even before Christmas Luther had come secretly into Wittenberg to study the situation; but he did not interfere then, because he expected better counsels to prevail. The coming of the Zwickau prophets spoiled that. Now he did not hesitate, but sent word to the Elector of his intentions. In reply to the Elector's protest, and his inquiry what Luther would do, he said, "Do nothing at all but trust in God alone." And so he went, declaring simply, "My conscience would not allow me to delay longer. It is my flock, entrusted to me by God."

An interesting picture of Luther on the way is given by two Swiss students who were traveling to Wittenberg to study. They came into the inn of the Black Bear at Jena, greatly fatigued and soaked through by a violent storm, and humbly sat down on a bench just inside the door, as became poor students. Inside the guest chamber they saw a knight seated at a table reading the Psalms in Hebrew. The knight was Luther, dressed in the costume he had used at Wartburg, and one well suited for this dangerous journey. He was no longer the emaciated monk, but stout and sturdy, and erect to the point of bending backward.

Glancing up, Luther spied them, and invited them kindly to sit at the table with him. His bright, dark eyes and keen questions soon won the story of their ambitions and in return he gave them wise directions for their studies. On account of his dress they thought he was Ulrich von Hutten, who had recently been crowned the poetlaureate of Germany. This amused Luther greatly, and turning to the host, he said, "Behold, I have become a nobleman over night. These Swiss think I am Hutten; you take me for Luther." When the students were leaving they begged to know his name, but his only reply was to recommend them to

Dr. Schurf, to whom they were to say, "He who is coming greets you." Several days later, when they visited Dr. Schurf in Wittenberg, they were abashed to find their tavern companion there ahead of them, and to learn that he was really the great Luther.

Luther acted promptly to restore peace. On Sunday he appeared in his old pulpit, and for eight days he preached to the gathering crowds. With the utmost tact, full of faith in his cause, full of charity and patience for his foes, he overcame their influence as he refuted their arguments. He practiced on this occasion, what he had always preached, that the reformation of the Church must be effected by patience and love. No one was to be forced by violence; faith must be wholly voluntary, and ancient practices and prejudices must not be rudely shattered.

Luther's triumph was honorably accomplished, and complete to all appearances. And yet there were many who were silenced, but not convinced. They were disappointed in Luther, whose saner spirit they could not appreciate at that time. Too many, especially among the common people, had suffered so much from the exactions of the Church that they could not be patient with anything that reminded them of the old tyranny they had endured.

The scene changes. Instead of watching a crowd thronging the narrow streets of a city, swayed by demagogues, and driven by rising passions, we are introduced to numerous estates, great and small, all over Germany, each with its castle or strong tower, in which free nobles, with some armed retainers, face grave difficulties. Powder and cannon have reduced their value as warriors; the great princes have largely replaced their free services with standing armies of paid mercenaries. Consequently their natural income has been reduced, while at the same time the increasing wealth produced by the new commerce, and the rising standard of living in the cities and towns have added to their burdens until they have become insupportable.

Strange things were happening in the world then, just as they are happening today for similar reasons. New nations were rising into being; the growing merchant class, and the banking system that developed with them, gave new value to money-wealth as over against the land. The floods of gold pouring in from the newly discovered Americas added to the problem. Those who lived by the land were confronted by a desperate situation. Their land no longer gave them an assured position. The wealthy merchants and bankers were even replacing them in favor at the courts of the princes.

It was a sorry situation which faced this great class of free nobles, who were so called because they owed no allegiance except to the Emperor. This middle class between the great princes and the peasants were driven to dangerous makeshifts. Many sought to turn an honest penny by collecting dues from the merchants who ventured too near their gates. The Hohenzollerns got their name, and accumulated wealth and power, by that practice; but for the most of them it was a hand to mouth existence which grew steadily worse and hazardous. Something had to be done.

By common consent these free

nobles chose Franz von Sickingen, a rich and powerful "Freiherr," to head the revolt by which they hoped to retrieve their position. From the beginning they sought to enlist the influence of the reformation movement on their behalf. Many among this class were ardent admirers of Luther, and supporters of the Reformation. No doubt they expected, through Luther's teaching, a reduction in the privileges and possessions of the Church, and thereby some profitable pickings for themselves. Hutten, one of their number, and the companion and counsellor of Sickingen, was a warm friend of Luther, to whom he wrote, urging him to declare for the free nobles; but Luther refused to take sides. He suspected that Hutten and Sickingen were interested in political motives which alone concerned Luther. Indeed, Luther wrote to his friend, Spalatin, "You see what Hutten wants. I would not have the gospel defended by violence and murder."

But this did not stop Sickingen. He had expected that decision on Luther's part, but he also remembered Luther's violent words directed against the excesses of the ecclesiastical and secular princes. These he shrewdly used in his public declarations, believing that they would gain for his cause the sympathy of many among the lower clergy and the still humbler peasants. With this also in view he directed his first attack against the prince-archbishop of Treves.

It was a clever move, for if he had succeeded the free cities would likely have joined forces with the free nobles, and the Emperor, who had no former occasions used Sickingen on important missions, and borrowed large sums of money from him which still remained unpaid, would have looked with favor on his success. In the late summer of 1522, therefore, he gathered his ten thousand trained mercenaries and, with the other free nobles, made a mass attack upon Treves—and failed.

The revolt collasped quickly under a vicious counter-attack by the princes. The walls and towers of the free nobles were destroyed with plebeian gun powder, and they themselves were scattered to become paid mercenaries in foreign courts, or outlaws with little followings of desperadoes, or mere dependents in the courts of their conquerors. They had their day, and ceased to be; in their stead the changing order produced in the merchant and artisan development the new middle class with which we are at presnt acquainted.

The Lutheran Reformation lost many friends through the destruction of this still influential class. If they had continued to exist they would likely have retarded, or even prevented, the later shackling of the Reformation in the state churches of the princes. Under possible wise leadership they might even have cooperated to their mutual advantage with the other sufferers from the land—the peasants. In that event the history of the Reformation would have been greatly different, for there would have been no Thirty Years' War with its painful aftermath.

Again the scene changes. The panorama of castles and knights, with their touch of romance, is rolled up, and beyond them there appear the rude huts and caves of the peasants with their hopeless inhabitants. If the new order in the world

had improverished the free nobles, it had ruined the peasants. In a few short generations, with the help of the revived Roman Code, they had been bound to the land as serfs. And now that the nobles were gone, it remained for them to supply all the taxes demanded of the land—the burdens the nobles had formerly borne, and the payment of the warfare just ended.

A revolt was bound to come. Luther had already pointed out the festering sore of this situation to the princes, and prophetically warned them of approaching disaster. The outbreak, when it came, arose over a trivial thing, as most wars usually do. In August, 1525, the Countess of Lupien summoned her peasants on a church holiday to pick strawberries for her table, and to gather snail shells on which her woman might wind skeins of wool. Perhaps it was the sight of the free peasants across the river in Switzerland which struck the spark, for they flamed into instant revolt. It spread from estate to estate, far and wide, until the princes were thoroughly alarmed, and promised to correct the abuses. But this they did really because most of their armed retainers were with the Emperor in Italy at the time.

Influenced by these promises the armed peasants gradually disbanded. But during the winter months, wherever they met at weddings or funerals, in churches or social gatherings, they aired their grievances until early in 1525 they took permanent form in the famous "Twelve Articles." These dealt with the lightening of taxes and tithes, the restoration of ancient privileges and the pastures and fields once held in common, payment for extra labor, the right to choose their own pastors, the removal of their bondage to the land. In all this they were to submit to the verdict of Scripture. All told it was a very modest demand.

It is significant of Luther's influence that the common cry was, "Let us send this appeal to Luther, and ask him to speak for us." The faith of the peasants was justified, for Luther at once reminded the princes of his former warnings. He declared that the peasant's demands were so reasonable that it was a shame they had to be presented. Strangely enough, however, he denied their right to choose their own pastors, and their demand to be freed from serfdom.

Luther's advice to princes and peasants pleased neither party, and the situation gradually drifted into violence and destruction. At first the peasants were almost uniformly succesful. Burning castles reddened the skies everywhere, and the nobles and their ladies fied before the accumulated wrath of generations, while their bond-servants swelled the ranks of insurrection. But there was no master-mind to control and direct the peasant hordes. Demoralized by their earlier successes, they grew arrogant with their constant revellings, and refused to obey any orders. The inevitable end came quickly when the disciplined troops of the princes returned from the Emperor's service in Italy. Very soon the peasants were defeated and dispered, until roads were littered with their bodies and fugitives were hunted into the depths of the forests with fiendish cruelty. Many excuses can be offered for the few excesses of the peasants, but none can be urged for the vengeance of the princes.

The outcome of this revolt was

disastrous in its effects. Not only did it destroy the last vestiges of local self-government among the common people; it also turned many thousands of them against Luther and his reformation movement. They felt that they had been betrayed; that the encouragement Luther's words had given them had been denied by his actions when he urged the princes to destroy them root and branch. They could not forgive the son of a peasant who had turned against his own class.

It is a pity that Luther had no chance to discuss this revolt with his protector-prince, Frederic the Wise, before passing his judgment. It would surely have been different. The great Elector was on his death-bed when the revolt began, and his own view is expressed in a letter to his brother, Duke John. "The poor are in many ways burdened by us of the secular and ecclesiastical upper classes. It may therefore be God's will that the common man should reign; but if that is not His divine will, and if that will not be to His glory, it will not happen. Let us pray God to forgive us our sins, and let us leave it all to Him."

Nevertheless Luther's general attitude had been correct in all three of these contentions, and it is a pity that it was not more generally appreciated in these years of strife. His ideal had always been a reformation that was purely religious. His constant conviction was that this ideal, pursued in the spirit of Christ, would accomplish the same result in all human relations. He was equally convinced that an appeal to arms, such as the nobles and peasants alike made, would destroy the work of God committed to his hands —and with him that was final. His unswerving conviction was, as he had impressed upon his misgudied listeners in Wittenberg, that the affairs of the kingdom of God could be advanced in no other way than by the spirit and practice of love. If for a moment, in the matter of the peasants, Luther forgot that, it was due to his great concern for that kingdom.

And so, with heroic single-mindedness, Luther strove to hold fast to his convictions. Whatever defeats he suffered, he was always a good soldier of Jesus Christ, and he made a great fight. If, with similar problems in our own way, we spiritual children of Luther will meet the issues confronting us with the same single-minded faith and courage—that will be a good fight for us.

You can surprise your friends by placing four matches or toothpicks on the table so that they form the Roman numeral XX and asking some one to add a match and yet take one away. Of course. they will not be on to the trick and will have to give up. Then you can explain how it is done. The Roman numeral XX, of course, stands for twenty. By adding another match in the middle of the two Xs, the Roman numeral XIX (nineteen) is formed. Thus, by adding one match, you have taken one away. —Selected.

THE NIGHT AT ASHLEYS

By Isabel Neill

"Hallowe'en! And what are we going to do about it?"

The four young Beckleys faced each other. For years they had always celebrated the spookiest of evenings with some revel, always original and diverting. It was their one grand occasion of the year.

"Seems to me we've done everything that's fun. I haven't an idea," said Bill.

"Nor have I," chimed in Belle, his twin. "If we could charter a yacht and fix up a lot of ghosts on it, that might be fun. I read a mystery story that happened on a boat. It was keen."

"A boat — that's a sensible thought. Belle, stop and remember that the nearest water is Bemmer's slough, and that the only boats on it are the flat-bottomed ones the hunters use."

"That's so. Something's always spoiling my plans." And Belle subsided into silence, scowling a bit at Maisie. Maisie was so practical— but she was annoying at times.

"Bemmer's slough; Bemmer's slough," muttered George, the oldest of the quartet. "It suggests something; let me think. Ah, I have it!"

"And what is it?" the other three questioned eagerly.

"You remember when Dad took me hunting with him last fall? We went to Bemmer's slough. There was a house near there— a deserted house, that looked in pretty fair shape; but nobody'd stay there. They all said it was haunted."

"Haunted!"

"Haunted! It's stood there for ever so long, and no one has lived in it, as far as can be remembered. But it's haunted, everybody agrees to that, though nobody knows why."

"What haunts it?" Belle's eyes were large and dark. She adored mysteries.

"What haunts any house? Ghosts, I suppose. At any rate, lights are seen now and then in the windows, and ghostly laughter has been heard nearby. Queer things; but I don't remember all of them."

"But what about it?"

"Let's invite the gang and go out there and spend Hallowe'en there. We can stay until after midnight and then ride home."

"What'd we do?"

"Oh, the usual things. I fancy there's a fireplace there. We could build up a big fire, toast marshmallows, roast weiners and tell ghost stories. Maybe the ghosts would walk for us. Imagine!"

"Oh, George, what a thrill. Let's see, we've a week to get ready in. I'll call up the bunch tomorrow. Let's have thirteen, just for the fun of it."

"Good. I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll ride out there Sunday on my bicycle, and sort of get the lay of the land and find out if it is all right for us to do it. Get permission from whoever owns it, I mean. And I'll get up a supply of wood and all that sort of thing, if it's all right. I'll take an axe with me, and a broom, and dust out a bit."

"George, that'd be wonderful. You could leave a window open a little crack so it would be aired."

"Do you suppose mother and dad

would like this?'' It was Maisie who asked the question.

''They've never objected to our other Hallowe'en frolics,'' Bill put in, ''and I don't think they'd mind this one. At any rate, they're in New York, so what can they do about it?''

Mr. Beckley, who ran the one big store in Amster, had gone to New York for his annual buying trip, taking his wife with him, and the children were left in the care of old Susan, who had looked after the family for years.

''We should ask Sue,'' worried Maisie. ''Oh, Maisie, Sue'd only say to take care of ourselves,'' Belle put in rather crossly. ''She knows we're old enough to have some sense.''

''Very well.'' Maisie fell in with the others, and began to make plans. But something of the usual pleasuren arranging frolics was missing for Maisie; she felt, in her secret heart, that they were doing a foolhardy thing, and one of which their parents might not approve.

They had some difficulty in getting up the thirteen for the party. At first everyone accepted, and the next day the girls began calling up Maisie.

''Mother thinks perhaps I'd better not go,'' they would excuse themselves. ''It's so far, and she dosen't know about the place. I'm terribly sorry. Know you'll have a wonderful lark!''

But at last nine brave souls, six of them boys, agreed to go, and the thirteen circle was complete. George, laden down with a big bundle, had cycled out on Sunday and returned more enthusiastic than ever about the place.

''It's ideal,'' he told them. ''It's called Ashleys. Must have belonged to some one of that name years ago. Belongs to old Mr. Bemmer, and he said we could have it for that night and as long as we wanted it. He seemed kind of tickled at the thought of our giving a party there. Said he'd have Lafe go over that afternoon and start a fire and air it out. I cleaned out the worst of the muss. We must take some cushions with us. There's a couple of tables, and some benches, but not much else. A great big fireplace, though—just a peach! I hauled up a lot of wood for it and parked it by the porch.''

It was late afternoon when the ''Lucky Thirteen'' as they called themselves, set out. They were piled into three cars, which were further filled with cushions, robes and boxes of food.

Darkness was falling when they reached Ashleys. True to his promise, Mr. Bemmer had a cheerful fire going, and the windows and doors were open so the air was fresh and sweet.

''It doesn't look haunted,'' declared Madge Watson, one of the guests. ''I like it. It's a sweet old place.''

''Maybe you won't care so much for it before the evening is over,'' predicted George, his eyes twinkling. Soon they were around the fire, a great pot of cocoa was steaming, sandwiches were being passed and weiners frizzling on the green sticks George had cut Sunday and had in readiness.

''Grand party, Maisie,'' Wilda Green said. ''But nothing startling about it. We might have given it at home.''

Just then a breath of wind stirred through the house. The candles flickered out. There was a sort of

groaning from above. In the light of the fire many of the faces turned pale.

"I take it back," laughed Wilda. "Evidently the spooks are about to begin spooking."

"This makes me think of a book I read," said Belle, and she was soon off in a long, harrowing tale of a haunted house, strange disappearances, other blood-curdling events. The group about the fire was very silent. Belle went on and on, from that story to another.

She paused for breath, when from above, directly over them, they heard a rough, "Ha! Ha! Ha" and the distinct sound of light footsteps, moving evenly and slowly across the floor.

Madge screamed a bit. Even George's face was white at the sound.

"Let's go up," suggested Tom Watson, who was brave to the point of being foolhardy.

"Oh, no, Tom," Maisie begged. Don't go up, please. George, don't you let him. He might be killed, and what would Mrs. Watson say?"

This made them laugh a bit.

"I don't think we should, old man," George agreed. "We'll be on guard, and if anything comes down the stairs, we'll be ready. Come on, let's have some more stories."

The stories were to remain untold, for at just that moment there was that queer creaking and a strange, prolonged groaning sound.

It was too much for Madge. She burst into tears.

"Oh, let's get out of here!" she wept. "Let's go home, before something terrible happens."

Tom was ashamed for his sister, and said so.

"I agree with her," put in Maisie. "I didn't think it would be like this. I don't think we should stay."

"Why, Maisie, you don't believe in ghosts," George put in. "You're too advanced for that."

"George, right now I'm too frightened to know what I believe in. It may or may not be ghosts, but it's nothing I want to stay with. Let's go."

They picked up their belongings hurriedly, and hustled in a group to where they had left the cars. There were no cars there! This proved too much for Madge, and again she fell to weeping.

"Where can they be?" George said. "I know they were here."

It was very dark, and the flashlights had been left in the car. To add to their discomfort, a heavy, cold rain began to fall.

"You girls go back to the house and keep dry," ordered George. "As soon as we get the cars we'll honk the horns."

"We won't go alone," whimpered Madge. "I can't stand it, Tom, you've got to come with us."

"All right." Together the six went back to the house. They huddled around the fire, listening, watchin, waiting. There was no sound. The house was quiet as the grave.

It seemed hours before the boys got back, but it was only a few minutes.

"Not a sign of them," said George despairingly. "And it's as dark as ptich, and the rain is simply coming down in torrents."

"What will we do?" Maisie asked quietly.

"You'll build up the fire, and stay here. And I'll make a dash for Bemmer's. I think I can find it,

and when I do, I can phone to town and we can get help of some sort.'' George's voice was calm.

''George, you mustn't go alone. You might get lost.'' Belle's voice was pitched high with excitement.

''We cant't all be wondering about all night in the darkness and rain,'' George said. ''And I think I can make it alone. I'll get a lantern or something and we can get back here and find the cars.''

He put on his heavy macinaw, pulled his cap down over his ears and was gone. The group behind huddled around the fire, which gave out plenty of light but not too much heat. The rain was streaming steadily down.

The twelve looked at each other drearily. There were no jokes, no games, only silence, broken now and then by the light footsteps from above, and that weird laughter, or the groaning, which was worse.

After what seemed a month of waiting to Maisie she asked Fred the time.

''Five minutes to twelve,'' he answered. ''He should be back soon.''

But he didn't come. And at midnight there burst out a strange noise of chuckling and screaming, and a sound as of whirring wings.

''I can't stand it, I can't stand it,'' sobbed Madge, clinging to Maisie.

''We've got to go,'' Maisie said. ''Look out, Tom, and see if you can see George coming back.''

Tom reported that there was no sign of a light.

''Blacker and wetter,'' he said.

''We'll go anyway,'' Madge insisted. ''Lead the way, Tom.''

They stumbled on through the darkness, and soon were startled to hear a loud splash.

''Stay back,'' cried Tom's voice. ''I fell in. There's water here.''

The rest stood still, and after some splashings and clambering, Tom joined them.

''Walked right into about three feet of water,'' he said. ''Just stepped into it. We can't go through that.''

So they made their way back to the house, drearily. Again it was silent. They built up the fire, and sat around it, robes draped about them.

''Let's make ourselves comfortable,'' Maisie said. ''Could you eat?''

''I can't,'' said Madge, but she soon was nibbling a sandwich, and the others followed suit. The food built up their courage. Some of them dropped off to sleep, dozing uneasily on the hard floor. Maisie alone stayed awake. She was heartsick about it all. Where was George? What were their families thinking? What would people say at their escapade? And how bitterly disappointed their parents would be in them, for Mr. and Mrs. Beckley had always trusted their children and believed implicitly in their ability to take care of themselves.

''We failed them,'' Maisie said. ''I'll never forgive myself. And George—'' the tears fell thick at the thought of that beloved elder brother, lying dead, perhaps, in some treacherous waste of water or under a fallen tree.

The night didn't last forever, though Maisie thought it would. Watery light began to seep in through the dirty windows. She called the others as soon as she was able to distinguish one object from another.

''We've got find George,'' she said. Hurriedly they ate their breakfast, and the boys hastened out. They came running back.

"We're hemmed in by water," they reported. "The rain brought the slough up, and it's all around us."

"That's what Tom fell in last night," others added.

"A fine mess! How'll we get away?" Wilda asked crossly.

"Some one will come for us," Maisie predicted. On her face was a look of hope. She had been praying, during those dark watches of the night, and her faith had come back to her.

It wasn't long afterward until a shout was heard from the other side of the slough. Maisie's heart beat with joy, for it was George.

"'We'll get a boat," he cried. With him were a couple of sturdy young men. Soon they came, in a rough, flat-bottomed boat, and there was a joyful reunion.

"I wandered about almost all night," George told them. "Just found Bemmer's an hour ago. Mrs. Bemmer made me take some hot coffee and put on dry clothes, and then we hustled back."

"What are you young things making such a row about?" a cheerful voice asked from the upper stairway. They looked up. There stood a rosy old man, with a pet raven perched on his shoulder.

"Mr. Bemmer!" George gasped.

"Fooled you, didn't I? But I didn't have much of a time of it. When this young fellow told me he'd given my place a reputation as being haunted I thought I'd help him, unbeknownst like."

"Isn't it haunted?"

"Never was. People can't live here since the slough backed up. It's surrounded by water most of the winter."

"Aha, George, so you thought. you'd take everybody in."

"I got taken in, too. And you must admit I got the worst of it. A night in the woods isn't too nice."

"What about that groaning?"

"A limb rubs on the roof."

"And you walked in your slippers, and the raven screeched?"

"That's about it."

Laughing, the young people set out for their cars, which George had found behind some brush a few hundred yards down the road.

"Some of the gang must have followed us out and run them down there," he laughed.

They climbed in, and drove home. Sussan, frantic with worry, was waiting for the Beckleys. She gave them a hot breakfast and put them to bed, standing guard over them all day.

Gathered around the table that evening, a pale, weary-looking quartet, they laughed at each other.

"Next year I'm going to have the Hallowe'en party right in this room," promised Maisie. "And nothing more exciting is going to happen than a game of dominoes."

"We'll all be here!" the others chimed in cheerfully. "No more nights at Ashleys for us, ghosts or no ghosts!"

Men who shirk responsibility—washing their hands, will before long wring them.—Watkinson.

MEANING OF THE NAMES OF STATES

By Col Fred A. Olds

Alabama—Here we Rest.
Arizona—Sandy Hills.
Arkansas—Bow of Smoky Waters.
California—Hot Furnace.
Colorado—Colored.
Connecticut—The Long River.
Delaware—Named for Lord Delaware.
Florida—Flowery.
Georgia—Named for George II of England.
Idaho—Light of the mountains.
Illinois—Tribe of Men.
Indiana—River.
Iowa—The Sleepy Ones.
Kansas—Smoky Water.
Kentucky — Dark and Bloody Ground.
Louisiana—Named for Louis XIV of France.
Maine—Named from Old Charter of England.
Maryland—Named for Queen Henrietta Maria.
Massachusetts—The Blue Hills.
Michigan—The Lake Country.
Minnesota—Cloudy Water.
Mississippi—Father of Waters.
Missouri—Muddy Water.
Montana—Mountain.
Nebraska—Shallow River.
Nevada—Snow Clad.
New Hampshire—named for Hampshire, England.
New Jersey—Named for Isle of Jersey.
New Mexico—God of War.
New York—Named after Duke of York.
North Carolina—Named for Chas. II of England.
North Dakota—Allied.
Ohio—Beautiful.
Oklahoma—Beautiful Country.
Oregon—River of the West.
Pennsylvania—Penn's Woodland.
Rhode Island—Rose.
South Carolina—Named for Chas. 11 of England.
South Dakota—Allied.
Tennessee—River of the Big Bend.
Texas—Friends.
Utah—Named for Ute Indians.
Vermont—Green Mountain.
Virginia—Virgin Queen.
Washington—Named for General Washington.
West Virginia—Virgin Queen.
Wisconsin—Flowing Westward.
Wyoming—Large Plains.

Fifty years ago we lived the simple life. We did not have fine clothes, luxuries, or many amusements. Dollars were scarce and hard to get. The women loved their homes and their children. And when they got married they staid married. Then our homes were not simply filling stations. The men at night staid at home with his wife and children. Children obeyed their parents. Now the parents obey the children. We then had far less of worldly goods, but the people were very much happier. Their wants were few and were easily satisfied. Now our wants are many and are not satisfied.—King's Mountain Herald.

INSTITUTION NOTES

The beef served as part of our dinner last Sunday was the product of our own dairy of Holsteins.

—o—

Our farm manager reports that nearly all of the cotton grown at the Training School this year has been picked.

—o—

Mr. Isham King, of the North Carolina Bureau of Purchase and Contract, Raleigh, called at the Uplift office last Tuesday afternoon.

—o—

Mr. Ritchie and a group of boys have been threshing lespedeza for several days past. So far more than one hundred bushels of fine seed have been gathered, and the job is not yet completed.

—o—

A generous supply of home grown pop corn has been issued to each of the sixteen cottages here. This pop corn, together with the large crop of peanuts will be thoroughly enjoyed by the Training School boys during the coming winter months.

—o—

Marvin Cook, of Cottage No. 3, who developed a case of scarlet fever and has been in quarrantine for several weeks, has almost completely recovered. Miss Lena Kluttz, the nurse in charge, has returned to her home in Concord.

—o—

Herman Barrett, of Cottage No. 13, who has been at the school about three and one-half years, was paroled this week by Superintendent Boger and was permitted to go with his mother, whose home is in Gastonia. Herman made a good record at the institution, and he has our best wishes for success as he takes his place amid new surroundings.

—o—

Instead of having the regular Sunday School lesson last Sunday morning, most of the time was taken up by the re-assignment of the classes. The boys in these classes are graded the same as in the daily classes in our school, where they are promoted quarterly, which necessitates changing the Sunday School classes at the same time.

—o—

The Receiving Cottage boys, under the supervision of Mr. Presson, have been busily engaged for several days removing great quantities of the white flint rocks from the huge windrows stretching across the fiends on that portion of our farm known as the "Duke Land." These rocks are being used in building roads through this particular section of the farm.

—o—

Mr. A. C. Sheldon, Boys' Work Secretary of the Charlotte Y. M. C.

A., conducted the service in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon. Following the opening hymn and Scripture recitation Mr. Sheldon presented Mr. W. G. McCulloch, of Charlotte, who made an interesting talk to the boys. In the course of his remarks the speaker pointed out the fact that we are made in God's own image, and should therefore strive to live according to His wishes. He further stated that as it is the custom for boys to have a hero, they could do no better than to take Christ as their hero, and live as near like Him as possible. Mr. McCulloch said the first thing every boy must learn in order to be a success in life, was the great lesson of obedience, particularly obedience to God's will, whereby we might develop into true Christian citizens. Mr. Sheldon then presented Mrs. Hunter Marshall, one of Charlotte's talented singers, who delighted her audience with two numbers, Mrs. W. G. McCulloch accompanying at the piano.

OVERPRODUCTION

Too much wheat and too much corn,
Too many years since I was born.
Too much cotton and too much oil,
Too many hours that I don't toil.
Too many highways and too many cars,
Too many people behind the bars.
Too much poverty and too much wealth,
Too many people who have poor health,
Too many installments and too much booze,
Too many failing to pay their dues.
Too many poets and too much prose,
Too many holes in my old clothes.
Too many reformers and too much law,
The darndest mess I ever saw.

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XIX CONCORD, N. C., NOVEMBER 7, 1931 No. 45

Carolina Collection U. N. C. Library

ENRICHMENT

Never a day so full of joy
  But friendship makes it sweeter;
Never a pain so bravely borne
  But love makes courage deeper.
Never a garden so o'erflowed
  With flowers' radiant splendor
That one small, wild rose maketh not
  The autumn day more tender.
There's not a heart so large and great
  That hath not room for more;
Or sympathy so widely spread
  But it can open the door,
And give again and yet again,
  Of love beyond all dreaming;
For giving only multiplies,
  Enriches past all seeming.—Exchange.

PUBLISHED BY

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL
PUBLISHED BY

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

IMPRESSIONS

The sympathy of the Amreican people is again called forth by the hurricane and tidal wave by which the city of Balize in British Honduras was stricken. The prompt response of the American government and of the Red Cross is not only approved by all, but the latter's adequacy for relief is again perceived. The Red Cross exhibits the heart of the Good Samaritan and the methods of our twentieth century. It not only gives alms in passing along the road, but organizes means to discover necessities and disasters and then hastens to provide food, medicine, raiment and encouragement. People should again "enroll" when this great organization issues its annual call a few weeks hence.—Selected.

THE FATE OF A DRIFTER

It is not the fellow who drifts who adds to the welfare of the community, but the one who swims and forges ahead in spite of the current of misfortunes. Edison is an example of the type of manhood that had an objective and worked to reach the goal. He was not a drifter, his mind was active when least expected, grappling with intricate problems that made it possible for him to harness electricity that has given an impetus to progress that otherwise would have never been realized. As the centuries recede the name Edison will gather added glory, making many who will know him only through history covet the privilege of those who lived in the era of this matchless inventor.

His opportunities for an education were meager, and his teacher even rated

him dull, but there was a greater call for Edison than a college career—his was an earthly immortaltiy, changing the conditions of life, and proving to be the greatest benefactor the world has ever known.

Some one asked Edison the secret of his success, he replied,'' a noble ambition and work for it." The following is not a parable, but a true story. This is the story of a drifter—not the type that makes an ambition a reality:

> And Shakum lay in a canoe in the mist of the day. And, the day being warm and his lunch great, sleep came upon him. And when he awoke he found himself wedged at the entrance of a vast drain. Then did he inquire of a gentleman leaning over a wall above his head why with so vast a bay, he should have come to this particular and unwholesome spot. And the gentleman explained that when you drift you always drift the wrong way.

This story tells the fate of many and they wonder why?

* * * * * * * * * *

''THE WEAVINGS''

The first publication of the Weavings, founded by the Class '32 of the Concord High School found its way to this office and is highly creditable to the faculty and Class. Through its columns we learn that the High School opened with 464 pupils, the largest enrollment in the history of the institution.

From this little school paper we gather the spirit and interest of the student body and faculty stand 100% for the future of the school. This publication upon the part of the students and faculty is a noble ambition, for it means nothing but work to have the paper brim full of general news, local stuff and editorial matter suitable for every issue. Here is wishing well to the ''new venture,'' and may the good old ship of the Concord High have smooth sailing with the pilot and crew that seems to have been most carefully selected. Possibly from this venture some young man or young girl may catch a vision for writing and become a credit to the school and city. The majesty of little things can never be discounted.

* * * * * * * * * *

THE YORKTOWN SESQUI-CENTENNIAL

We agree with editor Saunders of the Elizabeth City Independent—the ''country is not broke.'' The crowd that appeared at the Yorktown Centennial does not tell the story alone, but other gatherings of much less importance never fail to have record breaking crowds. The staggering question is, from what source does the money come? I hardly think we need to bother,

the economic question will adjust itself as it has done on all previous occasions.

But think of it—100,000 or more people in one day is no small crowd of surging humanity:

> A crowd that looked to be 100,000 or more people thronged the grandstands and grounds of the Yorktown Sesqui-Centennial Exposition at Yorktown last Monday. Thousands of automobiles from many States brought the crowds to that exposition in a remote corner of Virginia. I speak of only one day of this exposition.
>
> Everybody isn't broke. Millions of people still have their jobs, are drawing salaries and spending their money for anything that appeals to them. The merchant who isn't getting his share of the business that is certainly available should inventory himself and his business. Maybe he isn't making the right appeal to the people who ought to be spending money in his store.

* * * * * * * * * *

AN EPOCH IN BRIDGE BUILDING

There have been many cuts showing the George Washington bridge that spans the picturesque Hudson River of New York State. Many articles telling the occassion of building the bridge, to commemorate some Revolutionary incident in which Washington was a central figure, indicate that the opening celebration of last month attracted attention from all of the states. The opening of this great structure, like that of the James River Bridge system, one of the greatest of its kind in the country, marks an epoch in bridge building.

The George Washington main span stretches for a distance of 3,500 feet and the length between the anchorage is about 4,760 feet.

This George Washington bridge is to be paid for in the same manner of the James River Bridge—through a system of tolls, regulated according to passengers and additional toll for tunnage of automobiles. This apparently looks to be an easy way to pay for these necessities and conveniences, but the toll in addition to the tax for highways and other state buildings works a hardship, but nothing comes easy, and we should be proud of these wonderful contributions to progress, and pay the toll with the same grace as we take a joy ride.

The James River system of bridges is considered the longest in the world, the longest of the three is the James River Bridge, four and a half miles long, crossing the James River, giving an easy approach to places in which more American history has been made than any other similar area on the American

continent. A trip across this bridge is literally going to sea by automobile, and one of rare charm and beauty. It connects lands frought with interest from the earliest days of our colonial history. Without these bridges many of the spots were inaccessible other than by the boat trip combined with the automobile.

* * * * * * * * * *

THEY HAVE FINE IDEALS

The International Girl Scout movement was celebrated during the month of October. This movement had its beginning in Savannah in the year of 1912, but at present knows no bounds, for Girl Scouts are found the country over with a membership of more than a quarter of a million.

Like its compaion organization, the Boy Scouts, it stresses service, loyalty, courtesy, kindliness, thrift and seif respect. Fine qualities indeed for any one to possess. It is a great pity these requisities that are essentials for strong character are left to be developed by any organization or any one other than the home. However, the Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts have made for themselves a place in the hearts of people by their courteous attention to every one and especially to the strangers in a strange land, and at all times they heed the S. O. S. call. It is a noble organization and has rendered a valuable service to humanity. The membership of this organization realizes the ingredients that make the stature of perfect men are patience, generosity, humility, unselfishness and due consideration for your fellowman, and the Scout members endeavor to practice the same.

* * * * * * * * * *

FIRE PREVENTION

There has been but little written as to fire prevention this Fall. Possibly that is due to the fact that the "arm of the Lord has been long, and the winds have been tempered for the shorn lambs," a blessing that every one should feel very grateful for. Big fires have not been needed.

But, the reason of the mild weather is no excuse for any one to neglect taking an inventory of their home before starting fires. The day will soon come for big fires that will be made in haste without the least thought of the lurking danger not only to the individual but the entire community. The flues, stove pipes, and furnaces should be examined and every precaution taken for nothing creates a greater menace than fires. Besides they are the occasion of

great loss of property and often a life.

This has been an unusually dry Fall and a fire under such conditions would gain headway to such an extent that havoc would be wrought before it would be possible to check the flames. The entire section has been held in a severe drought, no rain worth mentioning has fallen for the last two months, making the danger of fire all the more imminent. Just a spark caused by a match thrown carelessly around, or a cigarette stub could easily prove a menace, causing a fire that would leave death and destruction in its trail.

* * * * * * * * * *

THE PROTESTANT REFORMATION

We are publishing again this splendid article, due to the fact there was an error in the make-up of last week's issue. Accidents will happen in the best regulated home, and the same occurs in this office. For this error we express regrets.—Associate Editor.

October 31st is known as Reformation Day. Millions of Protestants of every name pause on that day, or on the Sunday nearest October 31st to recount the great work of Martin Luther which was begun when he nailed on the door of the "Church of all Saints," Witterberg, 95 Theses, or propositions against the corruptions which had crept into the church of that day.

Martin Luther was the son of a poor miner. He was born November 10th, 11 o'clock at night, 1483, just nine years before Columbus discovered America.

Carlyle says in speaking of the birth of Luther: "In the whole world, that day, there was not a more entirely unimportant-looking pair of people, than this miner and his wife. And yet what were all Emperors, Popes and Potentates in comparison? There was born here, once more, a Mighty Man; whose light was to flame as a beacon over long centuries and epochs of the world; the whole world and its history was waiting for such a man. It is strange, it is great. It leads us back to another Birth-hour in a still meaner environment, over eighteen hundred years ago,—of which it is fit that we say nothing, that we think in silence, for what words are there!"

Luther was one of the many poor boys who have changed the course of history. In his early school days he sang before the doors of his village for bread. He was not only fortunate in the piety of his parents, but also he was most richly blessed in his teachers.

One of his teachers said, "I always raise my hat to my boys, I know not

what boy of my class may become a world leader."

When Luther posted his 95 Theses the printing press scattered them with incredible rapidity throughout every country in Europe as though the Angels had been the postmen. Luther was soon branded as a heretic. All persons were forbidden to read his writings. He was asked to recant within sixty days, or he was to be seized and sent to Rome and to be dealt with as a heretic. Luther in reply publicly burned the papal decree at one of the gates of Wittenberg.

Luther was then summoned before the Diet of Worms to give an account of his writings. His friends were unwilling for him to appear at the Diet, but he replied, "Though there be as many devils at Worms as there are tiles on the house tops I will go." When asked to recall, or recant his writings, he refused, unless his teachings could be shown inconsistent with the Bible. "Here I stand, I cannot do otherwise, God help me."

Great effort was made to suppress the doctrines of Luther, yet they gained very rapidly so that in the year 1529 there was summoned a second Diet at Spires to consider the spread of Luther's teachings. It was decreed that no one should do anything to spread his teachings until a general church council should investigate them and pronounce upon them. A large number of the German princes and a great number of the cities issued a formal protest against the action of the Diet. On account of this protest the followers of Luther began to be known as Protestants. The name Protestant soon became applied to all Reformers who had pulled away from Rome.

Just as the Disciples were first called Christians at Antioch, so were the Christians first called Protestants at the Diet of Spires 1529.

Luther and his followers never desired that the church be called Lutheran after the great Reformer, but that the church should be called Evangelical (Gospel) Church.

Today eighty millions of people are adherents of that great Protestant church. She rejoices in her glorious history. She does not believe that she, or any other body, denomination can rightfully claim to be the "only saving" church outside of which there is no salvation.

She rejoices in the successes of all branches of Protestantism—and in the Counter Reformation in the Roman Catholic Church which in our day is so faithful in good works.

RAMBLING AROUND

With Old Hurrygraph

"A woodpecker pecks a great many pecks
Of sawdust while building his hut;
He works like a nigger to make his house bigger,
And gets sore when his cutter won't cut.
He fools with no plans of cheap artisans,
But one thing can be rightly said:
The whole excavation has this explanation,
He builds it by using his head."

—o—

The happiest hours in a man's life are the hours when he is trying to do the right thing by the ones he loves.

—o—

It is about time now to change the old talk of "Freedom of speech," to fairness of speech, and "Personal liberty" to public loyalty.

—o—

Hungary has a sense of justice comparable to that of China. A United State bank robber, tried and convicted by a military court in three hours, was sentenced and hanged before the three hours had passed. A little of that medicine over here in America would have a salutary effect, no doubt.

—o—

"Each individual's problems are his own," says a circular of the Federal Land Bank of Wichita, but the farmer has been taught to believe that his problems are something for the government to look after and incidentally ensure him a profit on his farm products.

This is the time of the year when the first hesitant Christmas cards timidly push their way down to the front and center. Oh, the agony, the grief to see many of them inscribed 'Xmas Greetings." There ought to be a law against it, but probably there isn't. And so year after year the terrible travesty upon the beautiful word, Christmas, goes on and on. Ah, the pity o' it!

—o—

We have been passing through Radio Announcers' Diction week. While it was on I sat me down in front of the radio one evening and expected to hear the king's English without one single thing to send cold shivers down my back. What did I hear the first crack out of the bax? "You are about to listen," said the announcer, "to some very dear old toones." Oh, kind heaven, give me patience. "Toones!" Ah, well! It's too much for me.

—o—

George of Georgia! What a slogan. Jim Lewis in speaking of a Democratic presidential condidate next year, says he isn't looking for lightning to strike him; that Governor Roosevelt, Owen D. Young, and Al Smith won't do because it would cause party contention and that likely, prospects were Robinson of Arkansas, Glass of Virginia, or George of Georgia. I had never thought of it that way before—but George of Georgia. Say it over a few times and it gets hold of you—George of Georgia—or, as they say down there, "Gahge of Gahgah." By George, that's great!

The Bible has much to say about joy. The Lord wants us all to have a good stock of joy in our hearts all the time. Saint Paul always had it, after he got right with God. Of course, he had some hardships to endure, in fact, many, but he was happy and contented through it all. We are living at a time when the world is full of trouble, and trouble seems to be increasing rapidly, but if a person gets sanctified and keeps the victory he can have joy in his heart all the time. The Lord is good to those who obey Him. Job says the joy of the hypocrite is but for a moment. As one reads and studies the life of Job he will find that his calamities were great, but his faith in God was greater. Every one treading the narrow way has hardships to endure, but not many of us have to endure as much as Job and Paul. They kept the joy of the Lord in their hearts continually and so may we. Where many make a mistake is they do not pray enough. Pray without ceasing, is the admonition.

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I heard a bouncy, chubby, aged Negro woman say the other day, "Ise gwine to git me one o' dem 'eugenic' hats. 'Twill 'prove my 'pearance." Well, the one who invented Eugenie hats, started something. He got a'head of the ladies. The lady they are named after was a beautiful woman, vain and ambitious, and it is declared she was largely responsible for the Franco-Prussian war in 1870. Her husband, Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, was a weak brother, "a mere puppet" in Eugenie's hands. He went most unwillingly into the war with Prussia, goaded on by his empress, whose purpose was a magnificent dynasty for her son. If a war would bring that about, she was for war. Her husband was not proof against the charms of lovely women. As emperor they were all gracious to him and Eugenie was jealous. A cat and dog life for an emperor and empress, but one might almost say 'twas ever thus for rulers of France. When the dynasty fell and Bismarck took toll of the French, Napoleon died, the son Eugenie loved too well was killed in battle by African Zulus, and his mother lingered to the age of 92. Now she is to be immortalized in the new choice hats the women are going crazy over—that is, some of the dear creatures. But, my, my, doesn't the Eugenie become some of them, and they become the hat.

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"When the leaves begin to turn" and "They've all dispersed and wandered," was sung to a plaintive air many years ago. The songs of youth, what memories they bring! Then there was "Only a Pansy Blossom," "Lorena," "A starry night for a ramble," "Bright star of hope, shed your beams on me," and many others you never hear now. We sang everything everywhere then, or whistled it. I did mine mostly in whistling. Now the songs of the late 70's have passed away. Even whistling has been declared moronne since I first learned that "Every little bit, added to what you've got, makes a little more." New times, new customs and new songs. But the old songs were the best. How I would like to hear some of the old ones once again.

GENIUS FAILED TO REMEMBER MARRIAGE DAY

(Selected)

Thomas Alva Edison simply could not remember anniversaries according to a story obtained by the Akron Beacon-Journal. It was in Akron that Mr. Edison was married.

The day of Mr. Edison's wedding —Feb. 24, 1886—he had to be reminded of the event.

Ever after the great inventor's wedding anniversary merely was another day of the week.

Christmas was different. For weeks before Christmas the wizard of electrical energy desired to celebrate. Christmas was a gala time in the Edison home.

Motherly, blue-eyed, ever-smiling Mrs. Edison—she was Miss Mina Miller of Akron, comely daughter of Lewis Miller, pioneer Akron manufacturer and half a century ago one of the community's few outstanding men—has laughed amusedly as she recalled this idiosyncrasy of her distinguished husband.

Akron folks often have wondered about Mrs. Edison's reactions to her husband's activities that kept him continually in the spotlight—have asked themselves whether there is any finer mission a woman in such position can perform than ministering to her husband's well-being.

"A woman has no greater mission than that," Mrs Edison once said. "Compared with what Mr. Edison may do in this world, there is exceedingly little that I can do, and if fate has placed it within my power to be of some service to him, I can feel that I have not striven in vain. Women today are too prone to forget the importance and dignity of the work which lies within their sphere."

That declaration is typical of Mrs. Mina Miller Edison. It is additional proof in support of the theory that early-day Akronites raised their families substantially, with definite mission in life mapped out for them.

It reflects great credibility on the parents of Mrs. Edison, sturdy folk who occupied a large place in the scheme of things that lifted this cross-road, canal-site town to the eminence it occupies today as a cosmopolitan city.

On a great rise in the earth overlooking what is now downtown Akron, and the beautiful valley where Glendale cemetery now is located, stood the home of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Miller, and Miss Mina Miller. It was a large house—a mansion in those days. One of the show places of the city, in fact.

On the spacious lawn was a cast-iron dog. The day of cast-iron dogs passed years ago. Down town Akron, with its canal and mule-powered boats, threw aside its swaddling clothes and emerged a better place in which to live. Industry thrived, with Mr. Miller one of the mainstays and the operator of the great Buckeye Mower and Reaper works. The Miller mansion ultimately faded out of the picture.

But on the lawn of that home, under the spreading trees, Thomas Alva Edison—he was just Tom Edison in those days—and Mina Miller were sweethearts. Edison was 39

when he married Miss Miller. He then was just getting into his stride as an inventive genius. He was happy-go-lucky, taking life as it came, and not in the least awed by potentialities his inventions seemed destined to offer.

Early day Akron men and women knew Tom Edison. The children were great favorites of his. The rising young inventor came and went and joked and laughed with townspeople, and everyone liked him. They admired his aggressiveness, and they looked on interestingly as the Edison-Miller courtship progressed. The wedding day was historic—it was a big event for everyone.

Tom Edison and Mina began their honeymoon in a unique manner. They went for a ride in a shiny black carriage the Edison livery people had recently purchased, with a matched pair of horses drawing them. John Unangst, who lived in Willard, O., for many years after leaving Akron was their driver. On a visit to Akron in recent years he recalled that day.

From the entrance to the spacious Miller home on the all-important nuptial day, a bright, new carpet was extended to the knoll that looked down on the canal and the cluster of buildings that comprised the "business district."

There was an orchestra. Hundreds had come from far and near. The ceremony was performed at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, a huge bell of roses suggesting a tiny canopy. Under the roses the smooth-faced inventor, and his bright-eyed bride, stood as the minister conducted the marriage rites.

There was a wedding feast. Great men and women participated with the bride and bridegroom at the festive board. Mr. Edison was happy that day, although his mind was grappling all the time with intricate problems concerned with inventions he was fostering.

But he loved Mina Miller with a love as abiding as the faith he had in his ability to harness electricity and make it beam down in dark places to light man's pathway.

Tom Edison often visited Akron. One of his favorite hobbies then was to go with the Miller boys into the basement of their home, and rig up systems of electric bells—strange, intricate, crossed-up devices that would do magic things when the wizard pushed a button here or there.

There was a huge black cat in the Miller menage and Mr. Edison would bring shrieks of laughter from neighbors' children when, in stroking the animal's glossy fur, sparks would shoot out.

In those days the telephone was a new contrivance, and had to be laborously operated. But Mr. Edison got a big thrill telephoning to Miller at the Buckeye reaper plant. And who will gainsay that while he was telephoning he also was turning over in his active mind refinements for the instrument that would make telephoning a simple matter—as it is today?

The first talking machine Mr. Edison made amused Akronites in those days. It was a crude affair, with its wax cylinder upon which recordings were made. But it was a talking machine, nevertheless.

Old First Methodist church was a favorite place with Mr. Edison, and whenever he was in Akron, and it was known he would attend services, seats were at a premium, so great

was the public interest in the young man.

Thomas Alva Edison's last visit to Akron was in the summer of 1912, so far as records disclose. That was the occasion of the marriage of Miss Mary Miller, a sister of Mrs. Edison, to William W. Nichols of New York. And that wedding, like the marriage of Mr. Edison and Mina Miller, was the season's greatest social event. Miss Miller was attended by Mr. Edison.

At that time the Edison laboratories at Menlo Park had but recently been opened. Mr. Edison's place in the world has been assured. He was taken for a tour of Akron industries. Rubber interested him immensely, and in latter years his efforts to produce rubber from goldenrod and other sources of that character could be traced to the visit he made in 1912 to the infant industry in Akron.

It was at that time Mr. Edison was hopefull of producing 5 and 10-cent grand opera through the medium of talking pictures.

Mrs. Edison is remembered by many of the older generation in Akron. Here she was graduated from high school. She then went to Boston to complete her education, and later studied abroad, taking languages and music.

It was upon the occasion of her return from Europe, after completing her studies, that Mina Miller first met Mr. Edison. She was visiting friends in New York City who were friends of Mr. Edison, the attraction seems to have been mutual, for when Miss Miller went to Chautaugua, N. Y., which was founded by her father and Mr. Edison, the inventor followed her, and there announcement of the betrothal was given.

It was recalled that upon occasion of Mr. Edison's visits here he would spend hours in the Miller reaper plant watching manufacturing and in assisting Mina Miller, who frequently did secretarial work for her father.

While Mr. Edison was perfecting his talking machine, he had James Rutherford, of Akron, make a horn for the instrument. With the horn completed, Mr. Edison got the Great Western band, Akron's sole brass musical organization of that time to play for him, so he could make recordings.

Mr. Rutherford is the father of W. O. Rutherford, former vice president of B. F. Goodrich, Co., and now president of Pennsylvania Rubber, Co.

Just in the proportion in which we believe that God will do just what He has said, is our faith strong or weak? Faith has nothing to do with feelings, or with impressions, with improbabilities, or with outward appearances. If we desire to couple them with faith, then we are no longer resting on the Word of God, because faith needs nothing of the kind. —Muller.

CLYDE HOEY, STARTING AS A PRINTER'S DEVIL, QUICKLY WON SUCCESS

(Charlotte Observer)

When Clyde R. Hoey left his father's farm and a country school at the age of 12 to become a "printers' devil" in a Shelby printing office, he launched a career that carried him rapidly to the top

Mr. Hoey, now only 54 years old, is recognized as one of the ablest attorneys and politicians in the state, and behind him is a record of service to his state and the democratic party as well as a record as a brilliant lawyer.

A printer's devil at 13—a newspaper editor and publisher at 17—a member of the state house of representatives at 21—and a member of the state senate at 25—tells the story of the progress he made early in his career.

Then followed a long devotion to the practice of law, and the establishment of himself on a firm financial basis. However, he never forgot politics and continued to be one of the state's leading democratic campaigners.

In 1919, however, after seving six years as assistant U. S. attorney for the western North Carolina district. Mr. Hoey was elected to the United States congress from the ninth district in a special election to succeed E. Yates Webb, his fellow townsman, who had been named to the federal district court bench. Mr. Hoey defeated the late John M. Morehead, millionaire republican.

He retired from congress voluntarily in 1921 to resume his law practice. But when Senator Lee S. Overman died in 1930, Mr. Hoey was prominently mentioned for the appointment as his successor. Governor O. Max Gardner, in whose hands the naming of a successor rested, publicly said Mr. Hoey could have the senatorship if he wanted it.

But Mr. Hoey declined the appointment and also the choice to enter the democratic primary for the U. S. senate in 1932 against Comeron Morrison, former governor, who was named by Governor Gardner to succeed Senator Overman.

Mr. Hoey preferred to continue in the law practice in which he had been engaged with Robert L. Ryburn of Shelby since 1904.

Mr. Hoey was born in Shelby, December 11, 1876, a son of Captain and Mrs. S. A. Hoey. His father was a captain in the Confederate army.

At 12 years of age he left the farm and ended his schooling to take a job as a printers' devil in a Shelby printing plant. He saved his money and four years later, purchased the Shelby Review, later changing the name to the Cleveland Star and began editing and publishing this paper.

He continued to edit and publish the Star until 1908, when the newspaper was incorporated. It is now being published under the same incorporation.

Mr. Hoey was elected to the state house of representatives in 1898 when only 20 years old by 800 votes majority. He was not able to vote

in the election, but became of age before the General Assembly convened. He was re-elected in 1900 from Cleveland county, and in 1902 represented his district in the state senate.

Meanwhile, Mr. Hoey had begun the study of law and he attended the University of North Carolina summer school in 1899. He obtained his law license in October of that year. After practicing a bit and running his newspaper, he formed the partnership with Mr. Ryburn.

Mr. Hoey was the keynote speaker at the democratic state convention in 1920 and advocated a woman suffrage plank, which was adopted. He has canvassed the state for the democrtic party in every campaign for the last 20 years and opened the 1928 campaign in North Carolina for Al Smith in 1928.

He is widely known as an orator and is in demand as a public speaker. He is famed as the "silver tongued" orator of Shelby.

Remaining in the background of the public picture save in times of a political campaign, Mr. Hoey carries on a heavy practice of law. He practices in the state and federal courts throughout the state and frequently appears not alone in the state supreme court, but in the U. S. circuit court of Richmond, and the U. S. supreme court. He has appeared in many important civil and criminal cases all over the state.

Mr. Hoey is a member of the Methodist church and Masonic lodge and other fraternal orders. He has taught a large Men's Bible class in Shelby for the last 15 years.

In 1900, Mr. Hoey married Miss Bessie Gardner of Shelby, a daughter of Dr. O. P. Gardner and a sister of Governor O. Max Gardner. He has three children, Clyde R. Hoey, Jr., Charles A. and Isabel Hoey.

A CENTER OF IRRELIGION

A new center of Soviet propaganda is to be erected in Moscow as a phase of the five-year campaign against religion. The group of buildings which will be erected with funds secured by a drive throughout the entire Soviet Union in the year 1932, will consist of an immense central museum, a stage theatre, a motion picture theatre, library, a printing plant and another university of the godless. The plan was announced following a conference of representatives of anti-religious museums who thought that in spite of the fact that most of the museums in Russia have for years been arranged in the interest of propaganda against religion, yet the present activity is not sufficient to meet the aims of the Society of the Godless. This new museum center is intended to "lead the fight against all religions of the world."—N. L. C. Bulletin.

OPERA STARS RECRUITED FROM COUNTRY CHURCH CHOIRS

(Charlotte Observer)

With Mary Garden coming to sing in North Carolina this week, it offers an opportune time to consider what an unusually large proportion of Grand Opera and Grand concert singers have first been discovered in church choirs.

One thinks of Melba, of Schumann-Heink and of Marion Talley. He thinks of Amalie Materna, Giovanni Battista Rubini and of Angelica Catalani. He recalls that Mary Lewis, Katharina Cavalieri and William Hayman Cummings were first discovered in choir lofts. And that Kathryn Newman and Grace Moore, "the screen's great loan from the opera stage," first sang in little church choirs before seeing the bright lights of the greater cities.

And so it goes on from the far distant days when in the third century the good Saint Cecilia was responsible for "the beginning of skill in music." Literally scores of the musical stars have come over this route. And in the years to come, the churches will go on discovering and launching many of the world's great musical stars.

"God gave me my voice," said the incomparable Melba. And when she passed away, not long ago, her body was laid to rest by the side of that of her father in the cemetery of the little village of Lilydale, near the home she loved so well. "The unusually busy streets of Melbourne were hushed and lined with sorrowing crowds when the casket was taken on a farm cart from the church, where thousands had passed by the bier."

The newspapers said there were hundreds of wreaths from mourners from every corner of the globe, testifying to the esteem in which Melba, whose real name was Helen Porter Mitchell, was held. "The church where the diva as a girl sang in the choir was full to overflowing for the funeral services, which were attended by the representatives of federal and state governments and of the world of music and art."

From the choir of her little village church to that great evening in London in 1926 when, before Queen Mary, she sang in Covent Garden her farewell to the concert stage, is a long story. But she started using the voice God had given her in that choir loft, until it was trained by the great Marchesi to the point where she was fitted for world appearances. She sang every where and was the wonder of her world. Her services for the British soldiers in the war will never be forgotten. One triumph followed another in her meteoric career. But when she came to die, she went back home and was buried from the little church where she first learned to sing.

"I should like to die singing," said Schumann-Heink, "before a great audience. And as the last tone of my voice faded away and the curtain fell, I, too, should like to go out on the wings of my last song." These are the words of the incomparable singer who recently celebrated her 69th birthday by making her debut on a motion picture theater stage.

She has been acclaimed as one of

the greatest contralto prima donas the world has known. Born in Mozart's country, the mother of eight children, she has sung all over the world, and has known the acclaims of the world's great music lovers from every nation. All of her boys were soldiers in the great war. One fought on the side of Germany, the others in the American army. She is a war mother, one of her sons having been killed "over there." Ever since, she's been singing for veterans in hospitals whenever she had an opportunity.

She was the friend of Melba. Melba had invited her to come to Australia. They were to sing a duet together there. But Melba died and Schumann-Heink cabled her some flowers, and a ribbon on them said, "Till we meet again." Until the end of her days she plans to keep going. "There are many things to do," she says.

As a child, she grew up in a convent. "One of the sisters noticed her voice and she began to sing masses in church." And that's how she started her unparalleled career. I had a letter from her in this month. I prize it very much. Here is what she said, "I sang in the Katholic church in Dresden. It helped to make me the musician I am'." And then she went on to say, "Of course, we sang Beethoven, Hasse and Mozart at Mass and Requiems, not only hymns or light Italian music as they sing here in New York."

A few short years ago Marion Talley's star began rising in the musical firmament of the world. She came forth in a burst of glory. She was acclaimed by all who heard her. The chitics were unable to muster sufficient adjectives to fully describe her powers in song. She was feted, the acclaim of the populace rang ceaselessly in her ears and her name was upon the lips of everyone, and her story in every newspaper and magazine in the land.

Then she dropped out of the picture, voluntarily; or tried to. They told us she wanted to stay "down on the farm." The papers said she wanted some cows and pigs and hens. And in spite of the overtures from every source to keep her on the stage, she folded her tents as the Arabs, and stole away. They say she is coming back. I do not know. But when the nation calls and insistently calls for one of its favorite stars to return, most of them will eventually come back.

Where did Marion Talley come from? What was there back of the fact that at such a youthful age she should bring the nation to her feet and retire before most others get started? And what is there about this lover of cows and hens that is making the music lovers of the world call so insistently for her return?

She was born in Nevada, Missouri. Few of us have ever heard of the place. And it was only 25 years ago. When quite young her parents took her to Kansas City and her training began. She joined the Methopolitan Opera company of New York in 1925, and responded to 20 curtain calls at the close of her first performance. But there was something behind all this. She had been a choir girl. For before facing the bright lights in New York and the music lovers of the nation as they gathered in that city, she had first faced a Sunday morning congregation in the church choir where she sang as a girl. Talley is the pride of

the church today. The church discovered her. It gave her an opportunity to test out her marvelous voice on its people. Through it, popular attention was first focused on her. And behind her wonderful career, is the little church where she sang each week.

A few months ago Kathryn Newman was singing in Washington City with Beniamino Gigli, the world's most famous Metropolitan tenor. In the audience were the wives of two ex-presidents of the United States, and Mrs. Herbert Hoover. Constitution Hall, one of the largest auditoriums in America, was crowded to capacity. "It was a church choir singer's great night."

Before that, as W. R. Newman, Missouri Pacific engineer, was about to take his engine out for the night's run, he was handed a wire from the road's manager. It read, "When you take charge of the throttle on number eight tonight, handle that engine carefully, for you have distinguished people on board—and precious cargo." And tears came into the old engineers eyes, for the "precious cargo" was his own daughter on her way to a stage appearance.

At twenty-three Gigli took her for his assisting artist in four concerts: Chicago, Detroit, New York and Boston. Soon these four concerts had been stretched into a dozen, including Philadelphia, Montreal and other important centers. The great audiences loved her and the critics spoke highly of her art and beautiful spirit. She took the nation by storm. The country was at her feet while she was still in her girlhood.

And who is this Kathryn Newman, daughter of a locomotive engineer? And what lies back of her phenomenal success? She grew up in the church, at Fort Scott, Kansas, and taught a Sunday school class there. One of her first church memories is that of going to Sunday school in the basement of that church. She complained to her mother that she "didn't want to go church in the cellar." And later on when she had become famous, that same church used that phrase to build a new church in her old home town. After first being noted in the choir of this little church, there followed the usual years of struggle and effort. Her mother took her to Kansas City. She went to one of the ministers and asked for a job in the choir. She sang one night at prayer meeting: "Behold, the Master Passes By," and, "The Ninety and Nine." They wept over her singing and hired her. She went to New York four years ago, lived with her mother in a single room, cooked her own meals and sang here and there in church choirs, to make a bare living. Then, Gigli took her with him on a tour, and the nation took her to its heart.

As one familiarizes himself with the course of these events, and peruses the literature on the subject he is made to marvel at the unusually large number of great singers who have thrilled the heart of the music world, only after they had sung the old familiar hymns in the choirs of multitudinous churches. There are literally scores of them!

But this has been the natural course, for in the very nature of the case the church would be the first place to discover talent, and to give youthful singers an opportunity to try out their powers in song upon a small group of sympathetic people. And this, precisely, is what the

churches all over the world have done. O. O. McIntyre has recently spoken of the large number of great singers who were first discovered in the old Trinity church, New York.

And they've been discovered in churches everywhere. Many of the starting places of grand opera and grand concert singers have been the choir lofts of little obscure churches yonder in the backwoods, the small towns and other places which now hold it as their cheif distinction that this or that great singer was discovered from the choir of their little church, and launched upon a career that brought unceasinging glory in its wake.

And most of the stars who have illumined the sky have had to struggle for their places. There's been no royal path to glory in the musical world. Behind the stories of the great successes there is generally another story of courage, struggle and faith. Newman singing in a little Kansas church, then hiring herself out to church choirs and living with her mother in a single room, while her father stayed in the cab of his engine—and all that she might get her chance.

Melba's father was a conductor. She sang in the village choir. She managed to get to Paris and to the great Mathilde Marchesi. The world knows of the glamorous progression. It knows little of the tremendous effort and sacrifice. Everybody knows Grace Moore now. But how few know that she was born in the little town of Jellico, Tennessee, and sang in its unpretentious choir? That preceded the glamorous operatic days. And Mary Lewis? She lived in a minister's home. She started in a choir in a Little Rock church.

AS WE SEE IT

When life's a knot and tangle,
And everything goes wrong;
When friends seem all disloyal,
And enemies grow strong;
There's still a bright side shining.
For us the sage has said;
"To polish up the dark side
Will light the way ahead."

The plank of darkest oak ofttimes
Will show the finest grain;
Likewise the roughest rock will yield
A glittering golden vein,
To rail at fate, concluding that
No brightness looms ahead,
Is folly, for the black side
Can be turned to white instead.

By Joseph Russell

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE

By J. Elmer Russell

Some years ago the editor of an English paper, **The Girl's Realm**, invited his readers to vote on the most popular heroine in modern history. Three hundred thousand votes were cast, and fourteen names were nominees. Florence Nightingale received 120,000 votes.

By way of introduction, it should be said that Florence Nightingale is famous because of her nursing the sick and wounded English soldiers during the Crimean War, in the middle of the last century. During the Great War, Red Cross nurses were at the front to care for the soldiers in the hospitals, but before the Crimean War, the going of women to battlefronts as nurses was quite unknown, and, in fact, the profession of nursing was in disrepute. The honorable position which nursing occupies today, the very existence of the Red Cross Society, and the present state of military medical and surgical science we owe in large measure to Florence Nightingale.

Florence Nightingale was the child of English parents who at the time of her birth were living in Italy near the city of Florence. When the question of a name for the little girl came up, her parents with mutual consent decided to call her Florence after the city of flowers on the banks of the Arno, where she first saw the light. The name Florence later became very popular and nearly every Florence in the British Empire and America owes her name directly or indirectly to the place of Miss Nightingale's birth.

Her father was an English country gentleman of some wealth, and both father and mother were people of culture and refinement. It was from her mother whom she greatly resembled that Florence Nightingale inherited the spirit of wide philanthropy and the readiness to engage in any line of work to which women had been strangers. The mother trained the daughter in deeds of benevolence, while the father guided her education on lines much in advance of the usual education given at that time to English young ladies.

The family lived in summer in that part of England which has been immortalized in George Eliot's "Adam Bede," and the "Mill on the Floss." Among her father's tenants were people like those the novelist drew for her stories and as a girl Miss Nightingale heard the fame of a woman preacher among the Methodists who was to live forever as Dinah Morris.

When quite a child Florence Nightingale showed characteristics which pointed to her vocation in life. Her dolls were always in a delicate state of health and required the utmost care. One day she would nurse them to convalescence and the next day return them to a sick bed for further care. For the care of animals, especially those which had been hurt in any way, she had a passion. It was a great source of pleasure to her to go with her mother to visit the sick, and to carry them food delicacies and flowers. As she grew older she became a great helper in the work of her church.

It is not to be supposed that in

her young womanhood Miss Nightingale gave herself up entirely to philanthropy. She enjoyed social life. Her father and mother had a large circle of friends and their house was noted as a place of genial hospitality. But her social life was kept in proper perspective by her religious and philanthropic work.

As years passed, Miss Nightingale cared less and less for the excitement and pleasure of society. She had begun to crave some definite work to do in the world, a more extended field of activity than her private life suffered. Two severe illnesses among members of her family had developed her nursing faculty and when they no longer required her care she turned her attention to systematic training for nursing.

When her preparation for nursing was completed, her opportunity came. The Crimean War broke out between Russia on the one side and France and England on the other. In due time came the news of the victory of Alma, but with this news came also the tidings of the wounded lying uncared for, the sick unattended, the dying unconsoled.

In this emergency a war correspondent sent out this call: "Are there no devoted women amongst us, able and willing to go forth to minister to the sick and suffering soldiers of the east in the hospitals at Scutari?" His rousing appeal was followed by a flood of applications from women anxious to go out as nurses. But there was no organization and no leader. At this time the head of the War Department turned to Florence Nightingale, one of his honored friends. He felt that she was the one woman in England for the emergency. A letter from him to her inquiring if she would undertake this arduous work crossed one of hers to him volunteering her service.

During the terrible days when she first arrived, Miss Nightingale was known to stand for twenty hours at a time on the arrival of fresh detachments of sick and wounded, apportioning quarters, directing nurses, attending the most painful operation, bending over dying men with cholera and fever.

While grappling heroically with disease, suffering and death at the front, Miss Nightingale was attacked at home by some narrow-minded persons on account of her religious opinions. She was charged with all sorts of heresies. An Irish clergyman, when asked to what denomination Miss Nightingale belonged, made this effective reply, "She belongs to a sect which, unfortunately, is a very rare one—the sect of the Good Samaritan."

As many as sixty men were known to die in a single night, and for two months the death rate stood at sixty per cent. Here is a description of her work. "Florence Nightingale seemed to be everywhere and particularly did her deep religious feelings prompt her to speak with the dying and point their thoughts to heaven. In her ear was often murmured the last message home and to her was entrusted the bit of money, the watch, the keepsake sent to wife or sweetheart. At night, after the surgeons had made their rounds, the figure of the Lady in Chief was seen in her simple black dress, white apron and white cap gliding through the wards carrying a tiny lamp, pausing where pain was greatest, where death was about to come, to smooth a pillow, or to give a word of

consolation. And this she did not one night, but week after week, month after month."

No wonder the soldiers worshiped her. No wonder England and the world, when she returned so broken in health as to be an invalid for the rest of her life, paid her highest honors.

On the tomb of one of her helpers who died in the east, Miss Nightingale inscribed the words, "She hath done what she could." And in a letter to a congratulatory address she said in reference to this epitaph, "It has been my endeavor to do as she has done."

It was Florence Nightingale's service, which inspired Longfellow's tribute to the "Lady With the Lamp."

"On England's annals, through the long
Hereafter of her speech and song
A light its rays shall cast
From portals of the past.
A lady with a lamp shall stand
In the great history of the land,
A noble type of Good,
Heroic Womanhood."

"CREDO"

Editor Loring A. Schuler of The Ladies Home Journal is a comforting sort of fellow.. He has prepared a Credo—an encouraging thing—nailed it in the very heart of his editorial page.

Running smoothly from the belief most people like clean motion pictures to the conviction we live in the greatest nation the world has ever known, Editor Schuler's Credo is a slap on the back for anybody slashing away in the rough:

I believe:

That most people like clean movies better than dirty ones;

And clean books better than dirty books;

And clean plays better than dirty plays

That college professors who break down the homespun religion of their students are as much public enemies as other racketeers;

That home-making is the most dignified of all occupations;

That the elimination of drudgery in household tasks is the greatest job that industry and invention have ever done;

That the so-called wild younger generation is, on the whole, a fine upstanding bunch of boys and girls:

That crime would decrease if it were less advertised and glorified;

That we shall wake up some bright Thursday morning and find that the depression has quietly come to an end and business is pretty good again;

That we in America are living in the greatest country and the greatest age that man has ever known.

HORACE MANN AND BEVERAGE ALCOHOL

(Selected)

Horace Mann is a hero among teachers and friends of education throughout the world. At a time when schools were poor and people had little appreciation of their real importance, he urged good schools for all with such force and eloquence that he is honored as one of the nation's builders even as Franklin, Washington, and Lincoln. From the beginning of his career he was a vigorous and outspoken enemy of beverage alcohol. At a meeting of the Ohio State Teachers Association in Columbus in 1856 he was selected to draft a resolution. After pointing out the corrupting influence of intoxicating liquor on the home, on the legislatures, on the courts, and even on the churches, he continued: It is no extravagance to say that the sum-total of prudence, of wisdom, of comfort, of exemplary conduct, and of virtue, would have been today seven-fold what they are throughout the world but for the existence of intoxicating beverages among men; and that the sum-total of poverty, of wretchedness, of crime, and of sorrow, would not be one-tenth part today what they now are but for the same prolific, overflowing fountain of evil. Youth, health, strength, beauty, talent, genius, and all the susceptibilities of virtue in the human heart alike perish before it. No one can deny that intemperance carries ruin everywhere. It reduces the fertile farm to barrenness. It suspends industry in the shop of the mechanic. It banishes skill from the cunning hand of the artisan and artist. It dashes to pieces the locomotive of the engineer. It sinks the ship of the mariner. It spreads sudden death over the solar splendors of genius. But nowhere is it so ruinous as in the school and the college, as upon the person and character of the student himself. Creator of evil and destroyer of good, it sends its votaries upon the career of life to suffer where they should have rejoiced, to curse where they should have blessed.

READY FOR EMERGENCY

It is a fact, although figures are not at hand now, that Cabarrus citizens—unban and rural—have canned more fruits, vegetables, grapes, and meats this year than at any time in their history. There has been an abundance of products to can, and our people very wisely have taken advantage of the opportunity to at least provide for any emergency which may arise because of farm prices.—The Tribune.

THAT OLD RED SHAWL

By Kate W. Hamilton

Laura had just put the shawl back into her closet when grandma's kind, quavering voice sounded up the stairway.

"Better wear your little shawl today, dear."

The girl's face clouded.

"Oh, Grandma, the sun is shining so brightly this morning! I thought—"

"I know, dear, but there is quite a chill wind blowing. You mustn't risk taking cold, you know."

Laura stood for a moment in half rebellion. "Well," she capitulated, slowly pulling the wrap from its place. But as the steps at the foot of the stairs receded, she tossed the unwanted piece of apparel on a chair, and shook a girlish fist at it. "I hate you," she whispered. "Nobody wears shawls any more, and your kind was way out of date before all the rest went out. The girls make fun of it. I'd rather be a bit cold than have to wear the old thing, if grandma only knew it. But I can't tell her."

There it was! Of course a nice, sensible old lady like grandma would not know how the teasing school girls hurt, and would think the shawl she used to wear herself all right for Laura. The girls didn't understand either, but she was too proud to make any explanations there. The brown eyes held something suspiciously like tears for a moment. Then their owner turned and caught sight of the clouded face in the glass. She suddenly threw up her head, and addressed herself instead of the shawl:

"Coward!" she said contemptously. "Thought you were the girl that was going to be so brave about doing without things this year."

For this year would be a hard one, they all knew, with no money for new coats, and little for anything else that was new, with all grandfather's hospital bills to pay. But they had been so glad and thankful to have him safely home again, fully recovered from his accident, that they had told each other they would not mind any pinching or economizing that must follow. And now she was fussing about the old shawl! She and Rob, and even little Grace, had all agreed in their "Council of Three" that there should be no complaints from them.

"Well, we couldn't promise not to have any feelings, and I didn't say anything," Laura comforted herself, as she picked up the shawl and threw it around her before she ran downstairs to meet grandma's eyes.

"You are all right now, dear. It seems a bit chilly this morning, but it may grow warmer," said the gentle voice.

"It didn't seem cold to me. I didn't think I needed any wrap." There was a half coaxing note in the girl's tone, though she made no request.

But the grandmother only shook her head with a smile. "It is better to be safe than to be sorry," she quoted. "We don't want any more sickness in the family."

"No." Laura could agree to that very promptly, and she and grandma exchanged a quick, understanding look as the girl picked up her school books and departed. Still, when she was only a little distance out on the

country road, it was easy to imagine that the sunshine had grown warmer. The village school was a mile away, and long before she reached it the despised shawl was over Laura's arm instead of around her shoulders, and pushed back to an inconspicuous place before she reached the building. The bell was just calling them all to their places as she arrived, and she had only time to pause in the entrance to hang hat and shawl in place. Even so, merry Molly Taylor whispered laughingly as she put an arm around her:

"Och, it's Misthress McShinn,
Wid her ould shawl agin!"

Then she questioned. "Why don't you wear your coat like you did last ear, Laurie?"

"I've outgrown it," answered Laura tersely.

It was but a bit of thoughtlessness on Molly's part, forgotten a minute later, but Laura's cheeks burned as she took her seat. The shawl was old-fashioned and queer. It wasn't pleasant to wear things that no one else wore, but why couldn't the girls have sense enough to let her alone? Of course, grandma, so much older and wiser, couldn't know how a girl felt about such things, and anyway grandma couldn't help it. Laura's eyes grew misty. She had felt very brave when she and Rob and little Grace had formed their "Council of Three," and promised each other not to fuss or complain if some things were hard that winter, but Rob was not reduced to a shawl, and Grace was not yet in the village school. Laura felt that she had the worst of it, and ridicule was hard to bear even though it was only girlish thoughtessness.

It was Friday, and the afternoon session a short one, but the sunshine of the morning had vanished by the time school closed, the outdoor world had grown gray with clouds, and a cool wind was blowing. Laura lingered purposely behind the others, putting her desk in order, and so when she reached the outer door the teacher was just behind her. "Won't you be cold Laura?" asked Miss Tracy as the first cold gust saluted them.

"Oh, I have a wrap," Laura answered with a quick glance at the folded shawl half hidden under her books.

The teacher's eyes followed hers, and she agreed comfortably.

"You're all right then. Good night."

Teachers, like grandmothers, were sensible, Laura decided. Then a group of girls, waiting a little distance down the road, called to her impatiently: "Laura! Laura Stanley! We're waiting for you. Aren't you going home?"

"Yes, but I am going the other way," she answered with a wave of her hand toward the cross road.

"What for?" they demanded. "It's longer."

But supposing she had some errand which took her in that direction, they did not wait for her answer, but turned slowly away on their homeward route. They were girls who lived in her direction, and the roundabout course she was taking added to the distance considerably. She had no errand beyond wanting to be away from them all and go alone. It was not being very brave, she had to acknowledge that to herself, but she waited until she was out of their sight before she drew the warmth of the shawl around her. She could not explain home affairs to outsiders, and

in any case pity would have been almost harder to bear than the teasing which had made her sore.

Through the edge of the village, out across the country, and over the creek the railroad wound its way, and Laura followed it, welcoming its lonely quiet until she was brought to a sudden halt. What had happened to the bridge? It was broken through at one end, rock and earth from the nearby hillsides had fallen upon it, and a part of the track was gone. The girl stood still in wonder and consternation. It must have happened within a very short time or the watchman who patrolled the track would have had workmen there. Then came the reassuring thought that probably he had discovered it, and given due warning. She turned back to make her way as best she could to another route home, then paused. She was not sure that she had not been the first to find the break, and she must not leave until she knew. Eagerly the girlish eyes were turned in the direction of the village for some sign of an approaching repair crew, but there was none, nothing but the stretch of bare road.

Should she try running back to the station to carry word? Laura considered. She did not know the time, but she thought a five o'clock train might be nearly due. Could she reach the station in time to give warning if the danger were not already known there? It was only the wisdom of a twelve-year-old girl that must settle the matter, and Laura decided that she dared not leave her post until she knew. She was not sure how to give warning, but found a stick, and pulling off her shawl, hurriedly tied it into a flag that she could wave, and for once she was glad of its color, if only she could make it serve. It seemed to her an endless time that she waited there, growing chilled, lonely and more afraid with every minute. Then there came a faint rumbling sound that greww steadily louder, and she ran swiftly down the track to meet it. "Help me! Oh, help me!" she prayed almost unconsciously as she lifted her flag high and waved it wildly.

Fortunately it was not the dreaded train, but an engine pulling a loaded freight car with two empty cars attached, and it presently came to a halt at her frantic signaling.

"What on earth—" began a rough voice, but the white face and wild pointing brought men speedily to the ground, and her breathless story was told. There was a swift examination of the bridge, and a hurried dispatching of the warning to the station, while some of the men still gathered with their questions around. Laura She was cold, trembling with excitement, and only eager to start for home, but they would not let her go until they had learned her name, where she lived, and then questioned and praised.

"Well, it's likely we owe our lives to you, that's what!" exclaimed one of the group. "You sure were a brave, sensible girl to stay on the ground and give warning this way."

"That's what she is!" chimed in the others warmly. "Likely she's been the saving of that Five O'clock, too."

"And that flag—why it's her shawl!" pointed out another. "Lucky 'twas red!"

It was the first time Laura had ever been glad of its color; she took it now with a strange feeling that it was a new acquaintance as one of the men

picked it up from the ground, pulled it loose from the stick, and handed it to her—torn at the corners, wet with the rain. She had not thought to reclaim it. She only wanted to get home, and she escaped as soon as she could from the questioning group and made her way to the upper road. She was tired, but with a wonderful feeling of gladness at her heart that the hard task had ended so successfully. They would be wondering at home what was keeping her; she only wanted to get there and tell them.

It seemed to Laura that there never had been a happier evening than that one before the fire in the old living room, where she could tell her story to the sympathetic home circle. They were the only audience she wanted.

But she was greatly surprised the next evening to find that the story had spread far beyond household limits. The railroad men had carried it. and the village paper had it in full, her name given and her deed praised with all the elaboration of the modern newspaper.

"Oh, I never thought it would sound like that!" cried Laura in confusion, while grandpa laughed, and Rob shouted that the family had grown famous.

The school had heard it, and triumphantly claimed it as Laura reached the ground on Monday morning.

"Now we know why you went around the long way Friday evening," said Molly Taylor, half laughing, half wonderingly, as the pupils gathered around Laura the moment she appeared. "Wasn't it fine that you had that red shawl?"

"We are proud of you," said Miss Tracy, pausing to lay a hand on the girl's shoulder as she passed.

The wave of humility that aften comes when one feels that the commendation bestowed is too high, swept over Laura.

"Why—why, I couldn't do anything else, you know!" she explained.

"Yes, we know. You were Laura Stanley and you couldn't do anything else," laughed the teacher.

How strange it all had been—that she should have gone that unusual way on that particular night, and the use to which the despised shawl had come at last. Laura could not help pondering over it all as she sat with her book before her that morning. But the conclusion of the tale, as it touched the family, came two days later when grandfather brought a letter from the post-office—a letter addressed to Laura. It bore the stamp of the railway office on its businesslike envelope. The men who had reported the accident had "wanted to do something for the plucky little girl who saved them from wreck," they said. They had taken up a collection, and left it at the office. "The office had added a bit to it, and the enclosed was sent with many thanks."

The paper enclosed was a check for one hundred and fifty dollars, which looked like an immense sum to the little country girl.

"All that!" she cried. "Oh, Grandma, isn't that enough to do us a lot of good this winter?"

"It surely is," agreed grandma heartily; "and the very first good of all must be the buying of a new winter coat for the girl who was brave enough to wear the old red shawl. I think, dear, wearing it really took more courage than waving it at last."

"Oh, but I wasn't brave—not all the time—not really," Lura was

glad she could confess at last. "I only tried to keep still about it, and do the best I could. To think of its turning out this way!"

"When we try to do our best in life's hard place there is a higher Wisdom than ours to take care of how it all turns out," answered grandma out of long experience.

The Master's ringing cry is: Go ye; and the other cry from our beloved brothers of far-away lands is: You are a long time coming.—Gordon.

LOOK AND LEARN

By A. C. Gordon

Q. What element forms the greatest part of the air?

A. Nitrogen.

Q. Who is the mayor of Chicago?

A. A. J. Cermak.

Q. What is the average age of a horse?

A. Twenty years.

Q. Has the President the power to remove a state governor from office?

A. No; he has no power to remove state officials.

Q. What old Virginia city was originally included in the area of the District of Columbia?

A. Alexandria.

Q. What U. S. city has been called "the oil capital of the world?"

A. Tulsa, Okla.

Q. Who wrote "Little Lord Fauntleroy"?

A. Frances Hodgson Burnett.

Q. What animals will eat bees?

A. Skunk and bear.

Q. What one star does not change its relative position to the northern part of the earth?

A. The North Star.

Q. Who was called the "Grand Monarch"?

A. Louis XIV, of France.

Q. Who was the first President of the U. S. to serve two terms?

A. George Washington.

Q. What are the Latin quarters of New York city called?

A. Greenwich Village.

Q. What was the term applied to protective coloration during the World War?

A. Camouflage.

Q. What Biblical character tried to walk on water and failed?

A. Peter.

Q. Why is New Orleans called the "Crescent City"?

A. Because of its situation in the crescent made by the bend of the Mississippi river at that place.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Our school principal reports that 138 boys were promoted last week.

—o—

Some delicious turnips, turnip greens and collards, products of our gardens, have been a part of our daily menus for some time.

—o—

Mr. Carriker and his carpenter shop boys have been making extensive repairs to the grandstand on our athletic field.

—o—

Mr. F. H. Shuford, Boys' Commissioner, and Judge Garland B. Daniel, of the Juvenile Court, both of High Point, visited the institution last Tuesday.

—o—

Workmen from Concord have repaired the furnace and built a new smokestack at the school building, and everything is in readiness for the coming of "Old Man Winter."

—o—

Mr. Presson and his Receiving Cottage boys have prepared the tulip and pansy beds along the National Highway, also rebuilt the flower beds near the Cannon Memorial Building.

—o—

Rev. Paul Hardin, Jr., pastor of Forest Hill M. E. Church, Concord, conducted the service in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon, and talked to the boys in his usual interesting manner.

—o—

During the past season we enjoyed plenty of green lima beans, and for several days past some of the boys on the outside forces have been shelling dry beans. Forty-five bushels for winter use have been gathered in this manner.

—o—

The coming of chilly Fall weather has brought the barefoot season to a close, and on Monday last, each of our 465 boys was given a new pair of high grade work shoes. New socks were issued at the same time.

—o—

In traveling about the grounds we noticed a number of fat hogs in the pens near the barn, and now that the weather is so much cooler, we feel that some of that good home-made pork sausage should be on the way soon.

—o—

During the past week ten new boys were received at the Training School. They were placed in the Receiving Cottage, where they will remain for two weeks before being placed in the other cottages.

Hallowe'en, that particular season when spooks, goblins, witches, etc., are supposed to be lurking in dark corners, was duly celebrated at the Training School last Saturday afternoon. A half holiday was declared, and at 1:30 the boys and officers assembled in the auditorium where they enjoyed a very good motion picture entitled, "Noisy Neighbors." Following the picture show, the cottage lines assembled in front of the school building and in a few minutes proceeded to the bakery. There a large booth, artistically decorated in keeping with the season, was presided over by several boys and officers, dressed in queer looking costumes. As the boys filed past the booth they were served with generous helpings of that famous American quick lunch delicacy known as "hot dogs," garnished with mustard and pickle in true Coney Island style. As the lines moved along each boy was given a bag of roasted peanuts, grown on our own farm, and still farther down the line, several boys arrayed in Hallowe'en costumes, dispensed soft drinks. This latter feature of the afternoon's program was due to the kindness of Mr. "Tommy" Honeycut, genial manager of the Concord Bottling Company, who generously donated more than 700 bottles of excellent drinks. The spirit of the season, and the little tinge of frost in the air, served to sharpen the appetites of our large family of growing boys, and more than 75 pounds of weiners, 1300 hot rolls (product of our bakery), 10 bushels of peanuts, and the aforementioned soft drinks disappeared as if by magic. It was by far the most enjoyable Hallowe'en celebration in the history of the school.

DAY ON A MOUNTAIN SIDE

Day had come over the hills and valleys and reached the side of a mountain, in plain view from my bedroom window, and I looked out upon a scene seldom beheld at the dawn of day. There lay a range of low mountains, miles long; in the valley and up its side lay a strata of fog, coming half way up the mountain side and as straight as a shore line; above this shore line of snow white fog was a long blue line of mountain side, divided in half by a starta of brown cloud, lying in a straight long line; at the top of the mountain was the horizon with a golden glow as clear and pure looking as gold itself, and running in a narrow straight line across the face of this golden glow was a very narrow strip of seal brown cloud. I gazed in wonder at its beauty and its grandeur; a scene fit for the brush of a master painter; all of which was formed by nature without effort. There it lay in all its beauty waiting for the rising of the sun which would scatter it all to the four winds. A lovely scene painted by nature, to be beheld for a few short moments then fade from the face of the earth.—C. W. Hunt.

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XIX CONCORD, N. C., NOVEMBER 14, 1931 No. 46

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"Home life is the highest and finest product of civilization. It is the great molding force of mind and character. Except in unusual circumstances, the home should not be broken up for reasons of poverty."—Selected.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL
PUBLISHED BY

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

GOVERNOR GARDNER'S "RED CROSS ROLL CALL"

"The Red Cross, the corporate Good Samaritan which for fifty years has been binding up the wounds of war, is preparing to muster in its army for peace.

"Under this international flag of humanity all of us are to answer its roll call. During these fifty years its ministry to the maimed wiped out all the frontiers with its charities. Long before it took the form of a great organization Victor Hugo looked over the battlefields of the world and said of these war workers, 'You have armed humanity, and you have served liberty.'

"The Red Cross today undertakes the most difficult tasks of peace. In the United States seven millions of our citizens—more than have enlisted in all the wars of our country in one hundred and fifty years—are without employment and therefore without the chance to be redeemed by their work. Another five million are but partially engaged and therefore are easy prey to all the diseases which come from inadequate housing and feeding. In our own State 200,000 are idle through no sin of their own, and almost a like number have sporadic employment which hardly makes the bread that they need.

"The Red Cross has chosen the period between November 11th and 26th for its roll call. During that fortnight it calls upon the citizenship of North Carolina to enlist itself in this vast philanthropy, with half a century of scientific direction and management to its credit. There is in all of our stripped fortunes yet an abundance of food and clothes. Providence has distributed sun and rain and crops have been bountiful. It will be an everlasting reproach to our country if through lack of feeding one citizen falls prey to disease, it will be a crime if one child cries vainly for bread.

"Now, Therefore, I, O. Max Gardner, Governor of North Carolina do proclaim November 11th-26th as Roll Call, and call upon our people to give without stint to the Red Cross, which is our league of love in action."

THE HOPE OF WORLD PEACE

In observing the 13th, anniversary, Armistice Day, that marks the closing of the World War, President Hoover asked that the day be observed in churches, schools and other suitable places with appropriate ceremonies, expressing gratitude for peace and hoping for a bond of good fellowship between all nations.

The article below, "The Road To Peace," taken from Young Folks expresses the thought of the season, both appropriate and convincing. This, our only way for a universal peace that passeth all understandings:

> It is now thirteen years since the word of peace resounded through the earth. The most colossal, the most devastating war of all time then terminated. We no longer entertain the belief that one nation alone was guilty of starting that world conflagration. If we cannot agree on that proposition perhaps we can on this, that the heart of manhood and womanhood the world around is more committed to the principle of peace than ever before. Even those who believe in preparedness are not in any large numbers courting international conflict, but concord and good will. If we may judge from the temper of the periodical literature most widely circulated there can be no doubt that the sentiment in favor of world peace is becoming a deep-seated thing and is on the increase.
>
> I picked up a leading religious journal today only to read that in order to put the thought of war farther from us there are being held this fall, October 25-31, one hundred and fifty peace meetings in as many cities throughout the United States and Canada. The meetings are being sponsored by two hundred and seventy-five distinguished peace leaders. The idea is to make peace so permanent a thing that war cannot occur again.
>
> It remains for us to remember that peace is one of the clearest notes in the Gospel. A Christian nation cannot be for ever at war, or even be thinking of war, and stay Christian. Jesus was a man of peace. He bestowed on those who loved Him the peace of God. He commanded Peter to put up the sword. Those who represent Him are not to give occasion for offense. One thing the Gospel always does for those who willingly hear it is to give them an understanding and sympathetic heart toward all men. It teaches us that we are all of one blood, and that war is self-destruction.

* * * * * * * * * *

THE ANNUAL RED CROSS CALL

The period for the annual Red Cross call, according to the Governor's proclamation is from 11th-26th, inclusive, from Armistice day to Thanksgiving.

The people are urged to make this campaign for membership a great success, because of the fact 200,000 in our own state are idle with the little hope of making the bread they need. This call should carry an appeal for the reason it renders a world wide service in time of peace, war or distress of any nature. That 7,000,000 people make up the army of unemployed in the United States shows the need of funds to meet the demands for actual necessities this winter. Besides, statistics show that 100,000 deaths and several million injuries occur in the United States from accidental causes.

The Red Cross is seeking to reduce this number by a campaign of instruction in first aid. The membership gives each person a share in the support of this service as well as all other activities of the Red Cross. To participate in such a philanthropic work is a privilege.

* * * * * * * * * *

JUDGE LAWSON BOGER

The same reception tendered Judge Lawson Boger upon his seventy-third birthday by his numerous friends in Kannapolis would be accorded him if he were in Concord. There are many who recall when Judge Boger patroled the streets of Concord as Chief of Police. He was a fearless officer with the high purpose only of having the law enforced regardless of class or station in life. Besides, his manly and courageous bearing gave every one an assurance of protection at times when needed. We felicitate Mr. Boger upon this happy occasion and join with the Kannapolis friends in hoping him many returns:

> Judge John Lawson Boger, whose friends have been congratulating him upon reaching the seventy-third milestone of his life, and his friends are legion, clad in his familiar suit of blue, has been a colorful, upstanding figure in Kannapolis since the inception of the gigantic towel industry here. He was as much so in Concord, where for many years prior to his coming here, he served that city in a like capacity. Although a rugged force when found fighting for what he believes to be right or duty, to which he adheres unswervingly, he can at the same time be humane just and wise. These latter traits have marked for him a place in the hearts of all with whom he has come in contact a sense of reverence and high respect.—Kannapolis Independent.

* * * * * * * * * *

THE SEVEN WONDERS

We give below the seven wonders of the ancient world, but some of these

would pale into insignificance when studied minutely and compared to some of the works of man of twentieth century, that will survive as long as humanity exists, because of the untold benefits to mankind.

An exchange states that a recent writer selects not the "perishable works of man, but he discoveries and inventions which have revolutionized civilization, such as, the radio, the telephone, airplane, the antiseptics, spectrum analysis and radium." ....

But here are the seven wonders so named by a writer of Palestine about 100 B. C., as follows:

The seven wonders of the world were so named by Antipater, a writer of Palestine, about 100 B. C., as follows:

The Hanging Gardens of Babylon, destroyed in 484 B. C., more than 100 years before they were listed among the wonders.

The Temple of Diana at Ephesus, burned in 262 A. D.

The Statue of Zeus at Olympus, destroyed in 408.

The Colossus of Rhodes, sold for junk in 653.

The Lighthouse of Pharos at Alexandria, fell in an earthquake in 1375.

The Mausoleum of Artemisia destroyed in 1402.

The Pyramid of Cheops the only one of the "Seven Wonders" still in existence.

* * * * * * * * * *

A MENACE TO PROGRESS

It is high time to stop, think, look and listen when men like Dr. Charles H. Mayo, of Rochester Minn., states that every other hospital bed in the United States is occupied by mentally afflicted, insane, idiotic, feebleminded or senile persons. And he added that among those still regarded as healthy, there are large numbers who should really be in the asylum. The reason he states is that our human system is strained beyond the speed limit in adjusting the material things of life. This is true, in this age of wheels and airplanes, the whole world is in high and moving at a rapid rate of speed. There is danger if one keeps the pace, and to stop is like hesitating in a traffic jam where one is crushed under foot or lost forever. In every phase of work it is not unusual to hear of big business going to the wall, and through the strain to keep the business intact and live in keeping with the spirit of the age there is a strain that tends to over-tax the vital organs of the body and something snaps. The consequences are there is either a physical or

mental break that means disaster to thousands of homes. It seems impossible to slow down the increased rhythm of living and turn into channels of work, wherein there is time for relaxation, less destructive to human life. A panacea for all of this nervous, hectic life has not been found, the same old grind continues, and daily tragedies occur that are worse than death.

THE AMERICAN RED CROSS

The American Red Cross was founded in 1881. It is, by Presidential proclamation, the National Relief Agency. It is chartered by Congress, headed by the President of the United States, and supported by annual memberships.

These memberships make possible a program which includes:

Disaster Relief—1,000 catastrophes in 50 years—all the way from Johnstown flood to Drought.

Veterans—380,000 social and financial problems in a year for ex-service men and their families and for the men of the regular Army and Navy.

First Aid—73,000 certificates awarded in a year—the answer to the annual toll of 100,000 deaths from accidents.

Life-Saving—70,000 candidates pass tests in year—one way to prevent the 7,000 drownings now occurring each year.

Public Health Nursing—1,340,000 visits to patients in 12 months—building health in home, school, and community.

Home Hygiene—568 Chapters conducting this work—teaching the family how to care for sickness.

Nutrition—138,000 children and adults taught in year—better food and better bodies.

Junior Red Cross—7,000,000 school children enrolled—spreading cheer and good will around the world.

Insular and foreign activities—aided in 12 disasters last year.

Volunteers—110,000 in one year—ever ready in war and in peace.

Says Chief Justice Charles Evans Hughes: "The American Red Cross represents the united voluntary effort of the American people in the ministry of mercy. It is the best and most effective expression of the American heart.

RAMBLING AROUND

With Old Hurrygraph

"Let me live my life from day unto day
In a friendly, self-forgetful way,
With a handclasp warm and friendly smile
For the folks I meet on the daily mile."

—o—

Many a woman standing in front of a shop window has merely stopped to reflect.

—o—

Yes, a dollar will buy more now than it did five years ago. But dollars were more common then than they are now.

—o—

After all, there's a natural affinity between famous movie stars and grapefruit—both of them are always in the public eye.

—o—

The distinction in politics is really quite simple. Your party has an organization and the other party has a machine.

—o—

Some fine observer says that every one should dress to suit his purse. Maybe this is the reason for the craze for nudity in some parts of the country.

—o—

Once let a man get it in his head that somebody is going to support him, whether father or government, and something goes out of him that really makes a man.

—o—

The Inland Waterways Corporation, a government enterprise in direct and hurtful competition with railroads, is just another federal concern financed by public funds, to compete with and break down private business. Private business has made the nation prosperous. Now federal agencies are being used for destructive purposes to further destroy private initiative and prosperity.

—o—

Edison was the greatest inventor the world has ever known, but he couldn't invent anything to stop heirs for squabbling over father's money after he is gone, as it is said some of his boys are doing.

—o—

Cuba says it won't stand for the buzzards that roost on the glistening gold dome of its new capitol building, and that they're going to have the thing charged with electricity. Maybe we could get rid of the lame ducks roosting around in Washington the same way. It is better to charge them with electricity than to have them a charge on the country.

—o—

It is said that the girls are adopting the "monkey frizzle," fashion for their hair. A monkey frizzle, if you don' know, means parting the hair in the back at the nape of the neck and brushing it first on one side and then on the other at a sharp angle. It's said to be extremely smart, and I'm expecting to meet one any day. But, I'd rather not, because I know I'm going to rush right up and offer the monkey frizzler some peanuts. Oh, my dear, can you imagine what an embarrassing moment I'm going to have!

—o—

The news from West Frankfort, Ill., the other day said a mysterious star or comet or something that

came out of the sky exploded with a terrific roar and a dazzling flame flashing to the horizon at night right over the town. Well, after that interview he gave the reporters in Washington during the White House-Laval conference I'll bet that what exploded at Frankfort was nothing else but Bill Borah. Anyhow, it sounded like Bill.

—o—

Ramsay MacDonald won one of the most tremendous political victories Tuesday ever known in England. His party rolled up a vote of 11,648,939. That's fine, Ramsay, but if you hear any one say "11,648,939 people can't be wrong," shoot him on the spot. Don't ask why, Ramsay, I'm telling you!

—o—

It seems we hear of more people dropping dead nowadays than we did some years ago. Dr. George W. Crile, discussing the conditions that bring on heart disease, says: "Civilization has traveled too fast for man, his body has not had time enough to catch up with his brain, and as a result the body of civilized man is like the Victorian vehicle driven by the air engine." Many men try to do abnormal stunts after they are 50 or 60 years old. This brings on abnormal palpitation of the heart, and abnormal nervous fatigue. This brings to mind the thought that moderation is the only safe policy in life—moderation in all things, in eating and drinking, in physical effort, in mental effort, in work in general. It is the boiler that undergoes too much pressure day after day that blows up, and the man who undergoes the same thing that drops dead.

—o—

It is a well known axiom that "Perfect love casteth out fear." Fear is the bane of our country today. A man in love with his God, his family, his neighbors and his business or occupation, is panoplied with armor that will shield him under all circumstances. It has been said that stranger things exist in fact than in fiction. Strangest thing among the facts is that many people are prone to do things that are hurtful to themselves and others, yet present an exhibition of timidity when it comes to doing things that would be helpful to themselves and others at the same time. Not so long ago this country thronged with people putting their savings, and even in their borrowings in things similar to which the world learned thousands of years ago were inflated beyond all reason in the matter of actual values. It was almost a parallel to kicking at a rattle snake when the excitement was on and then running from a beetle when things got back to something like old time level matter of business. Fear is the answer, but the peculiarity of the situation is it has been permitted to creep into the hearts of business men after the danger has passed, and now holds them back from going ahead with "business as usual." Truly, the "wicked flee when no man pursueth," and the man with fear in his heart in the face of doing right is nothing short of wicked. Think it over.

Christ's church lives only as it pushes forward.—Bruce Tayler.

FOLIAGE THE MOST BEAUTIFUL IN MANY YEARS

By C. W. Hunt

We hear people rave at this season of the year about the beauty of the mountain foliage, and it is beyond description by a pen, but one does not have to go to the mountains this Fall to see the glories of a colored forest or even the trees in some one's yard, for this colorful view is every where. The difference between the mountain view and the lower levels is there is so much more to see; and looking at the side of a high mountain the view is so much larger and seems so much nearer to you. I had occasion to spend part of two days at Blowing Rock last week, and while I was too much occupied to spend any time simply looking, one cannot help absorb much as he drives along the highways. Those mountains are like a kaleidoscope in variety of colors, and it was here that I saw Grandfather mountain as I had never seen it before in all the ten years I have been beholding it in the Fall of the year. This year there has been almost no rain, and for that reason these beautiful leaves have not fallen as they so often do after killing frost; so one views that mountain from top of Blue Ridge with its sides a riot of colors; brown, red, scarlet, yellow of many shades, bronze, green and many other shades an artist could name, but which are beyond the power of such a scribe as this.

To make all these colors requires many different kinds of trees. One cannot get to these high mountains to name them, but on the lower levels it is easy for one familiar with woods-craft to call their names. The black gum, a tree that has been used for ages to make wagon wheel hubs, on account of inability to split it is one of the very first to show its colors of a most lovely shade of red and at times almost a pure bronze; and by way of giving out information this black gum is being planted in shrubbery planting especially for this wonderful shade of red in the Fall. A close rival for beauty of color is the sweet gum, with its beautiful forked leaf, which runs more to yellow than it does to red, and at times you find colors of such shades as to be able to name them. The dogwood has finely colored foliage, but it has been so dry it is not showing this year, in fact many of these are bare, except for their bright red clusters of berries, which remain on the trees for many weeks to feed squirrels and many kinds of birds. The hickory nut trees are always yellow, a very rich shade of yellow and are now rapidly falling, as the nuts ripen and begin to fall. They are not as plentiful along the highway as some of these other trees, and are seldom of any size, but the sasafras tree stands right at the top for beuty of foliage and variety of shades of color. Yellow predominates, but often there is bright red and many shades of mixed colors. But after all is said about trees and leaves of trees none can excel our native and imported maples. The common silver maple can develop the deepest and richest shades of yellow of all the trees. I have mentioned

this place before, but for rare beauty of Fall maples, the small town of Maiden in Catawba county leads all places I know of for pretty maples at this season.

I have space here to mention only the leading varieties of trees and their colorful foliage, but there are others just as fancy in color as these I have mentioned here. Just any old pine field is beautiful now with its mixture of gums and maples and pine; and look as far as you will, in any direction you choose, and it is one wide spreading panorama of scenes and colors.

The report of rainfall at and about Charlotte shows less shortage than for several years, but in the mountains the shortage must be equal to the short record; in fact it shows in the Catawba river more than I have ever seen it. Lake Hickory where there has been for several years a wide expanse of water, where route 17 crosses, is now down to the former bed of the river, and crossing there early in the morning before the Rhodehiss plant opens its water gates, you would see an almost dry river bed; and the serious part of it there seems to be no relief in sight. Wednesday night the 28th ult., there was a nice shower of rain, in places enough to muddy small streams, and its scope was from the top of the mountains to Charlotte, at least. This enabled many farmers to get in some much needed work on their wheat lands; for most of that fine wheat section of Caldwell, Catawba and Lincoln counties is still unprepared for the sowing of grain.

These things are all interesting to those who observe as they pass; to others they mean nothing, but if you have time to spare then take a day and drive anywhere toward the west and see these beauties of nature, for they are far more beautiful this Fall than in several years, if they ever were as beautiful as now. Then we cannot fail to remember who gives us all these. They do not cost us a penny, are given by the great God of nature and the Ruler of this Universe. All we who have the power to see beauty in nature only have to look, to behold what loveliness is before us.

SOLDIERS OF THE LIGHT

God, end war! But when brute war is ended,
Yet there shall be many a noble soldier,
Many a noble battle worth the winning,
Many a hopeless battle worth the losing.
Life is battle,
Life is battle, even to the sunset.

—By Helen Gray Cone

1881—THE STORY OF THE AMERICAN RED CROSS—1931

(Lutheran Young Folks)

The originator of the Red Cross movement was Henri Dunant, a young Swiss idealist, who had been moved by the horrors of the battlefield of Salferino in 1859, where he aided the wounded as a volunteer.

The Red Cross organization grew out of an international conference called at Geneva, Switzerland, in 1864. But the success of the conference in formulating and securing the adherence of leading powers to the international agreement or convention which it drew up, neutralizing the treatment of the wounded in war, was in large part due to two other influences. One influence was general knowledge of the work done by Florence Nightingale and her devoted nurses in the Crimean War (1854-56). The other was the story of the accomplishments of the United States Sanitary Commission in the American Civil War, as told by its two representatives in the conference.

The conference adopted as its insignia the flag of Switzerland with reversed colors. Instead of a white cross on a red shield, it became a red cross on a white shield. This was the origin of the name, the "Red Cross."

Attending the conference were two representatives of the United States —George C. Fogg, United States Minister to Switzerland, and Charles S. P. Bowles, European agent of the United States Sanitary Commission. Their story of the commission's work in the Civil War exerted a powerful influence on the delegates. Nevertheless, these two Americans lacked authority to commit their government, which did not give its adhesion to the agreement until eighteen years later.

As this Government remained cold toward the Treaty of Geneva, nothing more was done toward founding an American Red Cross Society until 1881, when Clara Barton succeeded in securing the interest of the Garfield administration in the treaty. Miss Barton, accordingly, held a meeting and organized a society called the American Association of the Red Cross. This was on May 21, 1881.

Although the United States Sanitary Commission and the Association for Relief of Misery of Battlefields were forerunners of the American Red Cross, it was Clara Barton (18-21-1912, famous for her volunteer work among wounded in the Civil War, who had the honor of founding the society in this country.

In 1877, Miss Barton received an appointment as representative of the International Red Cross Committee of Geneva, and went to Washington to work for American adherence. Unable to make progress with the Government, in the following year she issued a leaflet on the Red Cross and its purposes, which was given to all members of Congress. A number of friends associated themselves at this time with her efforts, including the Swiss diplomatic representative.

When President Garfield took office in 1881, both he and his Secretary of State, James G. Blaine, endorsed the movement. Thus, the way was cleared for organizing an American so-

ciety.

The Red Cross in the United Statee dates from the evening of Saturday, May 21, 1881, when a group of well-known residents of Washington, D. C., met in Miss Barton's dwelling in the Capital City. Miss Barton read papers to show what the Red Cross was doing in the countries then adhering to the Geneva Treaty, all with their own national societies.

At a second meeting on June 9, the organization was completed. The new society called itself "The American Association of the Red Cross" and elected Miss Barton as its president. Plans for prompt recognition by the Government were upset, however, by the tragic death of President Garfield.

In the summer of 1881, Miss Barton, who was a patient at a sanitarium at Dansville, N. Y., organized the first local Red Cross unit in the United States, known today as the Clara Barton Chapter. This was on August 22, 1881.

President Arthur in December, 1881, sent a message to the Senate, urging adherence to the Geneva convention. Opposition melted away as soon as the objects of the Red Cross were studied and understood. On March 1, 1882, President Arthur, acting with the consent of the Senate, by his signature gave the accession of the United States to the Geneva Treaty. On June 9th, the Swiss Federation accepted American adherence and on July 26th, President Arthur announced the fact in a public proclamation. Thus, was the American Association of the Red Cross welcomed into fellowship with kindred societies of thirty-one other countries.

In 1902, Miss Barton attended the International Conference of the Red Cross at St. Petersburg (Leningrad), where she was decorated by the Czar. Miss Barton, however, was reaching the advanced age at which she was entitled to retire from active service. On May 14, 1904, she handed in her resignation, after twenty-three years with the Red Cross. She died April 12, 1912.

The American National Red Cross, as we know it today, with its semi-governmental status, its widespread organization extending to outlying possessions of the United States, and its peace-time program, dates from its congressional charter of January 5, 1905.

The work of reorganization and of drawing up the new charter was led by Miss Mabel T. Boardman, now secretary of the Central Committee and national director of volunteer service. For the drafting of the charter, the Red Cross was chiefly indebted to Miss Boardman, to John W. Foster, former Secretary of State, and to William H. Taft, who became the first president of the new society. Mr. Taft was at that time Secretary of War.

Reorganization on a new plan gave the Red Cross increased opportunities for usefulness. From an enrollment of 3,337 members at the end of 1905, it now has a normal enrollment of 4,100,000 members, with a Junior Red Cross membership in the schools that reached more than 7,000,000 in 1931.

Each year the Red Cross adds to its enrollment through the Annual Roll Call for memberships. The 1931 Roll Call will take place from Armistice Day, November 11th, to Thanksgiving Day, November 26th.

RED CROSS SETS RECORDS IN LIFE-SAVING COURSES

(Selected)

In spite of its increased burdens during the last twelve months, the American Red Cross closed it fiscal year on June 30 after shattering all records for performance in several departments.

One of the most outstanding records established during the period was in the life-saving service which issued 62,693 certificates to individuals residing in all parts of the United States. The figure represents an increase in members enrolled of nearly 10,000 over the previous year, according to Harold F. Enlows, National Director of First Aid and Life-Saving Service of the society. Since the life-saving courses were inaugurated, a total of 335,896 certificates have ben awarded, Director Enlows pointed out. For the last two years more than 1,100 local chapters have offered instruction in life-saving.

Life-saving institutes, conducted in several parts of the country during the summer months, also attracted more persons interested in advanced training in water sports than during any similar period in several years. Attendance at the institutes totaled approximately 800 this year, Enlows said. For the most part, these courses are attended by camp counselors, beach guards, physical education directors and Y. M. C. A. gymnasium instructors and supervisors. Those receiving the training, in turn, carry the knowledge they acquire back to their respective posts, for the benefit of thousands of others, with the result that the hazards of water sports are materially reduced. The training at the institutes includes swimming, diving, canoeing, waterfront leadership, swimming pool leadership, pageantry, recreational swimming and other subjects. Growing interest in water sports and a public demand for expert guidance in such activities are reflected in this years's enrollment.

The Red Cross is celebrating its fitieth anniversary in this country this year. Individual membership makes the life-saving as well as the various other Red Cross services possible. This fall the society will conduct its annual Roll Call, beginning on Armistice Day, November 11, and extending through Thanksgiving, November 26.

Good health and normal vigor are enjoyed when all the cells of the body function properly. Dead cells or rebellious cells disturb their neighbors and troubles arise in that section of the body. Aches and pains and sickness result. Such cannot enjoy good health. This is the trouble with our body politic. Just now the whole world seems to be sick. The times are out of joint—the whole head and heart are sick. Turn physician and find what is wrong with your poor sick church which is unable do anything. Find how many cells are functioning.—North Carolina Christian Advocate.

THE KING'S DAUGHTERS—JACKSON TRAINING SCHOOL

(The Concord Tribune)

October 8, 1931 will always stand out as a great day in the history of the Jackson Training School and as another great step forward In His Name by the King's Daughters of North Carolina. This occasion was the dedication of a beautiful rocky knoll, at the lower end of the campus, upon which a Church will be built by the King's Daughters for the school.

A large delegation from the general assembly held in Salisbury arrived at the site about 3:30 to place a marker and dedicate the ground for the erection of a Chapel.

The service was opened with the singing of "All Hail the Power of Jesus Name" and was followed with prayer led by Dr. P. E. Monroe of the Saint James Lutheran Church, Concord. Mrs. Hortense F. Moye, President of the King's Daughters then broke the ground with Mrs. W. H. S. Burgwyn, Honorary President, and planted the silver cross, In His Name. Mrs. Moye then greeted the assembly and introduced Miss Easdale Shaw of Rockingham, who explained the location of the stone marker upon which was inscribed "Stonewall Jackson Memorial Chapel."

Mr. Charles E. Boger, Superintendent of the school, then spoke upon the beautiful work and service of the Daughters and expressed his appreciation for their great work in the past, as well as their future plans for the Christian development of the boys of this institution.

The occasion would not have been complete without a talk from Mrs. Burgwyn, the oldest living president of the King's Daughters chapter, who has served faithfully and well for many years in this noble work for the King.

After Mrs. Burgwyn's splendid talk a few words were spoken by Mrs. A. A. Walker, the new State President of the King's Daughters.

Mr. D. B. Coltrane, Treasurer of the Jackson Training School board, led in prayer which was followed by the song "Onward Christian Soldiers."

Reverend I. Harding Hughes of the All Saints' Episcopal Church, Concord, dismissed them with the benediction.

OUR TASK

Wars are terrible things. It is only natural for us to hope for and dream of a time when civilization will have no more of them. You and I are living in a period when universal peace is more than a dream. People are talking peace, even trying to legislate peace. By our thinking, our reading, our understanding, let us help it along. That, for this generation, is real patriotism.—Selected.

TWO FAKE EYE DOCTORS SWINDLE DAVIE COUPLE

(Catawba News-Enterprise)

Acting upon the report that Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Hutchins, residing near Farmington, in Davie county, were "gyped" last Friday by fake eye doctors posing as representatives of the state board of health, Dr. J. Roy Hege, county health officer, issued a warning to the public Monday to beware of these "neat-appearing men."

The pseudo eye specialists are reported to have charged Mr. and Mrs. Hutchins $250 for placing some radium drops in their eyes. The couple paid the men $90 in cash and offered a bank certificate for the remainder, but the fake doctors refused to accept the certificate and continued their journey toward Forsyth county.

Dr. Hege stated Monday that representatives of the state board of health do not charge for their services, and the state employs no traveling eye doctors. Strangers posing as doctors should be questioned carefully, else avoided altogether by the public, he pointed out.

It will be recalled that about two years ago, "two well-dressed men," one rather elderly in appearance, obtained $600 from a farmer in Salem Chapel township, Davie county, on a similar eye doctoring scheme. On clues uncovered by Deputy Sheriff Guy Scott, the fake oculist was arrested at the King Cotton hotel in Greensboro, his companion turning out to be a woman reputedly his wife. Brought back to Winston-Salem, the fakir was placed under heavy cash bond and disappeared.

The Lord said, Speak unto the children of Israel, that they go forward. Faber has written five signs of progress in the spiritual life:

1. If we are discontented with our present state, and want to be better and higher, we have great reason to be thankful to God. For such discontent is one of His best gifts, and a great sign that we are making progress. But such dissatisfaction with ourselves must be of such a nature as to increase our humility, and not such as to cause disquietude of mind or uneasiness in our devotional exercises.
2. It is a sign of growth if we are making new beginnings, a renewal of our intention for the glory of God, and a revival of our fervor.
3. When we have some definite thing in view: as to acquire the habit of some virtue, or to conquer some infirmity.
4. If we have a strong feeling that God wants something from us.
5. An increased desire to be more perfect.

TRY IT

(Selected)

The following editorial appeared in Leslie's Weekly, and is so helpful we give it to our readers:

"If you are in a hurry, don't get behind the lame man; 'Hitch your chariot to a star.' Beware of the sneerer and scoffer. Seek the man who believes in things that are good and who is trying to make everything else better by deeds and words.

"Come into the sunshine for a little while. This is a good world after all. You may have had hard luck, ill health and hard blows, but open your ledger and see if the credit doesn't overbalance the debit side.

"Be frank with yourself and see how much of the debits can really be charged to your own faults, lack of fore-sight, trusting the untrustworthy, overreaching, selfishness, stupidity, extravagance, failure to learn by experience or refusal to profit by advice.

"Take a few precious moments for quiet self-examination. Don't mourn because someone who started in life with fewer advantages than you had has done so much better. Think of those you have left behind in the race. Yours must indeed be a hopeless case if you are the last in line.

"Happiness is from within, not from without. No greater happiness can be found than that which comes from the sweet content of right thinking, right living and a good, clean conscience. Try it!"

THE ARMISTICE

In Flanders fields the poppies blow,
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below.
We are the dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie in
Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe!
To you from falling hands we throw
The Torch. Be yours to hold it high!
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep though poppies grow in
Flanders fields.

—Lt. Col. John D. McCrae.

HANG DIXON PORTRAIT IN WAR MEMORIAL BUILDING

(Charlotte Observer)

On Monday, November 2, the Dan Grier camp of Spanish-American was veterans of Gastonia will present to the War Memorial building in Gastonia a portrait of the late Major B. F. Dixon, their beloved commander.

This portrait, hanging within these dedicated walls, will be not only a fitting but a deserved tribute to the man who, had not his modesty prevented could have laid well founded claim to being North Carolina's most versatile citizen in his generation.

His American soldiers learned his courage in the stormy days on Tybee Island. His few enemies and many friends alike, learned it in campaigns both military and political. Soldier, statesman, physician, minister, college president, dutiful husband and loving father, his was a career as full and versatile as it was useful.

Born in Cleveland county near the Kings Mountain Battleground on the 27th day of a stormy March in 1846, he was always a true son of North Carolina, holding his love and allegiance due first to his state in every instance. His parents, Thomas and Mary Ann Winter Dixon, are native English.

Major Dixon and his kinsman Thomas Dixon, the novelist, are perhaps the best known of the Dixon line but there have been countless other eminent members of the family. His mother Mary Ann Winter, was a devout member of the Church of England, holding to its prayer-book and customs until death.

God-fearing people his parents were, devout and moral. Yet their veins did not lack the pioneer blood of progressiveness. For young Ben they had ambitions and they were far-sighted enough to understand that these ambitions could be realized only through the slender ladder of education. Accordingly he was sent to the community schools and when he had gleaned all possible from them he was sent to the Citadel in Charleston, S. C.

The Citadel had then, as now high standards and stern discipline. Its founders instilled in it the spark of idealism and development that has made it the third ranking military institution in the United States today. It is easily surmised that life at the Citadel then, as today, was no bed of roses, its course of study no child's play. Ben Franklin Dixon's record there was untarnished.

But his days there were cut short by the menacing shadow of war. The spark of agitation between the north and south, fanned for so many years, burst at last into flame, the guns boomed at Bethel and Bull Run, and young Dixon was off to join the Confederate army at the tender age of 16. Knowing that his parents would naturally object to this procedure, he did not consult them. Even at this early age he seems to have had a streak of military genius. Entering the war as a private he was soon captain of a company from his native section, the "Cleveland Blues."

Everyone who is a student of the Confederacy is familiar with the

peculiar strategy and bloody fighting that surrounded the battle of Petersburg. The Cleveland Blues saw desperate action there. At the battle of Malvern Hill Captain Dixon was first wounded. Before the four years of blood and suffering were over he was again wounded in valiant defense of his homeland.

Then, with a stunning suddenness, the war was over. When the immortal Robert E. Lee stood at Appomattox, his banners drooping, his men starving, his silver trumpets in the dust, and surrendered to Grant, Captain Dixon must have had, as all Confederates had at that time a pervading sense of hoplessness and despair.

But he turned with his comrades-at-arms back to the stripped, poverty-stricken south to build anew.

Soon, as a licensed minister, he was filling appointments in the South Carolina conference. However, he was forced ere long to give up his ministry on account of trouble with his throat. He returned to the town of Kings Mountain in his native county and practiced medicine.

He married Mrs. Nora T. Durham, widow of Captain Plato Durham. She had three children at the time of the marriage, named: Plato, Robert L., and Stonewall J. Durham. Of this union were born three other children, Wright L., Ben F., and Pearl Dixon. The last named, the only girl of the family, married W. L. Bathis, of Gastonia, and resides there today. Wright L. Dixon is a resident of Raleigh. Ben F. Dixon, named for his gallant father, fell in action in the World War during the breaking of the Hindenburg line and lies buried in a battlefield of France.

Major Dixon was ever an affectionate father to his stepchildren. Plato Durham became one of the foremost ministers of the Southern Methodist church and his death in 1930 deprived the church of one of its most ardent leaders. Robert L. Durham today heads Southern Seminary for girls at Buena Vista, Va., and is counted among the prominent educators of the south. Stonewall J. Durham, residing now at Bessemer City, has long been known in North Carolina as a brilliant lawyer and a citizen of sterling worth.

In 1884, Captain Dixon was elected superintendent of the Oxford Orphan asylum and served there faithfully and well until 1890 when he relinquished this position to become president of Greensboro College for Women. This position he filled for two years, returning in 1892 to his medical practice in Kings Mountain.

Soon after his return to Cleveland county, he took his first step into political circles. In 1896, while residing in Shelby, he was elected to represent Cleveland county in the state legislature. He became active in the house of representatives and soon laid the basis for his later widespread political reputation. His interest and influence in politics grew.

When in 1900 Charles B. Aycock, running on the democratic ticket for govenor, launched his whirlwind campaign to free the state from the regime of Daniel Russell, the last republican govenor North Carolina ever had, Dixon occupied a prominent seat on the Aycock bandwagon. Together Aycock and Dixon stumped the state from end to end. They became strong personal as well as political friends. An intimate relation-

ship grew up between the two men.

Stonewall Durham related the following incident.

"During the strenuous campaign against Russellism, Governor Aycock stayed overnight at my house. While in conversation on the front porch, Governor Aycock told me that personally he considered Major Dixon the greatest campaigner ever produced in the Old North State, not excepting Zebulon Vance. Governor Aycock followed the usual political custom of repeating the same speech in different towns every night during the campaign. Major Dixon, during all his political career, was never known to repeat a speech. During the campaign he spoke almost every night.

As a result of this famous 1900 campaign, Major Dixon was awarded the position of state auditor, which he held until his death. He filled it conscientiously and capably: He was also closely indentified with the launching of Governor Aycock's great educational drive, which laid the basis for our present superior educational system.

At the outbreak of the Spanish-American war Auditor Dixon, true to his heritage of courage, was the first among the volunteers. He was made a major, serving in the second battalion, made up of native North Carolinians. He was beloved by the men under his command from the beginning and was held in high regard by his superior officers.

The following incident, related by Dr. T. A. Wilkins, Gastonia Spanish-American war veteran, who served in company B of the second battalion, throws light on Major Dixon's prestige as a commander. He says:

"Co. B of the second battalion was the first company to form in line for the regimental dress parade every evening. The other companies of our battalion formed on us and then the first, third and fourth battalions formed on our battalions. This required some little maneuvering, perhaps 15 or 20 minutes. Our battalion had to come to attention while the other battalions were forming.

"When Major Dixon had his battalion in present form, he too came to attention. It was picturesque to see him sitting on his fine black horse. His stately carriage and fine physique made a picture of soldiery I would look forward to every day. Every one of his men loved him and would speak of him as "Our Major." He was kind, but kept strict discipline. In all our regimental dress parade formations, Colonel W. H. S. Burgyn never once had to criticize him for imperfect formation."

Another incident recalled by Corporal Wilkins shows the excellent markmanship of the major:

"During a training camp," he says, "we set up after a three-days march out from Raleigh. Several of the boys were hard at their routine target practice. The target was many yards away over on another hill. The boys uttered exclamations of delight if they came within a foot of it. Major Dixon rode up and asked for my rifle, which I handed to him. Inspecting it closely and seeing it was in perfect shape, he fired, seemingly without aim, from the saddle and rung a perfect bull's eye on the distant target. He smilingly told the boys that was the way they must learn to shoot and rode off."

Other incidents of his amazing

markmanship are recalled by his stepson, Stonewall Durham, who for years carried in his pocket a copper-jacketed .32 calibre bullet with which Major Dixon split a thin willow wand at 100 yards.

Many of his men who were with him on Tybee Island thank him for saving their lives. His stepsons, R. L. Durham and Plato Durham, who, as captain and second lieutenant of the company respectively were stationed on the island with him, spoke often of the happening from which this story grew.

The men had been stationed on the island for some days, when a terrific hurricane caught the surrounding waters in its grasp. It hurled the foaming waves up and over the banks of the island until its entire area became a whirlpool of death. The soldiers speedily retired to an old phosphate dock adjoining the island. As the minutes wore quickly on, the situation grew worse. An old tugboat used for many years to carry the phosphate ore mined on the island was just putting out for mainland.

The tugboat captain, intent upon saving his own life, was in no mood to incur futher risk by waiting for the soldiers to load aboard. When they attempted to board him, he swore at them violently and finally struck several of them with one of his heavy metal buckets which he swung wildly about his head.

Major Dixon, arriving on the scene, took the situation quickly in hand. He ordered his men to train their guns on the old captain and to shoot him down at the first move he made. Thus was the vessel captured and the soldiers loaded aboard. This quick decision saved the lives of the major and his men, for shortly after they put out to sea, the old phosphate dock fell amid the swirling water. Thus the confiscation of the old private vessel, although necessarily high-handed, proved a life-saving move.

Following the war and the hectic 1900 campaign Major Dixon threw his enormous energy into the capable handling of his duties as state auditor. He was ever the close friend and confidante of Governor Aycock, and stood out prominently in the administrations with which he was associated. His attention remained centered on the competent handling of the work for his beloved North Carolina until his death on September 26, 1916. The entire state was thrown into mourning at his death.

An editorial published in The Raleigh News and Observer just after his death said:

"He did well whatever he undertook, and had a genius for versatile employment. He rejoiced with those who rejoiced, he mounrned with those who mourned and could cheer and divert and interest and entertain in a manner that made him a charming companion and a genial comrade. He had the old-time southern chivalric spirit and loved everything that touched the south. There were no farewells when he embarked and those who lived close to him do not doubt that with gladness he met his Pilot face to face."

Not in a generation have we had a man that could surpass or equal Major Benjamin Franklin Dixon's gifts of versatility, brilliance and gentleness. Tomorrow's presentation of his portrait adds another echo to the fame that has cried his accomplishment down the years.

HE WHO CHEATS

By Erald A. Schivo

The man did not knock—he kicked with booted foot against the closed door of the little Pennville railroad station wherein Dan Stillmn was busily engaged in listening in on a short wave radio receiver. Again the man outside kicked against the lower panels of the door, this time more violently and impatiently. Dan was perturbed.

A severe storm had been raging since early afternoon. The little station quivered from floor to ceiling; a loose shingle on the roof drummed realistically. Windows rattled as the fierce wind dashed the rain against them. The shades flapped wierdly. It was on such a night as this that burglars might attempt an entrance, forcing the young station attendant to open the safe which at the present time contained a registered parcel worth five thousand dollars in bonds.

"Open the door," roared a throaty voice, "or I'll bash it in!"

Dan looked about for a formidable weapon with which to protect himself. A heavy poker which hung near a warm stove was all that met his gaze as he removed his head set and rose hastily from his chair.

"Who's there?" called Dan, hoping to gain time by questioning.

"Me," growled the man in reply. "Do I stay here all night holding this fellow, or do you open the door before I smash it?"

A frown of bewilderment puckered Dan's high forehead. Suppose the stranger was hoping to catch him unawares by trickery. He hesitated, but there was no hesitation about the unknown visitor. He kicked on the door so mightily that one of the lower panels cracked.

"He can't make me open that safe no matter what he does," soliloquized Dan. He made no step in the direction of the only available weapon. Instead, he hurried to the door, unbolted it.

In walked the stranger, oil-skins gleaming in the light, and across his shoulder he carried the inanimate figure of a man whose face was unrecognizable because of the mud which bespattered it.

"Where'll I put 'im?" asked the man, breathing heavily. "This young fellow's auto turned over and he's hurt real bad. You better call a doctor quick."

Dan cleared a sofa which he sometimes used when remaining on an all-night vigil at the station. To this sofa the stranger gently lowered the automobile victim. A groan escaped the youth.

"I guess he's pretty bad hurt," said the man in oil-skins, "but I got work to do at the Sutho Mines. They asked me to come quick. If you want to find me to let me know how this young fellow comes out, just ask for Mike Donnelly." The husky man hurried to the door, opened it, and before disappearing into the turbulent night, he called over his shoulder, "Almost forgot to tell you—the trestle to the south of here is due to tumble any minute."

"Trestle in danger of collapsing in storm," murmured Dan. "I must send out a warning." He sat down before his telegraphic instruments,

but it was not long before he realized that the line was down. "More ways than one of reaching the next station," he mused, and lifted the receiver of his telephone. The operator asked for his number, but a moan came from the youth on the sofa, and instead of giving the telephone number of the next station, Dan called Dr. Hanley's number.

Dr. Hanley was at home. He would make all possible haste to the station and ask his wife to make hospital reservations for the patient.

Again Dan lifted the receiver, but this time the operator did not greet him. He smiled grimly, casting a glance at his radio receiver. Of what use was a receiver without a transmitter? He must journey to town. Somewhere he would find a a telephone that would enable him to communicate with the dispatcher if not the next station, but he still had plenty of time. He would give the injured youth a little first aid.

There was hot water on the warm stove. Dan found clean towels. He poured some of the water into a basin, and rinsing one of the towels after soaking it in the hot water, he wiped away the mud from the youth's face.

He stared down at the man. "Paul Merton!" he gasped. His eyes flashed in anger. "The man who caused my brother so much trouble," he hissed. Then he laughed, a hard laugh that echoed strangely in the cozy little station room. "Playing nurse to a fellow who's caused Bob more despair than anybody could ever think possible."

Dan dropped the dirty towel into the basin of water. "Bah! Help you! I should say not!" He rose to his feet, his face flushed.

Paul Merton, son of the Pennville banker, had caused the latter to refuse Bob Stillman, who was married, a much needed loan for his radio business, a loan that would carry him over the busy Christmas season when all radio shops usually made most of their profits for the year. Paul had told his father that Dan Stillman had cheated in a football contest between the two rival high schools in Pennville, hence Bob Stillman, a brother, was likely to cheat in a business matter.

"He lied when he said I cheated by holding him," Dan said in a hoarse whisper, gazing down upon Paul's still figure. "It was not I who did the holding, but Paul won't believe otherwise, and there was such a pile of players on us that even the referee failed to see the play. Paul's still sore because our team won by a single point, and he's taking revenge on me through Bob. That isn't at all fair."

Paul groaned and shifted restlessly. Dan also shifted uneasily. He should be examining Paul for cuts. He closed his lips grimly, and bending over Paul removed his coat. A red stain showed vividly on a white shirt. Cutting away the cloth of the shirt and the under garment, Dan revealed a deep gash which was still bleeding profusely.

"He's lost quite a bit of blood," mused Dan, "and it's still wide open. If I don't stop the bleeding Paul might—"

A strange and unusual silence in the little station had caused Dan to glance at the clock immediately above the telegraphic instruments. The time-piece had stopped, for how long, Dan had little idea. He quickly reached into a pocket and with-

drew a watch. His face paled as he noted the time. The train due to pass his station in exactly fifteen minutes had already passed the station which he had intended to warn about the trestle. There was only one thing for him to do: he must stop the train himself. He hurried across the room and thrust in a switch. Then he opened the door of the station and gazed down the rain-swept tracks. He saw the red danger signal.

"Only a blind engineer would fail to see it," he said, shuddering as he again entered the warm station room. "Wonder what's keeping Dr. Hanley. Paul surely needs him."

The young man still lay unconscious. He was breathing heavily, and the deep gash on his side still bled. Dan disinfected the wound with a full bottle of iodine, and then selecting a towel which he had washed himself, he made a pad. This he placed over the cut. Then he tore a second towel into strips for bandaging. Despite all his efforts the deep gash in Paul's side continued to bleed.

"Needs a dozen or so stitches," muttered Dan. "The doctor is certainly taking his time." He placed his hands over the cut, holding the flesh together in such a way that the bleeding almost stopped. "Can't keep this up all night," murmured Dan, not daring to remove his numbed hands for fear of starting the bleeding which he knew to be so weakening. "If Dr. Hanley doesn't hurry—"

"Bob!" whispered Paul Merton. "Bob!"

Paul opened his eyes, staring upon Dan in bewilderment.

"I'm—I'm not Bob but his brother, Dan."

"How—how long have I been here?"

"Pretty long, but don't worry. I got Dr. Hanley on the 'phone. He's on his way—if the storm doesn't stop him."

"The storm!" gasped Paul. "We were on our way to—where am I?"

"In the Pennville Railway station," replied Dan, his tired hands still holding both sides of the deep gash in Paul's side. "Don't move, you've got a big cut in your side."

Paul Merton had attempted to sit upright. He fell back, groaning with pain.

"All my fault," he sobbed. "A tree fell across the road, and like a fool I jammed on the brakes of my car. It skidded, turned over, and then crashed into the tree. I remember falling clear. How did I get here, and where is—" He looked about him, and his face turned as white as chalk. "Where's Bob?"

"Keep still, keep still," soothed Dan. "Bob is safe home, of course, where he should be on such a night." His voice hardened, yet he retained his firm pressure which kept Paul's deep cut from opening. "Why do you ask about Bob?"

"He—he was in the car with me!"

Nothing more than the roar of the storm could be heard while Dan stared incredulously unbelievingly at the terror-stricken face of Paul Merton. He realized that Paul was telling the truth, and the realization caused his face to whiten, and his hands trembled. Paul's wound immediately opened. Dan gazed in consternation. He must prevent Paul from losing too much blood.

By a supreme effort Dan managed

to control himself. He again gripped the bandages that held the gash closed.

"With you in the machine?" cried Dan. "Why was Bob with you, you of all people?"

"He—why ask questions? Bob is out there yet and is probably more seriously injured than I. If you don't hurry—"

"If I leave you," said Dan, his tone harsh, "you'll bleed to death. I mustmust wait for the doctor. The storm is probably causing him no end of trouble with his machine."

"Maybe I could hold the bandages myself," muttered Paul, his voice weak.

"No!" snapped back Dan. "You're all in, and might collapse any moment."

"I'm a better man than you think!" cried Paul. "Think I'm a weakling, do you? I started out to show one man, and now I'll show you. Let go of me! Let me up! Keep your hands off. I can stand on my own feet, and no man can say I'm afraid—"

Paul struggled, straining his weakened body. He fell back. His eyes closed. He had lapsed into unconsciousness.

The wind screamed about the little railroad station. Rain still rattled against the window panes, and the loose shingles on the roof still drummed intermittently as if in weird symphony.

"That miner didn't know there was another man in the machine," mused Dan. "At this moment Bob might be bleeding to death as Paul here might if I were not here to attend him. Why should I risk my brother's life for Paul's?"

Dependent upon Bob was a wife. How could one sit quietly by a person one disliked when one's brother was in danger?

Dan thought of what might happen if he left Paul. The deep cut would open. Paul was helpless to assist himself, and continued bleeding might result in his death. On the other hand, suppose Bob was in the same condition.

"Maybe he's all right," thought Dan.

If Bob had not been hurt would he not now be at the little station, wondering how seriously Paul had been injured? He would have followed the sturdy miner who had carried Paul over his shoulder. The very fact that he had failed to do so was evidence enough to convince Dan that Bob had been seriously injured.

"I must hurry to him," murmured Dan. "He—he might be dying." He glanced at the silent clock. The train that was due to pass had not yet arrived. A hasty glance at his watch satisfied Dan that the train was overdue, but that was to be expected because of the unusually bad storm.

When the long line of passenger cars did arrive, the engineer would stop and make inquiries about the danger signal. Finding the station attendant absent and seeing the wounded youth, the man would assume that the signal had been set so that the train would stop to take the man to the hospital. The engineer, already late, would not await the return of the station attendant who had presumably hurried to town for a doctor. He would not waste time with such a passenger, but would hurry onward—to possible destruction, for by this time the trestle was no doubt down.

A grim laugh escaped Dan. "As if I couldn't leave a note of warning," he said grimly. I'm not bound to help Paul, and it's entirely his fault that Bob was in the accident."

He wanted to leave Paul and rush to the scene of the automobile accident, yet something urged him to stay. He looked down at the white face of Paul Merton, wondering why hate failed to make him act differently. Truly, he had sufficient cause for hating Paul. Had not the youth branded him a cheat, to say nothing of causing Bob much dispair?

"I'll leave him! I must! Bob is more to me than any other man in the world. Why should I stay here—" Again his gaze met the face of the silent clock. It again reminded him of the train.

Suppose the engineer failed to see the danger signal in the storm? Or suppose the signal no longer showed red? Should not the station attendant be in the station, ready to warn the oncoming locomotive crew of the danger which threatened? Dan realized that his duty was to remain in the station. At this moment he heard a locomotive whistle above the tumult of the storm.

He must see that the train did not pass without a warning. Paul must be left to himself for a time. He lighted two lanterns, one for use in emergency, and not daring to glance at Paul, he dashed out into the storm. The signal still showed red. Soon the train came into view, its great headlight showing the heavy downpour.

The train stopped at the station, and the engineer leaned from his cab and called to him.

"What's up?"

Dan explained about the trestle.

"Thanks," said the engineer, "but it wasn't necessary to give me that danger signal. I was due to stop here anyway. There goes the conductor now. In the station. Better hurry."

"You wanted something?" asked Dan of the conductor who was gazing in surprise at Paul Merton lying there so still.

"Yes. You have a package containing five thousand dollars in bonds. It is very important that those bonds reach a certain party by tomorrow, so please turn them over to me and I'll sign for them."

Within a minute Dan had a receipt for the bonds. He explained Paul's presence in a few words, and two minutes after the passenger train had stopped, it had started again.

Paul's wound had opened again. Dan frowned. Should he attend Paul or, now that his duty was practically over, go in quest of his brother? The blood on the bandages decided him. He sat beside Paul, holding the bandages in place. This stopped the bleeding considerably.

A man's heavy tread could be heard outside on the station platform.

"Dr. Hanley!" cried Dan in his relief.

The doctor entered, wet from head to foot despite his oil-skins. The man appeared haggard, yet he immediately removed his outer garments and set to work to take care of Paul Merton's injuries.

"Help me, Dan. Some warm water and—"

"Sorry, Doctor," replied Dan, "but I have reason to believe that my brother was in the same accident that caused Paul's injury. I must go to him."

"And where do you think I was

all the time?'' demanded Dr. Hanley. "Attending your brother, of course. He was under the car, but I hauled him clear. Bruised and lacerated. I drove him home where he's now quite safe. He refused to have me help him, telling me that Paul here was more seriously hurt, but I was persistent.''

''I—I was wondering why he was with Paul.''

The doctor smiled. ''He told me. Said Paul learned that he was wrong about your cheating in a football game, so like a gentleman Paul goes to your brother and apologizes. Then he asked Bob to accompany him to his father's home to arrange a loan which you probably know more about than I do."

MY MOTHER'S GIFT

When a mere lad my mother gave
  Into my hand a book. These years
I've treasured it. Above her grave
  Iread its pages, balm for tears.

Through all these days, though wandering far
  From scenes made sacred by her touch,
I've kept this book. It's like a star
  To guide, none other such.

This book reflects my heart's best thought.
  It cheers and comforts and inspires.
It tells me of the man God sought.
  It satisfies my deep desires.

And as I read my spirit thrills
  With rapture in the true and good
And, spite of sin, my purpose wills
  To win for man, God's Brotherhood.

HONOR ROLL FOR OCTOBER

Room No. 2

—A—

Theodore Crabtree, Marvin Tallent, Howard Fralix, and James Talbert.

—B—

Sidney Logan, June Starling, Geo. Kornegay, Winfred Tuck, James Medlin, Charles Morrow, and Floyd Woods.

Room No. 3

—A—

Wayne Coble, Earl Neal, Jack Hoxit, Lytt Talley, Charles Smathers, and Hermon Owens.

—B—

Boyce Stafford, Pinkey Wrenn, Jesse Brewer, Walter Everhardt, and Robert Hill.

Room No. 4

—A—

Charles Daggenhart, Russell Ferris, Garland Hicks, Lloyd Long, Chester Myers, William Wade, Sam Wilson, Marshall Hartsell, William Handford, Junior Hoyle, McDonald Montague, Bufort Shipman, and Lee West.

—B—

Verlin Cutshall, David Fowler, Woodrow Spruill, Herman Barrett, Alva Littleton, Garland Mangum, James Ransom, and David Odell White.

Room No. 6

—A—

Ralph Long, Fred Hatcher, John Moore, Bill Shoaf, and Edward Semon.

—B—

Ransom Kiziah, James Helms, Ray Helton, Herbert Grant, James Allison, Russell Dorsett, Kester Sutphin, Frank Overby, and Henry Chester.

Room No. 7

—A—

Ernest Wright, Rufus Lucas, Herman Hamrick, Raymond Fink, Royal Bynum, William Mills, Austin Tallent, Walter Pitman, Latha Miller, Henry Irby, Lewis Hanner, Clarence Deal, Allan Barrett, Guy Emerson, and Charles Mounce.

Take that boy of yours to church; do not send him. Take him even as Joseph and Mary took the boy Jesus. From your own boy learn to dream again the dreams of childhood and to see again the visions of youth.Let faith be again kindled in a heart that is about to be destroyed by an ever increasing skepticism.

"One day a boy walked by my side,
I had lost faith in God and man:
He chattered of his joys and hopes
As only a boy can.
I did not try to blast his hopes,
I did not tell him of my pain,
And somehow, when our walk was done,
My shattered faith was whole again."

INSTITUTION NOTES

Our large family of nearly six hundred is now enjoying plenty of greens, turnips and peas from our gardens.

—o—

Under the direction of Mrs. Haywood and Mr. Johnson the boys are rehearsing songs and recitations for the Thanksgiving program.

—o—

Socks and union suits were issued to the boys last Saturday afternoon preparatory to meeting with comfort the cold "snaps" that are ahead of us.

—o—

Noble Lauth, of Salisbury, one of our old boys, visited the institution last Sunday. He is attending the Misenheimer School where he is in the tenth grade and is doing well.

—o—

The entire work force has been regleaning the fields for the remnant of cotton that has opened up during the fine Fall weather that has been our privilege to enjoy.

—o—

William Thomas, formerly of the Gaston Cottage, now living in Charlotte, called on friends at the Training School last Sunday. William informs us that he is attending the Charlotte High School and is getting along nicely.

—o—

Rev. T. W. Fogleman, pastor of the McGill Street Baptist Church, Concord, conducted the service in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon. Rev. Fogleman talked on the subject, "The Gospel In Life," which we all enjoyed.

—o—

While there was no program rendered at the school on Armistice Day, the big bell was rung at 11 a. m., at which time all activities ceased and a few minutes of silence observed in honor of the boys who were on the firing line during the World War, which came to an end thirteen years ago.

—o—

Our first porkers were butchered last. Oh! my! the contrast between the stew beef and the fine pork sausage for Sunday dinner was seen in the eagerness of our youngsters, to get to the table to partake of this delicacy. The officers as well as the boys welcomed this change of menu.

—o—

The season's crop of sweet potatoes has been put in the potato house, where they are going through the electrical curing procress, and a large portion of them are now in fine shape for the table. These potatoes are not as large as those grown in

former years, but they are just as sweet.

—o—

The school is proud of the fact that Marvin Cook, who was stricken with scarlet fever some time ago, has been nursed back to normalcy and returned to his cottage, without any further outbreak of this dread disease. A complete physical examination of parts likely to be affected by scarlet fever was given young Cook before he was permitted to return to his cottage.

Mr. Cannady, State Electrical Engineer, recently inspected the wiring in the buildings at the school, and recommended certain changes to be made. Included in his reccommendations was the re-wiring of the entire shop building. W. J. Hethcox, of Concord, was awarded the contract for carrying out these recommendations. After noting the improved appearance of the shop building one can readily see the necessity for the changes suggested. The entire complement of buildings will be gone over in the near future.

That sacred Brotherhood of Man
Of which the Holy Angels sang,
That friendly order which began
In shop where Jesus' hammer rang.

I've read the books which science writes.
I've sung again man's sweetest song.
I've tried to read by many lights
The riddle of the life which longs.

For something more than cold, dead fact,
For something calm and plain and sure,
For living truth that will react
To make the just and right endure.

In my dear mother's gift I find
This answer to my heart's desire;
For it reveals a God who's kind.
It's beauty sets my heart on fire.

My mother's Bible and her God!
Not mystic, wrapt in dismal doubt,
But brought to man by Him who trod
Earth's byways as He went about
Our Father's business, doing good.

—E. H. H. Holman.

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XIX CONCORD, N. C., NOVEMBER 21, 1931 No. 47

THANKSGIVING

Thanksgiving! as I breathe that word
My soul with reverence is stirred.
O Father God, read Thou my heart
And find my gratitude a part
Of life itself, a stream that flows
And giveth drink as on it goes.

And so I count my blessings o'er
Revealing quite a goodly store.
What joy it is to be a part
Of earth's great throbbing, trembling heart!
Yet Father, should all blessings flee,
I'd still be thankful, just for Thee.

—Mildred S. Albert.

PUBLISHED BY

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL
PUBLISHED BY

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

THE TRUE SPIRIT

The genuine spirit of thanksgiving eminates from the heart that never fails to reveal truths. The countenance of a genuinely thankful person is illumined by a halo, reflecting an inner joy or a consciousness of blessings received, a perfunctory thankfulness, on special occasions, is accepted as mere pastime, and counts for naught in the name of Him, the maker and giver of all perfect gifts. To enumerate one's blessings is an impossibility, for these begin with the genesis of life, and each day the elements that make a strong body, mind and spirit are miraculously given and unconsciously received. The greatest and most desired of all blessings are a contented mind, a grateful and loving heart with faith in the unseen power that passeth all understanding.

The proof of our thanksgiving is that we live and love; we trust and are loved; we have God above and around us while under us is the solid earth. For these we give thanks.—M. N. C.

LET US GIVE THANKS

Many, many years ago it was the sweet custom of the different denominations to hold union services on Thanksgiving Day, in a spirit of faith and praise, giving thanks to Him for the manifold blessings received during the year. Following services was the usual Thanksgiving dinner, bringing together different absent members of the homes, at which time the past was reviewed with great satisfaction and the future was anticipated with great hope. It was a most glorious day.

Our National Thanksgiving is different today. It has been set aside as a sports day, an occasion for revelry and debauchery with a record of fatalities that casts shadows and brings sorrows to many homes. If it were just pos-

sible to relax on this National holiday, eliminate the material things and dwell upon the finer things in life the influence for good would be nation-wide. From every angle it is easy to discern that the spiritual aspiration of many is being absorbed by the desire to be "a big shot" on the athletic fields.

We agree with the church periodicals that Thanksgiving day has been devolved into a national holiday with football the chief topic, and that it would be well to hold union Thanksgiving services emphasizing the bountiful harvest of the year along with other blessings.

On this special occasion, November 26th, the high officials of the Nation and States issued proclamations emphasizing prayer and thanksgiving for the privilege of service and life. This, the President's proclamation carries a hope despite the fact depression, let it be mental or real, has gripped the Nation:

> "Our country has cause for gratitude to the Almighty. We have been wisely blessed with abundant harvests. We have been spared from pestilence and calamities. Our institutions have served the people. Knowledge has multiplied and our lives are enriched with its application. Education has advanced, the health of our people has increased. We have dwelt in peace with all men. The measure of passing adversity which has come upon us should deepen the spiritual life of the people, quicken their sympathies and spirit of sacrifice for others, and strengthen their courage. Many of our neighbors are in need from causes beyond their control and the compassion of the people throughout the Nation should assure their security over this Winter that they too may have full cause to participate in this day of graitude to the Almighty." ..

* * * * * * * * * *

WE WISH HIM MANY MORE HAPPY BIRTHDAYS

Colonel Fred A. Olds, the state's youngest, old man, the founder of North Carolina's Hall of History, during the administration of Governor Tom Jarvis, has just lately celebrated his 78th birthday. In the face of his accumulation of years he continues interested and active in the work nearest his heart—perpetuating North Carolina history.

It is a blessed privilege and great pleasure to grow old gracefully, and at the same time continue to render a valuable service to mankind and State. Colonel Olds, a well wisher and true friend of the Jackson Training School, has made many valuable and interesting contributions, as to early history of the state, to the Uplift, lending interest to the little magazine, besides mak-

ing it serve the purpose so intended from the date of the first publication—giving clean and high class matter for the boys of the Jackson Training School printing class.

This office force, and others of the institution, including Superintendent Charles E. Boger, take this opportunity of expressing appreciation of Colonel Old's interest and wish for him many more happy birthdays.

* * * * * * * * * *

IT DEPENDS UPON THE TEACHER

We can recall with great pleasure when in the Chapel exercises prior to beginning the program for the school day the study of the Old Testamnet was pursued. Each morning a Bible story was read before the morning prayer. The pupils of the teen age were expected to listen with great care and the next day, at some time, this Bible story was given in composition in the words and style of the pupil. This was a two-fold benefit. It made the class familiar with the Bible stories at an age when impressions are indelible, and then again by reproducing the story it cultivated the power of concentration as well as giving practice in writing. To know the Bible does not teach any particular creed, but if accepted in spirit and in truth it familiarizes one with the books of the Bible and contents. We can affirm that during this course of study, and there is gratitude for the same, not a doubt or a thought of perverting one word ever arose, but the entire subject was accepted as a truth. The spirit and attitude of the teacher was absorbed by the student body without a quibble.

This short resume is given because there have been numerous efforts to prevent the Bible from being read in the public schools. If studied in the right spirit no harm can arise, this we know from experience. Each sovereign state reserves the right to deal with the question of Bible reading and instruction in the public schools, and neither is there a record where Bible reading has been held unconstitutional by the courts.

To know something of the ceremony preceding the coronation of the king of England, the highest function of the Church and state, would probably eliminate some of this unnecessary discussion in the States. On this occasion, crowning the king, with all ceremonial pomp an hereditary officer buckles on the gold spurs, another gives him the scepter, and another presents him the orb. Then the archbishop approaches the new king and gives him a simple

Bible saying, "accept, oh gracious sovereign, this Book. It is the most valuable thing in the world." A pity the common people do not have these Books presented as the most valuable thing in the world.

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SHOULD BE EVERY WEEK

The caption in big letters, "Education Week Being Observed In All Schools," emphasizes a pressure to promote better education for ONE WEEK. Education is the objective of the schools and should be stressed daily, weekly, and from the first day of the school term to the final closing, known as commencement exercises.

If the faculty of all the schools were qualified and imbued with the spirit of teaching there would be no occasion for supplementary work at specially appointed times.

The whole program shows a loose connection in the educational system that should be tightened up by selecting a strong corps of teachers prior to the school term—if possible—for one teacher not adapted to the work can materially detract, and results are never realized.

"Education Week" should be every week. Not for once are we mossback, for we believe in transfusions, or new blood, but should come oftener than one week during the school year. Every teacher should know the value of child health and protection, citizenship and loyalty to law, improvements in rural living, higher level of intellectual life, high ideals of character and home life, and the enrichment of adult life without specially appointed men and women to visit the schools annually and teach the teachers the fundamentals of correct living.

* * * * * * * * * *

THE NUMBER OF FATALITIES STAGGERING

The State Board of Health releases weekly valuable information, and if heeded would prove "a stitch in time." In the last week's article statistics prove that some one is killed by automobile every seventeen minutes, day and night, an increase, of more than 10 per cent over last year. Many of these fatalities so thinks Dr. John T. Campbell, Secretary of North Carolina State Board of Examiners in Optometry, could be averted if vision tests were

made cumpolsory, proving that good vision is an important factor in safe driving. Some of the many accidents no doubt are due to various causes, for instance carelessness and right down dare-devil risking, but the suggestion that a test of vision be made cumpolsory would be a fine step in the right direction and no doubt would have a great tendency to decrease seemingly unavoidable fatalities. Some illuminating facts as to the "carelessness of the Americans" have been assembled by an exchange in the following:

More Americans have been killed in automobile accidents in eighteen months than were killed in a similar period of the World War. The number was 50,900. Somehow we are curiously hardened to this, as we are to other indictments of our habitual recklessness. Yet such destruction of life is not only tragic in every individual case but dreadfully costly to the nation as a whole. Much effort has gone to better regulation, better highways, better road-making, better building of cars. No great decrease in accidents can be expected, however, until the public shows better sense. This is brought out in a study made by the Travelers Insurance Company.

In the vast majority of accidents the automobiles involved are in proper mechanical condition. Most accidents occur under what should be ideal conditions—on good highways, in good weather and in broad daylight. The fault lies in the human factor.

Three specific violations of good motoring practice account for more than two thirds of the accidents. These are: going too fast, driving on the wrong side of the road and failure to grant right of way—the last being the most common.

Other interesting facts appear. More persons are killed or injured when cars are turning to the left than on right-hand turns. More than a fifth of all the fatalities happen on Sunday.

When pedestrians are hurt or killed, the pedestrian himself is more often responsible than the motorist who hits him. The principal errors of pedestrians are crossing streets diagonally, in the middle of the block or against traffic lights, hitch-hiking, walking on dark roads with the traffic instead of toward it, and dashing out from behind parked cars.

Taken as a whole, the study is a picture of an impulsive thoughtless people, blundering its way through a rushing roaring world. We have not yet learned very well the lesson of the Machine Age—that unless we take care we can be destroyed by the very machanisms we have made, that an advancing civilization requires of us new disciplines to balance our traditional freedom and new cautions to temper our inherited daring.

RAMBLING AROUND

With Old Hurrygraph

"When you're up against a trouble,
Meet it squarely, face to face;
Lift your chin and set your shoulders,
Plant your feet and take a brace.
When it's vain to try and dodge it,
Do the best that you can do;
You may fail, but you may conquer,
See it through."

—o—

The leaves are fast falling and fall is rapidly leaving.

—o—

One of the common errors of life is not to make allowances for the weaknesses of others.

—o—

Here is the Y of marriage. Before a man is married he yearns for a wife. After marriage he just earns for her.

—o—

A dentist is one of the few men who can tell a woman when to open and close her mouth and get away with it.

—o—

Some modern novelists do nothing but run a vacuum cleaner over the solid surface of life, and sell the accumulated dirt as literature.

—o—

If some men were half as good as they try to make the public believe they are, they would be five times as good as they are.

—o—

There is another thing the country stands in need of and that is to be saved from so many different plans to save it.

—o—

In Russia the Russians give all they make, above a bare living, to their government and call it communism. Over here in the United States we do the same thing and call it taxes.

—o—

The League of Nations was to have held a meeting on the 13th of this month to again consider what to do about getting Japan out of Manchuria. The League has been jinxed already in trying to make Japan behave, but meeting on a Friday, and the 13th at that—well, that settles it. The League is destined to be hoodooed for life.

—o—

Three thousand married couples have been divorced in Reno in the six months the separation law has been in effect requiring only six weeks residence. This shows what a state that hasn't much in the way of natural resources can do for itself if it is only alert and enterprising. If this thing keeps on Nevada is going to make the divorce business one of the major industries of the country.

—o—

Confidence is what most of us are lacking in just now—confidence in the future of ourselves, our communities, and our country. We are so busy dodging the shadows of fear we are not aware that the sun is beginning to peep through the clouds. Depression is as much a state of mind as anything else at this particular time. A lack of faith in the future is seriously hindering our eco-

nomic and industrial convalescence. Medicines seldom do much good unless backed by the will to get well.

—o—

Education in the problems of marriage is a new course just opened by the New York university. One of the first things they ought to take up is the problem of curing father from saying "Ho! ho!" to every little event of the day that mamma has stored up to unload on him when he comes home from the office in the evening. "Dearie, Junior tore his new panties today." "Oh, oh!" "Darling, I won the sweetest crocheted soup tureen at bridge this afternoon." "Oh, oh!" "Oh, dearie, papa wired to say he had to have the five hundred dollars he loaned you, right away." This is a marriage problem that has perhaps driven more wives to Reno than any other single cause.

—o—

Newspaper photographers intrigue me mightily. Always making some one in a group point an accusing finger at something or other is one thing. It seems somebody has got to point. Perhaps it is to adorn their pictures and point the moral. But in taking pictures of girls singing or playing any sort of instrument they invariably make 'em sit on a piano. And yet I see advertisements every day of chairs for sale, all sorts of chairs. They are certainly still in use in offices, studios and homes. But probably not in newspaper photographer's homes. When you visit a newspaper photographer's charming little bungalow the missus very likely says: "Won't you sit down! Here, sit on this piano; that upright is so uncomfortable. Oh, you have friends with you. Children run into the dining room and bring in three or four more pianos, so that we can all sit down and have a nice chat." Anyhow, it might be something like that.

—o—

The United States has the resources, the population, the energy and the ability to make itself prosperous. But it will require close economies, personal and governmental, for some time to come to get the people s minds settled down in the right direction. We, as a people, shall have to shake off our obsession that we must be constantly involved in huge and costly improvements, municipal, state and national. Everywhere unnecessary expenditures for universities, churches, state institutions, schools, roads and similar enterprises. We shall have to give our allegiance to pioneers in economy, and fight to displace the spenders in public and relegate them to private life where they do mischief only to their own personal resources. Is this all only an iridescent dream? I do not know, but after many heavy years—laden years of extravagances, public and private, I should like to see one decade of doing without unnecessary things, and of gradual accumulation of resources by thrift. That's how a family gets along. Why not a nation?

Attempt great things for God; expect great things from God.—Carey.

OUR AMERICAN TURKEY

By J. A. Stewart

Time was when the turkey roamed the woods of North America from Canada to Texas, from the Atlantic Ocean to the Rocky Mountains, in hundreds. Christopher Columbus found turkeys in great flocks and took samples of them to Spain as gifts for the Spanish monarchs. Other early Spanish explorers also took large cargoes of the esteemed fowl to the Old World. The early pioneers and settlers in Virginia and in New England enjoyed roast turkey. The turkey is an historic, native American fowl.

Even during the past century flocks of 500 or more wild turkeys have been seen. But the ruthless and unrestrained hands of hunters have almost exterminated them. Wild turkeys can be found now only in a few sections of this country.

In New England, where they once lived in great flocks, they are seen no more. And in places in the south, where they have survived in small numbers, the turkeys are extremely wild. This is not because turkeys are naturally shy, we are told, but because they have been so mercilessly hunted. That the turkey was in danger of extermination stirred conservation organizations. Schools and the people have been called upon to do what they can by education, legislation and other protection to save this fine, fast disappearing native fowl of the North American continent.

The wild turkey has an interesting story. Nobody can trace his lineage; but authorities agree that all the turkeys of the world are derived primarily from three original groups (known as the North American, the Honduras and the Mexican) and that our wild turkey, like the Indian, is indigenous to the soil.

In Virginia, Maryland, the Carolinas, and the few other sections of North America where this noble fowl still lives a pioneer life, the turkey's natural ways have been observed. Trees are their natural roosts. They feed on all kinds of grain, seeds, fruits, grass, insects, nuts, nettles, and even on young frogs and lizards. Their nests are made of a few dry leaves on the ground in the thick shrubbery. Their eggs usually number from nine to fifteen, sometimes twenty.

The male turkey is found in flocks. The mother turkeys go about with their young, often alone but sometimes in flocks. They avoid the old male turkeys who have an undesirable inclination to attack and kill the young brood.

The wild turkey is a handsome fowl. It has richer, darker plumage than the domesticated variety. The head is bare with red comb; the neck is wattled; the beak is short, strong and curved; on the breast is a tuft of bristles; the tail is broad and rounded and can be erected and spread out. This the male delights to do when he struts about in pride, with wings rubbing on the ground, uttering his loud, peculiar gobble.

The wings of the wild turkey are short, scarcely extending beyond the base of the tail. The bird grows to great size. One wild turkey, it is recorded, was caught in Virginia, the weight of which was 47 pounds.

DR. POTEAT SEVENTY-FIVE

(Charity & Children)

Dr. William Louis Poteat has passed the 75th milestone of his useful life. He has lived happily and well. Three quarters of a century of a life such as his is of signal value to society. He gave himself to Wake Forest College and many a fine citizen of the state will bless his memory. He has made a specialty of biology. He is still teaching that great branch of education. He was attacked by many theologians, clerical and lay, but he was not deterred from teaching the truth as he saw it, and he proved that scientific truth can be revealed as surely as any other truth. His classes are said to be larger than ever. "Dr. Poteat stands in the very front rank of men in North Carolina, who have raised the intellectual level and accomplished freedom of thought and speech," says the Winston-Salem Journal whose editor is one of the men who sat at his feet and listened to his words of wisdom and truth. Above all, Dr. Poteat is an humble follower of the Lord, and sowed the seed of truth in many a young man's mind, that has enriched his life and fitted him for the highest usefulness. Those who hounded him and made his pathway as hard as they could, have every reason to be ashamed of themselves, for he has outlived the detraction at one time was poured upon him, and enjoys the admiration and respect even of those who abused him and misrepresented him. May he be spared many years yet to brighten the pathway of his fellow men as he walks through the world leaving a trail of light behind him.

CHICKENS VERSUS COTTON

"Five coops of chickens," advertises a produce dealer in the Charleston News and Courier, "are worth as much as a bale of cotton."

Western North Carolina, praises be, cannot raise cotton, but Western North Carolina can raise chickens.

The demand for American cotton has diminished, is diminishing and there is no prospect that it will be revived.

The demand for chickens has increased and will continue to increase.

Western North Carolina has made notable progress in poultry raising in recent years but all it has accomplished on this line thus far is only a beginning compared with what it can do and should do.

When the Great Smoky Mountains National Park is opened every raiser of poultry in Western North Carolina will have a market for his products here at his door.

For the cotton belt the farm picture is blue. For Western North Carolina it is bright with promise.—Asheville Citizen.

FAMOUS WASHINGTON PORTRAIT WILL BE LOANED BY HARVARD

(Selected)

The famous Edward Savage portrait of President George Washington, owned by Harvard University, will be among the famous portraits loaned to the United States George Washington Bicentennial Commission to be used in the national historical loan exhibition which will be held in Washington, D. C., from March 14 to November 26, 1932, in the United States National Museum.

This will be the first time since it was donated to Harvard University in 1792 that the portrait has ever left that institution. The decision of Harvard to loan the precious portrait to the United States Government for its exhibition was made known in a letter just received by Congressman Sol Bloom associate director of the United States George Washington Bicentennial Commission from Edward W. Forbes, director of the Fogg Art Museum at Harvard, in which the University agreed to send the portrait to the National Capital.

George Washington sat for this portrait in December of 1778 and during 1790, and it is considered a wonderful likeness of the First President at that time.

There are more than 100 original portraits of Washington in existence, and it is the intention of the Commission to assemble all of these in the exhibit if possible. Some of them are located abroad. In addition, the Commission plans also to place in the exhibition portraits of President Washington's cabinet, as well as members of the United States Supreme Court serving during Washington's two administrations.

Among the relics which have been offered for the display will be a Robert Field miniature, formerly the property of Augustine Washington; a portrait drawing by Nellie Curtis, a grisaille profile by Rembrandt Peale, a portrait on glass by George Stuart, a silhouette made at Mount Vernon by G. Vallet, a miniature by Charles Wilson Peale, which was formerly the property of General Lafayette; a protrait on marble by Robertson, done from life, and a miniature by Mme. DeBrehan.

The project will be perpetuated by the publication of a book to contain color prints of protraits, miniatures and other objects of interest shown in the exhibit.

A negro boasted to his neighbors that he had "gotten religion" and had had all temptation to wrong-doing taken from him. One of the neighbors being not so convinced of his conversion asked him this question: "Sambo, do you mean to tell me that if you saw a nice ripe watermelon on the vine and nobody lookin,' that you wouldn't take it?" A dead silence ensued, in which Sambo was in deep meditation.

"Look, here, Amos," he finally asked, "can't you try me on some other fruit?"

SOMETHING EVERY TEACHER NEEDS

By Lillian Velie Dunham

"How do I know I am helping these boys to grow spiritually? Will they become men of strong character through my efforts? How can I tell?"

These questions Miss Gerung asked herself dispiritedly as she waited for her class of boys to take their seats. "I believe I'll quit," she thought unhappily. "They are difficult to teach and unless I am helping them, I ought not to be their teacher."

All through the lesson, she was not able to shake off her depression. When the lesson was half over, she noticed Mrs. Bartindale, the mother of John, take her place in the rear. As usual the boys were rather noisy, talking eagerly of their boyish affairs of the week. Miss Gerung glanced at her visitor. Was it possible she was pleased?

At last the lesson period was over. The boys filed happily into into the main auditorium. With hesitation Miss Gerung turned to her visitor. She found her hand pressed warmly by Mrs. Bartindale.

"I could not resist the urge to visit your class," the mother began. "You have no idea how much John has grown spiritually since you have been his teacher these few months. He is gaining ideals, and forming manly habits so gratifying to us, his parents. When we hear him talk of what he learns in your class and realize how deeply he is impressed with noble lessons because of your teaching, we are very grateful, indeed, to you."

Miss Gerung looked amazed. "Do you really think I have helped him so much?" she asked in a low tone.

"I am sure of it," returned the mother warmly. "John talks of you and what you discuss in the class very often. There is no doubt of your influence on these boys."

A warm glow went through Miss Gerung's heart. "I am so glad you told me. I had begun to lose courage thinking I was doing little for the boys and should resign my class to someone else."

"Never make that mistake," returned the mother earnestly. "You are filling their needs. Don't think of deserting them."

Miss Gerung smiled happily. "Then I won't but I wish more mothers would offer encouraging words to teachers as you have done to me just now. Such words of appreciation are something every teacher needs."

As her visitor left, Miss Gerung was filled with renewed determination to carry on.

Reaching one person at a time is the best way of reaching all the world in time.—Trumbull.

FORT MACON

(Selected)

Sleeping on a cot draped in mosquito netting in one of the underground rooms of Fort Macon, a representative of the state who is a winter student at State college is in charge there this summer. He was there last summer. Looking after the property, attempting to keep the weeds cut and building a roadway to the fort, in addition to giving visitors the information they may desire about the historic structure, he manages to keep pretty busy.

Of special interest to him is the fact that there have been more than twice the number of visitors at Fort Macon this summer that saw the fort last summer. There are days, especially Sundays, when many names are added to the register he is keeping there. Being a student in the forestry department at State college, he is also interested in the experiment which is being made by the state in the growing of pines to the winward of the old fort. Grasses are anchoring the sands, and the pines are growing nicely. In a comparatively short time, if the present success continues, the Fort Macon reservation will have much more inviting appearance than it has at present.

Fort Macon belongs to the state, the gift of the Federal government. The chief difficulty at the present time is the fact that it is very hard to reach. One may go to Beaufort and cross the sound in a boat, but the coast of that trip is a little more than the average visitor, knowing little as to what is to be seen when he arrives there, cares to pay. One may risk the tides and sand and drive up along the beach, but it is too frequent that cars stick in the sand.

The time will come when the state will provide a means for reaching the fort and the reservation. It may be done by the state taking over the present causeway and bridge and building about three miles of highway along the beach. When that is done visitors will increase greatly, and the trip will become one of the most attractive to be made on the Carolina coast.

Mrs. Ruth E. Finley, former newspaper woman, disclosed a fact that had lain dormant for many years in her new book, "The Lady of Godey's" by telling how Sarah Josepha Hale, America's first woman editor, got President Lincoln to issue the first Thanksgiving Day Proclamation in 1863.

ADMIRAL BYRD'S ACCOMPLISHMENT

By W. Clarence Adams

Byrd has probably done more of real merit in the field of scientific exploration by means of the air than any other of our popular heroes.

Why did Admiral Byrd and his party of explorers brave the cold Antarctic? What would this expedition accomplish to the world? And, what would this aforementioned trip contribute to the field of science? All of which cannot be fairly treated in a mere few hundred words.

When the Byrd Expedition embarked for the South Pole, public rumor had it: "Just some foolish explorer craving adventure." But such was not the case, as we already know. Picture a man like Richard E. Byrd starting off on such a dangerous mission just for adventure! Nay, sir, it took the explorer almost two years of planning, figuring and thought, to make even a start on the trip. And why not? Simply because the entire party were directly looking forward to him for their safety and success. Thus, we observe, that no person merely craving adventure could have accomplished the real purpose of this expedition.

Braving the ever-present dangers and sacrificing hugely at times, the Byrd Expedition accomplished many points worthy of mention. With the thermometer hovering around thirty and forty below, it is a wonder they accomplished what they did.

When the Admiral left for the South Pole, he did not dream of the praise and honor that would be bestowed upon him; he did not go merely for adventure, though it might have stirred his blood somewhat. His earnest hope and desire was to prove to the world that this universe of ours still had unexplored land; and to discover, for the sake of science, what the Antarctic was like and of what value it might be in the future.

Admiral Byrd's contribution to the future lies in science, invention, education, and many other branches of study. To the world of science, however, goes the major contribution. For with the aid of the geologist's diaries, science will be able to explain better the climate, natural wonders, minerals, and all other physical conditions of the Antarctic land.

What America needs today is more men like Amiral Richard E. Byrd. Such unrivaled and unbeatable spirit is the thing that contributes to our welfare and success. All in all, Admiral Byrd made an unrivaled contribution to the futue of our America!

I believe gossip is one of the greatest enemies to both mental and spiritual improvements.—Catherine Booth.

PRESIDENT GRAHAM'S STEWARDSHIP

During the months in which he has headed the University of North Carolina, President Frank P. Graham has demonstrated that in him the trustees had found the man who was needed for the leadership which this position exacts. His address when he was formally inducted into the office which he was already actively filling set forth impressively the vision and purpose by which he has been animated and will continue to be governed. It is a vision and a purpose in keeping with the best traditions of Chapel Hill, of North Carolina, of the South and of the nation.

President Graham has come to his post in one of the most difficult periods that the University has faced. But the difficulties are not of a kind that can long or seriously cripple such an institution as that at Chapel Hill. They have to do only with the curtailed appropriations which are a part of the program of economy that has been enforced upon all activities dependent upon public taxation. Obviously the University is handicapped by lack of money to carry forward all of the undertakings which it has been engaged in or had projected. But the hope is that its resources can be expanded in time. And meanwhile it is continuing to do a magnificent work and above all to maintain and strengthen that spirit which has made it an inspiration and a power.

Unquestionably the University at Chapel Hill has been the greatest single factor in the advancement of North Carolina. About its influence the State as it has thus far developed has been largely built. In it center in no small measure the hopes for the future. Dr. Graham's resolve that it shall continue to be, and expandingly so, a university of the people, tied in at every point with their destinies, their ambitions, their objectives, their needs, and that above all it shall preserve that zeal for freedom which has so distinguished it in the past, will not fail of the support which it invites. The stewardship which he is exercising so splendidly will rally to him the best that North Carolina is able to provide.—Asheville Citizen.

THE WENDELS

(Christian Endeavor World)

"Buy but never sell real estate" was the one dominating purpose in the life of John Gottleb Wendel, late of New York City—present address unknown. Wendel was a land miser, and through the long years of his operation on the buying side of the New York real estate market, accumulated lands and buildings valued at upward of fifty million dollars.

Wendel, according to intimate stories about his personal habits, lived on the husks and forced the family of three sisters into a cloistered life of sacrifice in the midst of plenty. No one has ever claimed that the Wendell fortune benefitted anyone. Through the processes of accumulating only to satisfy the sense of greed and possession John Wendell bought properties which he never sold and which he rarely ever improved. At his death the vast Wendell estate passed into the possesion of the sisters of the family who were enjoined to continue the Wendel policy: "Buy, but never sell."

The last Wendel is dead. To society the family has contriubted nothing. To a poor little lady, a distant relative of seventy odd years, living in Mississippi falls the lot of contesting the will made by the last survivor. Before the contest the will is settled Miss Stansbury will have passed to her reward. Then litigation will follow for many years and history, if it bothers with such things, will eventually show the uselessness and the futility of the life of John Bottlieb Wendel.

The world is full of Wendels. Many communities have there Wendelesque citizens in some varying degree. None of them are of very great value to human society and most of them radiate only misery and unhappiness, serve no good purpose by having lived in this world, and so far as their personal contribution to human advancement is concerned, might just as well have never been born.

A Quaker was loading some hay when he noticed that a rainstorm was approaching. Hurriedly he finished the loading and started towards the barn. He had scarcely started when the hay fell off. Without saying a word he reloaded it. When about halfway to the barn the rack got into a rut in the road and the hay fell off the second time. The Quaker again reloaded it and continued on his way. As he was entering the barnyard the rain commenced to fall. In his haste to get the load under cover he drove off the apprach and the hay fell against the barn. His patience was now entirely exhausted. Seeing his wife coming out from the house he shouted to her:

"Sarah, Sarah, go back, I am about to express myself."

ZEB VANCE BIRTHPLACE

By J. B. Hicklin

As Zebulon Baird Vance neared the close of perhaps the most brilliant public career known to a North Carolinaian, his recollections clustered about the carefree years when, as a freckle-faced mountain lad, he played with his brothers and sisters around the family home nestled on the headwaters of Reems creek, 12 miles northeast of Asheville.

With the relocation of the Reems Creek road, highway connecting Weaversville and Beech, this historical structure has been snatched from the mountain wilderness after having been almost forgotten for more than 100 years. It is now only 30 feet from the highway.

The modest frame house, now placed within easy access, is being visited by hundreds, particularly those from the central and eastern belts of the state, while they are sojourning in the "Land of the Sky" during the summer months.

Despite its battle against the elements, the house still stands, supported by braces against the weaker beams. And lingering beneath the decaying roof, one may still catch something of the inspiration invoked by things and places intimately associated with this great leader of the people.

Aside from the sentimental interest in the place, visitors display keen appreciation of the quaint architecture and study construction of the home. The skill of masons of 100 years ago draws deep admiration, as visitors pause before the great fireplace, on the hearth of which Vance sprawled as a lad preparing himself for the brilliant career which was to mark his life.

"Gombroom" (heart's desire)' a three-story, 13-room house which Governor Vance built on the north fork of the Swannanoa river in the declining years of his life, has already been set aside as something of a shrine. Plans have been projected by the United Daughters of the Confederacy whereby it will be removed from its present site, which is now included on the Asheville watershed, to a municipally owned location near the city.

Both the building and the new site have been given the patriotic organization by the Asheville city council in order that it may be preserved for future generations as something of a state historical museum. However, the funds necessary for the removal have not been raised by the U. D. C.

Now the birthplace of the wartime governor and reconstruction senator is to share in the public interest. Lon Fox, who owns and occupies the house, has granted permission to visitors to see the relic and roam about the grounds where Vance spent much of his care-free boyhood.

When Vance was born in this modest home May 13, 1830, only the quiet majesty of the hills and the prayers of his devout parents (David and Margaret Baird Vance) proclaimed the event. None could have guessed as they looked upon a clear-eyed mountain lad trotting to his

school ma'am that he was destined to become almost immortal in the hearts of his countrymen. The influences which were moulding his character without his knowledge savored of greatness.

The mountains, towering over his home, were his guardians, instilling in him an abiding love of the great outdoors and an almost reverent admiration for his native heath. Throughout his life, Vance seemed the embodiment of the very hills in which he played as a boy. In time of strife his voice was calm and when bitterness swept the state after the war he remained steadfast, working out a solution that would restore peace and happiness.

Looking into the west from the porch of the old home at the close of a summer's day, one can but feel the reverent hush of all living things as God, whom Vance knew and loved paints His picture of peace and beauty over the valley, and against the giant shoulders of the Blue Ridge.

And one feels the magnificent awe, the majestic greatness that young Zeb must have felt as he grew in stature and understanding to become a Moses to a bewildered people.

HAVE YOUR BILLS ITEMIZED

A farmer bought a machine and learned how to run it. One day, however, he couldn't make it start, so he called up a mechanic on a neighboring farm. "If I come over and get you will you fix my machine?"

"Surely," came the answer.

So the farmer went over and brought the mechanic to the machine. On looking it over a few minutes, he tightened a nut, and the engine began to run.

"How much do I owe you?" asked the grateful farmer.

"Twenty-five dollars."

"What? Twenty-five dollars? Why, that isn't worth more than a dollar."

"Well, my price is twenty-five dollars."

"Then send me an itemized bill for it."

The next day the farmer received his bill. It read:

For fixing engine .....$ 1.00
For knowing how 24.00

Total $25.00

Selected.

A MAN AND HIS WORK

By Anne Guilbert Mahon

"The reason he is such a good worker is that he puts himself into his work," said the manager of a large corporation to a visitor who had remarked on the efficiency of a young clerk who had brought in some papers.

"There is such a difference in people," went on the manager. "Turning out good work is not all the result of knowledge or experience. An inexperienced worker, if he is willing, if he puts his whole heart into what he does, is often worth far more than an older, more experienced clerk who works half-heartedly, or is absorbed in other affairs."

"Now young Wilson," he continued, "has been with us only a year, yet his salary has been increased oftener and he has had more promotions than some men who have been with us for ears. He is thoroughly alive in all that he does. He puts the best that is in him into each task, no matter how small it is. And it is his interest in his work that helps him to concentrate on it. He accomplishes twice as much as some of the older clerks, who pile through their work in a mechanical sort of way. A trained mind is a fine thing, but when you add interest and originality to it, the combination is hard to beat. After all, it spells read efficiency."

The business world, the social world, the religious world all want men with "go" in them. This employer had only voiced what every other employer has long since discovered. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might," was said many centuries ago, but this describes the kind of worker in demand today. The toiler who works with his might is still the successful worker.

Doing with our might is not so much attacking work at fever heat, and straining every nerve to finish it; as it is doing that work painstakingly. Nor do the fastest workers always accomplish the most. Oftener it is the man who begins slowly and steadily, and keeps up the same steady pace all day, who counts for the most. The erratic workman who tears from one thing to another and always looks busy, is not a safe subject to pin one's faith to. He is sure to tire soon, and to slow down.

No one can put life into his work if he is "burning the candle at both ends," either by overworking or by keeping late hours and dragging to the office the next day fagged out in mind and body. Work cannot help being half-hearted and distasteful then. The worker must be able to distinguish between recreation and dissipation; one helps, the other hurts.

It is not what we do but how we do it that really counts. The way we do our work has not only an influence on ourselves, it not only a benefit to those for whom we are working, but it has an influence on our workers. One careless, indifferent, half-hearted worker can influence a whole force of clerks to do likewise, while one with interest, alertness, and ability can shame the others into industry, if they are not to be taken there by any finer or higher motive. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

THE CHURCH'S SYMBOL IN NORWAY

By Anna M. Wetterau

In the suburbs of Bergen, Norway, is an old church, said to have been built by the Vikings about eight hundred years ago. It is known as the Fantoft Church, though in Stoddard's Lectures it is called the Borgund Church. The roof is decorated with dragon's heads, which were originally the prows of Viking ships, and small crosses, and the outside of the building, which is made entirely of wood, is covered with pitch to preserve against the severe weather.

The church is very small and services are held in it now only on holidays, three or four times a year. One small room, partitioned off from the rest of the church, with a tiny grated window in the partition, was used formerly for lepers. They could hear the services and those near the small window could see the altar. Like most Scandinavian Churches, it is Lutheran.

Others seeing pictures of this little church may have wondered as much as I have why the prows of ships were used as ornaments, what the significance of that might be. I had my curiosity satisfied when on a visit to Norway last summer.

I was with a party of tourists landing at Lyngseidet, a small settlement not far from Hammerfest, to visit a colony of Laplanders who come down from the interior every summer evidently to profit from the visiting tourist. They lived very primitively in tents made of deerskins and had a herd of about fifty or seventy-five reindeer with them. They get their clothing, shoes milk, cheese, butter and meat from these animals, and even carve the bones and horns into various articles, such as paper knives, napkin rings, etc., to sell to the tourists. I noticed they had dried grass stuck into their boots instead of stockings and the men and women dressed about alike, except that the women had fancier caps on their heads. They were fond of cigarettes; even the women and children smoked. We were told that attempts have been made to get these people to cultivate land and live in houses like other civilized peoples, but that they cannot stand that sort of life and many die of tuberculosis.

On our way back from the camp, near the wharf, I noticed a small church and saw some of our fellow tourists going into it. I followed and one of the first things that caught my eye was a beautifully carved ship, about two or more feet long and almost as high, with masts and sails all carved of wood, hanging above the chancel. This was also a Lutheran church and the pastor was in the chancel, talking to some of the visitors, one of whom asked the question which had immediately come into my mind when I entered: "Why do you have that ship above your chancel?" If it had been a cross, or an anchor, or a heart, we could have understood its meaning. But a ship!

The clergyman answered: "We Norwegians are a maritime people and to us the ship is the symbol of

the Church; that is, the Church is a ship in which we go from one world to another.'' It is a beautiful symbol, I thought, and adds a new meaning to that hymn we all love so much —''Jesus Savior, Pilot Me,'' for the Pilot on our ship, the Church, is Jesus. Then I understood why the Vikings used the prows of their ships to ornament their church.

This pastor showed us in his service book the Lord's Prayer in the Lapp language and stated that he also holds services for them.

I had been much surprised to learn that there were so many lepers in that north country, as I had always thought leprosy was a tropical disease. After I got back to our ship I asked the ship's surgeon about it. He said that many of their people were sailors and they contracted leprosy when in tropical ports. We afterwards learned that there are still about thirty lepers in the Scandinavian countries, all in one colony, and that they are gradually diminishing in numbers.

Before coming to Norway we had visited Iceland and were told that the Lutheran pastor of Reykjavik visits the leper colony there and holds services for them after he has conductd services in his own cathedral. We were surprised at that statement then, but now understand why even in little Iceland, about four-fifths of which is covered with ice and snow, there would be lepers.

On a mound in the yard of the Fantoft church is a cross of marble, rough hewn, and upon inquiry we were told that no one knows how long it has been there and no one knows its history, though the church and the cross originally stood nearer the sea. A wealthy man had them moved to their present location.

A DREAM THAT SELDOM COMES TRUE

Some of us are poets and dreamers who can hear the ''call of the wild'' and even at times long to return to the pathless wood and the unbroken silences of nature where amid the hills and mountains, remote and still, one can commune with nature. But most of us are practical lovers of the crowd with the noise and dust and heat of city streets making a pull that is stronger than the wild beauties of forest or stream.

That is why Reginald Hardy's beautiful dream seldom comes true with us Americans even though he so appealingly sings:

Out beyond the ways of cities, where no man made trails are broken,
There are rivers that are calling, there are lakes that lie a-dream,
Waiting always for my message, waiting for some single token,
Listening for my dripping paddle as it stirs the placid stream.

So, some night I'll be returning through the haze of blue and amber,
And the pines will hear my paddle, and the woods will heed my song;
And I'll pitch my camp, contented, where the wild briar-roses clamber,
And I'll settle down for ever in that land where I belong!—Selected.

PLUTO'S THANKSGIVING

By Maud C. Jackson

"All right, boys. Time to begin work. Everybody here?" The boss of the road gang addressed the motley group of men and boys, ready with picks and shovels to prepare the way for the graders. It was Thanksgiving morning, but the Ajax Construction Company did not stop for holidays.

On the gang were the average laborers, family men of varying ages and purposes; a few hard-boiled drifters, rough of manner and uncouth in dress, flotsam on the sea of humanity, bumming from one place to another in an aimless search for no one knows what; and there were two college boys, George Hammond and Bill Hayden, well-built and neat in khaki and puttees, working at anything they could find to do to get money enough to enable them to return to college for the second semester.

"All here but Pluto," said George Hammond in answer to the boss' inquiry.

There was a derisive guffaw from the stubby-bearded, hoarse-throated men. They all knew now, what some of them did not know at first, that Pluto was short for plutocrat. That a plutocrat was a person of influence because of his wealth. The man known to them as Pluto was not wealthy, not influential. He was patched and frayed and threadbare as to clothes, but clean and neat withal; he was pinched and lean, and, to a close observer, dejected and sad-eyed. Road gangs are, as a rule, not close observers. So it was not because of any appearance of wealth that Bill Hayden, one of the college boys, had dubbed the stranger who had appeared that cold morning some days ago, Pluto. It was because of his reticence, his obvious desire to shun his fellow-laborers, that the name Pluto had been given him.

"Here comes Pluto now," said one of the hard-boiled drifters known as Eb.

"Hiding his dinner-bucket under the bushes as usual," said "Mutt" Guthrie, one of the steady workers. "Must think we're pizen, but there's nary a germ in the roast beef and mince pie my woman cooked for my dinner."

"Nor in the roast chicken and chocolate cake my mother put in my lunch pail," said George Hammond, smacking his lips in pleased anticipation of the dainty lunch he knew awaited him. George and Bill had been working for some time with the gang. They had no snobbish notions concerning class distinction and were on friendly terms with most of their co-workers.

"Maybe his dinner-bucket is silver-plated and he's afraid we'll steal it," suggested Bud Neff and there was another burst of hoarse laughter, partly drowned by the scrunch of the picks as they tore into the partly-frozen ground.

"I wish I knew what he does carry in that pail that he's so afraid we'll see," said George Hammond. "He goes off there in the bushes alone to eat. He's always through before the rest of us, and when he does come back he's about as com-

municative as this limestone."

"Maybe his woman burns the bread an' he hates for us to see it," said Mutt Guthrie. "If he's married. He looks kinda young," Mutt added on a second thought.

"Aw, I'll bet he has a swell lunch and he's afraid he'll make us all jealous if he eats here under our noses." It was thoughtless Bill Hayden speaking.

"Just what I was thinking," acquiesced George. Then a bright idea struck him. "Tell you what I'll do, Mutt. You manage to get Pluto to working off down the road a ways today. I'll sneak back there and take a look in his lunch pail. If there's anything there I think we might like, I'll bring it along and sneak it into my pail. So be ready for a real Thanksgiving feast at noon. Boy, won't he be sore when he opens that lunch pail. Maybe he'll be a little more talkative then." There was more laughter. "There's Pluto talking to the boss, now. Keep mum and watch his face when he comes back from his solo lunch."

The workers were digging away the stony dirt from the steep bank in earnest now, so there was no more chance for conversation.

At about eleven-thirty the boss got into his car and drove toward town. George winked at Mutt Guthrie. Mutt understood the signal. He threw down his shovel.

"Some one said that fill down the road is settling. Let's walk down and take a look at it," he said to Pluto. Pluto assented, trying not to look surprised at this sudden burst of friendliness.

"Look it over good. We don't want any bum work on this job," George admonished them.

"You can depend on your Uncle Fuller to do that," Mutt grinned over his left shoulder and nodded understandingly.

"Here's where George Porgie does a fade-out," said George as soon as Mutt and Pluto were out of earshot

He crawled through the barbed-wire fence into the dull brown pasture. He dodged in and out among the buck-bushes until he came to the hillock where Pluto had been seen to conceal his lunch pail. He located the pail and permitted himself to straighten up and dance a little jig of satisfaction at the success of his joke thus far.

"I'll help myself to what suits me and beat it out of here," he chuckled, reaching for the pail.

The pail was battered and the lid stuck stubbornly but at last, with the aid of a big jack-knife, George succeeded in getting it loose. Hurriedly he lifted it from the pail, looked greedily inside, and then fell back with a gasp of dismay.

"Jumping grasshoppers!" he exclaimed, fitting the lid back on the pail and jamming it down with a doubled-up fist.

"Shades of roast chicken and mother's chocolate cake," he kept saying to himself as he made his way as rapidly and unobtrusively as possible back to his comrades of the picks and shovels.

George could see Mutt down at the fill. He was fulfilling his part of the joke well. He and Pluto were evidently inspecting every inch of the ground down there for possible faults.

"Well, what did you bring us?" asked Bill Hayden. He and the other men crowded about George. The raw November air, combined with the heavy work, had given them all

ravenous appetites.

"Fellows!" cried George. "What do you think Pluto is going to have for lunch?"

"Nothing, if you did as you promised," said Bud Neff. Then, noticing George's empty hands he asked quickly, "Didn't you find his dinner-bucket?"

"I did," answered George. "I found it. I pried the lid off and, fellows, you could have knocked me down with one of these picks. Every mortal living thing there was in that lunch pail was—potato peelings!"

"What!" cried Bud Hayden.

The others were more skeptical. "Aw, come off!" sneered Bud Neff. "Do you expect us to believe that?"

"Believe it or not, it's the gospel truth," averred George. "Go and see for yourself if you don't believe it. No wonder he didn't want us to see his lunch."

"And this boasts of being a prosperous community with very little unemployment! Wonder what's wrong. Here we've been guying him, calling him plutocrat—Pluto for short—thinking he had the swell head or something and thought himself better than the rest of us. All the time we've been rubbing his hard luck, or whatever it is, in, because he's, well, down-and-out like," said Bill Hayden on a long whistle.

"I wonder if that's what he's et every day on this job," said the fellow called Eb. "I may be a bum but it ain't often I can't find somethin' better'n garbage to eat."

"I'l bet you my Rolls Royce when I get it, about twenty years hence, that's every living thing he's had to eat since we've known him. Ever notice how sort of thin and hollow-eyed he is? I have, come to think of it," said George thoughtfully. "Imagine sitting down to a dinner like that hungry as we get, and never crabbing about it or 'conditions' like a lot of us have been doing!" George's good-looking youthful face was full of troubled wonder.

"Fellows," said thoughtless Bill who could think rapidly on occasions, "I've an idea."

"Spring it," said George casting a wary eye toward the fill where Mutt was earnestly pointing and gesticulating.

"Why not take Pluto's potato peelings after all? Oh, you needn't frown, George. I'm not quite the cur you think me, even if I am responsible for Pluto's name. We might take his potato peelings and slip something from our lunch pails back in their place—"

"Swell idea, old topper! I didn't give you credit for such sense," cried George, giving Bill a slap on the sholder that nearly bowled him over. "I've more cake and chicken than I can possibly eat," he continued, diving for his own lunch pail.

"I'm plum fed up on ham sandwiches," said Eb doing likewise.

Bud Neff even dug a hard-boiled egg and a sandwich out of Mutt's lunch-pail. He said, "Mutt's gittin' too fat anyhow. Besides he'd never forgive us if we didn't let him in on this party. You don't know Mutt like I do. I live neighbor to him. Likes his joke, but he'd take the coat off from his back to help another feller that's down an' out."

Every man there donated until George was forced to ask them to withhold their gifts. "Remember, fellows, there's a limit to the capacity of a lunch pail. Pluto doesn't

know about this and I've got to get that lid back on his pail after I've made the substitution," he reminded them.

He and Bill gathered the food into the napkins which they always found atop their own lunches, slipped once more through the fence and hastened in the direction of Pluto's lunch pail. George dumped the potato peelings back in the bushes and quickly they filled the pail with the substantial and savory food they had brought with them.

"I feel like Santa Claus," chuckled George as he replaced the lid to the pail.

"It's a pity we can't be here when Pluto finds this stuff," mourned Bill. I reckon we wouldn't dare try to hide in the bushes with the leaves all off like they are."

The distant twelve o'clock whistles of the town were shrilling through the tangy air when the boys got back to the gang. Mutt and Pluto were coming up the road.

"All set for lunch?" asked Mutt with a knowing look at George.

"Everything's okay," George assured him, trying not to look as excited as he felt.

Pluto strolled off down the road alone. "The laugh's on him," chuckled Mutt. "Now where's your eats, boys?"

Then the gang told him. He listened in open-mouthed wonder.

"Potato peelings!" he ejaculated once. "Say, but I shore am glad the joke turned out this way. That fellow ain't half bad. I found that out talking to him down the road there. He's smart, that guy is. He don't belong with a bunch like us, no more than George and Bill there do."

Aw, cut it," said Bill, laughing in embarrassment. "Maybe you won't be so glad when you open your lunch pail. We donated for you, too."

"Say, I'd a wrung your necks if you'd left me out of this. And I'd give my best hat to know what Pluto thinks of our joke."

Mutt wasn't left long in doubt. In an incredibly short time Pluto was among them. His face was an odd mixture of shame, apology and half-suppressed radiance. He choked and stammered and at last managed to say, "Fellows, I don't know how you found out—about the lunch. I hoped you wouldn't. Potato peelings aren't bad, if they're clean and boiled in salt water. I vowed I'd never crab, even after my wife got sick, and the babies had to go to bed hungry. I vowed I'd trust and not be afraid. Things were beginning to look pretty black, though. I began to think I couldn't hold out till pay day. Then we got the potatoes from a farmer. Just a few culls. I make a nice stew every day of the potatoes for my wife and babies, before I come to work. They don't know about the peelings. Decent food! A whole pail full of it. The first real food I've seen for weeks. Won't they have a feast tonight? A Thanksgiving feast! One of these sandwiches will do me—" Pluto seemed to have forgotten his audience, but suddenly he was aware of them.

"Excuse me, fellows. It just doesn't seem real yet," he stammered. "Somehow I thought you fellows were all hard and mean and stingy. Different from the bunch I've been used to—"

"Where did you say you had

worked?'' asked Bill.

''I was an architect's assistant. They laid a bunch of us off over a year ago.''

''Where are you living now?'' asked George, and there was nothing in his manner to indicate he was not talking to a real plutocrat.

''Down by the river on Clay Street,'' Pluto's manner was again apologetic as he gave a number in one of the poorest sections of the town.

The gang knew from Mutt's question that he was planning more donations as they all were, until Pluto could get on his feet again.

''What are the sizes of them babies, Mister—'' Mutt hesitated in embarrassment.

''Allen's the name, but just call me Pluto. I like it,'' said Pluto with a smile.

LOSING AND KEEPING

Love that is hoarded moulds at last,
  Until we know some day
The only thing we ever have
  Is what we give away.

And kindness that is never used,
  But hidden all alone,
Will slowly harden till it is
  As hard as any stone.

It is the things we always hold
  That we will lose some day;
The only things we ever keep
  Are what we give away.

—Exchange

MAKING A START

By Frank Strickland

Did you ever notice how difficult it is for an engineer to get a long freight train started in motion? He gives his engine a violent lurch backward, then quickly forward. Often he has to repeat this performance numbers of times. Finally the big, iron monster belches forth that first powerful exhaust. Then, quite often the wheels start spinning around instead of propelling the train. The engineer applies his sand, the wheels slip no longer, and again comes that slow, labored, determined exhaust. But after he gets his train in motion, its very momentum carries it along.

Haven't you experienced the same difficulty on your little "railroad" of life? The young student is instructed to write a theme on a given subject. Instead of getting right down to it he will do something entirely foreign to the task. And yet he is really trying to make a start. He sticks his pencil in his mouth as if he thinks there is some magic in such a method. He looks out the window, seeming to think that his first sentence can be discovered out in the open. He scratches his head as if to remove the metal rubbish and find his thought beneath it. Maybe he will look helplessly at one of his fellow students.

All this is a kind of cowardice which, though pardonable, should be overcome. It is a kind of cowardice that exists to some extent in us all. We dread to make the start. The initiative is a bug-bear. We are on fire to do a certain commendable thing, to undertake something big and noble, but to make the start!

What is your dream? What is your objective point? To what do you aspire? Is it within your power to make the start today? By all means don't allow this dread, this fear to keep you from making the start. You can't wish it into existence. Day dreams are all right. They are not to be condemned. They have ever prefaced all noble lives. But the day dreamer must wake up some time and put his dream into execution. Don't say your aircastle is too good to be true, but rather say it is good and shall be true.

"Our doubts are traitors, and make us lose the good we oft might win by fearing to attempt.

HE MADE GOOD

He was an honest citizen, a skilled workman, and a dependable man. Everybody likes and respects him. He is going to retire, and he is able to do so now, as he had been a success. And most of us want to make a good success of our lives, and some who knew our friend above wonder how he did it. Although he was engaged in an humble calling, he is now independent, but not rich, and has earned his security and comfort by doing his "stuff" well. There is no other secret in his success, or in any worthwhile success. He was a barber.—The Boy Agriculturist.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Mr. Robertson, Boys' Commissioner, and Miss Canady, Welfare Officer, both of Greensboro, visited the Training School the other day.

—o—

Mr. Carriker and his carpenter shop boys have been building a garage to house the trucks belonging to the institution.

—o—

Electricians have recently equipped all of our cottages with baseboard receptacles. This was done for the benefit of the cottages now having radios in operation.

—o—

In going over the campus we notice a number of boys selecting rabbit sticks, in joyful anticipation of the annual rabbit hunt on Thanksgiving Day.

—o—

The boys on the farm force have been spending several days baling the last of our crop of lespedeza hay. As the barns were full, the bales were stacked outside and covered.

—o—

Motion pictures, once a regular weekly entertainment for our boys, have become a rarity, due to the fact that we have no sound equipment, and there are so very few silent films available. However, we are glad to announce that there will be a picture shown in the auditorium this afternoon for the first time in several weeks.

—o—

Rev. F. M. Speagle, pastor of Calvary Lutheran Church, Concord, conducted the afternoon service in the auditorium last Sunday. His talk on "The Bible Used Alphabetically" was very interesting.

—o—

Ten new boys made their appearance at the Training School this week, and were placed in the Receiving Cottage, where they will remain for two weeks. They will then be sent out to other cottages.

—o—

Our dairy force is now using a new one and one-half ton Ford truck, which was delivered a few days ago. The old truck formerly used by the department has been turned over to our gardener, for the purpose of hauling vegetables from the gardens to the cottages.

—o—

Mr. A. J. Hutchins, Superintendent of Schools and Public Welfare, of Haywood county, visited the institution one day last week. Mr. Hutchins reports that Don Scroggs, who was paroled in January, 1928, has done well since his return home. He graduated from High School last

year and is the proud possessor of a diploma and ring, which he prizes very highly. This boy must have had a hard fight to keep in school, as his father was an invalid. We congratulate Don and tender herewith our best wishes for future success.

SOMEBODY'S MOTHER

The woman was old and ragged and gray,
  And bent with the chill of the winter's day;
The street was wet with a recent snow
  And the woman's feet were aged and slow.
She stood at the crossing and waited long—
  Alone uncared for, amid the throng
Of human being who passed her by
  Nor heeded the glance of her anxious eye.

Down the street with laughter and shout
  Glad in the freedom of school let out,
Come the boys like a flock of sheep,
  Hailing the snow piled white and deep.
Past the woman so old and gray
  Nor offered a helping hand to her
So meek, so timid, afraid to stir,
  Lest the carriage wheels or horses' feet
Should crowd her down in the slippery street.

At last came one of the merry troup,
  The gayest laddie of all the group:
He paused beside her and whispered low—
  "I'll help you across if you wish to go."
Her aged hand on his strong young arm
  She placed—And so without any hurt or harm
He guided the trembling feet along,
  Proud that his own were firm and strong.

Then back again to his friends he went.
  His young heart happy and content
"She's somebody's mother boys, you know,
  For all she's aged and poor and slow;
And I hope some fellow will lend a hand
  To help my mother, you understand,
If ever she's poor and old and gray
  When her own dear boy is far away."

And somebody's mother bowed low her head
  In her home that night, and the prayer she said
Was "God be kind to the noble boy
  Who is somebody's son and pride and joy."

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XIX CONCORD, N. C., NOVEMBER 28, 1931 No. 48

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PASSING THROUGH

Silence is one great part of conversation.

Running people down is a bad habit whether you are a motorist or a gossip.

Be careful of your thoughts; they may break into words any time.

Some people do not seem to grasp why they were given two ears and only one tongue.

The most useless exercise in the world is running into debt.

It is all right to pat a person's back to his face, but all wrong to laugh in his face behind his back.

If you must carry a chip on your shoulder, get a job in a lumber yard, where it will not be noticed.

The best portion of a good man's life: his little, nameless, unremembered acts of kindness and love.

PUBLISHED BY

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL
PUBLISHED BY

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

Selfishness comes from not serving others. What is more pitiful than to meet a person who thinks of nobody but himself, one who is unwilling to be put to any inconvenience in order to further the happiness of another. I often look at these selfish beings with thoughts of pity, at the same time realizing all they have missed in not sacrificing for the happiness of others, and too I wonder if the time will ever come when they may need a little borrowed happiness, loaned by someone unselfish and someone willing to give time, labor and even money to make happy their last days.—National Observer.

THE NEXT JOY

It seems that Thanksgiving, 1931, has come and gone all too soon and is today only a memory of good things the boys had for dinner and their usual rabbit hunt of that date. You can not imagine how the boys look forward to their Thanksgiving dinner. One of the Jackson Training School boys, and he expressed the sentiment of the 515 of the institution, said, as he smacked his lips "we will not have turkey this year, but we will have a good, old chicken dinner with other good things to eat." From the manner and expression of this boy one could readily understand he was anticipating an unusual dinner and a big time. Do you have a boy? If so you know the desires and appetite of a growing lad, and especially so if the chicken dinner is a rare treat.

Well, our next stop after Thanksgiving is Christmas. As soon as the shadows of the twilight close in upon Thanksgiving Day the boys begin to look forward to the annual Christmas celebration, the Christ child in song and

services, and the annual treat of good things given by those who feel that Christmas is the season for gifts, especially to those who are bereft of loved ones. There are many boys in the institution today who if sent from the school would have neither friend nor home and would become wanderlusts. These are the boys who need the sweet attentions of life. They are homeless and friendless. Let us hope our many friends as usual despite the depression will help to give the boys a "Happy and Merry Christmas."

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OUR DUTY

The achievements and developments of the Old North State have proven an interesting topic far and wide, because of the marvelous construction of concrete highways, linking up the most remote and benighted spots of the State, and the school building program that went over like magic, placing a modernly equipped school in easy access of all the children without discrimination. Besides handsome church buildings and public buildings, ecclesiastically and architecturally perfect, add to the attractiveness of our cities and are comparable to those of any city in the States. In short the progress of North Carolina has received Nation-wide publicity, especially for the network of good roads from Manteo to Murphy, leading to the Great Smoky National Park, described "as a wonderful land—one of the finest in the world."

But there are some facts when realized take the wind out of our sails, so to speak. For instance our hospitalization is inadequate, besides the price of available hospitals makes it impossible for a person of moderate circumstances to receive treatment. The light has not broken sufficiently for free hospitalization, or hospitalization at moderate prices, to make people rally to the cause of public health in a similar manner as they have for public education. It is difficult to make people see that public health with certain modifications is as much a duty of the people as public education.

We wager there are few people today who realize that there are 9,000 crippled children in North Carolina under 16 years of age, crippled or deformed from undernourishment or unhygienic conditions, of whom 15 per cent only get treatment. The unfortunate part is the crippled are among the families of the poor, and to get treatment is impossible, because the wage earners do not get sufficient pay to meet the hospital bill. These are facts as given out by Dr. A. R. Shands, of Duke University Medical faculty. An orga-

nization of the National Shrine has 10 thoroughly equipped orthopedic hospitals, and five others in conjunction with other hospitals throughout the country that give free treatment to cripples. But for these hospitals with other charitable organizations the percentage of cripples in North Carolina would be greater. The idea of being sick without the hope of having the benefits of a hospital and the treatment of skilled physicians is distressing and hangs over some like a pall. Hospitalization should be put within the reach of the poor, or moderately poor, and not be an impossibility for any one regardless of class or kind. We educate the children of the rich and poor alike, but in illness the child of the poor is an object of charity, or left to suffer.

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PROUD OF THEIR NICKNAME

We can recall quite clearly when to be called a "Tarheel" was intended to make fun, or in plainer language to reflect upon any one who hailed from the grand Old North State. We knew or thought we knew the origin of the nickname, "Tarheel," but never understood how the significance of the name became dignified to the extent that every North Carolinian feels honored to be called "Tarheel." Back in the early history the state was famed for its tar, pitch and turpentine, and tar was a commodity used especially in shipbuilding. In reviewing old records or store books of the colonial period there are references as to the sale of tar at different places where ships were built. Such articles were of more importance then to the world at large than today. Ships were caulked with pitch, the ropes were covered with tar, and up to the present time the United States soldiers are known as "tars." The workers in these places wore no shoes. Tar would stick to their heels, so the name "tarheel" was applied to the poorer classes of people with a derision, and gradually the name was accepted for all classes with a little taunt.

But today we are proud to be called "Tarheels," and how the term changed from a symbol of derision to one of pride is of far more interest than how it started.

In 1864 when Zebulon Vance was seeking the candidacy for governor, he went to Virginia to address some North Carolina soldiers. When standing before the men he hesitated. "I hardly know how to begin, for I cannot

call you fellow soldiers since I am no longer a fighting man, I can not call you fellow citizens since none of us are of this state. But, he concluded, I can call you "fellow Tarheels." With this pronouncement there was a burst of applause. Since that date no one has hesitated to sing "I am a Tarheel born and a Tarheel bred—and I'll be a Tarheel when I am dead.

From the date when the war governor spoke to the soldiers as "fellow-Tarheels" the symbolism of the nickname faded, and neither the natives nor adopted Tarheels have been ashamed of their sobriquet.

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WITHIN THE NEXT FIVE YEARS—NATURAL GAS

Over a year ago the Uplift made bold to state the next big development for North Carolina would be the piping of natural gas all through the Piedmont section. Following in the trail of this development will be new industries requiring the intense heat that can be supplied by fuel of this kind. This project depends as to whether the new field will furnish sufficient consumers to justify the investment. The consumption seems certain, because no state has a greater number of wide-awake small towns that could be connected with the line with profit.

The press news is that plans are on foot for the construction of a natural gas line from Atlanta to Danville, and on through to Washington, D. C. This is to be the main line, touching Charlotte, Gastonia, Concord, Kannapolis, High Point, Greensboro and on to other places on the line.

Mr. Bryson, the state geologist, predicts that the construction of the gas lines will be accomplished within the next five years at a cost of from $15,000,00. to $20,000,000.

The greatest advantage of natural gas is that it gives twice as much heat to the volume consumed as does manufactured heat. The discussion of two years of bringing natural gas into the Piedmont section is soon to bear fruit.

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OBJECT OF THE GOVERNOR'S COUNCIL

The Governor's council was organized December, 1930, for the specific purpose of working "in co-operation with state, county and municipal agencies, both public, semi-public, and private, in planning ways to mitigate the unemployment and relief situation."

There are many social difficulties during the depression to be adjusted, and

this council is endeavoring to save time and money by bringing together the relief-giving agencies of every community into what is accepted and known as the "social agency" of the county. The "social agency" is a clearing house, the object of which is to prevent any overlapping of charity and to eliminate all impostors, besides, it lightens the relief-giving agency's load by giving to each agency a specific work. The social evils of hard times are fully realized state wide, and to adequately meet conditions every resource of every community will have to be mobilized and utilized so as to get the best possible results.

The state council emphasizes a community organization so as to unify the work. These are some of the suggestions: First, the administration should be based upon statistical information as to the unemployed, then a survey made as to food, clothing, fuel and other needs, and certain work divided out to the various agencies of charity, making the work far reaching and effective. The objective of every one of these agencies should be to provide necessary relief without destroying the initiative of the recipients—not to pauperize any one. The success of the work to a certain extent depends upon the tact, ability and interest of the superintendent of welfare work of every community.

To do effective welfare work one necessarily has to be welfare minded, and have a love of service for the sake of humanity.

RAMBLING AROUND

With Old Hurrygraph

"Let us remember each kind word
By weight of goodly feeling blest—
Each gentle thing we've said or heard—
And blot from memory the rest.
Give us the grace to see and know
The benefits along the way—
The many things tnat help us so—
Let us be thankful every day."

—o—

It is the right encouragement of an individual in circumstances which seem insurmountable that bring far-reaching and emancipating results.

—o—

Speaking of superstition, I was just wondering if it caused as much bad luck for a black cat to cross one's pathway when one does not see it as it does when one does see it.

—o—

I notice that a certain rural editor gives a very satisfactory excuse for lack of news in an issue of his paper. He said he couldn't find his scissors.

—o—

Does any one remember when the fair sex used to ride in the rear on the tandem bicycle without a thought of some day becoming back seat drivers.

—o—

In this troubled business world, love for our fellow men, unselfish service and mutual forbearance are often lost sight of, yet they should be foremost.

—o—

I have had spring colds, summer colds, autumn colds and winter colds, and on each occasion friends have remarked, with touching solicitude, that "this is a bad time to have ,a cold." Time after time I have been almost on the point of giving up my search for a good time to have a cold, the existence of which time was so strongly implied by our friends' remarks, but I stuck it out, and I am glad I did. I am happy to report that there is a good time to have a cold—not perfect, of course, but the best an ill-managed world affords—and that is on February 29.

—o—

Old man Prosperity peeked around the corner where he's been hiding since the memory of man runneth not to the contrary, and he saw people riding by in fine cars, and cars not so fine, of all makes and descriptions, and he saw women in ermines and satins and sparkling with diamonds and rubies, anr all other jewels of the mine, and gentlemen with them in magnificent evening dress starched boiled plates fronts, silk hats and everything. "Whoopee!" yelled old man Prosperity, "good time here again. Look out! here I come right back where I started from." He bounded down the street, but a few blocks away he was arrested by two policemen and jailed for vagrancy. "I guess," said he, as he sat in his gloomy cell, "I tried to cover too much ground."

—o—

The late ecstatic reports from London describing the king's opening of parliament, after telling about the earls and dukes and things like that,

in their robes, said: "And there sits Charles G. Dawes, American ambassador to the court of St. James, distinguished amoung such glitter by his homely evening dress." Pish, and tush, and a series of hollow groans. Charley may have had on a homely evening dress, but I'll bet a couple of doughnuts that he had on sox that would make the proudest peacock that ever strutted a lawn go and hang himself with sheer jealousy.

—o—

The headline in a newspaper says, "$600,000,000 in Yule Funds." Christmas is a lovely season, the most loved of our anniversaries. We all look forward to it with such yearning, the illiterate and those without imagination are even said to count the days that intervene. But there is, as Cleopatra said to Marc Antony, "a thorn in every rose, a fly in every ointment, a roon or a nooze or a constituoshun in every radio program." Thus it is with Christmas. Just when I commence to look forward to it, smiling somewhat wanly, but none the less smiling, up jumps somebody or some newspaper, to call it "Xmas," or "Yule." It just knocks the joy out of my smiles and turns them into derisive grins.

—o—

Charm takes on different personalities, but who can resist the man or woman who is gracious enough to say thank you for even small courtesies. A hearty thank you is like a cheerful good morning and warms the atmosphere. It is like a little candle burning in the dark. But that person who has the spirit of gratitude to whom the outward expression of thanks comes easily and naturally is one who knows happiness, peace and contentment. Let us not be thankful on one November day only and feast in celebration thereof, but cultivate a state of perpetual gratitude for life's sunshine, health, friends and the smaller and less significant details of living.

—o—

Many people would like to do things in a big way, and wish they had the money to do them with. But the only way for most of them ever to do that is to do the little things they must do in a correct way. Attention to all the details of their own affairs, and a determination to do them right, is what after awhile enables them to get where they have opportunity to do big things. Then, if competent, they may do them in a big way. Men always grow in capability when they do the little things well, and thoroughly. They improve in their grasp of worth-while service. Rulers over a few little things are made rulers over many things, and they grow larger because they have been faithful over their small affairs. That is the way of the world. A man who does a small job in the way it should be done is always rated as capable of doing larger jobs, just because of his excellence. Once a man gets the habit of excellence he carries that quality with him when the larger things are trusted to him. But —and this is a large but—he must stand the test of always performing the small duty promptly and well. Then his opportunity comes to do big things in a big way.

Winning souls is the supreme duty of the Christian.—Hughes.

ASKING THAT ADJUSTMENTS IN SALARIES BE MADE

By C. W. Hunt

One of the most refreshing things said in this great state within a year was what Dr. Thomas H. Briggs, of Columbia University Teacher's College, said to about 2,000 teachers at the association meeting of the South Peidmont Teachers Association, in Charlotte, October thirty-first, when he is quoted by a morning paper as saying: "Rid yourselves of the notion that you are the only unfortunate people in the world; for there are worse things than a ton per cent cut in wages. Popularize the good things you are doing in the school room and show effective results. Know the worth of learning and why it is worth learning."

That assertion was exactly to the point now under discussion, what shall teachers' salaries be? For many years there have been a few men who had the temerity if not the courage to stand up and say in public print that we were hiring flappers to teach our children, because they had made so many units of college work, when all many of these were teaching for was the salary that allowed them to live in independence, wear good clothes, and be "dead-game-sports." This does not apply to the good teacher who took pride in her work and was contented and happy in seeing the fruits of her labor in fine children taking on to life in the right way. Some have wondered if the great harvest of young criminals now filling our prisons are not largely the direct result of such teachers, working solely for the dollar, with an eye to having a good time; perhaps marrying some good man who can maintain them in the style a good teachers' salary had enabled them to set up? Far be it from this writer to write any thing that would be a reflection upon the great profession of teaching, but there is nothing that showed the way many teachers feel about the reduction of teachers pay like the incident of heckling a man of the calibre of James A. Bell, when he reminded Charlotte teachers that they were still in better shape than many of their fellows, and the graceful thing to do was to accept the cut.

And here the writer finds himself back right where he was when he asserted that we need, must have a readjustment of many things: ways of living, wages, cost of living, cost of schools, cost of running churches and on down the line. The writer is not trying to say that we must get back to colonial days or colonial ways of living, but is trying to say that if wastes in living and other things are not cut out, then the time will come when forces now existent will cut them out and make paupers of those who are not willing to make the change to sane and sensible standards. These adjustments need to be made so that no person working for wages will get such a wage, in comparison with other workers as to enable a few to be able to live in the same style as the man or woman who has by work or inheritance come in possession of sufficient to keep

them in any style they care to live.

Quoting a writer not long ago it was suggested that those with war time wages allow a fellow to work part of his time, and thus enable the man in need to live, it was suggested that the principle was wrong; that there would be created no more buying power than now existed, which is true, but this writer was suggesting that in the name of suffering humanity. The fact is this writer has not heard of any working person who was willing thus to do; and here comes in again the contention that there must be a getting back to rock bottom, with an adjustment that makes wage more equal. It seems that Henry Ford conceived the idea that the way to break up depression was to increase wages of those at work, but late dispatches say he is backing away from that and reducing back to former wage scale of six dollars each day instead of seven. (The Ford Motor Co. in Charlotte have been working only one day each week for a number of weeks. Reason: Cotton growers are not buying Ford cars.)

WHY NOT THINK?

It's a little thing to do,
  Just to think.
Anyone, no matter who,
  Ought to think.
Take a little time each day
  From the minutes thrown away,
Spare it from your work or play,
  Stop and think!

You will find that men who fail
  Do not think.
Men who find themselves in jail
  Do not think.
Half the trouble that we see,
  Trouble brewed for you and me,
Probably would never be
  If we'd think!

Shall we journey hit-or-miss,
  Or shall we think?
Let's not go along by guess,
  But rather to ourselves confess
It would help us more or less
  If we'd think!

—Author Unknown.

UTILIZING LEAVES

There is a chemist at the Ohio State University named Ames. Up to a short time ago he was not very well known beyond the limits of the university, but now newspapers throughout the country are broadcasting a suggestion from him that promises to make him nationally known.

Professor Ames points out that to home owners who have shrubbery and gardens, fallen leaves are highly valuable as a mulch at this season of the year. They enrich the soil, they create new soil and they serve as a protection for trees and plants. At the same time you get rid of the leaves. Another method he suggests is to pile up the leaves to hasten decomposition. He says if this is done now the compost heap will yield both soil and soil enrichment elements for use next spring.

The tip should be of value to everyone who has a garden, or shrubbery and plants they want to enrich and protect. The general practice is to burn leaves. But that creates a smoke nuisance and possible fire hazard. When this is not done the leaves are left to blow away at will, and one form of natural fertilizer is thus wasted.

Every leaf represents just that much strength taken out of the soil. But if utilized in the form of fertilizer it puts it back with generous dividends, and in a way insures a better crop next spring, and healthier, hardier plants and shrubbery. Don't waste that which nature furnishes you without cost. Even the fallen leaves are worth something to you.—Reidsville Review.

Elizabeth Griggs, of Cleveland county, writes the Progressive Farmer, "Do Not Burn the Leaves," Miss Griggs gives good advice when she says:

"Autumn with its wealth of beauty soon will have passed and with it will go the leaves with their assortment of brilliant colors. Every breeze sends them whirling and dancing through the air.

"Many dollars' worth of valuable plant food is being raked into piles and burned, while spots in garden and field are simply crying out for humus. Let's stop this dangerous, wasteful, and unwise practice.

"In one corner of my garden I make a compost heap, putting down a layer of leaves, then a layer of soil, alternating leaves and soil until all accessible leaves are used, putting soil on top to prevent leaves from blowing about. This compost is fine for the garden."—Monroe Enquirer.

If the housewives in the United States were paid for their home service at the rate of fifteen dollars a week, the payroll would amound to $17,000,000,000 yearly.—Exchange.

PRISON STATISTICS CHALLENGE TO CHURCHES AND SUNDAY SCHOOLS

The Smithfield Herald

The editor of the Dunn Dispatch in a recent issue challenges the efficiency of the churches and Sunday schools. He prefaces this challenge with figures concerning population of the North Carolina state prison which show that 64.7 per cent of the prison population of 1930 were regular attendants upon church services at the time of conviction, and 53.8 per cent were regular attendants upon Sunday school. How often one would have to attend these services to be regarded a regular attendant was not discussed, but at least these prisoners were within the range of church influences, and whether they went twice a year or twice a month, the church had some responsibility as to their right living.

The same conviction that day schools are worth while has prompted the writer for many years to place particular emphasis upon Sunday schools. If reading and writing and arithmetic are worth spending six hours a day for five days a week in a school room, under competent, paid teachers, the study of the Bible with its plan of salvation, its rules of right living and character development, is infinitely more important.

Some of the boys and girls who attend day school regularly will never become educated, and it is reasonable to assume that all who attend Sunday school and church will not become Christian; but if the attention were paid to religious training of boys and girls that the boys and girls themselves deserve, in a generation, the prison statistics of 1930 would not be repeated. Thirty minutes a week on Sunday, with no home preparation, cannot be expected to have very far-reaching effects. If day school pupils put no more time on the preparation of their day school subjects than they do on their Sunday school lessons, they would never be promoted out of the grammar grade. The Sunday school teacher, together with the home, on the job throughout the days of the week, can develop a strength of character that will not wind up in our penitentiaries.

The editor of the Dispatch suggests that one solution to this problem might be to have "preachers and Sunday school programs hooked on to the public school programs in a way that would allow pupils to be with their denominational leaders a certain period each day at the school house." This could be worked, if we had paid Sunday school workers; but even then it would require the co-operation of parents in a greater degree than is now the case. In religious education, there is no displacing the cornerstone of instruction in the home, which has the child every day in the week, and that together with our churches and church schools is the hope of our town, our county, our state, and our nation.

Every disciple must be a discipler.—Gordon.

THE ORIGIN OF HOME, SWEET HOME

By Edna V. Funderburk

Having promised to write a series of articles again, I'll begin with a story. This story is about a song with which we are all familiar, and certainly all of us love. I suppose it has touched a tender chord in more hearts than any song ever written. It is "Home, Sweet Home." I accept this story as truth because I suppose its writer knew the facts of the case. I have the story in an old scrap book that I have had for about 25 years. The story runs like this:

"When the boundary line between Tennessee and Georgia was established it passed half a mile south of the spring Tuck-a-lee-chee-chee, among the foot hills of the Unakas, and as it crossed one of the principal Indian trails it became a place of much importance. There had already grown up a strong rivalry between the Tennessee tribes headed by chief Ross and the Georgia tribes headed by Major Ridge, both half breeds, and men of extraordinary ability as leaders.

The establishment of the boundary line fixed the limit of their respective territories, and to try and harmonize as much as possible the contending factions the government established a trading post there.

John Howard Payne appeared upon the scene and was accused of exciting the Indians to insubordination. He was placed under arrest as an incendiary and was carreid to the council house. The name of the place was changed to Red Clay because of the color of the soil in that vicinity. While Payne was held there one of the first bands arrived and among the Indians was the Chief Ooochee of Rattling Gourd, a broken hearted man. He was moody and abstracted and refused all invitations to the council house and would partake of no festive enjoyments whatsoever, but spent most of his time at the graves of his wife and children further up the valley. One morning he was missing from his place by the campfire and an alarm was raised that Rattling Gourd had escaped. The patrol scattered everywhere in search for him. Some of them thought of his fondness for the spot where his loved ones slept and went in search of him there. There they found him, weltering in his own blood. His body lay between the graves of his wife and child. In some way he had secreted a bayonet when the Indians were being disarmed and brooding over his removal he became desperate, and seeking that lonely spot he chanted his own death song, threw himself upon the point of the bayonet and died there where he had often said he wanted to sleep his last long sleep.

The affair caused great excitement. A grave was dug there and he was buried by the soldiers, the Moravian missionaries officiating. After the services were over John Howard Payne, who had been a silent witness of the pathetic scene, began singing softly to himself the song which he has since echoed through every land on earth, General Bishop, who had kept a close watch on his actions, heard the song and called Payne to him.

"Young man," said the stern old Indian fighter, "where did you learn that song?"

"I wrote that song myself," said Payne.

"And where did you get the tune?"

"I composed that also."

"Would you let me have a copy of it?"

"Certainly I will," he replied.

"Well a man who can sing and write like that is no incendiary," he said. "Appearances may be against you, but I am going to set you free. I shall write your discharge immediately and a pass anywhere you choose through the nation."

Payne had been housed by a family living near and on his return he related the circumstances and showed his pass. This was the first time that "Home, Sweet Home" had ever been sung in public."

I wish the music lovers of this country would find the place and erect a marker there.

FROST ON PUMPKIN UP-TO-DATE

When the frost is on the pumpkin,
  And the fodder in the shock,
Then's the time to watch your poultry,
  And take invoice of the flock.
Get the pullets into layin',
  Turn the lights on, in the morn
Watch their weight and keep on feedin'
  Lots of scratch grain, such as corn.

When the frost is on the pumpkin,
  And the fodder's in the shock,
That's the time to keep on steppin'
  Never stop to watch the clock.
Patchin' roofs and fixin' windows,
  Doing all kinds of repair—
You can laugh at old man winter,
  When he's puffin' out cold air.

When the corn is in the corn bin,
  And the pumpkin's in the pie,
You can hear your biddies cackle,
  Watch the production run up high.
That's the time to keep on pluggin'
  Always looking here and there,
Then your bank book, too, will show it
  Filled with dollars instead of air.

—By G. E. Heisman.

ROCKING LATIN IN THE SCHOOLS

(Kings Mountain Herald)

Princeton has followed the example of Yale in banishing the study of Latin as a requirement for a Bachelor of Arts degree and in permitting students to select instead either French, Italian, German or Spanish.

The Yale News comments to the effect that this ruling will eventually rock the firm foundations of classical culture in the secondary schools. Why eventually? It is now. These foundations have already been rocked and driven out of the schools. It is now in this state an unusual thing for a s econdary scholl to give Latin any recognition in the curriculum. In fact there are some authorities connected with our educational administration at Raleigh who have insisted that the sooner Latin goes out of the curriculum the better. They may know what they are talking about but your paragrapher thinks it is foolish. The paramount emphasis of some schools seems to be on atheletics, and the and the atheletic director is paid more salary than the president of the school. But if the training of the mind is the paramount object then Latin is essential because it is one of the best mind trainers. Latin teaches accurate and straight thinking. There is but one language as scientific as the Latin and that is the Greek lauguage. Students ought to study Latin if for no other reason than to get a better knowledge of he English language. The English to a great degree is made up out of the Latin.

To leave out the Latin is an easier way—a shorter way. An education in solution and given hypodermically would be an easy way. But short cuts and easy ways are not what students should seek. Students should seek a trained mind. Latin is a fine mind trainer. The students who take Latin is better educated than th one who does not.

GOD'S PROVIDENCE

Luther, returning from Leipzig in harvest time past the fields of corn, said: "How it stands there, erect on its beautiful tapering stem and bending its beautiful golden head with bread in it, the bread for man sent to him for another year."

"Back of the bread is the flour,
Back of the flour is the mill,
Back of the mill is the wheat,
Back of the wheat, the sun and shower,
And a Father's loving will."

DRY LAW WILL STAND

(Rutherfordton News)

Federal Judge E. Yates Webb in speaking to the Grand Jury in Asheville Monday at the opening of the Fall term of Federal court, made the following interesting statements:

"The Prohibition law is one of the best obeyed laws on our statute books. The opposition will never be able to muster sufficient strength to bring about the repeal of the constitutional amendment.

"Some want it repealed. They talk about it. They argue about it. They know it will never be done. With all this agitation all the propaganda for repeal—it is not sufficient to muster the necessary votes in congress to submit it to the states for another vote."

"I happened to be the co-author of the constitutional amendment outlawing liquor. Forty-five out of the 48 states ratified the amendment. It would take 36 states to bring about its repeal, and we know that it is impossible.

Our wet friends tell us the prohibition law has brought a lot of cases to federal court," Judge Webb prefaced his charge. "That is true, but they don't remember as far back as we do. The federal court has always been filled with liquor cases. Before prohibition, we tried defendants for failure to pay licenses, remaining open on Sundays, and selling liquor to minors."

Judge Webb is right and we commend him for his stand on prohibition. This country needs more leaders and men in public life to stand for law and order. The time has come when church people and law abiding citizens should take a stand on the Prohibition question. It should not be a political issue next year, but likely will.

SMILES

And this happened in Massachusetts. A school committeeman was visiting a classroom. After the class read one of Webster's speeches the visitor asked one boy: "Who was Webster?"

"A statesman," replied the boy.

"But what is a statesman?" the visitor asked.

"A man who goes around making speeches," replied the lad.

"That is not quite right," said the committeeman. "I go round making speeches, yet I am not a statesman."

"I know," spoke up a bright little fellow. "A statesman is a man who goes around making good speeches."—Selected.

OLDEST FRAME HOUSE IN AMERICA

By Elizabeth B. Ludlow

What has two heads and one body? You would never guess and so I'll tell you—a niddy noddy. Now, do you know? You would, if you visited the old Fairbanks house in Dedham, Massachusetts, a house just full of interesting and curious antiques. A niddy-noddy was used to wind flax thread upon. One of the heads was horizontal and the other was vertical to the body. But I'm going to stop right now and tell you something about the house itself and its people before I tell you all (no, not all, but some) of the interesting things in it.

The house was built in 1636—just think, almost three hundred years ago—on an old Indian trail. It was built by Jonathan Fayerbanke as a home for his wife and six children. Jonathan is believed to have come over in 1633 from Sowerby, England, and to have brought the frame of a house. After looking about for three years, during which time he stayed in Boston, he decided to settle in Dedham—or Contentment as it was then called. Here he built his house. It is the quaintest old place you can imagine—all different heights and it rambles all over its big corner lot. You know, in early times, people were taxed according to the height of their houses and so the lean-to was made as low as possible to escape taxation. The front door is low and narrow and as we stand before it, we can count eight windows, of which no two are the same size. Today the windows are set with small, square panes, but inside are two of the original windows of small diamond-shaped panes set in strips of lead, as putty was not in use at that time.

The entire length of the house is seventy-five feet and it has three parts—a main part and two wings. The main part is the original house and the two wings, added twelve and eighteen years after the building of the house were built to accommodate two of the Fairbank's sons and their families. The middle part of the house has a pitch roof extending down over the lean-to within a few feet of the ground. Both wings have gambrel roofs. The shingles are weather-beaten and mosscovered. Long years ago an Indian arrow projected from the roof. No one in the family could remember a time when it was not there, but there is a family legend that the arrow was shot in during an Indian raid.

There is a little covered doorway squeezed into a corner of the house and a settle fills up one side of it. This was just the place for "courting" in the olden times.

The house is built of timbers from England and old ship's timbers. They have been reinforced, but the originals remain where they can be seen. Over the fireplace in the kitchen, they are charred from the heat of many fires which burned in the enormous fireplace.

No room in the house appears as old as the kitchen. Its walls are made of overlapped white pine boards with rounded edges. The bottom of the chimney measures eight feet by ten feet and the oven is a hole in the brick wall of the fireplace. The original crane hangs in its place and an old meat roaster stands be-

fore the fire. The back is open, but there is a door in the front of it so that the housewife can look at her without turning the big roaster around. There is a little foot stove which was filled with red-hot coals and carried to church; for the Fairbanks family, like others of that time, spent practically the whole of Sunday in the cold, drafty church. There is an iron, not one that attaches to an electric current, not even one to be put on the stove to heat, but one with a funny little door that opens to allow hot coals to be placed inside. When the coals begin to cool, the iron is placed in the window, the little door opened, and the breeze fans them into life again. There are old wooden plates on the shelves, an old hand-carved dipper, a dough trough, an old gate-legged table, a ladder-back chair, and other curious and interesting things which make us stand in admiration of those courageous Puritan housewives

But our admiration and our wonder grow as we encounter further antique devices in the lean-to—a cranberry rake, an old cheese grinder, and a table, two hundred and fifty years old, pegged together without the sign of a nail in its construction. We find here also a wooden ox-saddle made by Jonathan Fairbanks and used as a pack saddle. A wooden shoe last is also here—oh, yes, each family had its own. When you run down to the cobbler's with your old pair of shoes today, do you ever think of the times when the cobblers came around to the people's houses and stayed until all the shoes were mended and new ones made? Their pay was their food and lodging and perhaps a little hand-woven cloth or a cheese.

And now that I have mentioned hand-woven cloth, I simply have to tell you about the beautiful sheet on the bed in the front room. The flax was grown on the farm, carded, and woven by one of the Fairbanks ladies. You can see the spinning-wheels and looms on which it was woven. There is a coverlette on the bed (also hand-woven) of the church-window design, and in the room above one of the dog-paw design. The sheet and coverlette must each have taken almost a year to complete.

One bedroom contains clothes worn by members of the Fairbanks family. They are in glass cases for some are so old that a touch would make them fall apart. There is an old trunk made from the trunk of a tree. Did you know that was how the name originated? There are interesting old maps, and great, high canopied beds with funny, little trundle beds under them. The "springs" are ropes and there is a most ingenious implement for tightening the ropes. And cradles! Why there is one that rocked nine generations of Fairbanks!

In the parlor are more fascinating things. A grease lamp called a "widder" or "old Bettsy" that burned fat or whale oil and had a long pin attached to pull out the wick. It could be hung over the crane or over a chair. There is a chair two hundred years old and a warming-pan almost as ancient. We find also a sampler containing this quaint verse:

"Next unto God dear parents
I addresse
Myselfe to you in humble thankfulnesse
For all your tender care on me
bestowed

So on I pray and let me still
pursue
Those golden arts the vulgar
never knew."

Probably some little Fairbanks girl gave it to her mother and father for a present.

I do wish you could wander through the house yourself. You would love its quaintness and genuineness, I know. I'm not going to tell any more because I hope some time you will go yourself and see it all. It is well worth a visit.

CONQUER DISSAPPOINTMENT

(Selected)

"I wish it hadn't rained today. We had a ball game planned," exclaimed Robert crossly, when he looked out of the window one fall morning at the gentle rain which was falling on the lawn and pavement.

"Robert, you never want it to rain," replied his sister, Sara.

"I don't care if it rains all tomorrow after our team wins that ball game," replied Robert.

"But tomorrow's that big high school contest, and your very own brother is going to try to win the junior race. You know his class wouldn't want it to rain," added Sara.

"Well, then it could rain day after tomorrow. There isn't anything we care about on that day," insisted Robert, still looking cross and angry.

"Yes, there is something then. My Sunday seschool class has a picnic planned at Oak Grove," said Sara happily.

Robert thought a moment and then said, "That's the way it always is—somebody gets disappointed on a rainy day."

He started to add something more, but Sara smiled and interrupted him. "You remember last summer when we were on our auto trip, and we all got so dreadfully thirsty," she said. "And several of the farmers told us that the stock in the field were not getting enough water."

"That was because the springs in the hills were going dry, and no water ran into the creeks in the pastures," explained Robert.

"It was because it hadn't rained for six weeks," replied his sister. "If it had never rained, the wells would have been dry, too."

"And I guess that would have been a worse disappointment than staying home from a ball game," said Robert, remembering how rough and dry his throat had felt on that long stretch of road when they didn't strike any water.

"Some one needs the water, or God wouldn't send it," said Robert, after he had thought hard for a moment. "After this I'll take the rain without grumbling. A little disappointment isn't going to conquer me any more."

THE BETTER END

By Richard N. Donelson

Well, I'll have to hand it to John Randolph West. Until we played Albany, I thought I was a pretty good substitute for the position of left end on the Berkedale football team. No one figured that "J. R.," as we call John Randolph West, would get into a real game this year. He was just a sophomore; and as Coach Reid told him, he had a lot to learn.

At that, he got into the Albany game on a fluke. If Coach Reid hadn't felt the need of a sweater toward the end of the third quarter, J. R. might still be warming the substitute bench. You see, Coach Reid sent J. R. after the sweater. He got it, all right. But he was so crazy to get back to the bench that he cut across the end zone and ran inside the gridiron.

Say, you should have heard us yell at him to get off! But it was too late. The referee had already spotted our long, lanky, substitute end. We were subject to a fifteen-yard penalty for having an extra man on the field of play. If he assessed that penalty, it would put the ball in the possession of Albany on our twenty-yard line! And Albany already led us by seven points.

But Coach Reid is a quick thinker. He must have known what was in the referee's mind, for, with an emphatic gesture he waved J. R. back on the gridiron.

"Relieve Chekanov at left end!" he ordered. "And if the Albany end plays rings around you, your name's going to be mud!"

J. R., suddenly realizing his error, swung across the field to report to the referee. After that kind of a start, no one expected to see J. R. last long. Coach Reid had saved the situation temporarily. But he wasn't leaving anything to luck. He told me to pull off my sweater and warm up. I'd been itching to get into the game. You know how a fellow feels when he's sitting on the bench. He just knows he could win the game if he were playing.

So I yanked off my sweater and dashed madly up and down the sideline, hoping to losen my muscles before Albany scored again.

As the lines formed, I could see J. R. tense himself to rush the opposing end. My own muscles grew tight, for I knew just how tremlby and eager he felt. Then signals. . . Aha! A crisscross!

Bumping the Albany end away from him, long-legged, big-boned J. R. slammed across the line of scrimmage. Before the Albany halfback could even get going, J. R. threw him back for a five-yard loss.

Surprised? Well, things like that do happen. We knew that J. R. couldn't do it again. Albany must have thought the same thing. For on the next play they used a double reverse. No one knew who had the ball—that is, no one except J. R.

J. R. knocked aside Albany's right end, and taking the most direct course for the Albany backfield, tackled the ball carrier for a four-yard loss. Boy, this was football!

"Put on your sweater, Steve," Coach Reid called to me. "There's no telling how long this phenomenon is going to last."

Albany tried the opposite end of our line on the next play, made two yards, and had to kick on fourth down. With the ball again in our possession, the Berkedale rooters started to cheer. And for the rest of the game they didn't quit yelling.

You see, we made our downs three times in succession, mostly around end or through tackle. And the player who made those gains possible was long, lanky J. R.! That unknown soph, who by rights should have been sitting beside me on the bench, tore the Albany line open again and again. He boxed the end, and was as instrumental as Ackerman, our right halfback, in putting across the touchdown that tied us with Albany.

Say, I thought I knew how to play end. But after watching J. R., I realized I was only a novice. When he blocked, no one got around him. And when he tackled, he tackled hard. During the last two minutes of play he tackled the Albany fullback so hard that he dropped the ball. And J. R. recovered the fumble!

Down the field he scooted. And not an Albany man could catch him. That put us six points in the lead: and when Ackerman kicked the extra point, I can tell you we and the students were a happy bunch.

For the next week J. R. was king of the campus. Everyone wanted to know why our coach hadn't used him before. But Coach Reid just grinned and looked wise. You see, he still wasn't postive that J. R. was the phenomenon he appeared to be.

J. R. wasn't the sort of fellow who'd get the swelled head over a lot of publicity. He was a regular fellow, and everyone liked him. So we were all tickled to hear that he would open the game with El Cerrito next Saturday.

But there was one individual who nearly kept J. R. out of that game—Professor Bostrom, botany lab teacher. Professor Bostrom is a stickler for accuracy. When he asks us to find the nucleus of a plant cell, he wants a word by word account of how the cell was found, what surrounded it, and what its principle function was in the life of the plant.

As you know, some cells develop leaves, others bark or flowers. Professor Bostrom would hand us a tiny piece cut from a plant. It might be bark, flower, or twig. But it had been cut so thinly by a safety razor blade that you couldn't tell from what part of the plant it had come.

So it was up to us to study the cell structure under a microscope. Our various findings would indicate whether we had a segment of leaf or bark. It was interesting work, but tedious.

Well, the very directness that had helped J. R. in the Albany game nearly proved his downfall in Professor Bostrom's class. In the game J. R. had dashed into the thick of the backfield, scattering players and tackling the man who carried the ball. But here, in the lab, it was a different matter. You couldn't jump at conclusions, but had to study the situation, change your ideas at times, and gradually build up your case. For each specimen you had to use different methods, such as coloring the plant cells to bring out their structure more clearly.

J. R., eager to get results, turned in a set of answers that was far from correct. He got a deficiency in botany the day before we met El Cerrito. With the report was a warning that he must promptly make up the defi-

ciency or quit the team.

As it was, J. R. was allowed to start the game with El Cerrito. And say, you should have seen him dodge El Cerrito's right end! He just flew over the line of scrimmage and tackled the backfield man for a six-yard loss.

But something went wrong on the next play. An end is supposed to guard against passes, of course. But J. R. left his post to tackle the halfback. El Cerrito's halfback took a few steps backward to avoid J. R.'s rush, and then shot the ball in a long pass to one of his own men—the right end—the very man whom J. R. should have been covering!

One touchdown early in the game doesn't matter much, we thought. J. R. was in fine fettle, full of pep and dash. He'd get going, pretty soon. And then, you El Cerrito players, watch out!

For the next five minutes our team had the ball. But we couldn't get past the center of the field. When El Cerrito again got the ball, J. R. promptly dashed in to tackle the backfield men. What started out to be an end run developed into a lateral pass.

From where I sat on the bench, I saw the halfback, followed by the fullback, romp toward the right side of their line. J. R. promptly tackled the halfback who carried the ball.

At that instant the halfback tossed the ball behind and to one side, right into the hands of the fullback who followed. By that time the fullback was around the left end of our line. Straight down the field he dashed, to the fifteen-yard line, where our safety man finally tackled and dropped him.

El Cerrito certainly fooled J. R. neatly. Had J. R. kept to his feet the fullback couldn't have gotten around end. So, although every man on the team played his hardest, you can chalk up a three-point field goal against J. R.

During the entire quarter, J. R. was played off his feet by the fast El Cerrito backs. Then Coach Reid sent in Chekanov. Humiliated and silent, J. R. sat on the bench the rest of the game.

We won, at last, by three points. It was a narrow squeak. J. R. had fallen so hard from his pedestal that he was still feeling the bump three days later. As I sit at the same table with J. R. in botany lab, I overheard what Professor Bostrom said to him. And I want to say right now that I learned a lot the next few

"You have a mighty direct attack, young man," said Mr. Bostrom. "A fine attribute especially if coupled if with strategy."

J. R. put aside the microscope and stared at Mr. Bostrom.

"I watched you in the last two football games. You have a lot of fire, John. You go for your man, and you get him. But it isn't always the right man."

"I do the best I can," replied J. R. with a serious face.

"The best you know how, perhaps," smiled Professor Bostrom. "Let me see the slide you're working on. Hm-mm. You already have the answer. It appears to be correct. But look here . . ."

He screwed the adjusting key of the low-power microscope and pointed out several obvious features of the cell structure.

"Now, John, you know that a certain arrangement of fibrovascular bundles will predetermine certain

cell structure."

He said a lot more, pointing out to J. R. that the most direct way to attack a problem is not necessarily the best, that there are several ways to reach a conclusion in the laboratory. And each step, he told J. R. should be examined for any bearing that it might have upon the final result.

It's the sum of your finding that gives a conclusive answer. It's like football, where you have to consider each step in offense and defense. Don't rush rashly to conclusions, but keep your actions restricted to the conditions.

"You played in the Albany game. Their backfield was slow in starting. They used reverses and complicated plays, which gave you time to get in there and stop them. Your dashing style worked fine against Albany. But last week, the El Cerrito team used simple, fast plays—and the backfield played close to the line. Their plays were well under way before you could reach the ball carrier. Consequently you were overplaying your position."

J. R. said that he "saw." I wasn't sure whether he did or not. But I do, now. You see, I sat on the bench in the last and biggest game of the year when we met Kent High the following Saturday. Once in three or four years we beat Kent. Three years had passed since we had last won. So we were all pepped up about this game, determined to win or be carried off the field in stretchers.

Things went against us from the start. I had a bad cold, so Coach Reid planned not to use me if he could help it. He started Chekanov at left end, of course. But Chekanov twisted his ankle so he sent in J. R. on a forlorn hope that J. R. might "come back."

The score was twelve to nothing against us when J. R. went into the game during the third quarter. Kent High had the ball. They made first down in three plays. For some reason J. R. seemed to be marking time instead of dashing away from his post in a mad attempt to smear the ball carrier.

But on the next play, Kent High tried a run around left end. J. R. neatly avoided his rival and forced the unner against a stone wall at tackle. No gain. Boy! This was playing!

And then Kent High attempted a forward pass. The end got away from J. R., somehow, and sprinted down the field, turning just as the ball speeded toward him. But J. R. had followed his man. He jumped high into the air and batted the ball to earth.

Third down, and they still had ten yards to go! They must have been afraid to buck our line, for they heaved another pass. This time J. R. took out his man. His long legs carried him down the field to cover a Kent man who had broken through our line. Slap! And the ball was in J. R.'s hands! He had intercepted their pass.

Go it, J. R.! Go it! Boy, how we did yell! There was only one Kent player in his way as J. R. scudded down the field. Gelding, our center, blocked the tackler, and away J. R. sprinted.

The forty-, the thirty-, the twenty-yard line flashed beneath J. R.'s skimming feet. Now the safety man drove him toward the side line J. R. swerved. So did the Kent safe-

ty. There was a thudding impact. J. R.'s big feet cut an arc in the air. Then he was up again, running as I never saw him run before!

Touchdown! Touchdown! Boy, we yelled like crazy men! A touchdown against Kent High—whose team hadn't been scored upon all season!

Ackerman, our star left half, kicked the extra point. Now the score was seven to twelve. Another touchdown would win the game for us. Yes, but how could we get it? Except for that lucky interception of a pass we had been outplayed so far.

The game advanced well into the fourth period. We were holding our own, at last. But we hadn't seriously threatened Kent High's goal line. Time was drawing short. In a very few minutes the game would be all over.

We got the ball. Our men played like fury, but it didn't do them any good. We had to kick on fourth down. And with that kick went some of our hopes. Time was almost up, and Kent High was delaying the game as long as possible. But they couldn't make their yards. They had to kick, and the ball was again ours.

From where I sat I could see the field judge draw his pistol from his pocket. In his other hand was his stop watch. I groaned aloud. Was it going to be too late, after all?

The teams lined up, the ball near the center of the field. The situation was a desperate one for us. It called for a pass, something that would gain ground fast, if successful.

A pass! A pass! It was going to be a pass!

And then I groaned in anguish. J. R., who was an eligible receiver, seemed to slip. He was down on his stomach in the midst of the milling linemen. And once down, a man is out of the play.

Now the Kent players burst through our line and rushed at Ackerman, who waited for a receiver to get clear. But everyone eligible to get the pass was covered by a Kent man. Back, back, still farther back faded Ackerman. Now one of the Kent players jumped into the air and attempted to strike the ball out of his big paw. Ackerman shook him off, still drifting backwards.

Suddenly Ackerman shot his pass, straight and low, over the center of the line of scrimmage. And wonder of wonders! There was J. R., springing out of the mix-up and fading toward the Kent goal line as though he had been expecting that pass!

Well, when that spinning ball struck J. R.'s hands, everything was over. The players had become so badly scattered that not even the safety man had a chance to grab him. J. R. waltzed to the goal line, a big grin on his face, and touched the ball to earth.

Ackerman failed to kick the extra point. But it didn't matter. We had beaten Kent High by one point. And for once a lineman got full credit in a victory. He's a football player, all right, is J R. I guess I'll be on the sub bench again next year. But that's all right, so long as we've got a better end.

At that, though, I'm going to take botany lab with Professor Bostrom again next year. He made not only a football player out of J. R., but a star student. You should have seen the high marks J. R. got! Maybe, if I stick around Mr. Bostrom's class for another year, I'll learn something about football, myself!

"THEY ARE GOOD WAGONS"

William H. Hamby.

Even before Jimmy Bradshaw was grown, people around Buckeye Bridge had come to consider him better than herb tea or a bottle of tonic for some symtoms. Whenever a fellow had a bad spell of the blues, he sent for Jimmy to come and stay all night, or went and spent the night with him, or at least managed to ride with him to town or walk a few rounds with him in the cornfield.

Not that Jimmy was very funny, for he was not; nor that he gave good advice, for he seldom gave any. But, somehow, when he had been with a fellow an hour or two, it did not seem likely that the twinge of rheumatism in the right leg would make him a cripple for life, or that the cough would run into consumption. Jimmy had a marvelous effect on the weather, and the Government, too. After he spent the evening with a farmer, it seemed next morning that the season was almost sure to be a good one, and not likely that Congress would pass enough bad laws to ruin the Government.

In fact, no matter how deep a fellow was in the dumps, with the world and the flesh and the Government on top of him, a few hours with Jimmy brought him to the surface. Hence, they called him Cheer-up Jimmy.

When, at twenty-two, Jimmy left the farm and went to Neosho to work in the wagon factory, his nickname followed him, and in less than a month he was known to everybody in the shop as "Cheer-up."

His influence on his fellow workmen was even more marked than it had been on his farmer neighbors. Not that there was any open expression of affection for Cheer-up; it would have taken a keen observer to detect his hold upon the men, for Jimmy was no story-teller, and no group of boisterous laughers ever gathered around him. But he never sat down to his dinner that some of them did not bring their pails and eat near him; usually one or two walked to town with him after the whistle blew, and not many evenings passed that some of the fellows did not drop in to chat with him.

Even strangers who visited the factory were unaccountably drawn to the man at Bench 4. Jimmy's face was pleasant, his eyes clear and his hand sure, but it was not these that attracted the visitor. In fact, as one watched, he became more absorbed by the work than in the man; he felt himself interested in the very shavings, the wood looked good to him, the tools seemed admirable, and the business of wagon-making appealed to him as vastly important.

In less than a year Jimmy had become a skilled workman, and knew a great deal about the factory aside from his own work. One day at noon, as he started to town, he overtook a stranger whom he had seen with the manager that morning. They passed the greetings of the day, and the stranger got into step and walked down the street with him.

"I've been looking over the wagon factory." He pointed his thumb back over his shoulder. "Come up to buy some wagons for my store—I live over in Oklahoma—but we didn't trade."

"They are good wagons," said Jimmy.

"Ever use one?"

"No, but I help to make them—I work there."

"Oh!" said the stranger.

"If you'll come back with me, I'll show you."

Now, the man had already been through the factory, but, somehow, he wanted to see it again with this young man. They turned and went back. Jimmy showed him every piece of timber, every tool and machine, the oils and paints, and explained every step of the work.

"They sure are good wagons," he added simply.

The manager was much surprised, on his return, to find the customer he had given up back at the office, and still more surprised when he placed an order for a hundred wagons. But he did not know he owed the order to Cheer-up.

The third year that Jimmy was in the factory, the manager became despondent. Things had gone wrong. Competition was fierce, and some larger companies were trying to drive them out of the market. One by one, they had lost their customers, until the prospects were gloomy indeed. If things went this way much longer, the shops would have to close, and that meant two hundred men out of work, and heavy loss to the factory owners.

One day he sent for Jimmy to come to the office.

"Bradshaw," he said, "Wilkins was here yesterday—gave me a good order, the first we've had for some time—and, while here, told me why he changed his mind two years ago. I want to thank you."

"Don't mention it," said Jimmy.

They fell to talking about wagons and trade and things in general. After Jimmy had gone back to his work, the manager saw that the prospect was not nearly so gloomy as he had thought. But it was not until night, when he recalled the sudden change in his spirits, that it occured to him that the workman had anything to do with it. Then he recalled Jimmy's nickname.

The next day he sent for him again, and, on one excuse and another, kept him in the office several hours.

"It is strange," he said to himself when Jimmy had gone, "how that fellow clears things up. It is not what he says, either."

After that he detailed Jimmy to show visitors and prospective customers through the factory, and noticed that almost every customer that Jimmy handled purchased wagons.

One afternoon the manager sent for Jimmy to come to the office at closing time.

"Cheer-up," he began, "I don't understand it."

"Understand what?"

"How do you convince these fellows that our wagons are the ones to buy?"

"I don't," said Jimmy. "That is," he added, "I don't try to. I don't think anything about it. I like the wagons, and I like to show them that they are good wagons."

"Cheer-up, I believe you can persuade even me to buy a wagon."

They both laughed.

"But there is some thing else," continued the manager, "still harder for me to understand. That is the way you brighten things up. A man can't be blue when you are around. You do not say much, and you don't speak so right down certain as though

no one had better try to contradict you, but you convince folks all the same."

Jimmy looked out of the window thoughtfully.

"One reason, I suppose," continued the manager, "is that you feel good yourself. You don't ever seem fretted and puzzled, or in the dumps, but I can't understand even that. Don't you ever have trouble? Don't things ever go wrong?"

Jimmy was still looking out of the window.

Any trouble? Why, yes, there had been loss and debt and sickness; Jimmy was a married man now, and there was a little girl, and both she and the mother needed things. There had been the rent, the installments on the furniture, clothing and doctor bills.

"Any troubles?" he repeated, smiling at the manager. "Oh, yes, I suppose so."

"What do you do with them?" asked the manager.

"I don't think of them."

"How can you help it?"

"Think of something else."

The manager thought for several minutes, and then broke into a laugh. "Well, Cheer-up, I guess that is as near bed-rock philosophy as any ever invented, and simple, too. "Think of something else," and he laughed again.

"By the way, Cheer-up," he added as they arose, "I've just had you appointed as office salesman.

"Thanks," said Jimmy, and put out his hand. "It's a good job, and I'll take it. I like to sell them. They are good wagons."

"Yes," said the manager, feeling a strong, new faith and pride in the business, "they are good wagons. You will sell them, too. Besides, I like to have you around. You do me good."

BUILDING

Upon the wreckage of thy yesterday,
Design thy structure of tomorrow. Lay
Strong cornerstones of purpose, and prepare
Great blocks of wisdom cut from past despair.
Shape mighty pillars of resolve, to set
Deep in the tear-wet mortar of regret.
Believe in God—in thine own self believe;
All thou hast hoped for thou shall yet achieve.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Hubert Plemmons, a youngster of the Gaston Cottage, who was injured at the laundry recently, and taken to the Concord Hospital, is reported as getting along very nicely.

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The watermelon season has been over for several weeks, but we noticed the boys hauling manure to the melon patch, where it was placed in long rows, preparatory for next season's crop of melons.

—o—

Mr. C. W. E. Pittman, Superintendent of Public Welfare, Andrews, N. C., writes Superintendent Boger as follows: "We have in our High School two boys who spent some time with you, Milton and Jesse Mashburn. You will be pleased to know that they are doing well and are considered 'nice' boys by our teachers." Such reports as this concerning our paroled are always gratifying, and we trust these lads will continue their good work.

—o—

In our rambles around over the campus in search of material suitable for institution notes, we ran up on the boys preparing chickens for our Thanksgiving dinner. About twenty youngsters had been busily engaged at this task. As we viewed the huge pile of 119 chickens, and noted their prime condition, we had no further misgivings as to the quality of the dinner to be served on Thanksgiving Day. We are proud to say that these chickens are the product of our own poultry yard, and using them in this manner fulfils the wish of Governor Gardner that we prepare to "Live-at-Home."

—o—

Mr. A. C. Sheldon, Boys' Work Secretary of the Charlotte Y. M. C. A., had charge of the service in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon. After the opening exercises Mr. Sheldon presented Mr. McAllister Carson, manager of the insurance department of the Independence Trust Co., Charlotte, as the speaker of the afternoon, whose talk to the boys was both helpful and interesting. In the course of his remarks Mr. Carson pointed out the necessity for boys to take advice from those older and more familiar with the temptations of life than themselves. He further stated that when a boy started out on the wrong pathway of life, he must be willing, when advised of his mistakes, to turn about in the right direction, in order to become successful. He also stressed the fact that Christ was the great turning point in the lives of men. Mr. Carson told the boys of the privileges and opportunities offered them here at the institution that are denied many boys, and urged them to take advantage of them, that their lives in the future might reflect great credit to the School and to this great State. Mr. Sheldon then presented Mr. Edmund Caldwell, of Charlotte, a young man with a wonderful voice, who rendered two numbers

in a highly creditable manner. Mr. Caldwell won the Atwater Kent audition contest in South Carolina in 1927, and in North Carolina in 1928, and at the present time is tenor soloist of the First Presbyterian Church, Charlotte. This young man possesses one of the best voices it has been our privilege to hear in many years, and the songs rendered here, "Just for Today" and "Open the Gates of the Temple," were thoroughly enjoyed by all present. He was accompanied at the piano by Dr. J. R. Ninniss, director of music at Queens-Chicora College, Charlotte, also choir director of the First Presbyterian Church, of that city. Toward the close of the service, Dr. Ninnis, who is a well-known artist at both the organ and piano, delighted his audience with a piano solo. Mr. Roberts, newly appointed Secretary of the Charlotte Y. M. C. A., was then presented, and after speaking a few words to the boys, dismissed them with a short prayer. We were more than glad to have these good friends from Charlotte with us, and wish to assure them that they will always find a hearty welcome at the Jackson Training School.

DO IT

Do it because it is right;
Not for the sake of the pay,
Or because you are asked and don't like to refuse,
Or because it's the easiest way.

Do it that you may grow strong;
Learn to use all of your power,
To do the unpleasant and find in it joy,
To make the best use of each hour.

Do it without being asked;
Because you see somebody's need;
A hundred strong hands will take up the task,
If you will take courage and lead.

—Exchange.

CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XIX CONCORD, N. C., DE[illegible]ER 5, 1931 No. 49

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TWO PRAYERS

"Two men went into the temple to pray
Once on a time (and yesterday).
One said his prayers in the usual way,
But the other man knew no prayers to say;
So he talked to God as a friend,
And the Lord, who knew from beginning to end
The forms the first man had used so long,
Was sure today they would not go wrong;
So He turned His ear and inclined His heart
To the man with whom praying was not an art
But who talked with Him as a friend."

—Mary Foot Lord.

PUBLISHED BY

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL
PUBLISHED BY

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

LOVE OF HOME

No man can feel the real thrill of patriotism, enveloping his entire nature, until he owns a piece of this foot-stool, and can call it "mine." The pride of ownership—be it ever so small a piece, and regardless of its intrinsic value—is one that no dweller in a rented house, or a comfortable apartment, can possibly evoke within himself. The "getting down on all fours" in the spring of the year, and feeling the soil respond to your love and care, and the reaping of the little crop, be it flowers, fruit, vegetables, or what-not, is worth a hundred doctors. The little home, to put a nail in here, a coat of paint there, the mending of a step elsewhere—the richest man in Christendom knows not the joys of such a real home! The owners of small homes make the most desirable citizens. They save instead of squander; they are conservatives in all things; they are the back-bone of the commnuity and country; they are real patriots, because they love the country of which they "own" a part.

—Square and Compas.

AN APPRECIATED GUEST

The Stonewall Jackson Training School has been greatly honored this week by a visit from Mrs. Bessie Campbell Seads, Altoona Pa., the daughter of Rev. and Mrs. W. G. Campbell who were officials of this school when the first cottage, the King's Daughters cottage, was opened with the high purpose of reclaiming wayward boys.

The influence of this estimable couple was felt throughout the institution,

they proved to be a real mother and father of the highest type for the boys who need at all times the steadying hand and arm of christian officers. Mr. Campbell was versatile, having the graces of a strong mind and unusual intellect combined with a heart of tender mercy and loving kindness, making an impress upon every one for the betterment and uplift of humanity. The Campbells were connected with the school during the administration of its first superintendent, the much beloved and highly esteemed Mr. Walter Thompson, who answered the call of the Master to the great beyond many years ago.

These early missionaries, Supt. and Mrs. Walter Thompson and Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Campbell, blazed the way for the first real constructive welfare work in the state—the Jackson Training School—when the country was filled with doubting Thomases and welfare work was an experiment.

The only two employees now on the grounds who have been active in the work from the very beginning are assistant superintendent Jesse C. Fisher and Mr. Dave Corzine, nightwatchman. These men know the history of the school, they recall the first boy, they have watched the barren, rocky fields cultivated into beautiful garden spots, they were in action during the construction of the first cottage, they have used oil lamps and lanterns and supervised the laundry down at the spring house, besides witnessed other primitive ways of living to get started a work that is comparable to any in the country.

The only other person who by daily contact knows the trials and tribulations encountered to establish and maintain this magnificent plant for the salvaging of human souls, accepted not as "bad boys," but wayward bays, is Concord's distinguished citizen Mr. D. B. Coltrane, for a long time treasurer, and one who has served most faithfully on the Board of Directors from the date of the establishment of the institution. Mr. Coltrane knows the history of the school as no other man. Retrospectively the achievements is a glorious one, and one sufficient to give honor to all who have even taken a small part in the work—having made perhaps for your boy a home, the very corner stone of our American nation.

Mrs. Bessie Campbell Seads was amazed and delighted with the progress and growth of the school. "The growth and interest," she said," since I was last here has been marvelous and I can see nothing in the future to retard this institution in the great work undertaken."

AN APPRECIATED LETTER

A nice letter from Senator Josiah W. Bailey saying that "after Wednesday, December 2nd, please change my address from Raleigh, N. C., to 145 Senate Office Building, Washington, D. C."

Thank you, Senator Bailey, we are delighted to continue your name on our list of subscribers during your sojourn in Washington. You have our best wishes and we are only too glad to have the Uplift rest in your office weekly, telling of our blessings and struggles. We wish for many more thoughtful friends like Senator Bailey.

* * * * * * * * * *

SOME QUEER THINGS

This editorial taken from the Pittsboro paper is timely, in fact it is a thought that should engage the attention of every one interested in education. It does indeed seem a pity that a greater stress is laid upon the pedagogical terms and methods of assigning lessons, of laying out projects, of naming the aim and so forth, than on thoroughness of subject matter. But, to make a long story short when it comes to teaching the many subjects unless one is familiar and thorough good results are not realized. Just such methods are the cause of the schools losing their old time power. We thoroughly agree with the editor of the Chatham Record that the first essential of good teaching is to know the subject matter, for there is no possible way of working a camaflogue, because pupils very soon rate their teachers:

> One of the brightest young ladies in the state, after graduating with credit at Meredith College, went on up to Columbia University and took her master's degree. She didn't have to teach, but thought she was prepared to serve her generation in that way and so applied for a certificate. But nothing doing, "as she had not taken the required number of units in learning how to teach." Thus was knowledge of the subject to be taught rated below learning how to teach a subject one dosen't know.
>
> If a third of a college girl's time is put on pedagogy, learning the "I-Q's" and such other folderol, it is evident that her study of the subject to be taught is necessarily limited. But in the case cited, the M. A. from Columbia did not stand on equal footing with a high school graduate who has attended the former teachers' training class here at Pittsboro. But it will be a long time before some of us can be convinced that knowing the subject to be taught is not the prime essential to teaching.
>
> But note this. A North Carolina professor taught in a summer school up in New Jersey, we believe, and gave an examination to 116 teachers, and

the last one of them flunked on the examination. The superintendent of the summer school explained the situation by telling the North Carolina man that he had given the wrong kind of examination—that he had examined them on the subject to be taught and not on how to teach it. The examination was given on the latter basis and they all passed! Now, pray, will some one tell us how anybody, however many units of education he or she has taken, can teach Arithmetic, algebra, Latin, geometry, or any other subject whatever, whithout knowing the subject matter? Or if the subject matter is not of enough importance to require a through knowledge of it by the teacher, why should time and money be given to teaching it to others?

* * * * * * * * * *

The second woman to have a seat in U. S. Senate—and by-the-way Mrs. Rebecca Felton of Georgia was the first—is the widow of Senator E. Carraway, Arkansas, appointed to succeed her husband who lately died. A most courteous act, showing a fine appreciation of the services of Senator Carraway by honoring the widow of the deceased Senator. The nice little things of life are the ones that count, reflecting the magnanimous spirit of the powers that be, and giving cheer in the sorest hours of distress to those who need comfort.

* * * * * * * * * *

MAKING PREPARATIONS FOR CHRISTMAS

There was a time when Christmas simply suggested Santa Claus with his pack of good things, the reindeer and the sleigh bells, but today a truer, greater and broader spirit is emphasized—the little town of Bethlehem, the Inn, the manger, the Christ child, Mary, the mother, the star and the Wise Men from the East with their gifts.

The selfish exchange of gifts among friends no longer has first place, but instead the masses have learned from this first Christmas gift—the greatest of gifts, the Christ child, the symbol of love that has made a loving an compassionate people, that the most ennobling ambition is to serve His benighted people who are without a hope of the good things enjoyed especially at the Christmas season.

Already the rehearsals for the Christmas pageant, have begun, telling in a most beautiful manner the story of the Christ child in song and verse.

To tell you that the boys are on tip-toe, filled and thrilled with the antici-

pation of a joyous Christmas, is nothing more than expected, and they are entering into the rehearsals with an earnestness that would put to shame other young people who have the privilege of enjoying life in abundance with no thought of tomorrow. The Evergreen Christmas tree, typifying the eternal life, emblazoned with a myraid of lights will as usual hold central place along with other decorations. The boys have the Christmas spirit and there is every reason to forecast the many friends of the institution will unite with the officials of the school in giving to the boys a Christmas that reflects the glory of the season and the beneficent spirit of the good people of the state. The first contributions to the Jackson Training School Christmas cheer are:

Stonewall Circle, King's Daughters, Concord	$10.00
McClellan Store, Concord	5.00
J. A. Peck, Concord	1.00
Mrs. Charles E. Boger, Concord	10.00

RAMBLING AROUND

With Old Hurrygraph

"O deem not that earth's crowning bliss
Is found in joy alone,
For sorrow, bitter though it is,
Hath triumphs all its own."

—o—

In old times vigilance used to be the price of liberty. Now it seems to be eternal tax paying.

—o—

A writer of men's fashion says that "there will be little change in men's clothing this winter." A fact all of us have known all the time.

—o—

It is told that a baby, born at Roanoke Rapids, has its heart outside of its body, on its abdomen. That is indeed a marvel. But there are some people living today without any heart, apparently.

—o—

Delegates of Japan and China are frequently told at the League of Nations conference that the United States is friendly to both countries. In which respect the U. S. A. reminds me of Bob Ingersoll when he was asked one night at a dinner discussion to settle an argument regarding Heaven and hell. "I can say nothing," replied Mr. Ingersoll earnestly, "I have friends in both places."

—o—

Really it begins to look as if the world were setting its face against war. This reduction of armaments is very popular with the people, who have come to a realization of the wicked loss war entails on everybody. The myth that a few hundreds of millionaires mean prosperity for all has faded out during the past year.

—o—

What the American people are all set for now is largely reduced taxation. They are more than willing to "do without" the so-called blessings that taxes might bring, for a few years until prosperity is here. The news has many encouraging things for business and employment during the winter months.

—o—

An Omaha newspaper quotes an old saying that "women are like a street car, if you miss one you can catch the next," and adds, "We disagree, a street car will ring its bell before striking you." But most generally, you have to ring the bells after she strikes you. So there you are. Ring in, or ring off.

—o—

Wouldn't it be just ripping, as they say in dear old London, if Christmas and Thanksgiving day came together? Then you would get a nice fat turkey in your stocking for the Thanksgiving dinner. But, on the other hand, you would have to give turkeys for Christmas presents instead of sending a frosted card of an old church on a tropical isle with beautiful snowdrifts all around it and the pretty words, "The Joneses wish you a Merry Xmas." On second thought I'll buy a duck for Christmas dinner and let well enough alone.

—o—

A death-bed vision has been reported. I doubt its authenticity. The story is that Edison, as the shadows gathered around him,

aroused, "smiled seraphically" as if he had seen a great sight, and said: "'It is very beautiful over there." These words are heralded as his last. I see the hallmark of one of those romancers who would have loved to watch Bob Ingersoll die, in hope that he might recant or gasp for divine favor. I am incredulous of such things. Only when men dying, begin to say things like Tomlinson, in Kipling's poem, felt when he saw the hot grate-bars of hell, will turn believer in irresponsible death-bed utterances.

—o—

There are so many people in this world who are aware only of unimportant things, which satisfy their inner feelings, and never have that "good part," which was Martha's portion. They see the way a dog looks when stricken; the work-crusted hands of the toilers; old sufferings in faded eyes; grass tanned to an earth brown for the lack of rain; the definite penciling of naked trees upon the passive grey of space—all these, and many more, evoked an eloquent and intimate pain. But in their own houses they had not seen deep, unworded longing for a part of the devotion to other things that are theirs.

—o—

"She's pretty, beautiful eyes, but she lacks warmth of affection," they think. She died. They never knew her more than this. And they never think of their lack of affection, and how it reacted on his wife of their promised affection.

—o—

An amusing incident took place in the Port Richmond store of Staten Island recently. The company had on display a life-size cardboard figure of a small boy and girl standing in front of an electric refrigerator. A mother who was visiting the store with her young son was busily engaged transacting her business. Upon turning around to see where the child had gone, she discovered him carrying the figure of the little girl toward the street door. She ran after him, saying, "Where are you going with that? Put it right back where it belongs." The boy sobbed loudly, "I've been wanting a little sister for such a long time, and now when I found one, you won't let me

—o—

have her."

The month of thanksgiving has passed, like all things earthly. A man who wants to live right will not concentrate his thankfulness in one month or one day. He will be thankful every day for every blessing. I dare say that the man who thinks too much about his losses is not in a frame of mind that accelerates his recovery from them. A man who catalogues only his losses and other ills and never gives thought to the good things that come his way, inevitably becomes lopsided. That throws him out of balance mentally, and brings deterioration. His courage weakens, his apprehensions increase, and after a while he becomes unfit for duty. I believe it is a man's duty to think of those things that he may be happy about, especially those for which he should be thankful. If you have things that mar happiness to face, cultivate gratitude for the things you have that are pleasant.

SPORTSMANSHIP

(Stanley, News and Press)

The hunter who possesses no more spirit of sportsmanship than to set the woods on fire to drive out the game in order that he may shoot it deserves 100 lashes across his bare back, and a lot of other punishment. And yet reports have come that there are hunters in the state who have done this thing. Colonel J. W. Harrelson, head of the state department of conservation and development gave out the following information last week, and the News and Press takes this opportunity to pass it on:

"It is a fact that the forest fires have hampered the game wardens and made it much more difficult for them to cover their territory, so that there have been quite a number of violations of the game laws reported that have been difficult to check up on, although all these reported violations are being thoroughly investigated," Colonel Harrelson said. "We have also heard some reports of poor sportsmanship. We have heard reports from some sections that several of the forest fires have been deliberately started by pot hunters to get the deer and other game out from cover so they could shoot it as it fled from the fires. It has been almost impossible to get any direct evidence upon which we can make arrests and secure indictments. While there are many people ready to complain and send in reports, few of these will ever assist in swearing out warrants or in testifying in court.

"On the other hand, we have been getting the finest kind of cooperation from many of the sportsmen and hunters in fighting forest fires. One of the district wardens told me this week of a party of 12 men who started on a deer hunt in one of the forest fire areas, but who instead of going hunting—and the fire had brought the deer out from cover—put down their guns and helped fight the forest fire for two days. They did not take a single shot at a deer, although there were many opportunities. They did not feel it was good sportsmanship to shoot them under the existing conditions."

IS GOD TO BLAME?

The last question to which President Knubel made response in his series of nine radio hours was one of which our headline is a part. Someone inquired: "Is God to be blamed for the present depression?" Dr. Knubel had time for little more than the categorical answer, "No." He supplemented this negative by indicting human greed and human wastage. These, he declared, brought on the economic disaster through which we are passing.—Selected.

RELIEF NEEDS GROW, MRS. BOST DECLARES

(Public Welfare Progress)

"We must organize our forces against suffering and destitution and use every possible resource, public and private, for essential relief, at the same time emphasizing the need of continuing the all-round program of welfare service," declared Mrs. W. T. Bost, Commissioner of Public Welfare, at the district conferences held throughout the State in October. "The measures to be used now must necessarily be largely along, remedial lines for we are facing a real emergency," she said:

"Almost within a generation there have been four other serious depressions — 1893-94; 1907-08; 1914-15; 1921-22; periodic cycles of financial stress. But I believe that the present situation has provoked more serious thought by people generally than any previous period. There has been no emergency since the War that has demanded the thoughtful help of public spirited organizations more than the present unemployment situation and the problems growing out of it. People are beginning to ask: Why should such things be? They are coming to realize that there can be no problem of more vital concern to the people of all nations than the problem of unemployment; they are coming to recognize the fact that here is something as important as health, schools, etc., in its relation to the underpinnings of society.

"We know, of course, that we are not striking at the root of the problem but merely scratching the surface; that it goes far deeper than any relief program that may be worked out for the present and will take much longer than one of the periods of depression to solve. In such gatherings as these group meetings, we cannot hope to go far into the larger and deeper aspects of the philosophy of industrial life; and the causations of these cyclical periods of economic stress through which we are now passing. But perhaps they may tend to awaken a social consciousness within us; to make employers begin to question whether they have a right to hire and fire a man without some regard for his own economic independence and the number of those dependent upon him."

Mrs. Bost quoted estimates of unemployment to the effect that there are between six and seven million out of jobs in this country. The North Carolina Department of Labor, she said, estimates that there are approximately 200,000 unemployed people in this State.

"Today we are realizing that the pinch of unemployment will be felt with even increasing sharpness during the coming winter and that we must again prepare against actual want and suffering. We know that we will be called upon to meet the emergency with courage and determination. It is not as if we are facing a new situation, for we had the experience of last winter and the winter before and we know that practically every resource available was tapped in an effort to relieve the

situation. We are to prepare for the rebound of the third winter," Mrs. Bost declared.

"The first line of defense—natural resources that people may have in the way of saving and credit—has been pretty well broken down. Our task this winter is largely concerned with the second and third lines of defense, the task of special agencies and the nature of the emergency machinery the community sets up. The family we would help has used up its own savings to tide over that first and second winter. What are the governmental units, social agencies, churches, civic clubs, etc., doing in the way of setting up the necessary emergency organization to form the second and third lines of defense?

"The thing that makes the work harder, of course, is the fact that the same conditions that make the demands upon you heaviest, affect the source of the incomes of your own agencies. But many communities are unwilling to see their people go hungry and will make a supreme effort to raise the needed funds. In practically all communities there are latent financial resources to some extent and it is our job to discover them," Mrs. Bost said.

LIMITED CAPACITY

Following a serious operation upon the stomach, a man was told that his chance of recovery depended upon his care of eating.

"Very small meals at regular intervals," the surgeon ordered. "Eat only foods of high nutritive value, for remember, your stomach has no room for an ounce of trash."

By rigidly adhering to this program, the patient enjoyed a normally useful life. The fact is, he outlived many who ate as they pleased and didn't consider their digestive organs at all.

The same story is repeated with variations in many phases of life. A man who was considered by all who knew him to be remarkably well-bred, had such poor eyesight that he could read but little. Facing his handicap squarely, he chose his mental food with infinite care. He read only those things which he wished to store away in his mind. As his mental equipment was not surfeited with mere passing interests, he pondered much, and the few things he did read were kept distinct and clear always.

Each one of us has just so much time, so much energy to spend. What couldn't we accomplish, if mindful of our limited capacity, we set ourselves to choose only the best in working and play alike?—Selected.

THE CAMP MEETINGS, 1790-1870

By Dr. W. T. Whitsett

The moral loss and disaster that follow war are familiar to all students of history. The martial spirit is destructive of spiritual values; and war entails its terrible losses not alone along material lines of goods and property, but worst of all upon the very fabric of man's higher ethical nature. This is shown in strong light in the case of the recent World War. On June 28, 1914, a shot fired by a Servian fanatic killed the heir to the Austro-Hungarian throne and his wife in the little, obscure town of Sarejevo, capital of Bosnia. The world burst into flames, and in less than two months nine great nations were at each others throats; and the entire world is today suffering from the moral sheli-shock that resulted. War ruthlessly demands that the finer qualities and virtues be set aside; vicious propaganda distorts the truth; and hate, lust and murder take the place of charity and goodwill. The moral progress of centuries is blotted out, and men revert to insane and savage destruction.

This was first impressed upon us here in America in the period immediately following the Revolutionary War. The infidelity of France and the gross rationalism of Germany swept over the country. The people everywhere were reading the books of Voltaire and Paine. In Virginia Bishop Meade cried out: "Scarcely a young man of culture is left who believes in Christianity!" Yale, Princeton and other seats of learning deserted religion. The aftermath of war aided by corrupt foreign influences well-nigh wrecked the churches. Congregations dwindled, and many churches closed their doors. Spiritual values were destroyed; vice was rampant. The religious forces of the country began to recover and to realize the serious situation; they set themselves to the task of rebuilding the finer things of the spirit, and about 1800 there began a great religious revival that grew in volume day by day until it spread over the entire country, checked the evil tendencies of the time, and restored confidence to those who trusted the God of Nations in the affairs of men.

The camp meeting represents one of the efforts on the part of the church to combat the evils of the day in which it was instituted. What was done at Friedens Church was typical of what occured at hundreds of other places and as such has its historical value. In 1790 an outdoor pavilion which was usually called "The Arbor," was built a few hundred feet from the church in a great grove of oak trees. It was about 75x100 feet in size, 20 feet high, open on all sides, and roofed with hand-riveted oak shingles. It was equipped with rough seats and a platform for the speaker. Near this pavilion a score or more of the leading church members built temporary homes, or cabins, arranged with large sleeping rooms for the men and boys on one side, and the same on the other side for the women and smaller children. Between, a long table was built, with seats running its entire length, with a kitchen

shed adjoining in the rear.

Each year from 1790 on down to 1870 in the latter part of July a camp meeting was held lasting from one to two weeks. This season was chosen as wheat was then threshed; corn plowed the last time, or "laid by" as it was termed; and fruits and melons ripe. The campers came with stores of provisions and remained throughout the entire time, save an occasional trip home by some of the men.

Religious services were held morning, afternoon and night. The local minister usually had one or more ministers to assist. Hundreds came in wagons and on horseback from miles around to join with those who remained on the grounds. Ministers preached, exorted and prayed; friends strove with friends to "turn and be saved." Interest and excitement often ran high, and as the days passed the spiritual fervor deepened. The novelty of the surroundings added to the fact that throughout the entire country there was much discussion both pro and con as to the revivals of various types that had recently become the vogue served to attract unusual crowds.

It was customary to set aside one or two services each week for the slaves. Then the whites often stood around outside the pavilion while hundreds of their slaves crowded the seats. Often one of their own number conducted the service; many times the same white minister who was in regular charge of the camp meeting was the preacher for the slaves. They usually became greatly interested; singing, rejoicing and shouting; frequently swept away by their emotionalism, until some one had to restore quiet again.

New acquaintances were formed and cultivated; friends long separated met again; the hours not given over to the services afforded excellent opportunity for visiting; the smaller children romped under the giant oaks; and the young men and unmarried maidens needed no suggestion as to how best to spend the hours. The wide path to the spring at the foot of the hill was a favorite walk; strollers were here and there throughout the ancient cemetery; while others sat around the pavilion or the cabins in earnest conversation. Thus life moved on for one week, for two weeks, until the camp meeting drew to its close, leaving a thousand memories to be carried through the coming years by those who had been present.

The pavilion was carpeted three inches deep in fresh saw dust; new, often savory pots sputtered and roared over out-door fires, while the aroma of home-cured ham floated in from the cook-shed in the rear. Boys arrived from hasty trips home with bags of fresh roastingears of corn, and squaking spring chickens. Groups feasted here and there in the afternoons on watermelons provided by some generous friend. Kindness and good-will were at a premium, but levity either in conversation or conduct found but little favor. It was a religious gathering, and the atmosphere of religion and devotion was never forgotten for a moment.

Granted that there is something of the primitive touch in the picture; it has its strong appeal, nevertheless. Here close to Nature they could but feel: "The groves were God's first temples" and what finer place for communion with the things of the Spirit than here? The days of

the Civil War broke into the yearly routine of these meetings, and after that time they were never resumed. The pavilion was dismantled; the cabins disappeared; and now the large cemetery has swept out to cover the grounds once given over to the camp meeting.

Impossible is a word to be found only in the dictionaries of fools.

—Bonaparte.

YOUNG MAN WANTED

(Boys' Industrial School Journal)

A young man for hard work and rapid promotion, a young man who can find things to be done without being told; a young man who gets to work on time in the morning and does not rush to be the first one out in the evening. A young man who is neat in appearance and will not sulk because he has to work overtime to get an important job out on time.

A young man who listens carefully when he is spoken to and does not ask a lot of unnecessary questions after he has been given instructions. A young man who moves quickly without making a lot of unnecessary noise about it. A young man who looks you straight in the eye and always tells the truth. A young man who does not pity himself for having to work. A young man who is cheerful and courteous to everyone and determined to make good.

Such a young man is wanted everywhere. Experience is not necessary. His limit will be his own ambition. Such a man will make himself necessary to any business, he will be the first to be promoted and the last to be laid off. I have met such men, but not many, that is why there is always room at the top. You can't keep such a young man down, he is bound to be recognized sooner or latter because he has prepared himself for the job higher up.

Every big business is looking for such young men, they are hard to find. Most young men are mediocre because they are too much concerned about a good time, they lack vision and imagination and the will to even try. What kind of a young man are you trying to be? Think it over. Decide now, that you are going to be the kind of a young man that I have been writing about and your future is assured.

WHEN COLORED PEOPLE WERE VERY SUPERSTITIOUS

(Twin City Sentinel)

The old-time "befo' de war" negroes, as many of the older people will recall, were more susceptible to the theories of haunts, spooks, ghosts and hobgoblins than those of the present generation. As must be admitted, education is largely responsible for getting that race away from the superstitions they once held, remarks the Winston-Salem Twin City Daily Sentinel, and then goes on to say:

Colonel James A. Robinson ("Old Hurrygraph,") now of Durham, remembers a story heard about a Forsyth county darky when the Colonel published the weekly Winston Leader in this city. He relates it as follows:

Gabe Tucker, of the county of Forsyth, in the state of North Carolina, was one of the aristocrats of his race. Gabe had many white friends on account of his quaint philosophy. He was a great stickler for courage and bravery.

On one occasion he was moralizing with several gentlemen on the virtue of bravery, to this effect: "A man ought to be brave at de right time, an' under de right succumstances. Dar's some sitivations whar a man kin show his bravery by stan'in' his groun', but at de same time he'll stir up a s'picion dat he's a fool. When you kick up a bumble-bee nes' in de clover-pastor, instid o' stan'in your ground an' slappin' de bees orf wid your hat, an' gettin' red in de face, an' cussin', you better clap your bravery in your pocket, den take de nighes' paf to de woods, an' make de longes' steps you kin, an' make 'em fas'. When a mule kick open a hornit nes', he mighty ap' to show his raisin' an' fam'ly connections by stan'in right in his tracks an' jes' slammin' loose right an' lef' wid bofe hind-foots tell you think he kickin' at de back o' his ears; an' arter he done got froo, an' done got stung into a fever, an' done showed hisse'f de braves' animal an' de neighborhood, he don't eben hab' de consolation o' knowin' dat he kilt any o' de hornits. But when de rabbit run up 'gin a hornit-nes' hard 'nough to make de things come out an' see who knockin' at de do', he jes' show his sense right off by layin' off a straight shoot, a'r-line, narrer-gauge paf to de j-jnin' plantation an' he don't stop to fool on de way, an' talk to folks dat he happen to meet. Yaas, a man kin take on too much bravery, jes' like he kin take on too much o' any udder sort o' good things. A man oughtn't to fight tell dar's sumfin' to fight for, an' dar's some kind o' folks an' animuls dat it won't hardly do to fight under no succumstances; but 'tain't no use o' gwine any fudder an' callin' names. 'Bout dis' 'haint' business' I ain't never seed no ghost dat scar'd me like sum been scar'd an' tells it. No, sir, not me."

Near the city of Winston-Salem stood an old colonial house which had been vacant for some time, and it had the reputation of being haunted. To test Gabe Tucker's bravery, the gentlemen before mentioned,

laid a wager with Gabe to spend one night in this house and in so doing he was to receive $10 in Uncle Sam's good money. Gabe readily agreed: was taken to the place, and was to report the next day by noon that he had carried out the contract.

Next day Gabe didn't show up at the appointed time. The gentlemen went out to make an investigation. The house was fastened intact. But they noticed that one window was out, glass, sash and frame. They noticed fragments of glass and sash scattered across the lawn, but no other signs of Gabe.

Three days later Gabe rambled into town, sore, ragged, hungry and very woe-be-gone. The gentlemen inquired:

"Gabe, where have you been for the past three days?"

"Coming back," replied Gabe, much depressed.

"Faith is the corner stone and key of the Christian life.—Luther.

GIVING PLACE TO THE GOOD

(Young Folks)

It is with no intention of contrasting the modern generation with the former one when we remark that investigations are showing that the pictures students have hanging on the walls of their rooms at college are not in all cases what they ought to be. If it is true that we tend to become like what we continually look at there is every reason why we should decorate our walls with only the best.

We recall the incident of a mother who had sent her boy to college, and she did it at a good deal of sacrifice. She had occasion one day to pass through the college town, and she decided to stop off long enough to see him. She rapped at his room and entered on his invitation. She was there but a few minutes, but in that time nothing escaped her eye. She was not pleased with the pictures she saw hanging on his walls, but she said not a word. When she arrived home she went to a store and purchased a copy of the head of Christ by Hofmann, had it attractively framed and sent to him. When she visited him the next time she was naturally anxious to see if any transformation had taken place. She quickly noticed that there was but one picture on the wall, the one she had sent him. Without her asking him he offered an explanation. He told her that when her picture came and he had hung it the others looked so unworthy of a place alongside of it that he took them all down and destroyed them. She was happy to get his story, for she felt reasonably sure that one of two things would happen, either the picture she sent would not be hung, or it would be hung and the others discarded.

THE STORY OF THE TYPEWRITER

By Wm. P. Schramm

It requires no stretch of the imagination to picture the predicament modern business would be placed in if it were deprived of the typewriter. It would suffer as great a set-back as it would if it were suddenly deprived of the telephone or electric light. Yet, strange to say, the typewriter had a long, hard road to travel in winning public approval.

The idea of a mechanical writing machine or typewriter was first undertaken in England as early as 1714 by an engineer named Henry Mill. The only tangible proof that remains of this first typewriter invention is an ancient and quaintly worded record paper in the British patent office files. Dated Jan. 7, 1714, the patent was granted to Henry Mill by Queen Anne and in part reads thus:

"An artificial machine or method for the impressing or transcribing of letters singly or progessively one after another, as in writing, whereby all writings whatsoever may be engrossed in paper or parchment so neat and exact as not to be distinguished from print; that the said machine or method may be of great use in settlements and publik records, the impression being deeper and more lasting than any other writing, and not to be erased or counterfeited without manifest discovery." That Mill built some kind of typewriting contrivance is evident, but there is no evidence that it worked.

Over one hundred years elapsed before the development of the typewriter idea was undertaken again. Then, in 1829, an American inventor in Detroit, William Austin Burt, inventor of the solar compass, undertook to perfect the idea. His first model was a crude affair, but it enabled the inventor to compose a typewritten letter for the first time. Today this letter hangs framed on the wall in the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, D. C. Its writing reveals that Burt's greatest difficulty was to get the machine to write in alignment or a straight type line. Undoubtedly this was the outstanding reason for its failure. The machine attracted wide attention as a curiosity and that was all. The word "typewriter" not having been coined, Burt's invention was recorded on his patent paper as "a family letter press." The machine remained in the Patents Office until 1877, when it was destroyed by the disastrous fire that swept the Patents Building.

Then again, in 1833, one Xavier Projean, a French inventor, in Marseilles, took out a patent on a crudely built machanical writing machine The French inventor's model was not intended for general letter writing, but as an instrument for the prepar- of text for the blind. Nothing came of it. In the next 50 years numbers of attempts were made by inventors in various European countries to make the typewriting machine a working reality. But all came to naught.

Nothing outstanding was heard of a writing machine then until 1864, when a John Pratt built a mechanical writer in London, called the "Petrotype." This is what led to the invention by Americans of the first commercialy successful typewriter. A London technical journal printed

an illustrative description of the "Petrotype." A copy of the magazine found its way across the Atlantic and into the office of the still famous Scientific American magazine. The latter reprinted the article and a copy of it found its way into a humble machine shop operated on the outskirts of Milwaukee by three young men named Carlos Glidden, Samuel W. Soule and Christopher L. Sholes. The last named was the shop's head.

The description of the Pratt machine so interested the three shopmen that they set to work building a writing machine along original lines. The fall of 1867 saw its completion and, what is more, though crudely made, the device wrote quite rapidly and accurately. The inventors set to writing letters with it to their friends and to business firms throughout the country. One of the letters was addressed to a James Densmore in Meadville Conn., an energetic and well-to-do business man. The new fangled writing interested Densmore so much that he loaned money to the three shopmen, with which they continued their experiments to make the writing device still better.

In a short while Densmore took Soule's place in the inventor trio and the three continued as Sholes, Densmore and Glidden. From a list of names such as write-machine, type-machine, printograph, etc. Sholes finally chose "typewriter" as the most suitable one for the writing device.

By 1873 the three inventors had perfected the machine's appearance and workability to such an extent that its sale to a manufacturing concern was undertaken. But no one cared to undertake its manufacture for the general market. All were unanimously of the opinion that the mechanical writer would never take the place of the humble and inexpensive ink pen. In a way they were right. Eventually the influential Densmore succeeded in persuading the then already famous Remington Arms Co. of Conn., to manufacture the typewriter on a commercial basis. So the first typewriter was a Remmington.

But it remained for the typewriter to have a long and hard time in gaining public favor. The first machine sold for $125 each, a large sum in those days. And who wanted to buy a mechanical writing machine at that price when steel pens could be bought at six for a nickel, and with no operating complications? Furthermore, it was thought that only a man could operate a typewriter. To dispel this bugaboo Sholes taught his sixteen-year-old daughter to become an expert typist, thus proving that a woman could run a typewriter. Sholes lived to see the day of feminine stenographers. It moved him to say: "I am delighted at the success of my machine and, moreover, that I have done something for the women,who always had to work so hard. The typewriter will enable many of them to earn their living easier."

In what sort of esteem the typewas held during its first years is proved by Mark Twain. The author of Tom Sawyer was one of the first of American writers to purchase a type writer. His first letter composed on it was written as a "show-off" to Wil-Dean Howells, the famous author and journalist. "Please excuse this typewritten letter," Twain apologized to Howells; "but I have brought one of the critters and am set on learning how to run it. So I am using you as an occasion to practice."

HIS MOTHER

(Boys' Industrial School Journal)

She was old and frail, and her body was bent beneath the weight of the years of toil and drudgery and sorrows. As she passed along the crowded thoroughfares some of the pleasure bent pedestrians brushed against her roughly; but she moved on her way unaffected.

Before the cemetery gate the frail old lady paused and looked about her, bewildered and weary. For a moment she watched the other visitors as they moved about between the mounds, then made her way slowly to the green house which graced the entrance to this city of the dead.

Within, the old woman tarried longingly midst the wealth of flowers displayed with profusion on every side. Before a bower of beautiful chrysanthemums she lingered, the polite attendant moved to her side. She fingered the few pennies in her frayed and worn purse, and a sigh escaped her lips as she asked in whispered tone for a single white rose. Handing the pennies to the attendant she moved on.

Down through the avenues of the dead she made her way until she came to a by-path leading up to the crest of a hill, and here she turned in and stopped at a sunken grave. which was marked by a wooden cross. The old woman knelt down beside the mound and, as she straightened the wooden cross and pressed it more firmly into the earth, a tear fell from her eye and glistened on the crude marker as a gem set in a base metal.

The loved one sleeping in that hallowed ground had been dead for some time. The condition of the grave proved that. He was forgotten by all who had known him. Friends had ceased to remember him in the pleasures of new companionship. His wife had remarried and his memory had faded from her. His children had long since forgotten their daddy. Only one old soul remembered and revered his memory as sacred.

Though the one buried here had not been a good son, though his energies were often misdirected—this frail old Mother had been faithful through all the years, And now, long after he had departed on his eternal journey, this wonderful Mother's love remained unextinguishable.

As she knelt beside the mound, she fondled the single white rose which had been purchased with her pittance: she inhaled the flower's fragrance, touched it to her lips, then tenderly placed it at the foot of the mound.

When the shadows of night had draped a pall over that silent city of the dead, and all had departed from the scene, the eternal slumberers were left alone with the floral tributes of the living. An angel came and stood beside a certain grave. From the foot of the grave with a crude wooden cross the angel took the white rose. To heaven was it borne where there, as a jewel it adorns the crown which awaits that Saintly Mother.

BENEFIT OF DOUBT

By Harry Harrison Kroll

School was over for the day; George Moore and Will Brancroft walked along together toward the village.

"Henry ought to be back by now, don't you think, Bill?" asked Moore.

"Probably up town waiting for us now."

"Bill, if that business does come before the student council, it's going to be a pretty raw mess, isn't it?"

At that moment the two fellows were abreast of the Tollson homestead, a vast structure sitting among ancient trees a good distance from the road. At one side and somewhat below the huge dwelling were the servants' quarters, the carriage stable, and other appurtenances of wealth of that romantic period from the 70's to the 90's, when the Tollsons were people of importance in Middletown. Bill Bancroft, who was president of the student council, glanced closely around the yard and house for some evidence of Winchester Tollson, but nothing was visible of the youth who promised to be grist for the grind of justice in the high school self-government mill.

"I certainly hate it," finally said Bancroft goomily. "Win Tollson's a hard customer to do anything with. But I've got nothing against him, though he's going to say this is the last straw in a long series of dirty deals he's suffered at our hands."

"He'll say that, all right," agreed Moore. "But what he says won't make it true. Because he's wrong doesn't make the rest of us wrong when he says we are. That's the way I feel about it. And I tell you right now, Bill, don't you start to letting your mercy factory run overtime, either!"

"That's not the point," argued Will Bancroft. "I know how sensitive Tollson is, and I know he's still sore because I was elected football captain over him. He'll think, if I have to reach a decision against him in this mess, that it's nothing but persecution. That's what I'm thinking about."

"Well, there'll be two more of us backing you, won't there?"

"He'll feel only the worse—it'll be three instead of one. Maybe he'll believe I influenced you two. Anyway, we're talking as if the whole matter were a foregone conclusion. Let's wait and get Henry's report."

They continued their way to the heart of the village business center, where, at Nord's hardware store, they found Henry's flivver parked at the curb and Henry inside, waiting. They sat about the big stove in the rear of the store.

"Well, Henry, what about it?" demanded Moore. He was eager, with a relish for incontrovertible facts.

Henry Shipton nodded his head. "That was one of our suits, all right, that the Hud boys bought," he reported. "I had quite a long talk with Mark Hud, and he said he bought the suit from Tollson, and paid him seven dollars for the outfit—football suit, shoes, and gear and everything. He's willing to come over and testify before our student council, if we want him."

Moore was elated, but the news

threw Will Bancroft into deep depression. He did not like Tollson; few did. Tollson craved power, and would have demanded it could it be had in that manner. The boy lived back in the romantic decades when the name of Tollson was one to conjure with. Nevertheless, Bancroft realized this matter must come before the governing body, and if it were true, as it evidently was, that Tollson had stolen this football suit and sold it, and cut holes in several other outfits out in spite, as seemed probable, the whole affair was going to be ugly.

He rose from his chair near the stove and walked several times around the stove. His face was set, his eyes narrowed with regret over impending trouble.

"Listen, fellows," he stopped suddenly, facing both Moore and Shipton. "Keep this matter under your hats for a few days, hear me!"

"You've got to talk to Mr. Warner about it!" pointed out Moore vehemently. "I'm in favor of giving Tollson what's coming to him—"

"So am I," interrupted Bancroft quietly. "I'll talk with Mr. Warner, all right—don't you worry about that. What I'm asking you two to do is say nothing of this till after our game next Friday afternoon with Jamison's Mill Consolidated. I'll see the Hud boys then, and maybe we can get at the bottom of the thing without a scandal."

"Huh!" snorted Moore. "You're simply going too far out of your way to make things easy for that guy Tollson, that's all! I don't like it. For once we have the goods on Tollson, and I'm for giving him every last ounce that's coming to him. He's had something like this due him a long while!"

"Listen, George," said Bancroft earnestly, "it's for that very reason I want to be certain before we go ahead. I don't like Tollson any better than you do. But because I am naturally prejudiced against him is the very reason I'm going out of my way to be sure we give him justice!" He turned to Henry Shipton. "Hen, don't you think that's the way we should go about this business?"

Henry shrugged. "Well, it's none of my affair! I did my part when I saw Hud. I'm handing it to you straight; now you do what you want to with what I've reported. I'm not the judicial committee of the council—you are one of 'em. I'll keep my mouth shut, if you ask me. But you've got it straight, just as I've told you."

No special moral support here, Bancroft saw. Henry did not like Tollson either.

"I'm not doubting your part at all, Henry," Bancroft said quickly. "But I'm glad you'll not mention the matter."

Bancroft liked to handle distasteful tasks just as quickly as possible and get them off his hands, so as soon as the three broke up to go home, he turned northward through the village to have a short talk with the high school principal, while the matter was heavy on his mind. He found Mr. Warner at home.

"Come in, Will."

Bancroft went into the house. "It's about Tollson, Mr. Warner."

"I see. What have you learned?"

"Shipton went out to Jamison's Mill and saw one of the Hud boys. It seems there's no question about that suit being part of the equip-

ment we bought late last summer, Mr. Warner."

The principal stroked his chin thoughtfully. "I'm sorry to hear that, Will—"

"So am I. But somehow I am not satisfied. I want to be certain. I guess all of the boys would be willing for us to go ahead with the evidence we have. But I'd like to wait till after the game Friday. Shipton and Moore won't talk. In the meanwhile I'm going to try once more to get into Tollson's confidence and see if he won't say something for himself."

"Y-yes, that would be all right, I am sure, Will. I don't know whether it will do any good or not. Tollson's a strange fellow."

"The Tollsons were always an odd people. It'll be all right with you to hold the matter up for a week longer, won't it?"

"To be sure."

"Thanks. I'll be going now."

Once in his room after supper that evening Will could not study for thinking about the matter. Prejudice was a strange thing—where it came from no one could tell; why it should color the whole behavior of a person, or even a school, was equally mysterious. He spent an hour of careful introspection in an effort to get at what caused him to like this one, or dislike another, or assume an indifferent attitude to still another; and the best he got out of the thinking was a phrase he'd picked up somewhere—"the chemistry of personality." That didn't mean anything; yet somehow it did explain matters.

"Anyway," he concluded, "I'm going to give Tollson the benefit of every doubt. I can do that, in spite of the fact that I don't like him."

When he reached school the next morning, Winchester Tollson was at his seat in the study hall, poring over his lessons. An unusual gesture for Tollson, seeing that in previous years he had usually been content with barely passing grades. But this Bancroft had noticed, since Tollson had taken to studying, the fellow was making a showing! No question but the strange scion of a decayed family had brains.

Bancroft studied the boy a long time. Tollson was tall, dark, almost exotic. A wiry fellow, and a good football man—could he have been induced to play after Bancroft was elected captain of the team.

Abruptly Bancroft crossed over to where Tollson sat. It was still a quarter of an hour till the signal gong. Tollson glanced up, at first with surprise, then with open hostility. Bancroft sat down.

"Tollson, I wish you'd do something for me."

"I have this lesson to prepare before the bell," was the pointed retort.

"You've contrived for several years to get along without injuring your mind with study," smiled Bancroft. "Not that I'm going to take much of your time. I want you to come out with us the rest of the week for football practice. You're a good man—as swift an end as ever carried the pigskin. I want to see you make the showing you can make, and we need you. I think you need us. I'm not sore. Won't you come out this afternoon? If you will, I believe we can use you in Friday's game. I'm honest now—we do need you badly. Let's let bygones be bygones and forget all this."

Tollson's face went a shade darker, if that were possible, and an expression of bitterness, clouded his eyes. "You might forget it. But the others won't!"

"They will. I'm pretty sure of that. Come on and play with us."

"I haven't any suit."

"We'll fix that up some way, if you'll play."

Tollson sat there, eyes tenous. Will could see how torn he was between his desire to play, and his stubborn picture to hold out if he died for it. He could see, too, that at length Tollson really had become interested in study, and had no wish to keep the other from his lesson.

"Come on, Tollson," Will urged. "Come out and show the fellows. You've already surprised us about how you can shell out math and do themes in English. Now show us you've got the stuff in you that makes you bigger than ordinary hard feelings. Will you give me your hand on that?" Will extended his hand, smiling, waiting with a certain patient insistance.

Reluctantly Tollson raised his eyes. They were odd eyes, rather deep, very black, now suddenly alight with—well, perhaps a swift and impulsive pleasure.

"All right, I will, Bancroft."

At practice that afternoon several of the fellows down in the dressing room were aghast. They were quite free in expressing their sentiments, which included throwing Bancroft out of the window, or binding and gagging him and carting him to the river and ducking him in the icy water to reduce his temperture.

"Oh, keep quite!" Bancroft commanded them. I'm doing this. You lay off me till I demonstrate I don't what I'm doing. I'm not benching any of you guys. I'm going to decorate that place myself—at least till this experiments over. Sh-h-hhh! Here he comes now. Not a wisecrack, nor a peep do I hear, or the afterclaps that clap around here will sound like thunder claps!"

Tollson entered, trying to look as if this was the most natural thing in the world. Bancroft already had a last year's suit for him. For that matter, several of the fellows were using old suits, since the strange cutting that had ruined part of the new equipment. They filed out on to the grounds and got down to hard practice.

This work continued the rest of the week with unabated energy. There was something chastened about Tollson's work. But the fellow threw everything he had into the task, and Bancroft, watching closely, marvelled at what he saw. Tollson was just about the best football player on the squad. Of course, Tollson had always said he was, though nobody believed him. Now, saying nothing, working steadily and grimly, he proved by actual demonstration a propo- he had never been able to support by word of mouth. It came slowly to Bancroft that, after all, Tollson should have been elected captain, as was clearly his ambition.

Meanwhile not a word was said concerning the discovery of the stolen suit sold to Hud. In the back of his head that impending trial before the student council loomed dark and threating. Could Tollson be playing as he was in hope of getting off lightly before the council? It could be a crafty gesture of Tollson's, and one he was quite equal to, judging from the fellow's reputation, and that of

the Tollson family in general. Bancroft had a good deal of trobule getting the idea out of his head. He managed to divest himself of the suspicion by keeping his mind fixed upon the approaching game with Jamison's Mill.

Friday afternoon at two o'clock the Consolidated boys began to arrive in milk trucks and farm flivers. The visitors were appointed to the dressing room in the basement while the home boys carried their togs to one of the classrooms upstairs. Bancroft heard Moore and Shipton talking in low tones.

"You're going to see that suit of Mark Hud's," said Shipton. "I want you to take a good look at it."

"Don't worry! I'm going to do that little thing!"

A little later the teams swung into warming-up practice, then the grounds were cleared preparatory to the calling of the game. Will Bancroft could not help but look closely at Mark Hud's suit, and if there had been any doubt as to this outfit having once belonged to the local school, that doubt was now dispelled. For that matter the whole equipment of the rural school eleven was nondescript and second-hand; the boys out there did not have the money to buy costly equipment, and had to be satisfied with what they could pick up. Turning from Mark Hud's outfit to that of his brother Ed, again Bancroft was worried to see a familiar layout. But offhand he was not able to place it. Only after the kick-off, and the game was in progress, did he contrive to reconize the previous ownership of Ed Hud's suit.

But Bancroft forgot everthing in watching the game. What the country boys lacked in finesse they more than made up in solid muscle and bone. They were big fellows to the man, on an average, probably, of two years the senior of the Middleton players. The first half of the game passed without a score on either side. The local boys were constantly on the aggressive. Time and time again they had the ball within scoring distance. But that stout bunch of farm lads stiffened all along the line, and there was simply no getting through them. Moore, fullback, belabored himself for all he was worth to break through and score. Each time he was held to so scant a gain the locals lost the ball on downs.

Bancroft hurried out to the fellows in the rest. Moore sprawled out like an ox that had tried to drag a load of logs up the side of the mountain.

"Men, you've a batch of skim-milk sippers!" he told them. "Moore, can't you see you can't do a thing with that cornfed crew? You remind me of a tree frog trying to butt over a tree by hopping at it and squeaking! Here's your play for the second half—5-11-32-9-8—see? Snap the ball to Moore, with Henry covering. Use your feint play, Moore, and while they're puzzling over what's going to happen, pass to Tollson, you'll be easing over where the ground is open. Get that?"

Moore rolled agonizing eyes at him, as if to protest: "And let that guy who's done nothing but pout and hold-out and high-hat all season have the glory of winning the game! That's a sweet come-off!"

Aloud, Moore only groaned. Bancroft bored him with his direct eyes, and pounded him on the back, hissing in his ear: "That is team-work not petting our private prejudices!

You pass that ball to Tollson!''

The teams returned to the field at the close of the rest and the game started all over again. Bancroft, craning from the bench, watched the formation. The quarterback was spitting out the signals for the famous feint play. It had won many a game in past seasons when Tollson was a regular man.

''5-11-32-9-8!''

''Hip!'' The line shifted. Here came the ball. Moore knew his play. He darted to one side, as if to buck the center, ran two paces in an angling manner, then pivoted and got the ball to Shipton in a baffling short pass, while the mystified visitors scattered, hardly knowing which way to turn. In the interval Tollson had edged, unobserved, to a point where the field lay yawningly open. Suddenly here came the pass. Tollson had it with a perfect clutch of his hands—hands specially fashioned, it might seem, for receiving passes, and he was gone like the wind before the Consolidated boys could catch their breath.

A yell rose to the clear October sky when Tollson made the first touchdown of the game. Two more scores were made by the same trick before the visiting defence learned how to combat the play. By this time it was too late. The game ended with the score of 17-6. Tollson, in a manner of speaking, was the hero. But before any possible admirers—mostly girls, of course—could cut him off, he escaped to the dressing room.

Bancroft followed slowly and talked with the Hud boys downstairs.

''Where'd you buy your suit, Ed?'' asked Bancroft.

''From that lightning end of yours.''

''I see. Well, thanks to you fellows for a good game.''

''Good game!'' snorted Mark Hud. ''Say, it's a good thing you put that guy back in, or you'd have a sad game to weep over!''

Bancroft grinned. That's why I put him in!''

A little later he met Tollson coming down the stairs. He stopped the end, patting him on the back. ''Tollson, that was great work! Great work.

''No, denied Tollson, ''it was just my part. It was a great play, but I just had a part in it. I was just one of the eleven.''

Bancroft stood looking steadily at the Tollson who made this strange admission. In the old days he suspected Tollson would have accepted any homage as due him, without open credit, and perhaps little secret credit, to the rest. Here was, in some strange manner, a changed Tollson. It seemed to Bancroft the moment had come for him to take care of that task assigned to the council.

''Tollson, let's go somewhere and talk.''

''A-ll right,'' submitted Tollson, with visible reluctance.

They went to the vacant study hall, where only the ticking of the clock broke the stillness. Here they sat down, and Bancroft said frankly:

''Tollson, we've had some stiff stiffs, and I confess I have not liked you. But you came across like a true man in this game. It seems to me the whole mess has been unfortunate—unfortunate for us, as well as you. I've been doing a lot of thinking, and some investigation. Of course, you must know the

charges against you about selling those suits. Then, there were the suits which were cut so badly. You know the fellows accused you of doing that in retaliation for kicking you out and electing me captain. But I tell you now, you are the better man by far, and by rights should have the captaincy. At our next regular meeting I am going to resign in your favor.''

''No, no, Bancroft—not—that—I haven't time—''

''Let me ask you one question. Why did you sell that suit to Mark Hud? I recognized Ed Hud's suit—it was your own you bought last fall, when you thought you'd be in the game. But why the other? You can explain that, I know you can. Come, tell me about it.''

In agitation Tollson rose, pacing back and forth. At length he looked at Bancroft, and there was a depth of agony in Tollson's eyes perhaps no one had ever seen there before. They were proud, sensitive eyes—and Tollson held himself erect. He moistened his lips.

''You won't believe me, but—but—well, I bought a suit year before last, Will. I—my folks, Will, are frightfully hard up. I never knew how near the wall we were. We are proud, you know—old family, all that sort of thing. I had to have money to buy by school books. You see, when I graduate in the spring, I've got to go to work, and teaching seems the only thing open to me right away. Well, I sold my own suit to Ed Hud. I sold the other, thinking it was the old one. You see, I had to come to the school house at night, and Hud was waiting—and well, I got the wrong one, that's all. When I found it out, it was too late. The fellows had already found it out, and reported the thing. But as for slipping back at night and cutting those holes in the other suits, I never had a thing in the world to do with that. I have my faults, Bancroft, but I'm not that mean.''

''I found the gent who did that. It was a rat! Let's shake, boy. There won't be any meeting of the council. I believe in you, and so will the other fellows when I've explained. That's the boy.''

And while the shouts outside rose and fell, the two young fellows shook hands.

FAMOUS CLOCKMAKER

Seth Thomas was born at Wolcott, Conn., in 1785. He received a meagre education and was apprenticed to a carpenter and joiner in New Haven. He learned clockmaking from Eli Terry, whose business he accquired in 1810. In 1813 Thomas purchased a factory in the western part of Plymouth, Mass., which was known as the ''thriving village of Thomaston.'' His clocks, manufactured between 1813 and 1835, were largely shelf clocks, a few small mantel clocks and regulators. Thomas died in 1859. In 1872 the company began to make tower clocks.—Selected.

HONOR ROLL FOR NOVEMBER

Room No. 1

—A—

A. J. Allen, Terrell Cannon, Fred Crabtree, John Garrett, Richard Hill, Leslie Hunter, Charles Morrow, William Yow, Theodore Crabtree, Paul Humphries, Burnie Lassiter, Walter Sistar, Francis Trexler, and Marvin Tallent.

—B—

William Barkley, Fred Conner, Belmont Flynn, Russell Smith, Thomas Brown, Shirley Earnhardt, Bill Goss, Joe Hendrix, Herman Kizziah, James Maddry, Dan Monroe, James Marley, Grady Shipman, Edson Steele, June Starling, and James Talbert.

Room No. 2

—A—

Dermont Burkhead, Wayne Coble, Sidney Logan, Charles Miller, John Williamson, Jack Cook, Cecil Farr, Winfred Tuck, Eugene Medford, Luby Marshburn, and Earl Neal.

—B—

Jesse Brewer, Cletus Eason, Dwight Little, Ralph Martin, Joe Roughton, Boyce Stafford, John Wilkins, Rudolph Clements, George Gurganus, Thomas Hicks, Jack Hoxit, James Kellum, Warren Keaton, Thos. Martin, and Frank Townsend.

Room No. 3

—A—

H. Hollifield, Lester Whitaker, Fred Coyle, Paul Icord, James, Chappel, and John Smith.

—B—

Hermon Owens, James Camden, H. Gardner, H. Green, Jack Harris, Vernon Journigan, and Bill Goodman.

Room No. 4

—A—

Robert Benfield, Robert Branch, Charles Goodman, Allen Johnson, Harvard Winn, Lawrence Dorsett, Fay Pearson, Jim Turnage, Verlin Cutshall, David Fowler, and Woodrow Spruill.

—B—

Fred Bennett, William Handford, Garland Hicks, Gordon Parks, Mel Russ, Homer Smith, William Wade, Ralph Cross, Nevin Little, James Marsh, Lawrence Thompson, Charles Wagoner, and Jack Williams.

Room No. 5

—A—

Russell Dorsett, Charles Everett, Hubert, Grant, Hubert Gray, Luther T. Hartsell, Neal Huntley, Hubert Mcullen, and Albert Roe.

—B—

Charlie Bowman, Pink Chester, Henry Chester, Astor Davis Eugene Hogan, Frank Lett, Woodrow Murray, Lonnie Spivey, Lloyd Wrenn, and John West.

Room No. 6

—A—

Raymond Fink, Ernest Wright, Walter Pitman, Allen Barrett, Ralph Long, Robert Futrel, Edward Fisher, and Jack Parker.

—B—

Henry Irby, John Kelly, William Mills, Floyd Causey, Russell Kincaid, William Allison, and Tom McCausley.

Room No. 7

—A—

Wesley Handcock, Herman Hamrick, Royal Bynum, Ralph Bradley, J. D. Simpson, Latha Miller, Henry Evans, Bill Barrett, Guy Emerson, Lee Pearce, Perry Futrel, Charles Mounce, Claude McLaughlin, James Kelly, Walter Beaver, Henry Matthis, Jesse Tyndall, and Nathan Saunders.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Mr. Hobby and his group of youthful barbers have finished the hair-cutting job started last week, making a wonderful improvement in the appearance of our boys.

—o—

Mrs. Walker, State President of the King's Daughters, and Mrs. Peele, both of Charlotte, visited the Training School last Sunday afternoon.

—o—

The boys on the farm force have been very busy this week. Some have been threshing soy beans, quite a large group has been hauling and baling hay, and still another group building a new road connecting with the old one near the dairy barn.

—o—

Messrs Walker and Hudson and a group of boys killed some fine large hogs last Thursday, which means we will receive another generous supply of sausage and spare-ribs. Another palatable addition to the bill of fare are the collards grown in our gardens. These are the finest ever raised at the school.

—o—

The Concord Telephone Company is building a new line along the National Highway which runs through a part of the school property. In making this change we had to sacrifice several trees along the right of way, while others were transplanted elsewhere on the campus. While we hate to lose any of our trees, we feel that we will be amply repaid by much better telephone service when the new line is completed.

—o—

Thanksgiving Day was observed in the usual manner at the Training School last Thursday. About nine o'clock in the morning we assembled at the "old oak" and in a few minutes the entire line was moving towards the fields and the annual rabbit hunt was on. After roving the fields for about two hours we returned with twenty rabbits and one opossum. This hunt was not nearly so productive as in former years, for two reasons—a scarcity of rabbits this season, or that the "cotton tails" have learned that it is dangerous to hang around this particular community on Thanksgiving Day, when nearly five hundred youngsters, armed with clubs are roaming the fields in search of game. After the hunt we assembled in the auditorium where a short, but most impressive Thanksgiving service was held, Dr. P. E. Monroe, pastor of St. James Lutheran Church, Concord, officiating. The afternoon was spent playing various games on the campus and listening to the radio announcers as they gave us accounts of the football games being played in different parts of the country.

—o—

Several of our paroled boys called

at the school on Thanksgiving day. Among these were: Harold Waters, a former house boy at the Rutherford County Cottage, who was paroled August 13, 1930. Harold is now working in a veneer plant at Lenoir, where he is making a good record. He was glad to renew acquaintances among the boys and officers at the school, and expressed his appreciation for every thing done for him while here. Harold also informed us that Ralph Barnette, another old boy, has been working for the Barnhardt Furniture Co., Lenoir, for more than a year, and is getting along well.

Howard Shaw, who is now employed in a hosiery mill in Asheboro, tells us that he is working regularly, and his appeaance and attitude indicates that he is doing well.

Albert Spangler, formerly of Shelby, who was paroled April 1, 1929, claims he has had steady employment ever since leaving the school. For some time past he has been working for a lightning rod company in St. Louis and seems to have a good position.

—o—

Instead of the regular preaching service last Sunday afternoon we enjoyed a most delightful song service. Upon assembling in the auditorium at three o'clock Superintendent Boger presented Mr. John J. Barnhardt, of Concord, who announced that the service would consist of songs. He further stated that while he had brought some fine singers with him, he wanted the Training School boys to show them some singing. After a few brief but very helpful remarks to the boys, Mr. Barnhardt presented the Kannapolis Y. M. C. A. quartet, one of the most popular musical organizations in the State, and the singers responded with a delightful program, consisting of more than a dozen of those good old Gospel songs. For several years past we have enjoyed hearing the quartet in their weekly radio programs from station WBT, Charlotte, also several times in person here at the schol, and it is our opinion that they sound better each time their voices reach us. The quartet was composed of the following members: Messrs O. E. Williams, first tenor; Frank Dennard, second tenor; E. J. Sharpe, baritone; and Sandy Hutton, bass. Miss Jessie Twomey, also of Kannapolis, accompanied at the piano. After the closing hymn Mr. Barnhardt dismissed the assemblage with a short prayer. All of us, from the smallest youngster at the school to Supt. Boger, tender herewith our grateful appreciation for the excellent program rendered by our friends from Kannapolis.

It is the extra mile that makes the Christian: the measured mile makes the Pharisee.—Chadwick.

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XIX CONCORD, N. C., DECEMBER 12, 1931 No. 50

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BEAUTIFUL HUMILITY

The greatest character in all human history—Jesus Christ—performed miracles and stayed humble. There is no evidence in the New Testament of one boastful word that he ever uttered. Without looking it up, I think I may safely set it down here that the miracle of yesterday was, with him, a closed incident. He never brought it up as a topic of conversation, and he never referred to it as a proof of his own greatness. Conscious of his divinity, he stayed human and humble and set a lasting example for all men of all times.

—Edgar A. Guest.

PUBLISHED BY

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL
PUBLISHED BY

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

A SERMONETTE — COURTESY

Courtesy coupled with cheerfulness these days is a great asset. We were very much impressed with this fact today while traveling on the Memphis Special between Bristol and Knoxville.

The conductor came into the coach with a rose on his coat, and a smile on his face. He was an elderly, good-looking red-faced, white-haired man. We noticed he had two gold bars and a gold star on his coat sleeve, and he was so cheerful.

His pleasant, "Tickets, please," had a sound about it that was catching. He seemed to create a pleasant atmosphere in the car. He would say "thank-you" as he took your ticket. Once in a while you would hear him say, "How-do-you-do, I am glad to see you." A crying baby was his job to make laugh, and he did this in short order.

Now and then you would hear him say, pleasantly, "Arrive Knoxville 5:25; leave for Cincinnati at 9:30." He would always anticipate the passenger's inquiry fully, without having to be questioned, which is another great asset in a railway conductor.

He was a very witty fellow, too, because when a rather flustered lady arose to debark, she said "Which end of this car will I get off at?" He said, "Either end, lady, both ends stop, but come this way and I'll help you." His pleasant "Good-bye, come again," was courtesy and cheerfulness personified.

—Wm. R. Smith.

A SURVEY OF RURAL DISTRICTS IN CABARRUS—VERY FINE

Many representative and interested citizens of Concord have been active in organizing a "Council of Social Agencies," the object of which is to ad-

just all charity work so there will be no duplicating. One specific work of this agency is to make a survey of the county, learning the needs and conditions as existing.

Mr. S. G. Hawfield, superintendent of Public Schools, was made chairman of that committee, other members are Miss Naomi Moore, Mrs. W. A. Foil and Mrs. J. P. Cook. A circular letter was sent out with leading questions to responsible persons in each township so as to determine the needs for relief, also the amount of unemployment in the county. There was a most splendid response to this call. About 30 or more good farmers and farmer's wives, from the eleven townships, attended the meeting fully prepared to answer the questions, showing a great interest in conditions of the respective communities. In reply to the many questions the fact was revealed there was more food conserved than previously, and fuel was in abundance. The only appeal was for clothes for a few tenant families so the children could attend school. This matter is being managed very satisfactorily by the current agencies of mercy in the rural districts—the churches primarily and clubs of the various communities.

During the entire meeting there was not a pessimistic note sounded. These sturdy farmers and their splendid wives have the situation in hand and there is every reason to believe there will be no suffering in rural Cabarrus this coming winter. The entire committee exclaimed as one—"could any thing be finer?" It was a real joy to meet with these splendid citizens, the very back bone and life of any community. The Cabarrus farmers were not oblivious of the fact there are a few people in the rural districts who would like employment, but in this instance the per cent of unemployed is small. Good employment for those who desire work is "the rub." But to create work for the unemployed is a splendid opportunity for a financier, in fact it would be an act of mercy for some one, or some organization with time and money to help solve the problem, if possible.

This survey, according to plans of the Governor's Council, was inspirational due to the optimistic spirit of every farmer present. "Money is not so plentiful," said one of the splendid citizens, "but the granaries and larders are full, and we have fuel in abundance."

This survey will make the Governor feel that his "Live-At-Home" program has borne fruit. The Cabarrus farmers have surely buried in fine style "Old Man Depression" with the same earnestness they have met every other question for the betterment of the county.

CAMPAIGNS

The Fall of the year registers many campaigns for humanitarian purposes. They come fast, one after the other, but each, including the Red Cross and tuberculosis drive for membership, and sale of Christmas Seals, carries an appeal that brings a most generous response from people in every walk of life. Every one who buys Christmas Seals, the little health messengers, thereby helps to fight the great white plague. This annual sale of Christmas Seals gives the people an opportunity of enlisting in the fight to wipe out tuberculosis—an opportunity that one can scarcely afford to let pass. It will be interesting to note that from the sale of the health stickers in the county the funds will be used to help finance the white and colored preventoriae of the county as well as support other phases of work against tuberculosis. A most noble cause and one worthy of the attention of the entire citizenship of Cabarrus.

* * * * * * * * * *

BETTER RECONCILED

There has been and continues to be much discussion as to the "cut of teacher's salaries," and many queries as to the outcome of the whole discussion are heard. The teachers have been given wise counsel, even if not accepted, telling them to abide by the results because they are not the only ones who have had their incomes considerably curtailed. There are certain classes who have such a surplus of self pity till it is impossible to see conditions prevailing beyond the threshold of their own homes. Besides there are a few who do not understand that the business man, the professional man, the manager of big corporations, the clerk, the maid, the cook, and the laborer of all kinds of work have received drastic cuts, and the salaried man in many instances has no assurance of continued employment. The cut in salaries or profits from investments, or small dividends comes in many different ways The wholesale or retail merchant realizes a loss by a shortage of sales or a strong competition in prices with very little change in overhead expenses. The real estate man has been hard pressed by the depression, making a slump in values with small returns, but taxes, insurance and upkeep remain the same.

The story could be continued indefinitely, but unnecessary, for a thinking person can readily see the bread-winner of the home feels more keenly the curtailment of income with the burden of the business than the school teacher daughter, or son who has no other investment than that already expended for an education.

There is nothing in the wide-world to do but bow to the inevitable, accept conditions and use the strictest economy with the hope of a brighter day.

Dr. Thomas H. Briggs, of Columbia University, admonished the 2,000 teachers of the Piedmont Teachers Association in Charlotte by telling them to rid themselves of the thought that they were the most unfortunate people in the world, for there were worse things than a ten per cent cut in salaries. "Popularize," he continued, "the good things you are doing in the school room and show effective results. Know the worth of learning and why it is worth learning." The universal cut has proven to be no respector of persons, having been felt by all kinds and conditions of people. It was a shock to the system of many at first, but accepted now as the inevitable.

* * * * * * * * * *

When the news is given out as to returns at the Duke Stadium, Durham, for the Duke-Carolina football game, there were far in excess of 20,000 people, and at a close estimate there were more than 5,000 automobiles, and few, if any were dilapidated. The price of a ticket for admission was $2.50, besides the extra cost of transportation to and from will no doubt after a conservative estimate amount to something like $100,000 expended for that one great jamboree. But one piece of interesting news is that there were no drunks, or disorderly conduct which was unusual for a gathering so large, and that the crowd was in the best spirits and judging from every appearance the entire crowd seemed to be enjoying prosperity.

It is hard to believe after seeing such exhibits of fine sport and a good time that there is a depression that is talked by every one and from all corners of the country. It evidently is a hullucination and contagious at that.

* * * * * * * * * *

MAKING PREPARATIONS FOR CHRISTMAS

There was a time when Christmas simply suggested Santa Claus with his pack of good things, the reindeer and the sleigh bells, but today a truer, greater and broader spirit is emphasized—the little town of Bethlehem, the Inn, the manger, the Christ child, Mary, the mother, the star and the Wise Men from the East with their gifts.

The selfish exchange of gifts among friends no longer has first place, but instead the masses have learned from this first Christmas gift—the greatest of gifts, the Christ child, the symbol of love that has made a loving an compassionate people, that the most ennobling ambition is to serve His benighted

people who are without a hope of the good things enjoyed especially at the Christmas season.

Already the rehearsals for the Christmas pageant, have begun, telling in a most beautiful manner the story of the Christ child in song and verse.

To tell you that the Jackson Training School boys are on "tip-toe," filled and thrilled with the anticipation of a joyous Christmas, is nothing more than expected. The boys are entering into the rehearsals with an earnestness that would put to shame other people who have the privilege of enjoying life in abundance with no thought of tomorrow. The Evergreen Christmas tree, typifying the eternal life, emblazoned with a myraid of lights will as usual hold central place along with other decorations. The boys have the Christmas spirit and there is every reason to forecast the many friends of the institution will unite with the officials of the school in giving to the boys a Christmas that reflects the glory of the season and the beneficent spirit of the good people of the state. The first contributions to the Jackson Training School Christmas cheer are:

Stonewall Circle, King's Daughters, Concord	$10.00
McClellan Store, Concord	5.00
J. A. Peck, Concord	1.00
Mrs. Charles E. Boger, Concord	10.00
Mrs. W. N. Reynolds, Winston-Salem,	25.00
Mr. Charlie Barnhardt, Charlotte,	5.00
Mrs. Cameron Morrison, Charlotte,	50.00

RAMBLING AROUND

With Old Hurrygraph

"Give thanks if you're healthy;
if you're healthy, your're wealthy,
(Believe it or not, it is true,)
Give thanks for each blessing,
forget what's distressing,
And the world will look better to you."

—o—

The time has come, but I do hate to count the days until Christmas. I hate it because that means I'll have to count my money, too.

—o—

It is claimed that Mr. Gandhi at one time practiced law. From what I have seen of his pictures, while in America, it doesn't look as if he ever gained a suit.

—o—

What this country needs right now is a government supported by the people rather than a people supported by the government. Has independence departed from this fair land?

—o—

Believe it or not, the story comes that John Roberts, Evansville, Ind., was thrown from an auto while carrying his false teeth in his hip pocket. He bit himself!

—o—

There has been considerable talk, in financial circles, about an elastic currency. I have never seen any of that kind—that is, the kind that would snap back after you have spent it.

—o—

Bishop Manning blessed a memorial altar to Chaplain Smith the other day. He said loyalty was the central note of the Chaplain's life and character. "He was loyal to his friends, loyal to his country, loyal to his church, and loyal to his God." That seems to cover the duty of man.

—o—

Well, here's a note on farm economics. Last summer a Wisconsin farmer noticed that all he could get for butter was 10 cents a pound, but he had to pay 20 cents a pound for axle grease. He found his butter an excellent substitute for use on axles.

—o—

We have more and older men now than we had ten or twenty years ago. That's because we live better and take care of ourselves. Time becomes more precious as one grows older. Too bad many men do not grow older gracefully, and see the younger generation more promising.

—o—

A congressman from the west, the other day, burst out in Washington with the statement that the people should carry more silver dollars in their pockets and fewer greenbacks and thus help break the slump. Great Land o' Goshen! Is anybody refusing to carry more silver dollars in his pockets? As far as I am personally concerned, I haven't the slightest preference for a greenback dollar over a silver dollar. I do not care whether it is made of silver, gold, paper, cotton, aluminum, wood, iron, or battleship steel, just so it's a dollar. I long ago got over being particular about things like that.

—o—

I see where a young fellow, all lit up like the front of a movie theater, walked into the Towson (Maryland)

police station the other day, and not only asked to be locked up but insisted on being given six months in the "jug." How accommodating! Not only that, but how considerate—considerate of police, considerate of the courts, considerate of the public, considerate of everything and everybody that and who might be involved in the peregrinations of a souse. How nice it would be if every drunk followed his example. Wouldn't it be grand and glorious if all of those tanked-up automobile drivers headed for the lock-up as soon as they acquired their "load" of liquor, and insisted upon being barred from their cars and the public highways for six months The millennium would be mighty nigh at hand. Let us have more self-arresting and self-convicting drunks.

—o—

The world at large admires the individual who is always trying to improve himself, grasping every opportunity for advancement. Successful men look on with approval and reach out a helping hand when necessary. So, young man, dwell no more on the great big chance coming to you from some mysterious source. Simply resolve that from this moment you will improve a little each day; concentrate a little more on the work you have to do; bring a little more courage, a little more daring to each enterprise. Before you know it your powers and resources will have multiplied ten-fold. These are the marks of genius. Your career is your contribution to civilization. You can make of life a masterpiece if you will.

—o—

An Episcopal clergyman who was passing his vacation in a remote country district met an old farmer who declared that he was a "Piscopal." "To what parish do you belong?" asked the clergyman. "Don't know nawthin' 'bout enny parish," was the answer. "Who confirmed you, then?" was the next question. "Nobuddy," answered the farmer. "Then how are you an Espicopalian?" asked the clergyman. "Well," was the reply, "you see it's this way: Last winter I went down to Philadelphy a-visitin', an' while I was there I went to church, an' it was called 'Piscopal', an' I heard them say that they had left undone the things what they'd oughter done and they'd done some things what they oughtener done and I says to myself, says I: 'That's my fix exactly,' and ever since then I've been a 'Piscopalian.'"

"BETTER"

Thomas Edison offered young people this motto for life, "I can do better." Paul said, "I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me." J. Stuart Holden tells of the inscription on the grave of an Alpine guide who lost his life in the mountains. "He died climbing" was the simple record of his life. The sincere Christian will "die climbing."—Selected.

DEDICATE BELL TOWER AT CHAPEL HILL

(Mooresville Enterprise)

Dedicated to lead the students of the University of North Carolina to "bear high the torch of progress and to do their part for the betterment of humanity," the Morehead-Patterson memorial bell tower was formally presented to the university at Chapel Hill last Thursday.

The tower, gift of John Motley Morehead, III., minister to Sweden, and Rufus Lenoir Patterson, II., New York manufacturer, stands on a slight prominence just to the rear of the university library.

Several thousand persons stood in a brilliant sun, though a cold wind blew around the edifice, as Frank F. Patterson, Baltimore newspaper editor, presented the $100,000 tower to Gov. O. Max Gardner, who accepted it in behalf of the board of trustees of the institution.

During the exercises the chimes were played for the first time and upon their conclusion a concert, which continued until the Virginia-Carolina game started, was begun.

A luncheon for some 75 persons was served on the roof of the lower part of the tower upon the conclusion of the exercises.

Mr. Patterson, a brother of one of the donors of the tower, in presenting the structure to the university described the fact that "too much emphasis is usually placed on utilitarian ideas" in the institutions of higher learning today and expressed the hope that the bell tower would "emphasize the cultural, esthetic and beautiful side of college life."

"May these bells ever ring out the false and ring in the true," he counseled.

George Gordon Battle, New York attorney, expressed the hope that "as were the forefathers, so the sons shall be; and the students who shall hear the music from this carrillon tower will be animated by the same spirit which filled the breasts of those who heard the bell from the tower of Old South building. They shall continue to bear high the torch of progress and to do their part for the betterment of humanity."

Governor Gardner, accepting the gift of the two alumni of the university who have been away from North Carolina for 35 years, expressed confidence that the "sons of North Carolina will be inspired by these chimes and will here catch the vision and follow the gleam."

Paying tribute to the liberality of friends and alumni of the university, the governor received hearty applause when he asserted that today's occasion seemed to him to furnish "the opportunity that summons friends and alumni to the task of seeing that this university shall not be compelled, in periods such as we are now passing through, to make and circumscribe its service to the state by the fluctuating flow of public revenue."

"I can think of nothing more permanent on earth," Governor Gardner continued, "than the investment in the unbroken string of youth as it flourishes and covers the life of the state with its aspirations and beliefs."

HOLIDAY FESTIVITY MARKS 1931 CHRISTTMAS SEAL

(From National Tuberculosis Assn.)

A special design picturing the holiday festivity of "the good old days" was selected for the Christmas seal of 1931 to commemorate the 25th anniversary of the sale of seals to fight tuberculosis. An old-time stage coach is shown drawn by four horses prancing through the snow. Aloft on the upper deck a passenger blows his horn to blazon Christmas greetings to the countryside.

Twenty-five seals, each with a different design, have been sold to the public at the holiday season since the organized tuberculosis movement got under way. From small beginnings at a time when everybody believed tuberculosis was hereditary and the equivalent of a death sentence, it has carried its message that tuberculosis is preventable and curable to every hamlet and cross-roads in the country, until today few people remain who do not know that rest, fresh air, sunshine, and nourishing food are both the preventive and the curative agents for this disease.

During the quarter-century of work which the new seal commemorates, the ravages of the disease have been cut in half; more than 500 sanatoria have been constructed; clinics have been established for early diagnosis; the tuberculin test and X-ray have been perfected for the more certain detection of tuberculosis even before it exhibits outward symptoms; and the methods of educating the general public to protect itself against the disease through knowledge, have been raised to a high point of effectiveness.

But a great deal remains to be done. Despite the success of past efforts, tuberculosis is still a greater public enemy than most people realize. It is the leading cause of death between the ages of 15 and 45, and a serious menace to the health of young men and women entering intensive high school and college days.

Money is needed wherever seals are sold to finance the battle against the disease. The payments which tuberculosis exacts from humanity are subject to no moratorium because of dull times. Children must be protected from tuberculosis; new and unknown cases must be found in the early stages; clinics, nurses summer camps must continue the work which has already proved its worth. Seventy-five per cent. of all the money raised by the seals remains in the community where it is given, and is used to meet the special needs existing there.

Every dollar given for Christmas seals means life and health to men, women and children threatened with tuberculosis.

The only church that can live today is the active missionary church. —Brooks.

BAYBERRY CANDLE-MAKING ON OLD CAPE COD

By Maude Wood Henry

Country children have always enjoyed picking wild berries—strawberries, raspberries, blackberries, elderberries and huckleberries. Down on Cape Cod in Massachusetts they pick berries of a different sort; these are the bayberries, used to make old-fashioned candles such as the early settlers burned in their homes. Bayberries are at their best in autumn and their picking has always fallen to the lot of the boys and girls. In the days of the colonies every household made its own candles, mothers and older sisters cooking the berries, skimming the wax and dipping the wicks until the candles were fat and tapered and just right in every way. Such sweet-smelling candles as they were, too. And not only fragrant but dependable. They burned with a steady, glowing flame, bright enough to spin or read by. As to their color they were a delicate jade green. When Christmas came along there were bayberries to throw on the yule log, to give out a pleasant smell together with the resinous pine knots and hickory logs.

Then there came a time when bayberry candles were no longer needed. Kerosene lamps took their place and later on gas and electricity. The fragrant candles made by our foremothers in Colonial days passed out of use and almost out of memory, along with the spinning wheels and huge looms on which clothing was once made in every household. Probably we should never again have heard of bayberry candles if a young woman who lived at Hyannis on the Cape had not wanted to give her friends something "different" for Christmas twenty years ago. She thought and thought about it, and then she remembered the old formula for candle making which had been handed down by her ancestors. So she went bayberrying. After gathering a basketfull of the waxen little fruits she put them on to cook in her quaint Cape Cod kitchen. Soon the old iron kettle was bubbling and boiling and seething and Mabel Baker, which was the young woman's name, was kept flying between the stove and table, where she had a deep dish filled with the contents of the kettle. Into this she dipped her wicks, over and over again, until they grew to a fine fatness and smelled deliciously. Presentlly she had a whole row of bayberry candles, just like those which the early settlers made.

That Christmas bayberry candles once more shed their cheery glow in Cape Cod houses. And so pleased were all those who received them as gifts that they wanted more. After the yuletide was over they asked this clever young woman if she would not make them candles, to be paid for this time. So she went berrying again and as the days went by she discovered that she had a business on her hands. Finally she had to hire pickers and when the old kitchen became too crowded other buildings were added, grouped about it, until a great industry came into being.

The "business that was built from a bayberry" throve so mightily that it became as famous as Mrs. Jarley's wax works. A million candles a year—two millions—can you imagine it?

Now, at Christmastime we find bayberry candles in the shops, a pair to a tiny box, snuggling down in cotton among which is a generous handful of the waxen, greenish berries to throw on the yule log as in the olden days. A rhyme in the candle box tells us "if burned to the socket they'll bring wealth to the pocket and joy through the year." These candles come from Cape Cod, where they have always been found at their best. For, although bayberries grow throughout that region, those grown on the Massachusetts coast are especially excellent for candle making. So expert did the early settlers become in their manufacture that a law was passed, way back in 1687, forbidding the picking of the berries before September 15th. Between this date and the last of October the bayberries, it was found were at the height of perfection. It is the descendants of these same colonists who today are making bayberry candles for our pleasure. Many a a Cape Cod kitchen is still used for this purpose, as the great factory cannot accommodate them owing to the vast amount of candles now made in it. One of the quaintest of the candles made here is topped with a little modeled figurehead of John or Priscilla Alden or some other familiar character. "Character candles" these are called.

Cape Cod boys and girls still pick bayberries, but it is getting more difficult to find willing pickers than formerly. More money can be made at other occupations, even by the children. So it may be that the making of these fragrant candles will again become a lost art. It takes the wax from a quart of bayberries to make one candle six inches long.

The bayberry bush still flourishes amazingly on Cape Cod and is a picturesque feature of the landscape. Long before they came to this country the colonists knew this bush. In England they knew it as the candleberry tree; in Sweden as the tallow shrub. Wherever it was found it meant light in the old days, the only light possible to their homes being candle-light. We no longer need bayberry candles, but we do love them and would regret their passing. It is hard to resist these Christmassy candles which so befit this especial season, particularly after catching a sniff of them, for there is nothing else like them. No other berry ever had such an enticing odor as a bayberry, made to burn instead of to eat.

No cheating or bargaining ever will get a single thing out of nature's "establishment" at half price. Do we want to be strong?—we must. work. To be hungry?—we must starve. To be happy?—we must be kind. To be wise?—we must look and think.—Ruskin.

THREE HONEST FRIENDS

(Exchange)

A friend is not the one who helps you do your work, but the one who influences you to do your best work. Each person has three such friends who will give him success, if given the chance. They are the same friends who made Washington successful; who gave Morse, Bell and Edison victory in the electrical world; who handed Burbanks fame in the agricultural profession. These friends do not care if a person be rich or poor, and the demands they make upon a person are the same whatever rank that person may have in life.

These friends must have been triplets, for they can not be separated and amount to very much. Each depends upon the other, and it is almost impossible to have one without the others creeping in before you know it. Chum with the first one and you will soon have to get along with the other two—and get along better. So, why not get acquainted with one and start upon the road to success? The first one is "Training," the second one "Character" and the third one "Work."

Think of the long hours, days and years of training that Washington went through, but how wonderfully well he came out of the hardships and well-nigh impossibillities of the Revolutionary War. Or, think of the pioneers and their hardships, and what training it gave them. Edison went through as many, but of a different sort, before he was successful. These and all the other great people put in full amounts of training and it was the stick-to-it-iveness that called in the second friend, "Character," which is made of persistence and tenacity of purpose that lets nothing stop one from working until success is reached.

Training may give you endurance to hold out until you reach the goal you have chosen, and character will hold to your idea, but neither of these qualities will hand you success unless the accompanying friend arrives in time. If work isn't there, you can not reach your goal. All the skill that training can give you, all the stick-to-it-iveness that character insists upon—this all amounts to nothing without work. The ones who have reached the top of the ladder of fame and success didn't plan and suddenly find themselves at the top; they worked to get there—worked long and worked hard, until they climbed over every obstacle in the way.

You must do the same. You must get these three friends to help you, for you can not do much without them, as you are not different from those others. There are no more obstacles in your path than in any path. There never was a smooth path to fame, for fame is only doing something that was too hard for another to do. Some failure lacked the training necessary; some character that would hold them to their path; but more lacked the work that would make their ideas bring them success and fame. Resolve that you will get these three friends and get started. Then keep on going on in their company until you get what you want.

GUILFORD WALNUTS WILL BE USED TO HONOR WASHINGTON

(Conservation & Industry)

Seedling from black walnuts gathered at Guilford Courthouse Battleground and grown at the forest nursery, near Clayton, operated by the Department of Conservation and Development, will be distributed this fall to Boy Scouts of the State for planting as part of the George Washington Bicentennial.

In addition to these seedlings, a quantity of nuts from the historic North Carolina shrine has been sent to Washington for sprouting under the direction of the National Commission which is promoting the memorial movement. These seedlings will be distributed to various parts of the country along with those orginating from seed gathered at other historic points.

The Guilford nuts were gathered by Boy Scouts of that county under the direction of H. W. Johnston, executive at Greensboro. Mr. Johnston also provided national Scout officials, who are aiding in the bicentennial program, with a history of the battle og Guilford Courthouse for use in programs at which seedlings will be dedicated.

Nuts or seedlings from walnuts gathered at the old Washington estate at Mount Vernon and other historic shrines, including Gettysburg, Vicksburg, Monticello, and Arlington, have been offered to the Department of Conservation and Development for distribution to Boy Scout councils for planting in the memorial program.

Nation-wide dedicatory programs have been scheduled for February 22, 1932, the two-hundredth anniversary of Washington's birth. A goal of 10,000,000 planted trees has been set by the commission, and according to indications, the number will be greatly exceeded by plantations throughout the country.

"In the knowledge of the Lord
And in grace we are to grow.
Never once to settle down
Quite content with things we know;
There are heights as yet untrod
In the mysteries of God!"

—Selected.

A FITTING MEMORIAL

(Richmond Times-Dispatch)

To those many persons who knew Dr. Edwin A. Alderman, studied at the University of Virginia, or followed his long and brilliant career, the suggestion of John Huston Finley that a library be built as a memorial to him comes as a highly appropriate proposal. And that the States of the Northwest join in the project, thus paying tribute to Jefferson the founder, and Dr. Alderman, a worthy successor, as equally fitting.

Dr. Alderman was a man who would have found favor in the eyes of Thomas Jefferson, for in him there burned a passion for education which was the same flame that stirred the sage of Monticello. During the twenty-seven years that he served as president of the university, the dignity and the traditions of that institution were greatly enriched, the school grew in student body and in endowments, and Virginia shared those honors which belonged to the man alone.

Therefore, it is right and proper that a suitable memorial be erected to his name and many accomplishments. And what could be more suitable to the teacher, scholar and gentleman that Dr. Alderman was than a great memorial library?

As Dr. Finley suggested, the library would serve a dual purpose. It would, in a sense, carry on that educational work to which Dr. Alderman gave his whole life; and it would serve for Virginia and those States that owe their existence to Virginia and to the Louisiana Purchase as an expression of gratitude to Jefferson and the ideals which Dr. Alderman helped to perpetuate.

We hope the idea does not fade from the consciousness of those influential persons who heard Dr. Finley's address. University alumni should welcome the opportunity to take the question up at once with the State Government and proceed with plans for financing the project.

TRY THIS ON YOURSELF!

In a recent book Professor Pitkin, of Columbia University, had listed ten of the "strongest characteristics" of highly intelligent person. (How do you rank?) In his opinion, they are:

1. **Keen curiosity along many lines.**
2. **A desire to investigate.**
3. **A tendency to analyze.**
4. **A fairly active imagination.**
5. **Especially even performance.**
6. **Concentration on a dominant interest.**
7. **A fine selective memory.**
8. **Patience with details.**
9. **Interest in reflection and observation.**
10. **A very modest opinion of one-self.**

CONCERNING SCHOOL TEACHERS

(The Courier)

In several of the larger cities a campaign is being waged for and against married teachers. In the debate, which is entered into by a number of large dailies, the point is brought out that married women have husbands to support them and should bow their way off, leaving the stage clear for the girls who have just graduated. The retort came flying back that these girls have fathers to support them, and they should allow them to do it while the married women help their husbands support their families.

The fight is interesting to watch from day to day and especially since Asheboro does not have this problem to contend with. To be sure, there are married teachers in the city school and they are just cause for thankfulness for they are men and women whose experiences in life coupled with their educational training has fully qualified them as splendid teachers. There are a number of other teachers in the Asheboro school too, who are not married but who are past the "flapper" age and are not just marking time until they can get enough money to buy their trousseau. Experience in the city school shows that the more "settled" teachers have been more interested in their work and have left better results from their efforts than the "butterfly" type. On the whole, the Asheboro school is fortunate in their teachers.

AUTHOR OF "DIXIE"

Whenever the stirring tune of "Dixie" is played, particularly in the South, it is met with hearty applause. Thus, do Southerners pay tribute, unconsciously as a rule, to an Ohio Yankee.

For "Dixie" was composed by Daniel Decatur Emmet, born in Mount Vernon, Ohio, in 1818. Emmet, like the other writer of old Southern songs, Stephen Foster, never lived in the South.

Emmet was one of the organizers of the first negro ministrel companies to tour the country, formed in 1842, when it opened in Chatham Square Theatre, New York. He was afterward associated with Dan Bryant, and in 1865 he formed his own company. He retired in 1878 and died in 1904 at the age of 89.

The song "Dixie" was written in 1859 and instantly became popular. The South adopted it and now after 72 years it stirs its hearers with undiminished enthusiasm.

In 1927 a tablet to Emmet's memory was unveiled in the churchyard of the Calvary Episcopal church at Fletcher, N. C., the first memorial erected to him in the chain which binds the reunited country.

—Riedsville Review.

GREAT SMOKY NATIONAL PARK

(Charity & Children)

The states of North Carolina and Tennessee have parted with their sovereignty of 130,048 acres of mountain land which will become a portion of the Great Smoky National Park. 297,400 acres have been given for this purpose. The National Park Service has assumed administration of this donated land and will begin its development when 457,000 acres have been acquired. In accepting the deeds from Mark Squires and David Chapman, chairmen of the North Carolina and Tennessee Park Commissions, Secretary Wilbur described the park as a "wonderful land—one of the finest in the world." Squires spoke with great emotion as he described the beauty of the Great Smoky and Chapman was also deeply moved as he spoke of the completion of the Park for which he has worked for years. Secretary Wilbur expressed the hope that this generous gift will be followed by others and that within a few years the country will have a chain of national parks from Maine to Florida and Florida to Lake Superior which will attract hundreds of thousands of visitors. In presenting the deeds Squires recalled much of the land now being turned over to the government had been sold to the people for the sum of six shillings for every hundred acres and had been regained by the expenditure of millions of money made available by the states and the regal contribution of $5,000,000 from John D. Rockefeller, Jr.

"BREAD AND BUTTER, BACON AND BEANS"

The above is the big plank in "Alfalfa Bill" Murray's platform as a candidate for President of the United States. The Oklahoma governor has an attractive platform and one that many people think meets their needs at the present hour.

But in fact "Bill" has missed the mark. It is not the necessities of life that people desire. People are supplied with these. What the people want are the luxuries of life. Bread and butter and bacon and beans do not fill the bill. Automobiles, pockets bulging with money, and plenty of time to burn gas on the highways are the demands of the hour. And if the money has been borrowed what does it matter, so we have plenty of it to spend?—N. C. Christian Advocate.

HOW THE MILLER PAID THE DEBT

By I. J. Stanton

In these perilous days when pastors find it so hard to raise money with which to meet church expenses, it might be of interest to pastors, official members and congregations in general to relate this story of how an old miller turned the trick by the painless extraction route.

The story is told of a rather small Methodist church located in a rural community of one of our Northern States. The board of the church was greatly embarrassed on account of lack of funds to carry on the work.

Most of the members of the congregation were living on small farms. They thought of themselves as poor. They believed they were unable to take care of the church work properly.

Things went from bad to worse. The roof of the building leaked. Some of the lights were broken out. The treasury was empty and the institution seemed hopeless.

Finally a conference was called. The situation was discussed. No one apparently, could see the way out.

There was an old miller in the group. He operated the local grist mill where practically all the farmers brought their grain to have it ground into flour for their families and feed for their stock.

After a while this miller made an astonishing proposition. He said he would take over the financing of the church for one year. He would make all repairs, pay all bills, on one condition.

The condition was that no one ask him where he secured the funds and let him explain everything at the next annual conference.

With great surprise and some doubt the congregation agreed to the old miller's proposition.

In a very short time the dilapidated building was transformed—roof, windows, broken seats—all made as new. There was no difficulty about the pastor's salary. Mission money was promptly forthcoming.

Naturally the congregation looked forward to the annual meeting with eager anticipation. They were all there when the first session opened. They wanted to know where friend miller had been getting the money which had been turned over to the treasurer so regularly.

When the day of the conference came the old miller arose, gave a report of the funds received and disbursed, adding that there was a balance on hand.

Then he said:

"My friends you want to know where the money came from. It came from you, and you were none the wiser. Every time any member of the church brought grain to my mill I took out the Lord's tenth. This tithe of grain from the congregation I sold from time to time and thus received money to carry on our work, and," he added, "None of you here knew the difference."

When men pray for harvest they often get a plow.—Cape.

FUN-HUNGER

By Frank Strickland

It took centuries for human beings to discover that laughter is a natural, necessary and spontaneous function. In fact, one seriously wonders if we are yet fully aware of the necessity and efficacy of genuine mirth and laughter. For one to reach that abnormal point in life where he can't laugh, or doesn't laugh for fear of being undignified, or where he is too busy or too occupied or absorbed to laugh, is to reach a condition not only pitiful, but according to the best authorities, one that will prove serious and even fatal.

One does not like to become an alarmist, but the following facts do signify. There is more insanity in proportion to the population in America, than in any other country.

"I have found," said Dr. Russell Conwell, "that the greatest cause of insanity in America is that the people have ceased to laugh." And the doctor continued: "Many great physicians that I have consulted personally and by letter, tell me that if only something could have been brought to bear upon that person when his mind was about to break, to lift it and cheer it over a few days' or weeks' time, he would have been as strong a man as ever."

Some of you have undoubtedly read Prof. William James' powerful plea for a life of intensity and seriousness and eagerness, as contained in his paper, "The Gospel of Relaxation."

I have just read Edgar Guest's assertion that, in his opinion, the principal thing that keeps young people from feelng kindly toward Christianity is their misimpression that if they espouse the cause of religion they must cease laughing.

Healthy, manly religion and genuine, spontaneous cheerfulness are not enemies. They not only go hand in hand, but are interdependent. A clear, vivid, healthy conception of re-religion not only doesn't detract from cheerfulness and good nature, these functions are increased and made more lively and active by it.

This is a busy old world. There is no pessimism—merely truth—in the statement that life's road is often long and rough and up-hill. The real optimist doesn't deny this; he recognizes it and provides for it. He doesn't try to remove obstacles; he doesn't remain at the bottom of the hill because it is rough and steep and long. He recognizes all these hindrances, but he is still an optimist because he knows of an antidote. All the hardships of life are made entirely endurable and of little consequence by regular daily use of the antidote of laughter and good cheer.

Lincoln and his cabinet had assembled one morning when matters most vital and urgent had to be transacted. Lincoln stood reading. He smiled broadly and then read aloud the thing that had provoked his mirth. Instead of a response from any one of his cabinet, all he received from them was a look of astonishment. He put down the paper and said something like this: "Gentlemen, if I didn't each day read or listen to some nonsense of this kind, I couldn't even attempt to cope with these serious condi-

tions."

Mr. Roosevelt made it a rule to read one book of light fiction each week. He also played bear and in other ways romped in the White House with the children. It's no harm to laugh. If it were, then why is it that baby so soon does it? If laughing were wrong, nature wouldn't have equipped us to do so, and wouldn't have arranged it so it would come so naturally and spontaneously. One of the very finest things you can do in this life is to make somebody laugh. Only make sure that you don't resort to something mean or coarse in order to make them laugh. There is plenty of good clean material.

A noted humorist and lecturer tells how, after having delivered one of his mirth-provoking lectures, during which time his audience was almost convulsed with laughter, a dear woman grasped his hand and really smiled when she said to him, "If you had talked another five minutes I'd have laughed right out, even if you had been speaking in a church."

In this world there is a whole host of individuals suffering from some ailment, real or imaginary, mostly imaginary, who need just two things to cure them—just two! The first is good, hard, honorable work, and the other is regular, clean, wholesome, harmless fun. If they would only go to work the fun would come almost as a natural consequence. All the fads and isms called mind cures, the creeds and cults which seem to teach the possibility of lifting yourself by your own boot-straps, one is very much afraid that all of them are too flimsy and fanciful. If you are prone to neurasthenia or hysteria or melancholia, ask your doctor if I am not right when I tell you that the remedy is to be found, not in mind cures, nor even altogether in medicine itself. Ask him how far wrong I am when I assure you that the remedy for such ills is to be found in regular, pleasant work, plus constant good cheer. Ask him if one hearty, side-splitting laugh isn't worth a whole bottle of medicine.

Then ask your pastor how far wrong I am when I tell you that if you never do bigger things in life than radiate good cheer and smiles and sunshine, your life has been a power. It is no small victory to make folks laugh. If it isn't worth doing, why have hundreds adopted it as a life's profession? Mark Twain devoted a whole life to it. Bud Fisher and the other cartoonists are doing the same thing. If you want to make a clear, straight, unobstructed road to a man's heart, make him laugh. If you can make a person laugh you have won, not merely his confidence, his sympathy, his attention and interest, you have won the man himself.

"Let us remember that each day is ordered by Almighty love, and brings with it that measure of the bitter and the sweet which, according to the judgment of infinite wisdom, is most conducive to our true aim and welfare."

PUTTING SOMETHING OVER ON THE BEE

By Louis E. Deichard

The bee "traffic cop" gave a signal in his own peculiar way and the bee traffic moved to the right. There was not a single violation of the traffic regulations, so "arrests" and orders to appear in the bee traffic court were not necessary. The bees seemed to have but a single purpose, and that was the manufacture of the delicious product for which they have long since become famous. Insde the hive bee sanitary engineers saw to it that the honey was kept in clean and wholesome condition; bee firemen kept the hive at an even temperature, and other bees labored with commendable industry at the various tasks assigned to them. So the making of honey went on apace.

If you doubt for a moment that there are bee directors of traffic, bee sanitary engineers, bee firemen, bee water carriers and wonderfully efficient bee workers of various types, you should get the permission of Uncle Sam to look into the glass-faced hive that his scientists have been using with the hope of getting "behind the scenes" and learning some of the secrets that the bee has guarded so carefully these many years.

The bee minds its own business strictly and has a very effective way of keeping us at a respectful distance when we try to pry too closely into its affairs; notwithstanding this, Uncle Sam's scientists, with the aid of glass-faced beehives and other clever devices, have "put something over" on the unsuspecting bee and have learned some of its carefully-kept secrets.

By peering into the glass-faced home of the bees scientists have seen bee policemen directing traffic through the cells, chambers and corridors of the bee apartment house. When the house has become too warm, they have noted that certain bees work their wings in unison, thereby making them serve as ventilating fans. On occasions when it has been too cold for comfort or for efficient work, bee firemen have been seen eating large quanities of honey to produce energy and then indulging in their "daily dozen" to generate heat. In this manner bees are able to raise the temperature in a hive from 30 to 40 degrees Fahrenheit in a surprisingly short time. The glass home has also enabled scientists to watch the queen bee as she deposited her eggs, the weight of which equaled that of her own body. Within three weeks they have seen the male bees developed from those tiny eggs ready to accept jobs as nurse bees.

It seems that bees not only know a great many things that they do not broadcast, but they are always ready and willing and able to learn new tricks, as some of Uncle Sam's experiments have shown. As illustrative they have been taught to distinguish between different colors. Their food supply has been placed near a light of a given color, and they have quickly learned to associate that particular color with food. Wherever that light has been placed, the bees have found it when-

ever they were hungry. When the food has been removed to another spot and near a light of a different color, they have promptly forsaken the old light and thereafter have gone in search of their meals near the new one. In this way they learned to associate their food supply with one color after another until all the colors of the spectrum had been used.

Uncle Sam's investigators have found that the average life of the worker bee is only six weeks during the high-pressure honey-making season. The worker spends about two-thirds of this time gathering a supply of nectar, and during the remainder of the period does a tour of duty in the hive. On its flights back and forth it is able to carry supplies equal to one-half its weight. Nectar and water are carried in a sack; whereas bits of pollen are put into stiff bristle baskets on the hind legs.

Hard work probably accounts for the short life of the bee. It comes into the world charged with a certain amount of energy which seemingly cannot be renewed. So each day it loses some of its strength and finally runs down somewhat as a clock does, though, unlike a clock, it cannot be rewound and started anew; so it dies when energy has been exhausted.

Because the bee has kept a number of its habits and manufacturing processes secrets for centuries, Uncle Sam's scientists had to resort to some very ingenious methods to learn what they wished to know. Among other things, they built a delicately balanced scale connected it with a recorder in such manner that the unsuspecting bees wrote their own record of the quantity of honey they produced daily. The balance also served as a time clock by showing exactly when the bees left the hive in the morning, the moment of their return, and the number of trips made during the day.

Evidently bees do not belong to a labor union, for the device also indicated that they neither observed the eight-hour law nor regular hours of work. When the weather was favorable, they left the hive as early as four o'clock in the morning. At seven or eight o'clock in the evening some were still on the job bringing in nectar and water. On bad days production suffered, and whenever a storm approached the bees flew back home several hours before the wind began to blow or the rain to fall.

Uncle Sam uses still another cleverly-conceived contrivance to wrest interesting and helpful information from the bees. Near one of his bee "settlements" that at times boasts a population of 6,000,000, he has placed an artificial flower that contains a supply of nectar. By means of an electrical contact with a float in the make-believe flower, a record is made of the quantity of bee food removed, the number of trips the industrious workers make, and the effect of weather conditions on their activities. The flower, by the way, is large enough to accomodate ten bees at one time.

Uncle Sam has also discovered, somewhat to his regret, that bees do not necessarily respect their owner. If he takes undue liberties, they show their resentment by stinging him just as quickly as they would were he a total stranger.

THE BLACK MENACE

By Erald A. Schivo

Hardell Hazzard was whistling as he entered the shack in the shadow of the big timber. A low, ominous snarl that came from an animal near a cold stove caused him to retrace his steps until he was again outside the log cabin, safe from the menace of the white fangs that had shown so dangerously in the gathering darkness.

"Blacky!" he called. "Blacky, don't you know me?"

He was answered by a vicious growl. Hardell frowned in exasperation. Of course the wolf dog knew him, else he would not be alive after having set foot in the cabin. Why did the black wolf that appeared so gentle and affectionate in the presence of his friend, Jim Anthony, hate him? He had never struck the animal nor had he ever spoken to the beast unpleasantly, yet Jim's dog knew that he hated him.

Hardell raged inwardly, but when he again spoke, his voice was kind. "Come out, Blacky, and let a fellow get to work and cook supper." Another vicious growl greeted him and only too well did he know that it would be dangerous for him to set foot in the cabin.

"I don't see what Jim sees in that wolf," he muttered under his breath in irritation. "I wish somebody would shoot him!"

More than once he had attempted to make friends with the black wolf but all advances had been met with snarls of hate. How Jim managed to fondle the huge beast in perfect safety could only be explained by the fact that Jim had raised the wolf from a pup.

"No use trying to get in while Blacky's there," muttered Hardell. He fingered a revolver in the holster of his belt, and for an instance a dark frown creased his forehead. Then he laughed. "What's the use?" he murmured as he shrugged his shoulders in surrender. "If I harm Blacky I'd hurt Jim more than the wolf. He loves him!"

A half hour passed, during which time he chopped wood. Several times he called to Blacky, but the wolf dog would not leave the cabin. There was nothing he could do except wait for Jim.

The sharp, joyous yelping of sheep dogs reached him. A few minutes later the bushy-haired animals dashed at him, barking loudly in their delight.

"Good old dogs," smiled Hardell as he fondled the dogs in much the same manner as Jim showed his fondness for the black wolf.

Jim approached. From the enclosures to the south of the cabin sounded the bleating of restless sheep. Jim had no doubt succeeded in rounding them up and penning them in for the night.

"Chopping wood?"

The rays of a full moon showed Jim, a wide Sombrero thrust back, revealing a youthful face bronzed by the peaceful rays of the sun. The voice expressed surprise, the blue eyes were opened wide in puzzled wonder.

"Yes, chopping wood," replied Hardell. "That wolf of yours is in the cabin and he wouldn't let me in!"

A merry chuckle came from Jim. "A great dog, Blacky. You should be one of his best pals. Why aren't you, Hardy?"

"I've tried too many times to make friends with Blacky. Each time he bared his teeth and snarled like the wolves that are raiding your father's herd. Did they get any tonight?"

Jim nodded regretfully. "It was the black wolf again, but before I could put in a shot I lost him in the darkness. He pulled down that little fellow you called Limpy."

"Limpy!" Hardell clinched his hands in anger. To him Limpy had been something to delight his sense of humor. He had been immediately attracted to the woolly animal by a limp that had given a peculiar swayingk walk that distinguished it from all others. And now Limpy was dead, pulled down by the vicious fangs of the black wolf. "I'll get that wolf some day," he muttered. "And now if you'll call Blacky away from the stove I might be able to get a little supper."

A sharp whistle cut the silence of the night. From the cabin door sprang the black wolf, and the darkness of the night seemed to accentuate a thin, white streak that flashed from the tip of the right ear to the tail. Jim laughed and the animal barked its delight, prancing around Jim in anticipation of play.

Hardell frowned thoughtfully and then hurried to the cabin. Within a short time he had started a fire in the stove. He put a kettle of water on to boil and then prepared a hasty supper.

"Blacky is queer," thought Hardell, hearing the animal's happy barking. "I wonder if he's the black wolf that's killing the sheep!" His eyes flashed in grim anticipation as the idea flashed through his mind. "It can't be," he mused, "else we'd surely see that streak of white across his back."

Nevertheless the idea persisted, and when Jim entered the cabin a few minutes later his eyes fastened on Blacky who followed. The black wolf blinked in the glare cast by two kerosene lamps. Hardell saw blood on the wolf's head.

"Ah!" cried Hardell as he jerked his revolver from its holster. "The killer!"

"The killer!" Jim stared in bewilderment and consternation as Hardell leveled the weapon.

The black wolf, fangs bared, a low, almost inaudible snarl coming from between the flashing teeth, crept to Hardell who took careful aim.

"Don't shoot, Hardy!" cried Jim. "Don't shoot—please!"

"A black wolf—Blacky! He's the sneaking brute that's pulling down your father's sheep. Look at that blood on his head. I'll finish him, Jim!"

"Don't shoot, Hardy. If you do I'll hate you for the remainder of my life." And as the wolf made ready to spring at the youth holding the revolver, Jim whistled sharply. The beast's ears fell back and he crouched. "Out!" cried Jim. "Get out!"

Like a flash the wolf turned and sprang for the door. Hardell, beads of perspiration oozing from his entire body, sheathed his revolver.

"Thanks, Hardy. I love that dog." "Wolf," corrected Hardell.

"I raised him from a pup," said Jim, "and I consider him my pal. I'd hate the man who harmed him!"

"Even if Blacky is the killer?"

"He isn't, Hardy. He wouldn't harm anything more than a rabbit, and that is probably how he came by the blood you noticed on his head." He smiled. "Chow almost ready?"

Hardell nodded. He had been near shooting Jim's wolf dog. Had he harmed the animal Jim's friendship would have been lost. He shuddered. Far better to permit a wolf to live rather than lose the friendship of Jim Anthony.

"Maybe you're right when you say Blacky got that blood on his head after finishing a rabbit, but I've got my suspicions. It was a black wolf that pulled down more'n half a dozen of your dad's herd. It was a black wolf that killed Limpy tonight—and Blacky was not with you!"

"It's not Blacky," persisted Jim "He thinks as much of the sheep as our other dogs."

"I don't think so. Remember that Blacky was born a wolf. Only you can touch him. If he were friendly he'd be different, but he's still wild. Is there any reason why Blacky shouldn't like me?"

Jim appeared thoughtful. "You don't treat him meanly, but you don't like him and never did from the first day you saw him."

"A wolf isn't a mind reader."

"Perhaps not, but Blacky has intelligence. Somehow he knows that you dislike him despite your efforts to be friendly."

"You're right, Jim. I never did like Blacky. He's an ugly brute and vicious. What you see in him I don't know." He shrugged. "If your father thought Blacky was the black menace he'd shoot him. I'm working for your dad, and if I see your wolf pull down a calf—"

Jim was pale. "You — you wouldn't kill him!"

"I would. Must I go on hearing how helpless sheep are slaughtered by a black monster that only kills for the love of the game?"

"Our summer vacation will soon be over and I'll take Blacky away from here."

Hardell laughed. "He'd die of loneliness. The sheep give him the adventure that he craves."

"You're wrong, Hardy. Dead wrong."

"I hope so."

"Promise me that you'll never harm Blacky."

"Even if I see him—"

"You won't see him."

"Then I'll readily promise not to shoot Blacky unless I see him attacking the herd under my charge. I owe that much to your father who pays me."

Jim nodded. "That suits me, Hardy. You're mistaken about the dog. A little prejudiced, I might say." He grinned. "It's getting late. Suppose we forget Blacky and dig into the chow?"

Hardell could not forget the wolf. When he slipped into his bunk for the night, he did not immediately fall into slumber as was usually the case. He remained awake wondering whether or not he would kill Blacky even if he did see the huge brute attacking a helpless lamb.

He was only too well aware that Jim thought more of Blacky than any number of sheep. But Mr. Anthony, Jim's father, owner of the herd, would expect his employees to shoot down all wolves that menaced it. Hardell sighed and fell into restless sleep. He would do his duty.

The following morning after break-

fast he cleaned his rifle as Jim watched him. It was difficult to guess what was passing through Jim's mind.

"Think you'll get the black wolf, Hardy?"

"Yes. One look will be sufficient."

"Not in the dark. Remember that the wolf is the color of the night."

"If I see him—"

"You'll not miss, Hardy. Your aim is too accurate."

Hardell said nothing in reply. Long since he had proved his skill with the rifle. Once he saw the wolf he'd not miss. A single bullet would end the "black menace" that killed so wantonly. When he returned to school he could tell his classmates that the life of a shepherd was not without its bit of adventure.

"Will you cook the grub tonight?" he asked.

Jim smiled. "Afraid Blacky will be here to greet you again?" he laughed.

"Yes and no."

"Can't be both."

"Why not? Your wolf might be here, in which case we'd have another late supper. On the other hand, I'd rather bring in the herd tonight. I might get a chance at that wolf."

"Guess poor Limpy's death has something to do with your wanting to end the career of the black wolf. My suppers, as you know, are not usually appetizing."

"I'll take a chance if you will."

"Righto. I'll make it pork and beans. Nothing to do but warm 'em. In that way you're sure of something fit to eat."

"You're the cook," grinned Hardell who was sick of beans. "Guess I can stand 'em if you can."

The sheep were driven far from the cabin. Blacky worked with the other dogs, and not once did he threaten them unless they invaded his chosen territory.

"Don't tell me that Blacky would kill the sheep he cares for so happily. Look at him march that bunch where they belong!"

As Hardell watched he could not help but admit that Blacky was incapable of inflicting any harm. He seemed to delight in his work more than the other dogs. Not once did Jim call him for shirking his duty. Quite the contrary. Never did Blacky rest, for when the herd appeared motionless he would make work for himself by sending a bunch scampering.

"Some dog," mused Jim. "Boy! What would I do without him?"

When the sun slipped over the hills in a blaze of glory the sheep herd was driven homeward. As darkness approached Jim took his leave, Blacky following him.

"Beans!" grumbled Hardell as Jim left him.

He had little difficulty in keeping the herd together. The dogs seemed very anxious to do their work well so that they would arrive home quickly and in safety.

"We'll soon be driving 'em into the enclosures—and not a sight of that black wolf."

No sooner had the words been uttered than one of the dogs uttered a vicious growl. It came from the right. Hardell released the safety catch on his rifle as the sheep bleated in despair.

A cloud hid the moon, but the dogs rushed toward the scene of disturbance. Hardell hurried forward. A short distance from the herd was

a lamb lying prone—dead. A black shape sprang from the body. Hardell raised his rifle. A white streak flashed across his sights.

"Blacky!" He lowered the rifle. Jim's wolf was rushing madly toward the timber. "The killer!" muttered Hardell. Again he raised the rifle. The white streak offered a target that he could not miss.

Jim's wolf dog was the "black menace." The country would be well rid of such a vicious beast, but somehow Hardell found difficulty in pulling the trigger.

"Jim will hate me!" he groaned. "My best friend will hate me!"

Was it not his duty to shoot down the wolf that preyed on the sheep herd? Were not the helpless, bleating animals in his care? He must shoot! He must destroy Blacky and thus put an end to the career of the "black menace." But something held back the necessary muscular motion to pull the trigger.

Still Blacky presented an excellent target. Strange that Jim had said that the wolf was so hard to see in the night. The white streak across the animal's back showed vividly in the darkness.

A few more seconds and Blacky would be safely in the dense timber. The white streak sprang into the air as if shot. Hardell lowered his rifle. He would not kill his friend's dog. He couldn't!

Again the white streak flashed in the air. There came to Hardell the unmistakable sound of a dog fight. He rushed ahead. Only the white streak guided him to the spot, for now everything was silent. Blacky was on the ground, a wound in his side, but not far from him was another animal—the black wolf that could not be seen in the night. Hardell struck a match and examined the massive body. The huge beast was quite dead. Something caught Hardell's eye. He struck another match. It revealed a wound inflicted within the last day. Was it probable that Blacky had fought the black wolf the night before?

Hardell laughed grimly. "You were trying to defend your good name, eh, Blacky?" But when he turned Jim's dog was no longer on the ground. The animal was limping homeward to show his master a wound of honor.

A HABIT THAT KILLS

While visiting a military camp during the Civil War, President Lincoln said that he had rather see his two boys die on the spot than to grow up profane men.

Did you ever think of swearing as such a serious habit? Lincoln would rather have seen his boys die than to have them grow up with a habit that kills. "Kills?" you say. "How can swearing kill?" First of all, this habit kills your self-respect. When you use profane language you begin to rate yourself too low. Second, you kill your regard for others. And third, you kill your reverence for God. You see, it is a habit that kills.—Selected.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Mr. Carriker and his carpenter shop boys recently completed dirt bodies for several wagons.

—o—

For several days past Mr. Presson and his Receiving Cottage boys have been hauling wood to the various cottages.

—o—

A report from the North Carolina Orthopedic Hospital, Gastonia, informs us that Hiram Boughman, one of our boys who has been undergoing treatment for some time, is improving.

—o—

A group of the larger boys, under the direction of Mr. G. Lee Simpson, a member of our teaching staff, are holding daily rehearsals for a play entitled "On the Road to Bethlehem," which will be given in the auditorium on Christmas Eve

—o—

After enjoying an unusually long period of delightful Fall weather, we had several bad days this week. A storm consisting of a little snow, sleet and rain, halted the outdoor activities, making it necessary for the boys on the outside forces to remain in their cottages.

—o—

For the past few days we have noticed several little folks, their faces wreathed in smiles, going about the campus selling Christmas seals, and from the way their supply seemed to be deminishing, we think they have proven they are good salesmen. A report comes to our ears that one of these youngsters became so engrossed in his task that it interfered with his sleep at night. The work itself has its appeal, as does the interest manifested by these youngsters. It is hard for any one who has a little loose change in his pocket, to turn a deaf ear when approached by one of these smiling young salsemen.

—o—

We are glad to receive the following report from Talmage Fry, who was paroled from this institution in 1928. He writes that he is employed in a bakery in Charlottesville, Va., where he now occupies the position as foreman. Talmage was started in the bakery work at the Training School. While now a native of another state he has not lost his love for his home state and says he would be delighted to be located in North Carolina. Talmage came to us from Greensboro.

—o—

Preparation for the approaching Christmas season is now very much in evidence at the Jackson Training School. In going about the campus we hear the boys practicing Christmas carols; cottage officers and matrons are getting out gaily colored

decorations and colored electric lights for the purpose of beautifying the cottages; our purchasing agent may be seen conferring with salesmen inquiring as to their best prices for candies, fruit, nuts, etc.; boys writing letters to home folks, making known what they would like to receive for Christmas. All of which causes us to realize that the happy holiday season is just around the corner, and we feel sure that our entire population will be listening for the arrival of Santa Claus on Christmas Eve.

—o—

We enjoyed another song service in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon. This program was rendered by Rev. R. S. Arrowood and his choir from the McKimmon Presbyterian Church, Concord, and was thoroughly enjoyed by all present. The program consisted of a vocal solo, "Just For Today," by Rev. Arrowood, Mr. Fred Brown playing violin obligato; a number by a male quartet, composed of Rev. Arrowood and Messrs E. B. Arrowood, W. W. Crooks and L. R. Crooks; and several numbers by the choir. In addition to those already mentioned, the following members of the choir took part in the program: Misses Mabel Henry, Adelaide Allred, Margie Goodman, Margaret Brown and Craig Stradford. Miss Walena Crooks played the piano accompainment. We appreciate the interest in our boys shown by these good friends from Concord, and wish to assure them that we shall be glad to have them visit us again.

WHAT IT TOOK

This is what it took to make a dress forty years ago: Fifteen yards of silk, five yards of skirt lining, three yards of horsehair cloth to stiffen the skirt, four yards of silk for dust ruffle, five yards of velveteen skirt binding, twenty-four inches of skirt belting and the same of waist belting, one and one-half yards of sleeve lining, two inches of buckram for collar stiffening, four dozen fancy buttons, one card large hooks and eyes, two cards of medium and one card invisible hooks and eyes, five spools of cotton thread, four of buttonhole twist, two yards of feather boning for waist, one yard of small boning for collar and bolt of seam binding. And yet we still hear persons making fun of women's clothes of today.—Selected.

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XIX CONCORD, N. C., DECEMBER 19, 1931 No. 51

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ONE PROBLEM

Life, after all, contains only one great problem —that is so adjusting yourself to the inevitable that you can keep your peace of mind and your self re spect. The great victory of life is the conquest of worry. The greatest discovery a man can make is how to escape envy and hate.—Douglas Freeman.

PUBLISHED BY

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL
PUBLISHED BY

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

AVOID ME

I am more powerful than the combined armies of the world.

I have destroyed more men than all the wars of the nations.

I am more deadly than bullets, and I have wrecked more homes than the mightiest of siege guns.

I steal in the United States alone over $300,000,000 *each year.*

I spare no one, and I find my victims among the rich and poor alike, the young and old, the strong and weak. Widows and orphans know me.

I climb up to such proportions that I cast my shadow over every field of labor, from the turning of a grindstone to the moving of every railroad train.

I massacre thousands upon thousands of wage earners each year.

I lurk in uncertain places and do most of my work silently. You are warned against me, but you heed not.

I am everywhere—in the house, on the street, in the factory, at railroad crossings, and on the sea.

I bring sickness, degradation, and death, and yet few seek to avoid me.

I destroy, crush, or maim, I give nothing, but take all.

I am your worst enemy.

I AM CARELESSNESS.

—Young Lutheran Magazine.

WHICH?

This question, "which do you prefer, friends and flowers, or money and no flowers," was asked during a social gathering of mutual friends some few days ago. The replies were as varied as there were guests to answer. The reply of the writer was "there is no reason why money should divorce one from friends and flowers, but the greater reason for more friends and more

flowers." The line of demarcation between the rich and poor is imaginary, the person of small means makes it by feeling that money gives an exalted position.

But, why such a question some one asked? The answer revealed the fact that the thought came while visiting a young woman in a hospital who, prior to her illness, held a position as sales lady in one of the biggest department stores of the community. This young woman did not possess wealth, but instead fine salesmanship combined with that grace, love of service, that made for her a legion of friends. Her friends showed appreciation of her worth by making her room a perfect bower of home grown and hot house flowers. Just across the hall was another patient, the son of a wealthy family. His room did not reflect that glow of universal thought and appreciation, but just the things than money can buy—the best room, a special nurse and a few hot house plants.

There are some who wonder if the array of flowers, and sweet attention to this young girl, made an impress upon the young man. Unquestionably an interest was awakened, and in a manner that indicated an appreciation of all that was done for the young woman. He showed an unselfish interest by asking that the flowers be brought to his room, admiring them profusely. In fact there is reason to think he desired to contribute to the lavish display.

It is the individual alone, either a super sensitive one, a social climber, or a grouch that sets up a different standard of living and thinking for the rich. They are human and have the same secrets and desires of mankind regardless of class or wealth. No one is indifferent to nice little attentions. We often hold ourselves too aloof from the people of means, and after coming in close contact they are found to be as normal and interested in conditions as other people and appreciate knowing the trials and troubles of the less fortunate. This estimate has been gathered from experience.

* * * * * * * * * * *

READ UNDERSTANDINGLY

There are many advocates of "eliminating illiteracy" in the good old State of North Carolina, who feel they have accomplished a noble task, and measured up to the requirements of the undertaking if the masses are privileged just to learn to read and 'rite. It is commendable that the interests of individuals and organizations are being merged sufficiently to rem-

edy the illiteracy record in North Carolina. The ambition though must extend farther than just the ability to read and write, for to call words and write words without the thinking qualities, or an understanding, does not eliminate absolute ignorance in matters of learning. The power to think while reading, to have a conception or picture made by the words or sentences, should be emphasized while mastering the mechanics of reading, especially during the first four grades of the elementary schools.

If a child is old enough to attend school the little minds should be taught to think and concentrate with moderation as to ability and capacity. This is wherein a primary teacher's place is of vital importance. Not only does the primary teachers have to possess qualifications, but the temperamentally fitted and have an understanding of psychogenesis so as to safe guard a child from being over taxed mentally or physically.

Public opinion today is that reading is a lost art, and the cause is thought to be the way reading is taught in the public schools. Just a few weeks ago at a public meeting of a patriotic organization a young high school girl was called upon to give an impromptu reading. And the manner in which she stumbled over words with no expression of the thought incorporated was embarassing, and neither is she an exception to the rule. Evidently there is something loose in the system of teaching, or an indifference upon the part of the ones who instruct.

To read understandingly is the first essential towards inculcating a taste for reading books or stories and one of the finest ways in the world to absorb the fundamentals that lead to higher education.

This idea of night schools to teach the illiterates to read and write is a splendid undertaking, but it is more than essential in every instance to put over a fine program of interpretative reading so as to inculcate a taste for reading, for a "reading people is a leading people."

* * * * * * * * * *

After an investigation into the life of 891 college girls, representing as many as 255 schools, the personnel investigator of Teachers College of Columbia University gives out the startling facts that the college girl has a 20 per cent less chance to marry than the non-campus ladies, also that the college girl is showing strong signs of lagging in business interest.

This same investigator admonishes the college woman to learn some business in connection with the college training, possibly this is advised to give

a broader contact with all classes, so as to know people in fields other than the cultural activities that in a way narrows one's vision of the class who have not enjoyed the advantages of a college career.

* * * * * * * * * *

CALDWELL'S FINAL CHRISTMAS

We carry here an excerpt from the last Christmas editorial of the late J. P. Caldwell, former editor of the Charlotte Observer, remembered all over the country because of his gifted pen. It is a most beautiful and inspiring tribute to the season:

"Let us not forget how meaningless the blessed season may be to those whom we have always with us—The poor. Let us endeavor to see that not one of these poverty-stricken ones shall awaken on the glorious Christmas morning to confront—an empty stocking.

"As God has prospered us, let us minister to them. Let each one of us search out some one of the needy and make him or her happier for just one day, and when we have accomplished this good thing will the full realization of the divine promise dawn upon us. They are all God's creatures—These needy ones—clothed in his image and numbered among the elect for whom the great sacrifice was made. Let us help them to an understanding of what Christmas day means.

"So likewise, the man or the woman who seeks to banish from the fairyland of childhood the beautiful myth of Santa Claus, is an enemy to the human race. The spirit that would shatter this cherished hope of a twelve month. This bright ray of joy rejected through the vista of the year; that beckons the tots to the happiest day of their lives and leaves its sweet memories of full stockings and enchanted dreams, does not measure up to the full breadth of Christian citizenship. Rather let up perpetuate this delightful mystery of the ages and by our works decree that the children's patron saint shall not know the proud portals of the rich from the humble hovels of the poor.

"May we—all of us—enter into the spirit of the season with hearts attuned to the beautiful lesson that it inculcates—making others happy —'God bless us every one!' "

* * * * * * * * * *

To tell you that the Jackson Training School boys are thrilled with the anticipation of a joyous Christmas, is nothing more than expected. The boys are entering into the rehearsals for a Christmas play with an earnestness that would put to shame other people who have the privilege of enjoying life

in abundance with no thought of tomorrow. The Evergreen Christmas tree, typifying the eternal life, emblazoned with a myraid of lights will as usual hold central place along with other decorations. The boys have the Christmas spirit and there is every reason to forecast the many friends of the institution will unite with the officials of the school in giving to the boys a Christmas that reflects the glory of the season and the beneficent spirit of the good people of the state. The first contributions to the Jackson Training School Christmas cheer are:

Stonewall Circle, King's Daughters, Concord	$10.00
McClellan Store, Concord	5.00
Mr. J. A. Peck, Concord	1.00
Mrs. Charles E. Boger, Concord	10.00
Mrs. W. N. Reynolds, Winston-Salem,	25.00
Mr. Charlie Barnhardt, Charlotte,	5.00
Mrs. Cameron Morrison, Charlotte,	50.00
Mr. Bernard M. Cone, Greensboro	10.00
Mrs. I. W. Faison, Charlotte	5.00
Judge Wm. M. York, Greensboro	10.00
Woman's Club, Canton	5.00

RAMBLING AROUND

With Old Hurrygraph

"We ring the bells and we raise the strain,
We hang up garlands everywhere
And bid the tapers twinkle fair,
And feast and frolic—and then we go
Back to the same old lives again."

—o—

It is just as easy not to want the things you can get as it is to get the things you don't want.

—o—

There are so many people who like for their friends to be perfectly frank about everybody else but themselves.

—o—

Dorothy Dix declared that married people do not go into conferences. It does look so. If they do not go into battle they go to Reno.

—o—

A friend told me the other day that "the new dollar bills are smaller than the old ones, and go a great deal farther than they did a year ago." No doubt about that. Mine have gone so far that they haven't come back.

—o—

I was warning a little neighbor of mine about crossing the streets. "Oh, don't worry," the child assured me. "I always wait for the empty space to come by."

—o—

"Dar is luck in a rabbit's foot," said Uncle Eben, "specially if it helps de rabbit run as fast as de 'casion requires."

—o—

A famous doctor, on one occasion, went to an insane asylum to see a patient. Before leaving he tried to telephone to his office. Not receiving as quick service as he thought he should, he said to the operator, "I guess you don't who I am," "No," replied the operator, "but I know where you are."

—o—

"The public's buying power," shouts a newspaper before me, "must be maintained." "Does this, by any possibility, mean power to buy stocks? Or does it mean power to pay rent, fuel bills, food bills, clothing bills, and beauty bills. I have recently heard of a girl working for $4 a week, who has purchased a $125 radio set.

—o—

A lecturer was describing some of the sights he had seen abroad. "There are some spectacles," he said, "that one never forgets." "I wish you could tell me where I can get a pair of them," exclaimed an old lady in the audience. "I'm always forgetting mine."

—o—

The joyful Christmas Day will soon be upon us. It seems to me that sad things are fewer; that glad things are more abundant; that the stars shine brighter; the bells ring clearer, and the whole world is dearer, on Christmas night. What a change would be worked in our own lives, our homes, our state, our nation, if we could, or would, make a habit of this joyful manner of living. Concentrating on the good points in life. Christmas, not merely in the month of December, but in

your soul and mine, in everyday living, in the attitude towards life and all of its problems. Give yourself a Christmas present in the way of a new appreciation of the values of life. Put more sunshine in your life and more it will light the way for those about you. So that we may say, not only in this glad season, but throughout the days to come, "The Lord bless thee, and keep thee, and be gracious unto thee: the Lord lift up His countenance upon thee and give thee peace." I can offer no greater Christmas wish for my thousands of readers than that the season, and in all the years to come, will bring them more and greater Gifts of the Spirit, which are eternal.

—o—

What's the matter with the country? Nothing irreparable. It has been in the dumps. It is still in the dumps, although the silver lining of the cloud is revealed. Its morale has been below par. It lost its buoyancy and faith. Its characteristic militancy departed. Its courage ebbed. Like the old man who had many troubles that never happened, the country's woes, hard enough to bear, have been exaggerated out of all reason, possibly for selfish ends. In majority part, they have been grossly accentuated and been more imaginary than real. A harping on the air and in the press about hard times has created, and is still creating, a state of mind conducive to adversity. Hearkening to doleful tidings, promulgated from day to day, one would be led to believe that this glorious Republic was going on the rocks and stalking in the depths of despair. Convalescence and recovery are today retarded by plaints of the pessimists. Awake, O Zion! As Isaiah, the prophet said, "Awake, put on strength, O arms of the Lord: awake as in the ancient days, in the generations of old." And as St. Paul said, "Awake to righteousness, and sin not; for some have not the knowledge of God."

—o—

Age brings to a man many valuable lessons he learns nowhere else. It impresses him with the idea that he is making only one trip through life, and his behavior counts heavily for weal or woe. That even pennies are worth saving. To avoid giving offense whenever possible. A man is better off to avoid quarrels. Because a man disagrees with you is not necessarily an indication that he is all wrong, and headed for the bow-wows. When a man begins to feel his years he wants peace, security, and respect. Kindness is a great key to this, as well as good humor. A surly fellow does not make friends. It is a fine thing to look at the sunny side of life—to see the good things in our fellow men and be blind, or lenient, to their faults. We all have faults we do not wish the other fellow to magnify. The habitual fault-finder is a social pest. Business that depends on the good will of a community is not for him. Heed this gospel truth: "For whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

You do not make life sacred by looking sad.—Cope.

DR. SAM W. SMALL

(Asheville Citizen)

The death of Dr. Sam W. Small of the Atlanta Constitution brings to newspaper men all over the south a sense of personal sorrow. His passing is a loss to the public which he served with fidelity throughout a long life.

Dr. Small was, we think, the last of the southern journalists who lent distinction to the newspapers of this section of the country a generation ago. There were giants in those days; it is not simply the haze of time which makes them seem so. And Dr. Small moved among them as an equal. He had perhaps the most varied career of any southern newspaper man of his day and to the very end his zest for his work never waned, his pen lost nothing of its power.

Secretary in his youth to Andrew Johnson when the Tennessean was staging his comback as United States Senator, an official reporter of the United States Senate, founder of the Norfolk Pilot and later of the Oklahoma City Oklahoman, an evangelist of note for years, organizer of the public schools of Cuba. Dr. Small roamed actively over a wide field. But he was ever the journalist and throughout nearly sixty years he maintained always some kind of connection with the Constitution. It was his first and constant love.

Fifty-four years ago Dr. Small reported stenographically the entire proceedings of the Georgia constitutional convention, taking down every word and writing out the full report for publication in the Constitution the following morning. He did this single-handed and without assistance and only the expert stenographer can appreciate what a monumental achievement it was.

In recent years no other man has been so vigorous or so convincing as Dr. Small in his attacks upon the constitution which he helped to frame and which in operatioon, as he demonstrated over and over again, had militated tremendously against the upbulding of the state.

He campaigned the southern states for prohibition, speaking and writing with the greatest effect. When he became convinced that national prohibition had not worked and would not work he turned his energies towards its repeal.

Woodrow Wilson, whose use of shorthand interested so many when he became President, learned it from Dr. Small, whose close friend he was when he was a young lawyer in Atlanta. Dr. Small liked to boast that he had known every President from Buchanan to Hoover, a record that was perhaps unequalled.

Besides his other work for The Constitution Dr. Small conducted a column which he called "Looking and Listening." It reflected his attitude over more years than the Psalmist allotted to the average man. He had an unusually full life but at 80 he was still living, not in the past, but in the present and the future, drawing upon his rich store of observation and experience only as it reflected light upon the conditions of today and the prospects of tomorrow.

The eagerness with which he carried on, in spite of age, in spite of infirmities, in spite of misfortunes,

in spite of sorrows was an inspiration to all who knew him or who knew his work.

GIRLS AND THEIR FIRST JOBS

Each summer and fall thousands of boys and girls go to work for the first time. This year there are not so many jobs as usual. The discouragement of young people eager to begin their careers is one of the spiritual hurts of a period of unemployment. But employment has its problems too. It has become clear that one of the major difficulties of the adolescent girl is "adjustment to her work life"—or to put it more plainly, "getting along with the boss." This is more important than the mere matter of keeping a job, getting promotion or acquiring skill. For as an authority has said, "The work phase of personality of an individual tends, in later life, to become the dominant phase of personality." The girl who in her first job does not seem to get along with the boss or her fellow-workers, builds up what the psychologists call an "escape mechanism." She may keep changing jobs, which can easily become a habit and develop "an irresponsible roving attitude" toward life in general. Or she may stay on the job and retreat into herself, seeking mental escape—which profoundly affects her personality, making her indifferent, irresponsible and incapable of constructive effort.

Few employers know enough about mental problems—even if they had the time—to help young employees find themselves. Parents unfortunately are likely to do more harm than good—either by being too sympathetic or too negligent. Competent detached advisers are needed. This function is being performed by such agencies as the junior department of the Y. M. C. A., which is now celebrating its fiftieth anniversary, and by certain state departments of labor. Their task is to steer the delicate course between being meddlesome and being perfunctory. At a time such as the present, when so many adult men and women are in need, they are urging young girls not to go to work except as a last resort and to use their idle time in getting more education. It is more necessary than ever that those girls who do start work should be as well trained as possible. Otherwise they are likely to be quickly displaced and we shall have as another aftermath of the depression a great number of women whose lives will be colored by a sense of failure.—Woman's Home Companion.

YOUTHFUL SPIRIT

(Durham Herald)

Dr. R. T. Vann, of Raleigh distinguished Baptist preacher, recently celebrated his 80th birthday by a day in the woods and fields, hunting. The feat is so remarkable as to call attention to the notable success of Dr. Vann, who overcame more obstacles than fall to the lot of most young men who rise to a position of eminence in the church and state.

Many men of 80 years of age are, of course, still strong and vigorous and able to spend a day in the fields if so inclined. Not many men, however, of that age still have the youthfulness of spirit that would carry them through a day's outing of that nature. Dr. Vann's venture however, is remarkable when his physical handicap is remembered. When a boy he lost both of his arms at the shoulders in a saw mill accident. Such a handicap would have meant disaster for most boys. They would not have thought it worthwhile to make any effort for particular attainment in life. But the Vann boy was not defeated. There was no wealth in his family but he managed to go to school and to make the best use of his opportunities. Meanwhile, he learned how, with the aid of mechanical devices to get along normally without the use of arms and hands. His skill with the gun, which enables him to bring down a bird on the wing, shows how proficient he became in that respect.

Dr. Vann's career demonstrates that defeat is only for those who are willing to be defeated. With heavy physical handicap overtaking him, he still has the spirit and determinanation to go on. As a youth he had the spirit that spurred him on to success. At 80 years of age, he still has the spirit to go out occasionally and spend the day in hunting. Most men of that age are content to let some one ele do their hunting for them, and to do most of the tasks of the world and to engage in its pastimes. They are content to rest on what they already have accomplished, with their thoughts in the past.

Dr. Vann is living in the present and still looking forward, perhaps as intensely and eagerly as he did as a boy. It is that spirit, no doubt, which accounts for much of his success despite his handicap, and which still keeps him in the midst of life.

It is just as easy to form a good habit as it is a bad one. And it is just as hard to break a good habit as a bad one. So get the good ones and keep them.—Selected.

SEAL SALE'S 25TH ANNIVERSARY

(Selected)

The first Christmas seal sale in the United States was promoted twenty-five years ago by Emily P. Bissell of Wilmington, Del., to raise money for a tuberculosis hospital on the banks of the Brandywine creek. Ever since, she has been identified with the campaign against tuberculosis both in her home state and in the nation, and during this period has witnessed the inroads of the disease reduced by half.

The sum raised in 1907 was devoted to the single institution she had in view; today there are more than two thousand tuberculosis associations and committees engaged in raising funds with which to fight tuberculosis in their own communities. As a result of these activities, tuberculosis sanatoria have been erected; summer camps for children conducted; public health nurses maintained, and educational work prosecuted. Yet there is a great deal left to do, for tuberculosis is still the leading cause of death among persons between fifteen and forty-five years of age.

At the last annual meeting of the National Tuberculosis Association, Miss Bissell was the guest of honor at a session held to commemorate the twenty-fifth Christmas seal sale. She explained how she came to adopt this means of raising money.

"It was not a sudden inspiration or detached idea," she said. "I had been looking for something of the sort for years. I went into volunteer social work in my teens serving on boards and committees, and I had learned that it is comparatively easy to get five and ten dollar subscriptions. It is also possible, if the confidence of the community is obtained, to get fairly large contributions, into the thousands of dollars. But the real difficulty is to gain the participation of the huge general public—those able to give from ten cents to a dollar—who should be reached in any cause where popular education and cooperation are needed.

"I never found the answer to this question until I read an article by Jacob Riis describing a Christmas seal which the Danish government sold like stamps in the post offices for the benifit of a children's sanatorium. Einar Holboell, a post office clerk, originated the idea, and it had been unusually successful.

"Just at the time I read about this, a group of physicians in Wilmington who had established a shack among the hills with one nurse and half a dozen patients, came to me in despair and begged me to help them, for their money was about gone.

"I put the matter up to the Delaware Chapter of the Red Cross and they gave me the power to go ahead —on condition that I raise the money to finance the sale, as the chapter was powerless to do so."

Miss Bissell then described how she consulted the best advertising men she could find for advice and suggestions. All prophesied failure. Yet the large stores in Philadelphia came in, the newspapers opened their columns, and the sale was permitted in post offices and

other public places. The following year the sale was extended throughout the nation, still against the advice of advertising men who considered the success of the first campaign to be due to novelty.

"I selected from a gazette of newspapers six thousand journals to which I sent copy about the seal and its message," said Miss Bissell. "As soon as this was published, the national Red Cross, which that year sold the seals from Washington headquarters, had to put on twenty clerks to cope with the rush orders.

"But the Red Cross is an emergency organization. It must keep its personnel free for emergencies. So when the World War called for full activity, the Christmas seal sale was turned over to the National Tuberculosis Association, which has conducted it since that time not only as a fund raising enterprise, but as a symbol of health with an important educational function.

"As I look at the Christmas seal today I see the hordes of people who had no hope, and who have it now.

"I see thousands of doctors and nurses alert to help and save life.

"I see thousands of little children crippled and sickly, who have never had a chance for health and strength before.

"I see millions of great, generous American people, rich and poor, upon whom we can rely to carry the Christmas seal and the work it presents forward year by year."

LESSON IN COURTESY

A mother had need one evening to pass between the light and her little son. With sweet, grave, courtesy, she said: "Will you excuse me, dear, if I pass between you and the light?"

He looked up and said: "What made you ask me that, mother?"

Because, dear," she answered, "it would be rude to do it without speaking. I would not think of not speaking if it had been Mr. F——, the minister, and surely I would not be ruder to my own boy.

The boy thought a moment, and then asked: "Mother, what ought I to say back?"

"What do you think would be nice?"

He studied over it a while, for he was such a wee laddie, and then said: "Would it be nice to say, 'Sure, you can?' "

That was mother's time to say: "That would be nice; but how would you like to say, just as Mr. F—— would, 'Certainly?' It means the same thing, you know."

That little lad, now a young man in college is remarked for his never-failing courtesy. A friend said of him the other day: "It's the second nature to W—— to be polite.—Christian Work.

THE NEW BIBLE

(Kings Mountain Herald)

Some years ago the Legislature of North Carolina was about to pass a law to eject the Bible from all the state schools of North Carolina. In Raleigh there were many representative men from all parts of the state lobbying. Some for the Bible. And some against the Bible. In this number of lobbyists was a dear friend of mine, a Methodist preacher, who was much interested in having the Bible read in all of our schools, and also there was present a certain great college president of one of our Baptist colleges who was against the Bible being taught or read in state schools. The college president sarcastically asked the Methodist preacher: "Bro. Blank, what Bible will you put in the schools? There are several sorts of Bibles: The Latin Bible, the Hebrew Bible, the Roman Catholic Bible, the Protestant Bible, and some say the Baptists have a Bible. They may happen to put the Baptists Bible in the schools." Quick as a flash with a twinkle in the eye the Methodist preacher said, "Let us have the Baptist Bible. It is better than no Bible." He won his case. It is true, any sort of Bible is better than no Bible. But I want the best Bible. And for me the King James Version of the Bible is the best Bible.

One of the most interesting events of the fall is the publication, by the University of Chicago press, of a new "American translation" of the Bible.

For years a group of scholars at the university has worked on a plan to render the Bible in a modern idiom, free of all archaic forms of speech. Now their work has been finished. It is an excellent job, and there are certain passages—notably the 18th and 19th chapters of the gospel of John, where Christ's trial before Pilate is described—that take a new clarity and a new interest.

But in the main one lays down this "Americanized" Bible with a new feeling of admiration for the men who rendered the familiar King James version centuries ago. They were absolute masters of English, and they dotted their work with phrases and sentences that cannot be improved on any more than "King Lear" could be improved by being rendered into Broadwayese.

And that is a point we too often forget. When we count up the great master-works of English literature we speak of Shakespeare's plays, Milton's poems and so on—and forget that the King James Bible (either in the Authorized or Revised editions), considered purely as literature, is a heritage that can never lose its value as long as any men anywhere on earth read and speak English.

Consider, for example, the famous quotation from Paul's espitle to the Corinthians—"For now we see as through a glass darkly." Something is lost when that becomes "for now we are looking at a dim reflection in a mirror," even though the meaning may become a shade more clear.

Nor does the line in Revelations—"And I looked, and behold a pale

horse: and his name that sat on him was Death, and Hell followed with Him''—retail its original bite when it becomes, ''And there I saw a horse the color of ashes, and its rider's name was Death, and Hades followed him.''

Then there is the thunderous line from Jude—''Wandering stars, to whom is reserved the blackness of darkness forever;'' its force ebbs out somehow, when it reads, ''Wandering stars, doomed forever to utter darkness.''

The new version, to be sure, has been done skillfully and reverently. In the matter of clarity there is a distinct and valuable gain. But the mightiest lines of the old version cannot be improved upon.

Taking everything in consideration there is no better Bible than the King James Bible. That is good enough for me. The tinkering with the Bible, and the criticising of the Bible has caused the Bible to lose its sacredness and also in some measure its appeal on the hearts of consciences of men. Follow the King James Bible. It will help you to live right and die happy.

WHY NOT THE CHILD?

You know the model of your car,
You know just what its powers are.
You treat it with a deal of care
Nor tax it more than it will bear.
But as for son—that's different;
His mechanism may be bent,
His carburetor gone to grass,
His engine just a rusty mass.
His wheels may wobble and his cogs
Be handed over to the dogs.
And he skips and skids and slides
Without a thought of things inside.
What fools, indeed, we mortals are
To lavish care upon a car
With ne'er a bit of time to see
About our child's machinery!

—John Kendrick Bangs.

THE ONLY ANIMAL THAT LAUGHS

By Augustus W. Dougherty

Laughter is commonly regarded as an expression of merriment peculiar to the human species. But there is a certain four-footed mammal among the animal creation, known as the spotted hyena of southern Africa, that can laugh, and he also laughs out loud.

The hyena's first laughable skrieks are heard at twilight when the shadows in the jungle begin to lengthen; while searching for food in the darkness his spasmodic laughter fills the live-long night with terror, and his last fitful laugh is delivered at daybreak. The only time he doesn't seem to care to laugh is when eating his dinner, or when lying sprawled out snoozing in some shady cavern, while the midday sun bakes the surrounding plains. All those wild and uncanny howls and shrill screams in the pitch darkness of desert wastes, piercing the night air of the jungles for miles around, sound not unlike the demoniacal laughter of some raving maniac. But they are sufficient proof that the savage creature actually does laugh, and laughs often.

When you visit a big zoo and gaze at the hyena in an iron-barred cage, you will generally find the imprisoned creature walking back and forth, but never uttering a sound. He presents a picture of misery and discontent, seeming ever grieving, and in despair under the galling yoke of captivity. In the wild state, however, where he may enjoy perfect freedom, in his quaint expressions of gratification, he seems to try his level best to imitate or counterfeit the human voice. And whether amused, wretched, despondent or hungry, his vocal powers are liable to break out into such spells of wild laughing, that anyone hearing him for the first time might imagine the strange creature to be tickled into spasmodic convulsions.

The spotted hyena, which has well earned the fitting sobriquet of "laughing hyena," spends his nights in prowling about through the dark jungles of his African home, hiding himself during the day under a big rock, within a secluded cave, or else in the abandoned retreat of some other animal. He is a repulsive looking wolf-like animal; skulking, cowardly and treacherous. He is quite useful in his homeland though, for he performs a similar service among quadrupeds that vultures do among birds; and as scavenger, he disposes of remnants of various carcasses and offal which otherwise might pollute the air and cause sickness. While generally regarded as a vulture among beasts, he much prefers food that has been slain by lions, leopards and other wild animals, and always manages to appear upon the scene after they have feasted upon their prey, to clear up the bones, and such other fragments as may have been discarded. He is satisfied to take what other animals may leave.

With a head and body four and a half feet long, and weighing upwards of one hundred and fifty pounds, the hyena resembles a

wolf in size, and presents such a ferocious aspect that the natives of Cape Colony often call him the "tiger wolf." But he's not so dangerous as he looks, for while he may sometimes carry away a calf or lamb, and when hungry will attack larger animals, he always shuns a man, and will instantly skulk away at the sight of any human being.

The sprinkling of little round brown spots, dotted all about on his back and shaggy sides, give him the name he bears. A speckled, yellow-gray coat of long and coarse hair, forming a stiff mane along the neck and back,—together with a short and bushy tail—makes up his loose-fitting costume for all seasons. His low and drooping hindquarters, his abnormally high shoulders and long and heavy neck, seem to give the brindled creature a top-heavy appearance, as well as to cause him to run in an awkward and shambling gait. His big, bright, far-seeing eyes fairly sparkle in the darkness. His long open ears afford excellent hearing facility, and his sooty nose is keen-scented, while his massive teeth are strong enough to crush with ease the bones of an ox. If his courage only equalled his enormous strength, he would prove a dangerous foe to almost any adversary.

These night-prowling bearcats that shamble after dark, hunting in packs, usually follow larger preying animals to devour their leavings. When out on foraging expeditions, their singular chorus of harsh, frightful howls, and weird and uncanny screams and hysterical laughter, make the night hideous in their gloomy jungle home.

Fierce and untamable as these wild creatures appear, the baby hyenas, when captured young and trained, readily grow tame and easy to manage. The natives sometimes rear a number of hyena pupies and keep them about their homes as common house dogs.

EDISON LEFT HIS MARK

Visiting Henry Ford three years ago, Thomas Edison was walking around the Ford museum under construction when he noticed some fresh concrete being laid at the door. Taking a spade from the museum collection, once used by Luther Burbank, close friend of Edison, the great inventor stepped out onto the soft concrete, stuck the spade into it and with a stick wrote:

"Thomas A. Edison, September, 27, 1928."

Henry Frod ordered the spade, footprints and signature of Edison to remain as it was until the concrete had hardened. Then he had this section of concrete cut out and put inside the museum in the most prominent place where today he regards it as his most valuable historical relic.—Selected.

B-Z-Z-Z SAYS THE RATTLER

By Henry H. Graham

America has only four really poisonous snakes, the rattlesnake, the moccasin, the copperhead and the Harlequin or coral snake. This quartet carry venom, which, if injected into the human body, usually brings death unless prompt counteractive measures are used. Sometimes, however, the snake's attack is ill-timed or the distance is too great and not enough venom is injected to be dangerous. Nevertheless snake bites are never to be trifled with. Many die annually from this cause and the best of remedial measures are none too good.

Of the four snakes listed above the least common is the coral, which is a beautiful creature, often called the candy stick snake because of the brilliant, gaudy coloring, consisting of broad alternating rings of black and crimson, separated from each other by narrower yellow rings. It gives no warning by rattle or other means. In fact, the rattlesnake, which utters a peculiar buzz-like cry, is the only one of the poisonous reptiles to give warning. The rattler is also the most common of the four, being found in practically every state in the union. There are many varieties, but all have the common, triangular-shaped head, the fangs and the series of rattles on the tail. This reptile is most frequently seen in desert regions, and in fact almost every snake seen in the desert is a rattler. The best thing to wear when in a country infested by poisonous snakes is heavy trousers, leggings or boots and a heavy shirt, preferably of leather or boleskin. One should look where he steps and puts his hands, too, for a snake may be in a most unexpected place.

The moccasin is oftenest found in swampy regions, particularly those of the south. Its color pattern is obscure, the ground color being light to dark brown with darker cross bands, sometimes indistinct and fringed with yellow spots. No warning is given by this serpent, which matches well the cover in which concealment is effected.

The copperhead, called also the Highland moccasin or chunkhead, lives in the eastern, southern and middle states. Its color pattern is always the same regardless of where it is found. It is a pale sort of brown, grading into pale green on the tail. There are blotches or cross bands that are reddish brown in color. No warning is given.

Many people wonder what makes venom so poisonous. This is due to two of its constituents, neurtoxins and hemmorhagins. The former paralyze the nerve centers and finally affect the heart unless the absorption of the venom is checked. The latter cause bleeding, blood actually seeping away through holes in the arteries. Symptoms of snake bite, which begin to manifest themselves soon after the attack, are facial pallor, weakness and nausea. The first thing to do is send for a doctor just as soon as possible. While he is coming first aid must be administered. This should consist of sucking the fang wounds if the mouth contains no sores. In this manner some of the venom is removed. The wound

should then be opened with a sharp knife and allowed to bleed well. Then a ligature, cord or band must be tied rather tightly above the wound or between it and the heart. This should be loosened about every fifteen minutes, in order than gangrene or death of the part will not ensue. If some member of the party has with him one of the antidote kits now so commonly carried by travelers the treatment will be greatly simplified and more effective. Such kits cost little and in time of emergency are worth their weight in gold. The patient should be kept calm and told the truth—that comparatively few people die of snake bite in proportion to the number of persons who are bitten.

Caution when in country inhabited by poisonous snakes will do much to reduce the number of bites; and adequate protection in the shape of clothing and prompt, correct treatment in case a bite does occur will greatly lessen the likelihood of serious consequences.

I WANT MY COW

Yes, a long time ago; it was in 1777 that a brave little girl and a brave English general met each other, and all about a cow! It was during the war of American Independence. It was late in the day and Lord Cornwallis was with a number of officers when the child was brought to him.

He said kindly, "Well, child, I am the general. What do you want?"

"I want my cow."

There was deep silence, and then roars of laughter from the officers. The young girl's eyes flashed, but she stood firm.

"Why did your father not come?" asked the general.

She replied, "My father is from home, but general, while you keep me here they may be killing my cow."

"And where are your brothers?" asked the general.

"The eldest is with General Gates, the second is with Harry Lee," she replied, "and my father is with General Washington."

"So, then, I think you are a little rebel," said the general.

"Yes, sir, but—I want my cow."

Lord Cornwallis was a noble gentleman. He said: "You are a brave child; you shall have your cow, and something more." Then, stooping, he detached one of his diamond shoe buckles, and gave it to her, saying, "Keep this, and remember Lord Cornwallis can appreciate courage and truth, even in a little rebel."

So Anne had her cow again, and her descendants still treasure the gift of Lord Cornwallis to her.—Our Dumb Animals.

THE KILLDEER

By Lewis Wayne Walker

There drifted down from the starlit sky plaintive calls of "Killdee! Killdee!" made by the advance scouts of the killdeer migration to northern breeding grounds. These intermittent, questioning notes continued to break the silence until dawn. Early the following morning a number of these birds were to be seen running back and forth over the Colorado prairie, and bathing and wading in the stream called Long Branch. Showing conspicuously were their black and white breast markings, striped like a convict's uniform. During the day the transients rested, for they had not yet reached their destination. A long, hard trip was ahead, a trip that would end in the prairie region of Canada, and would take at least three weeks to accomplish. Only a comparative few were to stay and make their residence in eastern Colorado.

Almost a month later I came across a nest which contained four beautifully spotted eggs. It was situated on the ground in the middle of a large pasture, beside a prickly-pear cactus which was very handy as a landmark. When the nest was first approached the female killdeer slipped quietly off and ran under the cover of the grass over the prairie. I dismounted to examine the eggs, and the parent bird came darting back at me with whistling wings. She swerved when several feet away, and landed on the ground to one side. Then she tried that ruse of feigning a broken wing, well known to all the plover family.

I watched this nest closely and visited it often during the ensuing weeks. On one of these visits a slight crack was noted in one egg. Riding to the ranch, I secured my camera, and was back in less than a half hour's time. When I returned, however, two of the young had already emerged from the shells, and a third chick was almost out. The fourth egg did not hatch and the adults deserted it the next day.

The morning after the hatching of the eggs I disturbed the old bird brooding her young. She slipped away at my approach, and the chicks which she had been covering, scattered until about a foot apart, then crouched. If I had not seen the old bird leave her babies, and had not known exactly where to look for them, they probably would have been passed by unnoticed. Their color and markings harmonized perfectly with the dry ground and sun-browned grasses. I picked up all three of the chicks, and on laying them down two of them lost their balance and rolled over on their backs as if dead. There they stayed. I am not sure whether this "freezing" at the approach of danger is in obedience to the command of the mother, or an instinct on the part of the young. I rather think it is the latter, because no perceptible call is uttered by the adults. Furthermore, even not with the parents, young of this age will "freeze" at the slightest scent or sign of an enemy.

The breaking of this spell, how-

ever, is undoubtedly brought about by a call from the parent birds. Soon after I had returned them right-side up, and, generally speaking, "treated them rough," trying to persuade them to show some life, one of the adults, flew by. When she saw that her young were discovreed and being handled by a supposed enemy, she uttered a harsh note of disapproval. Instantly all three bits of lifeless cotton were electrified with a sudden desire to be in some other place. Two of them escaped in a frantic rush, and pictures were taken of the third only after both he and the author were completely exhausted.

When I next saw this interesting family they were almost able to fly, and they now seemed to rely on their well developed legs for escape, instead of freezing, as they had formerly. After being chased for a short distance they rapidly tired, and as a last resort squatted in the denser grass. In order to make them pose properly for the camera it was found necessary to slide a finger under their bills. Within a week they were on the wing, and were from then on out of my jurisdiction.

WORKING TOGETHER

A million little sunbeams
  Can make a pleasant day;
A million little raindrops
  Can frighten them away.

Now, if all the little children
  Should sit down and cry together,
What should we do, what could we do,
  In such a spell of weather?

The sun might blaze in bluest skies;
  'Twould be a dreary place
Until we saw a happy smile
  On every little face.

—Youth's Companion.

THE ROAD

By Laura Reid Montgomery

Eric Endicott was crooning the college song he liked best—it had loyalty for its theme and his tanned young face was bright with a smile.

He was packing for the trip that he'd been anticipating for many months. He had earned and saved and now he was ready to matriculate at the great university where his father had gone.

"I wish dad were here," ran his thoughts as he put in the leather-framed photograph, for a moment the eagerness faded from his eyes but then, as he studied the big, generous mouth and the firm, lean lines of the chin he smiled again, somehow he drew strength from the dreamy eyes above the well-cut mouth. He knew that his father knew and rejoiced to think that his son had achieved the goal he had set himself.

"Eric, surely you are nearly through. I want you to come down and talk to me—it's your last day with me, boy."

"Just a minute," he called back and tucked his Bible in beside the beloved picture.

Alice Tribeau had cherished him since his parents had been killed in the motor accident and she had been both father and mother to him. She was his mother's sister and twenty years older than the young wife who had lived to see Eric's tenth birthday.

"I feel so proud of you, boy," she said when he entered the wide, delightful living room where the long French windows were open to the fragrant breeze from her garden. The greyness of the rainy day could not conceal the beauty of the bronzes and marbles that ornamented the niches in the paneled walls, but merely dropped a frail shadowy veil over them.

Miss Tribeau had lighted the log in the fireplace that was always kept in readiness against a dreary day and the red-and-gold flames crackled gaily above the tall andirons of copper.

"How homey it looks," observed the boy.

The old lady behind the dainty tea-cart beamed. "It is home, boy, 'our home.'"

There was a new sound above the song of the fire a few moments later and they both started from thought as the flap in the front door clapped against the black oak. "Letters," she said indifferently, then laughed. "After this I'll be watching for the postman to bring me news of you."

Eric handed her a long envelope. "You are the favored one, Aunt Alice. "I'll dig into these little cakes while your attention is elsewhere."

His eyes were on the fire, building pictures in the rosy heart of the log —he was a freshman wearing his green cap—he was crossing the campus where the lake winds swept over its velvet turf—he was listening to the chimes that his father had loved and then he was marching down the chapel to the choir and he was conscious of his black gown—college—the treasure stores of knowledge—

the gaining of the education that would be an open sesame to the future.

A slight sound aroused him. His aunt was lying slumped in her deep chair, a curious grayness on her face that was not lent by the veil of rain outside, but which was creeping up to her forehead—her eyes were closed and she moaned as he leaped towards her.

"Aunt Alice—what is it?"

There was no answer save the patter of rain that was coming down harder now and even the chuckling sounds from the deep fireplace had ceased. He took some tea in a spoon from the frail cup of Swatow that stood beside her and forced a few drops through her slack mouth.

She stirred, swallowed and handed him the letter.

Twice he read it before the words made sense and then he sat down on the hassock at her feet.

"Don't look like that, Eric, you have enough for your first year and can earn during your vacation."

"And what of you?"

A tiny bird, buffeted by the rising wind, was swept against the north window and the wet sound of soaked feathers remained long in his memory. "I can rent this cottage and go to stay with Hannah," she decided.

There was no quaver in the thin, proud voice and Alice Tribeau even managed a shadowy smile, her dark eyes luminous with love as she looked down on the yellow head at her knee. Eric pondered this. Hannah was an aged aunt, very well off and —a most unpleasant person. She was suspicious of her servants—ever belittling the motives of the few friends who remained faithful and one who exacted her pound of flesh with unerring shrewdness.

Yet, as his aunt pointed out, she would be comfortable at Castledean and her aunt would be glad to have her. Alice did not voice what they both knew, that Hannah would be glad to have another to bully. And the rent of the cottage that had known Eric as a child would provide spending money for Alice.

"And every cent is lost—the bonds are worthless," he said at last, "all the little income that has taken care of both of us."

The white head nodded. "No use looking backwards, boy. Isn't it wonderful that you are all prepared for college?"

Something seemed to be stuck in his throat. Alice said nothing of her dread for the future. Here, in the pleasant small town she had her circle of old friends and neighbors. Her very memories would become tarnished in the cold atmosphere of the handsome home that Hannah owned. Hannah had been sarcastic concerning college for Eric, had declared he'd be better off without foolish ideas concerning books and culture. She had lived very comfortably without very much education and he'd do better to go into a factory where he would earn at once.

A girl tapped determinedly at the doorway. "I've come for tea," she declared, "but no one will weclome me. I came in the side entrance and left my shower coat there."

Eric found himself stumbling as he got to his feet. He seemed old and stiff and his eyes were blank as he started at Belinda. "Come right in," he heard himself say but the

voice didn't sound right, it seemed to belong to someone else.

Belinda's face became bewildered. "I—is Miss Alice ill?"

Alice pulled herself together and even managed the heavy silver teapot despite the shaky hands. "I'll pour you some tea, child, we—I've had some bad news." She explained briefly.

"You won't have to put of college, though, Eric," Belinda murmured, "Miss Alice won't mind waiting four years—then you'll be ready to take care of her—"

Somehow the shocked, apprehensive young voice with its rebellion against this disaster threading it with desolate minors, seemed to crystallize the tumbling chaos of his mind. He sat silent, staring again into the heart of the fire but this time the glowing log pictured no jolly campus with gay youth swarming over it—instead he was back in the past with the lonely woman who had never let him feel the loss of his parents. A few lines of something he had read and glowed over returned to him.

"The deeds you've done, the prize you've won,
And the places where you went—
If Christ had walked with you today
Would these have been the same?"

Only fragments of the poem drifted through his memory, but the words burnt into his mind as though etched in letters of fire. He had read the beautiful lines with a response thrilling within him. He had ents of integrity and he had been carefully fostered by Alice. He had the birthright bequeathed by his parents of integrit yand he had been filled with pride when dreaming of the man he planned to be. If Christ were beside him when he walked out confidently towards the city of learning would he feel proud of himself? In the dying fire he seemed to see himself, bag in hand, eyes fixed gaily upon the goal and he fancied a shadowy figure beside him and the eyes were filled with amazement as the figure turned with him to regard the frail little woman in the deep chair. He could hear the gallant old voice crying, "Good-bye, boy, be happy—it's only four years until we—come home."

"Four years are too long for—me," he cried, squaring shoulders as he put out a hand and touched his aunt, "my aunt can't get rid of me like that. Think I'd let strangers come in here and live in this room where the treasures of her life are? I just guess not."

Belinda's eyes rounded. "What's come over you, Eric? You're talking like a story book. Who ever heard a boy talking about treasure?"

He reddened. "I guess I was just thinking out loud, but you don't need to make fun, Belinda, they are her treasures. There is hardly an antique in this room that hasn't a history—when she built this cottage she had the niches put in the black panels so there would be a safe place for the statuettes and bronzes. That crystal-and-gold clock was bought in Paris when her brother honeymooned there."

The girl nodded and dropped her eyes. "I know. I've spent a lot of time in this room, too. Miss Alice has mothered the whole neighborhood and I always connect the chimes of

that clock with jam sandwiches and cakes. I'm certainly glad to know that strangers won't live here but, Eric, just what can you do to pay the expenses?''

I've got some money in the bank. There's an opening in the radio factory at the south end of town, Mr. Jones needs a handy man in the office to take some of the load off his shoulders."

Alice Trioeau watched him as he talked.. ''I can't allow you to become a handy man, Eric,'' she said at last, a tone of indulgent amusement lessening the tense atmosphere. ''I want you to go away and come back with your diploma, you know that, boy.''

''I'll get it—sometime—it's just put off, that's all. I'm going to tear down to see Mr. Jones now before someone else leaps into my place as handyman. I want to work right here in town, Aunt Alice, that's going to make up for a lot, not going away.''

He snatched his cap and the two in the pleasant, somewhat shabby old room watched him stride down the flagged path, his shoulders squared under his scarlet sweater, his yellow head high. ''I can't take his youth like that,'' half whispered Alice.

''He's doing right,'' cried Belinda, a touch of surprise in her voice; ''I never thought he'd be so fine. I like him, Miss Alice—he's a wonderful pal but—he's all right,'' finished the girl with a sudden shyness and red creeping up into her clear skin.

Somehow the radio factory had a dingy look and it surely looked smaller than it had. Eric stood a moment in the rain before he entered the scarred doorway. Life itself seemed to have drawn in on him with a bewildering tightness. Instead of the glamor of university life—instead of the eagerness to find new contacts—to broaden out—what was now before him? Long hours and petty duties until he could qualify for more important ones. Mr. Jones was a self-made man who would be a strict master—probably the experience would be excellent for character building, but what ambitious youth yearns for such a life as that summed up in the words, ''handy man''?

Mr. Jones was out of town for a few days.

When Eric trudged back he began thinking in earnest of his future. Miss Tribeau had possessed a moderate income that just sufficed for their needs. She kept no maid, having a woman in to clean and wash and Eric had done the yard work when driven to it, never because he craved the exercise. He could go for twenty-mile hikes or play football until he ached with fatigue, but spading the garden or cleaning up the grounds was different. For the first time he realized that he'd been a bit casual, accepting with the unconcern of youth the love and work lavished with ungrudging hands. But, although the rosy glow of his decision had by now cooled down to a grave acceptance of his duty, he had no real regret. By making his aunt comfortably happy and keeping her in her home he was doing the only possible thing. He could take courses, there were extension courses given that could be studied nights and he could go into the city for examinations later on. The contacts must wait.

He stopped at the express office

and countermanded the order to call for his trunk. Then he went on home and upstairs to get his bag unpacked.

It was late afternoon when he took his trunk, now empty, up to the attic. He wanted to spare his aunt the sight of it lest she feel uncomfortable.

A clap of thunder crashed as he opened the door at the top of the house The shutters were closed and darkness rushed past him before he found the switch. The great low room sprang into yellow light and a fat spider dangled from his web and crawled an instant before he swung deftly up his silken thread to safety in the dusty rafters.

Memories seemed to cling to the dead air as he looked about him: When he'd gone up for his trunk he had picked it up and retreated without a thought of anything save packing. Now he noticed an old-fashioned trunk with a curved top and plastered with labels. He saw the name: James Tribeau, and lifted the lid. This was the uncle who had honeymooned in Paris and sent the costly clock. He had brought his bride back, but both were dead now and the out-of-date trunk was left as a reminder of one who had once faced life as eagerly as the boy, Eric. Jim Tribeau had been ill for a long time and Alice had nursed him with the same tenderness she later lavished on her nephew, Eric. Mooning over the old trifles in the lid of the trunk he began to remember snatches of conversation he had caught when a child. "Jim got out of bed when delirious and was outside, a neighbor saw him and came over, thinking his blanket robe insufficient against the cold and they searched the house only to find him in an old arm chair in the attic with a sketch book in his lap, the pencil on the floor." Then a speech of the sharp-tongued Hannah returned to his memory: "He must have wasted his money in France—how could he have spent so much and left poor Alice to pay the doctor bills? I can't understand it all."

He recalled, too, the gentle answer made by Alice: "Jim was very generous, he gave me this home and drew up the plans for it himself. I can never do enough for him now that he's ill."

With clumsy, yet reverent hands the boy turned over the old photographs and little trinkets that had been saved—not for any value attached to them, but because his sister couldn't bear to destroy them. He came upon a worn sketch-book and snatched it up. He had an idea that this was the book Jim had been poring over when he fell asleep up there.

There was a stall in a flower market in Paris where a fat woman bargained for the sheaf of valley lilies she held out to the merchant. Another of a dim bookshop with its window cluttered with battered copper jugs—crystals and an aged fan—the few lines were sketched in boldly with a sure crayon. There was a tower of Notre Dame with gargoyles grinning down—an umbrella mender dozing in the hot sunlight—Eric found himself at the last page and looked around him, astonished at the time he had spent living in those hasty sketches. There was an envelope pasted in the last cover and he thrust his finger in this, hoping to come upon another bit of old Paris.

"Have the old stump dug up, Alice it's an eyesore. I—"

Eric replaced the book and yawned as he dropped the cover of the trunk.

"Well," he announced, entering the living room, "I shall have a few days before I start to work because Mr. Jones is out of town. Is there anything you want me to do?"

Her dark eyes twinkled. "How about raking the grounds?"

He laughed and looked out. "Storm has vanished, guess I could rake a bit until it gets dark."

He heard her beating up the batter for popovers, his favorite specie of muffins and he ,whistled as he looked for a rake.

Stumbling over an old stump that had been left near the little sun dial, Jim had fashioned from cement for his sister, he stood kicking at the decaying wood. "She's been asking me for ages to dig out that old stump so she can plant petunias there. I suppose I might do it now as well as a couple of years from now."

His axe made scarcely a sound as it hit the crumbling wood and he soon began to dig with a spade about the roots. As he dug on the side nearest the sun dial his spade struck metal and he bent to see what was there.

There were bits of green mold and rich black earth clinging to the heavy metal box and he was amazed at its weight when he finally lifted it out of the wet ground. With a loud halloo he went leaping over the leaves to the kitchen door.

"Did you rake it all?" asked Alice, putting down the tin of popovers.

"Treasure," he cried. "Look! It was buried near the sun dial by the old stump!"

"That looks like a box Jim had once," she looked oddly excited, "Eric, suppose—we never knew where his money went—I remember he said something about the stump when—when he was ill."

Belinda, running over with some homemade ice cream, paused in amazement at the door. On the well-scrubbed wooden table was a heap of something that glittered and shone and Alice Tribeau was sobbing, the tawny, crusty cakes beside her quite forgotten.

"Whatever is the matter, dear Miss Alice?"

"Jim hid this for me when he was delirious, he was afraid of thieves while he was ill, kept warning me to keep the doors locked—we seldom lock our doors here, you know—Belinda, every gold piece is of a large denomination—look—it's a fortune."

Eric dashed back into the kitchen, the two had heard his hurrying feet on the stairs. "Here is his sketch book and the note he began that day he wandered about—look, Aunt Alice!"

"Have the old stump dug up, Alice, it's an eyesore," she read aloud, "I suppose he was afraid someone else might find the note if he told where he'd hidden his box."

"Now," said Belinda, "you go to college, after all. As Miss Alice says, there's a small fortune there."

Late that night when he had packed his trunk for the second time, Eric sang softly the college song he liked best and he felt a surge of thankfulness as he sat thinking. He could sing of loyalty without shame for the lines he had read had pointed out the right road. "That would be a splendid test," he said, "to read that poetry when undecided."

INSTITUTION NOTES

Messrs Morris and Ritchie, and their boys finished hauling alfalfa hay. This hay is as fine as can be grown in this section.

—o—

A new basketball court has been built at the ball grounds; new goals are in place, and all is in readiness for some good games.

—o—

The garden boys, under the supervision of Mr. Walker, are still furnishing our tabes with plenty of mustard, rape and cabbage.

—o—

Our farm manager reports that the farm force has finished threshing our soy bean crop, thus completing the harvesting of the 1931 crops.

—o—

The barn boys, under the direction of Messrs. T. V. Talbert and Hartsell, have been hauling coal from our siding to the different buildings on the campus.

—o—

Rev. E. S. Summers, pastor of the First Baptist Church, Concord, conducted the service in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon, and made a very interesting talk to the boys.

—o—

There will be but one more visiting day before Christmas. There were very few visitors on the grounds last Wednesday, but we are looking for a good many people to visit their boys next week.

—o—

Hog-killings are now becoming common occurrences at the school. Last Tuesday four hogs, weighing more than four hundred pounds each, were butchered which will give us another generous supply of sausage, spare-ribs, etc.

—o—

Mr. N. C. Cannady, State Electrical Engineer, of Raleigh, visited the institution last Wednesday. This visit was for the purpose of inspecting the electrical work recently completed, and Mr. Cannady expressed his approval of same.

—o—

The wet weather for the past week has restricted the activities of the boys to playing in cottage basements, raking a few leaves and chopping wood. It is very hard to find suitable employment for our large family during rainy or rough weather.

—o—

Having seen the dairy barn completely filled with hay at the end of the haying season, and seeing it at the present time, after having fed the herd during the rainy period for the past several weeks, one can realize the amount of roughage necessary to maintain a large herd of cattle for the entire winter. It is most unbelievable how rapidly it disappears.

—o—

As most everyone knows, there are two great American birds—the eagle and the turkey. As we have never seen any eagles flying around this particular section, and only get a fleeting glimpse of this great bird as pictured on the coin of the realm, we must confess that we know very little about eagles. But we do know that, at this season of the year the turkey is the most popular of fowls. Here at the Training School we have

heard a lot of talk about turkeys. We are told that our poultryman, Mr. Lisk, and his group of young assistants, have been busy for some time fattening a number of these birds, which are expected to occupy a prominent place on our Christmas Day bill of fare.

—o—

For some time past the number of boys entering the school on the regular dates of admission, has not been nearly so large as formerly. Several times those accepted could not be found when the departments of welfare were ready to bring them to the institution. Other causes such as sickness in families, and the necessity of holding boys for witnesses have militated against the number being up to the normal expectation.

—o—

Hon. Robert L. Doughton, member of Congress from this district, recently sent us a copy of a beautiful portrait of George Washington, also a picture of his birthplace, which is being reproduced in connection with the Bicentennial Celebration. In his letter Congressman Doughton states that he is sending seven additional portrait posters, songs and literature for the celebration of the 200th birthday anniversary of the "Father of His Country." The boys of the Training School will be glad to participate in this nation-wide celebration, at some future date, when they will be heard in songs and recitations honoring the immortal Washington. In this letter from Mr. Doughton we also received a note from his secretary, Mr. J. W. Van Hoy, a former member of our staff, expressing a desire to be with us in helping to put over this program, and also sending felictations to those who had worked with him.

ALBINO DEER IS KILLED BY HUNTER IN HALIFAX

A solid white deer, taken in Halifax County last month, has furnished one of the most interesting incidents in the current hunting season.

The deer was killed in the Spring Hill section of Halifax County by Gus Neville of Enfield, while hunting with a group of friends. The animal was turned over to County Warden C. T. Lawrence, who, at the request of officials of the Department of Conservation and Development, brought the animal to Raleigh, where he was turned over to the State Museum.

Many rumors have been circulated over the State regarding the existence of albino deer, but this specimen is the first to fall into the hands of the Museum and the first seen by a great majority of the people of the State. The animal is being mounted by H. H. Brimley, curator of the Museum, and when the job is finished will be placed on display. In addition to having a pure white skin, the deer has eyes with pupils of a whitish hue.—Conservation and Industry.

CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XIX CONCODD, N. C., DECEMBER 26, 1931 No. 52

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THE TRUE CHRISTMAS

"Is in the friendly word, the kind loving deed,
The loyalty that helps in time of stress and need,
The kindliness that cheers the sad and lonely soul,
The sympathy that heals and makes the spirit whole.

Is in the fellowship that spreads the narrow way
And finds the darkened home, the life in sore dismay,
The lonely heart uptorn by sorrow and distress,
And lights again the fires of hope and happiness."

—By Carlton Murray Brosius.

PUBLISHED BY

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School
Type-setting by the Boys' Printing Class.
Subscription: Two Dollars the Year, in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, *Editor* MRS. J. P. COOK, *Associate Editor*

CHRISTMAS 1931

Into the tumult of a distracted age rings the music of Christmas chimes. Down through the troubled centuries sound the Christmas anthems born under Syrian skies. From the fret and agony of a world that has lost its way the thought of men is called to worship by the side of a humble manger. The night is glorious with the radiance of a sun-like star.

Under the bright-shining of Bethlehem's star the darkness of human sin and perverseness is dispelled. The jarring discords are caught up by the angels' songs and transmuted into harmony. The noisy jangling of the market-place is stilled in the presence of the Divine Child. In the throbbing silence of the Judean cattle-shed a bewildered world may find peace.

How slow the race is to learn wisdom. Twenty centuries have passed since that first holy Christmas day, twenty centuries of struggle and heartbreak, of blood-shed and horror, and humanity clamors at the vacant skies for aid, for relief from the evils that oppress the hearts of men. Would that they could really hear the gentle accents of the Divine voice, the voice of Him whose natal day we celebrate, whose name we honor, but whose teachings we ignore.

Only as men shall cease from selfishness and strife, only as they shall recognize the claims of brotherhood, only as they shall accept the Golden Rule of Christ as a working program of statesmanship, industry and social progress, shall they find release from the woes that afflict them.

Now, as the pall of a great universal distress rests upon us, even as the Christmas carols carry their sweet message into our homes and hearts, may we ponder the deep meaning of the teachings of the Wisest of the Sons of Him who came to earth in the guise of an innocent babe, but bearing the words of life, peace and redemption.

He is still the World's Hope. In Him alone shall man find salvation.

—Reynold E. Blight.

A REAL CHRISTMAS

At this season of the year comes that indefinable feeling of compassionate mercy, from some source that inspires one to a greater and better work—caring for the homeless and defenseless. Is there any work that can sweeten our natures like being considerate of our brother's welfare? This universal spirit of love, coming more earnestly at this time than any other, is the only hope of every effective Christian work and of uniting the people into one great Christian nation.

The first Christmas morn was celebrated something near on to two thousand years ago when the angels, with a multitude of hevenly host and the glory of the Lord shone round about them, proclaimed the birth of Christ in chorus, "Glory to God in the highest and peace on earth, good will toward men." This awe inspiring heavenly scene could be impressively accepted as the first peace compact and good will message recorded.

If this message were received with a greater hope and faith as revealed by the coming of our Saviour, God's greatest gift to humanity, there would be that peace of mind that meets disappointments, that gives cheer to miscarried plans, that binds up the bruised spirit, making one braver in every emergency for life's struggles.

The thought comes how best can we serve Him? The only program to follow is that of the first Christmas—the glad Hosannas, ringing out the Christmas cheer, the myriad of beautiful lights suggestive of the heavenly lights, the "Light of The World," and the gifts of the Wise Men as they knelt and worshipped Jesus.

Furthermore, for the most of us Christmas would gain meaning by giving less to friends and more to the friendless. To make the poor and lonely happy at Christmas is an especially appropriate way to do Him honor, for "inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my bretheren, ye have done it unto me." With this thought we close, extending Christmas greetings to our many friends, and in the words of Tiny Tim, "God bless you every one," with the understanding that God's gift to man brought not only the Saviour, but love, and that each day be sweetened by the precious thought of many who love us. The opportunity is ours to serve or not to serve Him at this blessed season; if you side-step and refuse to help the dependent ones the privilege of serving perhaps will never come again.

CHRISTMAS

Christmas brings youth to the world. Christmas opens up the springs of the human heart so that waters of refreshment, of cleansing, and life-giving power may go forth on their happy errands to loved ones, to friends, to neighbors and to those who would otherwise be over-looked and uncared for. It is this last group that some how or other during this special year makes its greatest appeal. It was the Babe of Bethlehem that brought joy to the humble shepherds, His arrival being hallowed by the glad songs of the Heavenly Host. Ever since that time the humble, the poor, the oppressed, the overlooked by society, have made a special appeal to all who love the Saviour of the World, as the Giver of Good Cheer, as the One who looks far deeper than man is able to see, who feels far more keenly than man has been able to feel, and who loves more tenderly than the purest heart of a woman. Yet strange to relate we learn to approach His vision, His feeling and His love through deeds of kindness and unselfishness done in His name. There will be many a man, woman and child during this Holy Season who will be made far happier, and will receive something just a little bit more valuable coming into his or her life, because of going beyond where it is easy to give, namely to loved ones or friends, and reaching out into the unknown, uncared for, or unliked,—helping to brighten and sweeten and cheer those of God's children who are in need.

What a Blessed thing that we have such an opportunity to help Him!

* * * * * * * * * *

MILK SANITATION IN CABARRUS COUNTY

Did you ever stop to consider exactly what the "Grade A" means on the bottle of milk which is brought to your doorstep every day?

The grading of milk sold in Cabarrus County and the maintenance of standards in the handling and marketing of milk falls within the province of the Cabarrus County Health Department. Prior to 1929, the milk control work was done by a part-time inspector, but since June 6, 1929, the full services of a trained sanitary inspector have been devoted to the local milk situation, with a marked improvement in sanitary conditions all along the line. At the present time, Mr. John L. Brown of Concord is in charge of milk sanitation for the county, with Dr. D. G. Caldwell, Health Officer, acting in an advisory capacity.

The duties of the milk inspector fall naturally into two divisions—control

of sanitation at the source of production, the dairy, and the work done in the laboratory to check up on the results of the measures carried out on the individual dairy farms. Thus the inspector's time is divided between field inspections and routine laboratory examinations of milk specimens.

The Standard Milk Ordinance in force in this county sets up definite sanitary standards which the dairyman must meet if he wishes to sell "Grade A" milk. The construction of dairy barn and milk room must be of a certain type. The cows must be known, by test, to be free from tuberculosis. All persons who handle the milk must be examined yearly by the Health Officer and definitely known to be free from communicable disease. The milk must be cooled rapidly after milking and kept cool till the time of delivery. Definite rules must be observed as to sterlization, bottling, etc. Water supplies and methods of waste disposal must be approved. In fact, the most important phase of milk sanitation work lies in frequent inspections at the dairy end of the line and a close cooperation between dairyman and inspector.

The laboratory work is simply a check on methods used in the production of milk. The most important tests are temperature at the time of delivery, bacterial count, per cent of butter fat, and sediment. The temperature of the milk is very important. Bacteria multiplies very rapidly in warm milk and do not multiply at temperatures below 50 degrees Fahrenheit. The cooling of milk by the dairyman immediately after milking and keeping it below this temperature until after delivery tends to keep the bacterial count down. The temperature of the milk is taken when the sample is obtained from the delivery wagon. Bacterial counts are a check on the method of cleaning and sterilizing equipment. Low butter fat results indicate a naturally poor quality milk or adulteration by the addition of water. High sediment tests show carelessness in handling the product during milking and cooling. Immediately upon finding unsatisfactory laboratory results another inspection is made.

Milk grades are based on the situation at the dairy and the result of the laboratory findings. In Concord, milk grades are determined and published every four months.

The cooperation of the public is of vital importance in the success of a milk program. The sale of ungraded milk in Concord and Cabarrus County is illegal and in many instances dangerous from a health standpoint. It is to the advantage of everyone to use milk from an approved source.

The milk sanitation program is one phase of public health work which deserves the interest and cooperation of all consumers of dairy products.

IMPOSSIBILITIES BECOME POSSIBILITIES

The title "Prophet" is thought of in the times of the ancient writers, especially those who wrote in a prophetic spirit during the Old Testament period. We are hardly aware that even today we have writers who see in the future, they are not accepted as prophets, but spoken of as far-sighted personages, or people having a vision.

In reviewing history we are impressed with the fact that great minds predicted in the long ago the possibility of rapid locomotion, and the world laughed and cried impossible. But the prediction proved, in the distant future, to be far more extensively developed than had ever been anticipated. Not only do we enjoy the pleasures of rapid locomotion in one way, but break the speed limit on land, on the high seas and in mid air. In fact it takes an army of speed cops to safeguard humanity.

The first move to carry a message across the waters—the idea, the very germ of the Atlantic Cable—was declared impossible and to day we have the wireless, surely wonders will never cease.

The latest forecast of rapid locomotion is that made by a Princeton professor, declaring that within 100 years we will be traveling to the moon "in rocket propelled ships," whatever they may be, shooting through the air in high gear at the rate of several miles a minute. Why marvel, other seeming impossibilities have in the course of time become possibilities? Besides, Marconi the world is just lingering upon the threshold of a new electrical era that will startle the world.

Possibly we are standing, as it were, between two eternities—the impossibilities conquered and the impossibilities to be conquered. Who can tell?

* * * * * * * * * *

To tell you that the Jackson Training School boys are thrilled with the anticipation of a joyous Christmas, is nothing more than expected. The boys are entering into the rehearsals for a Christmas play with an earnestness that would put to shame other people who have the privilege of enjoying life in abundance with no thought of tomorrow. The Evergreen Christmas tree, typifying the eternal life, emblazoned with a myraid of lights will as usual hold central place along with other decorations. The boys have the Christmas spirit and there is every reason to forecast the many friends of the institution will unite with the officials of the school in giving to the boys a Christ-

mas that reflects the glory of the season and the beneficent spirit of the good people of the state. The first contributions to the Jackson Training School Christmas cheer are:

Stonewall Circle, King's Daughters, Concord	$10.00
McClellan Store, Concord	5.00
Mr. J. A. Peck, Concord	1.00
Mrs. Charles E. Boger, Concord	10.00
Mrs. W. N. Reynolds, Winston-Salem,	25.00
Mr. Charlie Barnhardt, Charlotte,	5.00
Mrs. Cameron Morrison, Charlotte,	50.00
Mr. Bernard M. Cone, Greensboro	10.00
Mrs. I. W. Faison, Charlotte	5.00
Judge Wm. M. York, Greensboro	10.00
Woman's Club, Canton	5.00
Mrs. Walter H. Davidson, Charlotte	5.00
Mr. Herman Cone, Greensboro	50.00
A Friend, Greenville, S. C.,	2.50
Mr. E. B. Grady, Concord	2.50
Empty Stocking Fund, High Point	5.00
Wake County Welfare Dept., Mrs. T. W. Bickett, Supt., Raleigh	10.00

* * * * * * * * * *

OUR ANNUAL SKIP

As usual, we, the Uplift family, take our annual vacation of one week, between Christmas and New Year. If the public thinks our holiday is too long a time, they are permitted by a rising vote to curtail the same. In this issue we wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. The Uplift will be with you again on January 9, 1932—Vol. XX, No. 1.

RAMBLING AROUND

With Old Hurrygraph

"I see not a step before me
As I tread on another year,
But the past is still in God's keeping,
The future His mercy shall clear,
And what looks dark in the distance
May brighten as I draw near."

—o—

Many a man acquires the habit of lying from his friends.

—o—

The continual talking about depression, hard times, and the cutting of wages, creates fear. And fear demoralizes a nation.

—o—

The wife who has too much horse sense to be a nag is a supreme blessing to her husband.

—o—

Some people given half a chance are not content unless they get the other half. You cannot satisfy all the people all the time.

—o—

There are many people in this world too lazy to blow their own horn, or paddle their own canoe. In fact they are almost too lazy to die.

—o—

It was an inspiring sight to see the biggest, and doubtless the best, commercial vessel ever built in an American shipyard, slip gracefully down the ways at Camden, N. J., a few Saturdays ago. As the vessel's stern rode into the elements, her bow —as it dropped off the ways—made a deep curtsy. Of course, it was physical but it seemed like an obeisance to the charming sponsor, distinguished officials and many guests who attended the ceremony. No less a personage than the esteemed widow of the late President Roosevelt christened the new liner—Manhattan. While attention of all guests were focused on the ship for a few fleeting moments, the same could not be said of Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, Sr. as she was easily the high light of the whole proceedings.

—o—

It is an easy matter to become discouraged. Particularly easy in these times. The minute you give way to this natural inclination you are unconsciously opposing your own best interests. Keep a stiff upper lip. Things have been much worse. They're going to be much better. But not if every one gets "down in the dumps" regarding the present situation.

—o—

There are laxities of the past, just as there will be laxities in the future, if all of us do not spur up and be more cautious. If ever an industry paid well and has for years been overpaying for the sins or laxities of the past the railroads are a shining mark. They have been the target for all kinds of legislation, restriction, some of which is tantamount to confiscation, and part of it—which might easily come under the term of raw, ill-advised legislation is to go by the board. Our transportation laws and inhibitions are, and have been for several years mostly confiscatory to one form of transportation—the rails. It will not last long. The whole world is getting down to "cases" in this respect. In the last

analysis the counties, states and federal government are very shortly going to figure out how they can help, rather than constrict the railways.

—o—

What's the matter with the country? Superficial signs belie the chronic outcry. The sun shines and this is a beautiful world, in spite of the national grouch. Automobiles crowd the streets and line the highways, and parking space is at a premium. Lincolns are somewhat supplanted by Lincolnettes, and Rolls-Royces are not as spic and span and show evidence of wear, but the big world continues to revolve on wheels. Over 90,000 enthusiasts expended a quarter of a million dollars to see a recent football game, and 5,000 parted with $2.50 each to see a game at Durham, recently, and in other parts of this fair land the average attendance numbered some 60,000 to see the national sport. Money is prodigally spent in the same old way. Shop windows are as attractive as ever and vast public improvements are helpfully under way. Why, then, downcast features in interludes between pleasures and a looking through the glass darkly? It is all un-American!

—o—

In a few days we will step into a New Year, full of hopes, as we have done so often before. Just now we are passing through the time of the Old Year when men and women rise above the sordid things of this old world; when they unconsciously come closer to the one great mystery of life; when a new happiness and a new peace suffuse the whole being; when there is only kindness in the heart; when a new meaning is given to "Peace on earth, good will to men." Christmas is the spring time of the heart. New flowers of the heart-warm thoughts of love and good will—spring into a new existence and rise supreme over the baser emotions of men and leave us a new and joyous peace. As the New Year opens its doors to us, we pause to calmly survey the events of the passing Old Year and glance forward into 1932. With a full recognition of the ills that have come into the economic life of the nation, we find there is solid basis for hope and cheer. I wish I could shake the hand and look into the face of every one of my 30,000 readers—of the three publications I write for—and say, "A Happy and Prosperous New Year to you—God Bless You!" Many of you have written me letters of encouragement in appreciation of what little I am doing to entertain and give cheer along the pathway of life. This kindles new interest in my work and makes me very happy. I am so thankful for appreciative friends. Whatever happiness Christmas and the New Year brings to us all, in the best meaning of the words, will be found in the measure of that spirit within us. I appreciate my large clientele more than I can express in words. I'm glad to hear from any one of them.

It is almost as presumptuous to think you can do nothing as to think you can do everthing.—Brooks

A CHRISTMAS THOUGHT

By C. W. Hunt

Nineteen hundred years ago when the Judean hills burst forth in angelic song, at the birth of the Saviour of the world, there were almost none who could comprehend its meaning. Even the mother of the babe could not say what it meant, but it is said she "kept all these things and pondered them in her heart."

A little child was born into the world, as other children are born, except this one was born in a lowly manger, the home of the beasts and cattle of the fields, yet at his birth the angels broke forth in songs of Allleluah, saying: "peace on earth good will to men."

And there was another unusual thing that came at the birth of the child: a strange star hovered over the place where the child lay, and this star guided the wise men to the place where the "Christ Child lay." These brought rich gifts and laid them at his feet, which act was what makes us today give gifts one to the other.

The birth of a baby in a lowly place fulfilled a promise of God that this, of lowly birth, should be a Saviour of all the world, and the only condition was faith in Him, and by that faith men and women have lived mid persecution and death till now; and wherever the name of the child Jesus is known there is the spirit of love and trust, the one in another.

The birth of that child in the manger was of such importance that the old calander was wiped out, and time was reckoned anew. Nineteen hundred years have not dimmed the the reccollcction of the beginning of our Christmas; the time we give gifts, the time when childhood is the happiest, the time when old and young have a different feeling for their fellows.

"And the sky was bright with
a holy light,
'Twas the birthday of a king."

LIFE'S JOY

God gives us joy that we may give,
He gives us love that we may share;
Sometimes He gives us loads to lift
That we may learn to bear.
For life is gladder when we give,
And love is sweeter when we share,
And heavy loads rest lightly, too,
When we have learned to bear.

—Selected.

LEFT RECORD OTHERS WILL FIND HARD TO EQUAL

(Concord Daily Tribune)

The King's Daughters this year are not going to distribute Christmas Cheer to Cabarrus folk, the Salvation Army having agreed to take over the task along with other service to the county's needy. "Opportunities" will be listed again, we understand, and the public given the annual chance to add something to their Christmas season, but to many who have long been in the work it will seem strange with some other organization directing the work.

We don't mean, of course, to offer opposition at the present plans or appear skeptical, but just the same the Salvation Army must prove its ability to handle this rather stupendous and very important piece of work before the public will be willing to applaud the change. For many years the King's Daughters have proved their ability, their courage, their understanding of the needs, and their willingness to sacrifiice, and unless such characteristics can be developed within the Salvation Army the Christmas Cheer work will be handicapped.

For twenty years the King's Daughters have been a blessing to Concord and to Cabarrus county. They went to work back in the years when everything wasn't so specialized and highly organized as at present and they handled with rare godd judgement and splendid results the task of making the burden lighter for those in need. There was never any public appropriation for the King's Daughters. They never made a financial drive, in the accepted meaning of that term. They were on the job 12 months in the year, with the culmination of their year's work coming each Christmas with the spreading of Christmas Cheer to the "Opportunities" they found throughout the county.

We offer the facilities of thi newspaper to the officers of the Salvation Army as they begin the Christmas Cheer work, and we wish these officials Godspeed in their undertaking. Surely the King's Daughters have set them an excellent example over a long stretch of time and if they can convince the public that the work will be handled with the same efficiency, the same Christ-like pirit and with the same results that characterized it under the direction of the King's Daughters, then they will receive, we are sure, full cooperation from the public.

There's a song in the air; there's a star in the sky;
There's a mother's deep prayer, and a baby's low cry;
And the star rains its fire, while the beautiful sing,
For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a King!

PERFECT GIVING FOR CHRISTMAS

By Lewis Allen

Give Ear to those who cry for crumbs—and heap their homely larders high, for lo! the joyous season's here—and Christmas comes.

Give Hands to those who need a guide, nor cast a thought of race or creed, since brotherhood is all worth while at Christmastide.

Give Steps to those who cannot plod on their own errands to and fro above the crisp December sod, as others go.

Give Thought to what you best can do to cheer the heart and soothe the mind and make the world seem good and kind to those less fortunate than you.

Give Smiles to all whose weary load brings gloom and pain and gray despair, and bends them low o'er life's steep road, for smiles with them are rare.

Give Knowledge to the dull, untaught, for some there are who do not know with what your Christmastide is fraught, and speak of Him, the manger born, beneath the Eastern star's pale glow.

Give Courage to the fearing band that needs the clasp of friendly hand and cheering smile and all good will; give courage, then, to such as they this day.

Give Heed to others and their need. They know, they feel, they have desire; nor is it what you think is best, but rather what they must require that you should give and do and say on Christmas day.

Give Laughter—not the scornful sort, but laughter that abounds with happy, wholesome, merry sounds, and so infectious as to bring a like retort.

Give Heart—the heart that beats for all upon this day; the heart that greets the lowly and the high; the heart that grows with sympathy and knows but love for those who pass you by.

Give Joy to all—it may be bread to one or just a smile, or yet a simple toy, or words of praise or even gold—but give them all and you will give but joy.

Give Praise to Him that you have many things, good friends, a home and health—and life's long span. Give praise to Him for all these things, and best of all the brotherhood of man.

And giving these, you will have given more, by far, than prince or potentate or modern Midas—

You will have given better things than stocks or bonds or lands or diadems—

You will have given that which neither pomp nor power nor highest influence can command—

You will have given that which gold, nor favor, nor fear can buy—

You will have given that which He was ever giving to the lowly and the poor, comfort and strength and hope and rest and courage and faith—for of these things are the perfect Christmas gifts made.

The true man thinks last of himself.—Schiller.

CHRISTMAS AGAIN

By Phillips Brooks

Is it in the commercial world only vast preparations are being made to celebrate the coming of our Saviour? God forbid! As we pass through the shops or along the business streets, flaunting decorations are seen everywhere. Pausing to admire, we are wondering whether this display will only increase the desire to purchase or whether it thrills the heart with a hope that this is really done because a Saviour was born.

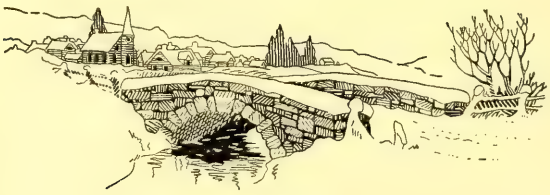
How the loving heart of Him would grieve over some of the celebrations made for His birth! Coming as He did so meek, so lowly with love for us, should we not pause during the busy days of this holy season to return that love?

In the stillness of the night He came. A period, daily, of quiet contemplation would seem so fitting, especially on that day of days, Christmas. This will give the peace of which the angels sang.

This with joy in your hearts, joy that only Christmas can bring, must not be forgotten.

Have a song in your heart. Teach the dear little ones the precious story as written in the gospel of St. Luke 2: 1-14. Little lips can quickly follow it and the story will always remain in their hearts. Do not forget the precious old carols and hymns. Have them learn these and sing uneder the Christmas tree. This should come before the gifts, along, of course, with the Christmas gospel. Your Christmas celebration in your home will be far more bright and peaceful for so doing. It is not what you get, but what you give that really counts. First of all we must remember to give praise to Him whose birth we celebrate. "Glory to God in the highest."

"How silentlly, how silently
The wondrous gift is given:
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His heaven.
No ear may hear His coming,
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive
Him,
Still the dear Christ enters in."



THE CHRISTMAS LIGHT

By Ethel Owen

The Willis Deerings had lived in Burnstown for ten years. Before that they had lived in a big city and they were known for their generosity in giving not only of their means but of themselves. Then Willis Deering had retired and on the advice of his phyisian had left the big city to live in Burnstown.

When he had told his wife that it would be best for them to move to the country she had responded heartily, "Well, as long as we are together it doesn't make any difference where we live."

"But what will you do for poor folks to mother?" he had laughed, but his eyes were serious behind the laugh, for he knew Henrietta Deering and realized that she could never be happy unless she could be helping people.

"I'll find some," she had said confidently, and she had, and the Willis Deerings were known and loved in almost every humble home within a radius of ten miles of Burnstown.

They always had a particularly happy time at Christmas. Willis Deering told Henrietta that he believed that every year her list grew longer. Henrietta never forgot all their close friends at Christmas time, but most of her time and thought, and a lot of Willis' time and thought, too, were given to a careful selection of gifts for the folks whose hearts she and Willis had won. They extended their hands in helpfulness because they really wanted to and it made them happy to make others happy.

People never could quite understand how Mrs. Deering found out the secret wishes and desires of folks. But her gifts at Christmas time to the humble homes, which oftimes were rich in love but very short of cash, made dreams come true. She always made Willis select the gifts for the men and the boys and while he teased her and called himself Mrs. Santa Claus' first assistant, he enjoyed it all thoroughly. For had they not been doing just this thing for the forty years they had been married?

And very often Willis and Henrietta had been so tired out after all their efforts to make others happy that part of their own Christmas Day was spent resting up, and they had no time left for very many Christmas preparations for themselves.

Henrietta believed in doing Christmas shopping early, so about a month before Christmas she and Willis went to the big city for a week of intensive shopping.

One day they were lunching in one of the big hotels. They had selected a table by the window, for Henrietta enjoyed watching the people pass by as she ate. Two girls, dressed exactly alike and looking like exact duplicates one of the other, passed the window. They were smartly dressed and walked with quick, alert manner, heads well up.

"Look, Willis," Henrietta called out. "Don't those girls remind you

of the little Brandon girls? We haven't seen them for almost ten years, but they would be just about as old as those girls now.'' Almost before Willis could look the girls had gone on. But in a few minutes he said,

''Look, Henrietta, there are your girls now.''

The two girls had just entered the dining room and were being led to a table near the Deerings. As they sat down Henrietta Deering saw one of them surreptitiously wiping her eyes. As she did so the other said:

''Don't do that, Miriam, or you'll start me. And you know we came here to lunch intending to do all we could to keep our spirits up. We're not exactly babies, you know.''

''I feel about ten, Helen,'' the other replied in a voice that trembled. ''It was all right until Bradley left us, but now I feel sort or deserted, don't you?''

''Yes,'' Helen admitted reluctantly. ''I suppose, too, that we feel worse because it is so near Christmas.''

Henrietta Deering would have been highly indgnant if anyone had told her she was eavesdropping, but all the same she was listening with interest to the conversation of the girls, while Willis watched her, an amused smile on his face. Suddenly she turned.

''Willis, did you hear that name?'' she said in an excited tone. ''Don't you remember the little Brandon girls had a stepbrother, Bradley, who was at least twelve years older than they were? I'm going over and speak to them. They seem unhappy over something.''

''Go ahead,'' Willis encouraged. ''It may be just a concidence, but you won't be happy unless you find out.''

Henrietta went over to the table where the girls sat and when they looked up they saw a very lovely lady with snow-white hair topped off with a very modish black satin turban , a black satin dress that fitted perfectly, and the most exquisite string of long crystals that the girls had ever seen—the kind they dreamed of possessing while they selected short strings with a bright lustre at the special sales counters. The lovely lady smiled at the girls and said,

''Is your name Brandon?''

''Yes,'' the girls answered together, while Miriam, the impulsive twin, added, ''I've either met you in my dreams or in some of the pictures we've seen. You are lovely enough to have stepped out of a picture.''

Henrietta Deering smiled. She appreciated compliments when they were sincere, and admiration showed very clearly from the dark brown eyes looking up into hers.

''I don't suppose you girls remember me,'' she said, ''but ten years ago we used to live next door to you. I think at that time you were much more friendly with Hannah, our cook, than you were with me. I think Hannah was quite partial to two small people who used to sit on the back porch and sample all the good things that she made.''

''Oh, how lovely,'' Helen called out. ''To think of meeting you now when we are all blue and upset. Isn't it stupid of us not to recognize you right away?''

''Not so stupid,'' Miriam said quickly. ''I remember the lady next

door with light hair, and now it is all white. I think you are much more beautiful than you were ten years ago.'' Without a doubt Miriam had been completely captivated by Mrs. Deering's appearance.

''Thanks, dear,'' Mrs. Deering laughed. ''It is rather nice to know one has improved with age. It makes the growing old much easier.''

Miriam flushed. ''Oh, I don't mean you are old,'' she hastened to add. ''Why, you don't seem old at all! You seem so young old. Oh, I don't know how to explain it, but you are what everybody would like to be when they are no longer young.''

Mrs. Deering leaned over and patted the girl on the shoulder. ''I understand what you mean, my dear,'' she said. ''And I think it is rather wonderful to have you feel that way about me. But now that I have found you, suppose you come over and renew acquaintance with Mr. Deering and have lunch with us.''

The twins were delighted, and soon they were chattering away cheerfully and happily, covering the gulf of the years with brief word pictures of all that had happened. And the Deerings soon learned that the parents of the girls had just sailed for Europe that day and the girls and their step-brother had been seeing them off. Mr. Brandon had an important mission to carry out for his firm and they would be away three months. Bradley had had to go back to his office and the girls had been left to their own devices.

''We're going to stay with Bradley while mother and father are gone,'' Miriam explained. ''He's a dear and so is his wife, but they've got four children and they are all so wrapped up in each other that Helen and I are going to have a wild time there.''

It was then that the plan came into Henrietta Deering's head. She didn't say anything to the girls, but that night when she and Willis were alone she told him of the plan. It was to ask the Brandon twins to go back to Burnstown with them to stay at least until after the holidays.

''They'll like the country in winter,'' she said, ''and they are such enthusiastic girls, they'll enjoy helping me with all our Christmas plans. I'm afraid the Bradley Brandon's house will be quite uproarious at Christmas with four healthy youngsters celebrating, and it will be rather nice for us to have young folks visiting us.''

So the next day Willis Deering called on Bradley Brandon and asked his consent to invite the girls. Bradley was delighted.

''I'm afraid the poor kids will jump at the invitation,'' he said. ''My youngsters adore Miriam and Helen, and when they are around, they don't have a moment's peace, between the demands for stories, playing games and insistence that the girls pay attention to them every minute. Why can't you and Mrs. Deering come to dinner with us tonight? Then you can meet my wife and ask the girls yourself.''

It was quite a dinner party at the Brandon Bradley's and when the Deerings suggested that Miriam and Helen go back with them to Burnstown for a long visit, the girls were delighted. The children, sensing that their beloved twins were going away, began to set up a howl, and it was only when Miriam drew vivid pictures of what a wonderful Christ-

mas box they would send them, all full of mysterious packages tied with ribbons and pasted with Santa Claus pictures, did they subside.

On the way back to Burnstown, Willis Deering told the girls that they wouldn't have much Christmas in the Deering house, but they would help Mrs. Deering celebrate Christmas in every one of the poor homes where she was known.

"We have what you might call outside Christmases," he said, laughing.

And the girls declared that they thought it would be wonderful to be Mrs. Deering's assistants in spreading happiness and cheer.

"Bradley told us how you have been doing just this wonderful spreading of Christmas cheer ever since you were married," Helen said. "Just before we left he was speaking of it again, and he said he didn't believe the Willis Deerings had ever had a Christmas tree themselves, that they trimmed so many and gave so many for others that they didn't have energy enough left to trim trees for themselves."

Willis Deering laughed. "I guess Bradley just about hit the nail on the head," he said. "But do you know, we've had more happiness in giving trees to others than in giving them to ourselves. This time, though, I must tell Henrietta that she will have to keep some of Hannah's Christmas cakes for ourselves, now that we have guests. She generally uses them all up and I have to go to plain cookies for my Christmas."

Henrietta laughed. "It isn't quite as bad as that, girls," she explained, "but he is so greedy that he can't have all he wants, so he thinks I don't leave him enough."

Hannah, the cook, was delighted to see the girls.

"My goodness," she said, "to think of the homely little girls that used to sit on back steps growing up to be lovely ladies."

Miriam looked very demure. "Perhaps it was all the cookies you made for us when we were little that helped us conquer the homeliness, Hannah," she said. "Maybe after our visit here we will be so beautiful from eating all the good things you know how to make that we will be the envy of all the girls when we return back home."

"Go along with you, Miss Miriam," Hannah laughed. "That's the way she used to get all the cakes, Mrs. Deering. She just wheedled them out of me."

The days were very full of Christmas preparations and visits. For whenever Mrs. Deering was out driving and she was near the homes of any of poor people she loved, she would always stop, and the girls marvelled at the wonderful personalities that throve in some of the humble surroundings. Many of the old people had seen much better days and some of them had lost their all because they had trusted human nature too much and now, in their old age, some of them would have been destitute if it had not been for the kindness of Mrs. Deering and other good people like her.

And then shortly before Christmas Miriam had a bright idea. She and Helen were getting ready to go to bed in the charming room with its rose and blue color scheme, which Mrs. Deering had called the twins' room.

"Helen," she said, "let's get up

a surprise Christmas for the Deerings. They have spent almost forty years suprising others for Christmas. Wouldn't it be fun to surprise them? We could get up after they had gone to bed and decorate the living room downstairs, and trim a tree, and put presents for them on it, and then they could get up and have a Crristmas surprise as well as all the people they are surprising. Hannah would help us, I know. Hannah just adores them and she would do all she could. Don't you think it would be heaps of fun?''

''That's a great idea, Miriam,'' Helen agreed. ''Let's start planning right away.''

And long after the two brown heads were on their pillows, the whispered consultation went on.

The twins had made friends with most of the tradesmen in the village, and when they went downtown to arrange about the tree and the greens and holly, they took Mr. Holloway, the storekeeper, into their confidence. They didn't notice a small girl listening with wide open eyes and as they arranged for Mr. Holloway to deliver the things so Hannah could smuggle them into the house and hide them in her domain when everybody was out.

The next day when the twins were in the village shopping, they were waylaid on the way home by a crowd of small children of all ages. One little girl larger than the others stepped forward and said,

''Please, may we talk to you?''

The twins, wondering what it was all about, said ''Yes,'' and the girl said,

''My little sister heard you tell Mr. Holloway about the surprise Christmas you were planning for Mr. and Mrs. Deering, and we wonder if we could help, too. We haven't any money, but we love the Deerings. They've been wonderful to all our families since they have been here, and when folks make you happy, you want to make them happy, too. My brother is going to work for Mr. Holloway for the holidays, and he will make some money, and we can get something for them. And all of us want to give something for their surprise Christmas.''

For a moment the girls were rather nonplussed. They could not refuse this plea, but they knew that these little people had no money and it would make the Deerings feel bad to have them spend money. Then Miriam had another one of her bright ideas.

''Lovely,'' she said. ''You can all help us. Suppose we meet this afternoon in the hall in back of Mr. Holloway's and talk things over. Come at two.''

The girls slipped back and arranged with Mr. Holloway to let them all in. He grinned and said, ''Anything for the Deerings.'' And it was there in the hall that Miriam's bright idea, supplemented by Helen's bright wits, worked out the details of a plan.

''Now, children,'' Miriam began, ''you know what the Deerings will love are things you make. Time is short and you won't have much time to shop, so Helen and I have some suggestions to make. Mr. Deering loves to keep his shoes nice, and Mr. Holloway has some boxes with hinges on which, if painted, would make lovely gifts. Mrs. Deering likes to keep her shoes in bags, and some of you girls could make some of those for her. Helen and I have some

material which we bought for dresses which we don't like, but it would make lovely shoe bags. Then, Maisie Graham, you can crochet. I saw some of your handkerchief edgings and they are lovely. I've got some plain handkerchiefs which I shall never use, and Helen has crochet cotton galore, so Maisie, you can make these handkerchiefs for Mrs. Deering."

And so the girls went on until they had assigned something to each child. Several of the boys were made happy with the idea of making pen and pencil racks and stamp boxes, and the painter down the block, hearing of it, gave the children some sample cans of paints. It was arranged that the children would leave all the gifts with Mr. Holloway on Christmas Eve, and when he saw the lights in the upper windows of the Deering home on Christmas Eve, he would slip over and deliver them to Hannah, who would be waiting. The girls didn't know it, but the children had told all about the plan to their parents, and busy and loving hands of elders were fashioning sachets and satin cases out of bits of treasured silk, and tie racks were being made for Mr. Deering. And into all the preparations was going a great deal of gratitude and love.

The day before Christmas they were up early, for the Deerings needed a long day for their journeys of happiness and cheer. Where there were children, they scurried secretly in and out so that odd-shaped bundles wouldn't tell tales. At the homes of the old folks, they left the packages and laughingly pointed to the "Do Not Open Until Christmas" seals, and when they departed, they left behind them a trail of happiness and good cheer. When they had eaten supper that night, the girls noticed that the Deerings seemed very tired. And Helen yawned several times, and suggested, "Let's all go to bed early tonight, shall we?"

Mrs. Deering smiled. "I feel rather conscience-stricken," she said, "that Christmas for you girls isn't going to be anything but quiet. Willis, we should have planned something special, even if the girls did say no."

"Wtll, they want you to do just as you always have done, dear," he answered.

And so they went to bed. And about a half hour later, two conspirators in gay robes joined Hannah downstairs and with much stifled laughter and suppressed gaiety, started in their work. Mr. Holloway came with the presents and insisted on hanging the greens for them and putting the top piece on the tree. All the presents from those whom the Deerings had made happy for so many years were tied with gay wrappings and made quite a goodly mound at the foot of the tree. And when everything was finished and they stood off to view their handiwork, they felt sure that their "surprise" for the beloved Deerings was going to be a big success. They had hard work to stifle their laughter when Hannah brought in a great basket filled with fancy Christmas cakes with a card for Mr. Deering hanging on it.

It was late, very late, when they crept upstairs, but they felt sure their old friends were too tired out to hear any noise that night. The girls didn't sleep much. They wanted to make sure they were up first, for

all the Christmas surprise was visible from the stairs as one descended. So they got up bright and early, dressed and climbed into the window seat on the first stair landing. It was only when you rounded the landing to go down the next flight that you could see the living room. And at last the Deerings came forth, with cheery greetings as they saw the girls. Then they rounded the stairs and Henrietta Deering caught her husband's arm and there was a little catch in her voice as she said,

"'Willis, look! It almost makes me believe in faries. Doesn't it look wonderful. Girls, you have done this.''

"Wait and see,'' Miriam cried out in excitement. ''There have been a lot of fingers in this Christmas pie.''

And they forgot about breakfast as they watched the Deerings open up all the gifts that had been fashioned with so much love and thought. They fairly beamed with happiness. And Helen said, ''You know now what you have meant to others. You look so happy at just this little surprise for you.''

''Little surprise!'' Henrietta Deering exclaimed. ''It is the most wonderful surprise in the world. Look at Willis! He is like a boy! It is the first time in forty years we have come down to a Christmas surprise.''

She hugged the girls close, tears in her eyes, until Willis insisted that it was his turn next.

Then they all had to laugh at Hannah's basket of cakes, and Hannah hovering in the background, suddenly smelt the breakfast burning and rushed away.

Later, in the dining room, Miriam said, ''I don't believe Helen and I have ever enjoyed planning a Christmas quite so much as we have this one. I never thought much of all this talk that if you make others happy you are happy yourself, but I guess there's a lot in it.'' Then suddenly she looked up into Mrs. Deering's face, ''Now I know why you are so lovely and will never be anything else, not if you live to be a hundred. You've spent your life making others happy, and so you have made yourself happy. And it is your inside happiness shining through.''

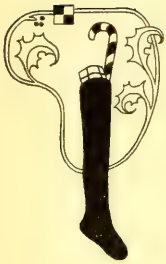
BETHLEHEM

Stars shone soft in the dull of night—
Cold was the heath in the dim, cold light.
Then sang angels, shining bright
O'er Bethlehem.

Far, far away in that little town
Where a great new star formed the Christ-child's crown.
But oh, let us go and our gifts lay down
At Bethlehem.—Selected.

A DIFFERENT CHRISTMAS

By Mollly Ross



Anna May left the private office of Mr. Long of Long and Long, Inc., with a frown on her usually cheerful, smiling face, notebook in hand. "I never dreamed Mr. Long could be so thoughtless, giving me dictation at a quarter to five on the day tion at a quarter to five on the day before Christmas. 'Please get these letters off tonight, Miss Foster.' Wonder if he doesn't realize that I, too, want to get off tonight? I'll never be able to catch that bus now. It will require at least an hour to transcribe these letters. Well, I suppose I might as well make the best of it and reconcile myself to the fact that I must drive."

As a rule Anna May did not object to working overtime; she willingly did so practically every day. But tonight she did not set to work with a smile as was her custom. She had planned to leave the office exactly on time in order to catch the six o'clock bus for Clinton. There her brother was in change of a congregation, and her mother had been visiting him and his family that week. Anna May was to spend Christmas Day with them, her mother returning home with her. It was not because of the distance that she wished to take the bus, but because of her mother's anxiety due to the unfavorable driving conditions.

As her fingers sped over the keys, racing with the tiny hands on her watch, she seemed to prove the authenticity of the words of her former typing instructor—that, if a stenographer's mind is intent on her work, she will not make errors. She was proud, and justly so, of her record since coming to Long and Long, Inc. She had applied her best efforts and felt amply rewarded by the fact that she now received Mr. Long's dictation exclusively. She knew he was pleased with her speed, her accuracy and liked her style; she also knew that as soon as business improved, her promotion would be formally acknowledged. This, of course, meant an increase in salary. Business was on the upgrade; it would not be long.

At 5:35 she removed the last neatly typed, attractive letter from her machine and laid them on her employer's desk for his signature. "Five minutes late is as bad as an hour when it comes to catching a bus," she thought to herself. On her way to the cloak room, she noticed Rose Schultz at her typewriter, pounding away. Rose was extremely slow and inaccurate, and it was only because of Mr. Long's kindness that she retained her job. He was loved by all his employes. He realized that Rose needed the money, every cent of it, to assist in supporting a large family of younger brothers and sisters. So he kept her and wished he could entrust her with a more responsible, more highly paid

position. Anna May felt sorry for her as she bent over her work; her dress and shoes were badly worn. She crossed the room to her desk. "May I help you, Rose?" she asked kindly. A grateful tear-stained face greeted her. Anna May interpreted her hesitancy. "It will be all right if I help you, Rose," she assured her.

"It would be so nice if you would, Anna May. I had so much to do that I couldn't finish by 5:30. I wish I could type like you."

Anna May smiled. "Practice makes perfect you know. You'll learn. I have improved my speed a great deal since coming here." She gathered up some statements and returned to her desk. They were short, form collection letters, and although she had taken nearly two thirds, by six o'clock she had finished.

"Here they are, Rose. Do you have yours all written?"

"I have only three more. Thanks ever so much, Anna May. I don't know when I would have gotten out of here if you hadn't helped. I can't thank you enough."

"Poor girl, she would still be there at seven if I hadn't lent a hand. Well, a few minutes sooner, or later, will not matter since I have to drive. B-u-r-r, it's plenty cold, although it could be worse driving weather," she reflected as she slipped into the darkness. It was a clear, cold night. She ran along the deserted streets to her home, which was not far from the office. "Now to get my bundles and the car out of the garage," she thought as she unlocked the door. While packing two large boxes and her traveling bag in the car, she laughed, "Perhaps it is a good thing that I didn't take the bus after all. People might be inclined to believe I am Santa's wife."

In a few minutes she was on the road to Clinton. About ten miles out, it began snowing very hard, large white flakes. She could scarcely see five feet ahead of her. Suddenly, as she crept along, a figure appeared directly in front of the car. Oh! She jammed on the brakes, but not soon enough; the car bumped, the figure dropped. Anna May quickly threw open the door and rushed to the form lying prostrate before the car. "Oh! What have I done?" She rolled the unconscious figure, that of a woman, over on its back. It did not stir. "What will I do?" Looking about, Anna May noticed that this had happened almost even with a lane leading to a farm house. Lights shining through the windows reassured her. Getting to her feet, she started running up the lane. The house was only a short distance from the road, but to the frightened girl it seemed miles.

At last she reached it and pounded loudly on the door. A boy of perhaps fourteen answered her knock. "Is your father or mother home?"

"No. Father is at the barn, and mother took some bread and potatoes down the road to the Smiths. They do not have enough to eat this winter. The barn is right back of the house."

"All right. I'll find it," she answered as she started around the house. She saw a man, carrying a lantern, coming from the barn. She called to him. "Mr., I have hit a woman. Come and help me, please."

Without replying, the man made

his way, running, down the lane. Anna May followed. When she arrived at the scene of the accident, he was bending over the woman crying, "Mary! Mary!"

"Girl, this is my wife!"

"Oh! I am so sorry! I really could not prevent hitting her. I stopped as soon as I saw her, as quickly as I could. Is she hurt badly? she asked anxiously.

"I don't know." The man's answer was short. "How little he must think of me," she thought to herself. Gently he lifted his wife into the car. Anna May took her place behind the wheel, the man stood on the running board. Sadly she drove up the lane.

Tears swelled in her eyes and trickled down her cheeks as the children crowded around their father as he carried their mother in. "Is mother hurt?"

"Your mother was hit by a car. Now go to the kitchen and stay there." Three pairs of frightened eyes turned their gaze on Anna May as they silently obeyed.

Still crying softly, Anna May busied herself removing the woman's wraps. Her eyelids fluttered several times and then opened. "What happened?" she asked, trying to raise herself from the cot where she lay.

"Be calm, Mary. You're all right. Take it easy," quickly answered her husband, chafing her wrists.

"Oh yes. I remember now. I stepped directly in front of a car. I was walking with my head down, it was so cold and snowing so hard. I started crossing the road to come up the lane. I walked directly in the path of the car. It was not the driver's fault, John." She turned her head toward Anna May, kneeling on the other side.

"It was I who hit you," she said humbly. "I am so sorry. I tried to prevent hitting you. I stopped immediately, but not soon enough. Are you hurt?"

"No. I'm not hurt. I ache and pain but nothing serious is wrong. I know, dear, you are sorry and tried to prevent it. I'm not blaming you in the least. You did all you could, you didn't really hit me, just bumped me slightly. It was my fault. Don't feel badly about it."

Anna May smiled back. "I am so glad you are not injured. I could never forgive myself if you had been. Perhaps you ought to have a doctor, regardless, to make sure. I will pay the bill."

"Yes, Mary, you should have an examination, a thorough one," added her husband.

"No, there is no need for that. I am none the worse for the mishap except for a few bruises. But this will teach me a lesson. I had just gone to the Smiths with some food. They are hard hit this winter. Although we do not have an overbundance, I would not enjoy Christmas realizing that my neighbors were suffering from hunger. I have always said that, if I met death while I was doing a kind deed, I would not fear to face my Maker. John has told me so often not to go out alone after dark, but I always make light of it and ask him if I am too young or too old. He did not even know that I had gone; I slipped out while he was at the barn. But we must not detain you any longer, my dear. It is growing late."

Anna May felt faint from the

excitement and fright. Her head thumped. "I really do not feel like driving any more tonight. If you will let me stay here, I certainly would appreciate it. I am willing to sleep anywhere."

"I understand, dear, and know just how you feel; I don't feel up to par myself. We will be glad to have you stay. You can put your car in the barn for the night," answered the woman. "Our name is Hall."

"I am Anna May Foster from Dover. I was on my way to Clinton to spend Christmas with my brother and his family. My mother has been visiting them this week. I will stay here and drive over in the morning."

The kitchen door creaked softly and Mr. Hall called, "Come in, children. Mother is all right, but do not forget to thank God tonight for sparing her."

They stood abashed in the door. "Come in, children. This is Miss Foster who is going to spend the night here. This is John. He is big for his age, but he is only thirteen. This is Bill. He is just twelve. Dave here is ten, and Mary is four."

Silently they entered and took seats, but not silent did they long remain, for in no time they were chattering as if Anna May were one of the family.

"I know, Miss Foster, that you and mother are all in and would like to rest. Come, chatterboxes, and get ready for prayers." Instantly they came to order. John went to the table and brought a Bible to his father. Mary passed song books. "John you will have to take mother's place at the piano tonight," instructed Mr. Hall.

Mrs. Hall, from her place on the cot, led the singing with a sweet soprano voice and tiny, blue-eyed Mary joined in also. Mr. Hall, reading from the second chapter of St. Luke, had a very attentive, silent group of listeners. "And she brought forth her first-born and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger; because there was no room for him in the inn. And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the fields, keeping watch over their flock by night. And lo, the the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid. And the angel said unto them, Fear not; behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord." They all stood with bowed heads while the father prayed. Then all the children, kissing their parents good night, went off to bed. Anna May was deeply impressed, but they took it as a matter of course, a part of their lives. She was a minister's daughter but had never seen anything like this.

"May I use your phone, please? Mother will be worried for she is expecting me."

"Surely. Go right ahead," replied Mr. Hall.

After a good deal of explaining and reassuring on Anna May's part, her mother's fears were quieted; and Anna May was ready to retire. "You needn't stir in the morning when you hear us, for we are early risers and tomorrow we have sunrise service as we always do on Christmas."

"Oh, but I shall want to attend church on Christmas by all means, Mrs. Hall. If I do not waken, please call me."

"All right. We shall be glad to have you if you desire to go." Mr. Hall showed her to a large bedroom, furnished with a very quaint, old-fashioned bureau and bed, and a chintz covered dressing table.

"What a perfectly lovely room," she exclaimed.

"This bureau and bed were my grandmother's and the dressing table is my wife's creation—just a large store box covered with that gay material. It does look rather good to even my unappreciative eye."

In the morning she was awakened by the clatter of dishes in the kitchen below. Her room was cold, but she was warm and cozy between the blankets. She stretched and yawned. She thought of her warm room at home. Never again would she hate to get up. With a super-human effort, she jumped out of bed. The cold room, as well as cold water she had used to wash, brought color to her cheeks, sparkle to her eyes. She laughed as she viewed her reflection in the mirror. "You vain girl!" she said.

In the kitchen she found Mr. Hall. "Good morning Anna May. (She had insisted that they call her by her given name in the evening.) "Mrs. Hall is lying still this morning for a while."

After some pleading and persuading, she donned one of Mrs. Hall's aprons to prepare breakfast while Mr. Hall did the morning chores. "Perhaps you won't like our food, Anna May. We are plain country folks and we have only plain coun-

Anna May immediately had fallen in love with them the evening before.

After breakfast, which, although very plain, tasted better to Anna May that any she had ever eaten, they started for church. John took the seat beside his father, the other children and Anna May in the back. It was a ride of several miles to the little white church. When they arrived several people were already there, warming themselves around the stove. Anna May had her misgivings as to how they would welcome her; she feared they would be influenced by the fact that she had hit Mrs. Hall—brand her as a careless driver. But she found these suspicions wholly unnecessary; they made her feel at home.

Arriving home, Mr. Hall went directly to his wife's room. Upon returning he stated that she was not able to be up.

"I am so sorry to hear that. Is it anything serious, Mr. Hall?" Anna May anxiously queried.

"No, just the reaction from the shock, a severe headache, soreness and stiffness. She will be entirely recovered by tomorrow. You must be getting started on your way. We are very glad to have had you. We

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While she was busy at preparing breakfast, the children, from baby Mary on up, came down, everyone dressed. "Happy Christmas," they all cried gleefully. They were such bright, well-behaved children that

do not have many callers, so please come and spend some week-end with us. Bring your mother along,'' invited Mr. Hall.

It seemed strange that she should feel this way—all year she had looked forward to spending Christmas with Paul; it was an established custom for the family to celebrate together—but now she found that she did not wish to go on to Clinton; she wanted to stay with the Halls. They were such kind folks. She had caused them so much trouble. ''If it is agreeable to you, I believe that I shall not go on to Clinton; I will stay here and take Mrs. Hall's place as best I can,'' she announced. ''Please let me.''

''We, without a doubt, would be very glad to have you, but that is unthinkable. You must not allow your holiday to be marred by your sense of duty.''

''I am doing this because I want to, not because I consider it my duty,'' she insisted.

''Very well, you are mighty welcome, Anna May.''

The children were overjoyed and Anna May felt not the least regret as she hurried about busily preparing dinner. The children followed her about like little puppies, each telling her his plans and accomplishments. She noticed there was no gift exchanging. ''What did Santa bring you, Mary? I bet a great big dolly for such a nice girl.''

''No, he didn't piped Dave. ''Mother said he hasn't much money this year, and there are so many boys and girls. She said we shouldn't be selfish, but we should let him make the others happy, and we should do without.''' Tears were bravely kept back as he furnished this information in one breath.

''That is too bad, but perhaps he will come yet.'' She thought of the presents out in her car for Paul's children. After dinner was over, she sent the children up to visit with their mother. She then slipped out to the barn and returned with several packages, depositing them on the cot in the living room.

Soon the children came down stairs. Anna May was in the kitchen They all came running to her. Bill spoke, ''Anna May, there are a lot of bundles on the cot, what are they?'' hope shown in his eyes.

''I don't know, Bill. Perhaps Santa has been here anyway. I think it would be no harm to open them.'' They needed no second telling, but like lightning they began tearing ribbons and paper.

Books, ice skates, fire engine, sled, dishes. Anna May had never seen such happy, beaming faces. Dave had greedily grabbed the largest box and was still struggling with yards of red ribbon and pretty seals. At last, heaving a big sigh, he lifted the lid, turned red as a beet and walked away. Anna May, watching, laughed silently to herself. Mary took one look, uttered a glad cry and fell on her knees by the box. Lovingly she lifted a beautiful curly-haired dolly in a pink dress.

John walked over to Anna May, seated by the window and whispered, ''You brought those things didn't you, Anna May? I am thirteen and I know there is no Santa. You did it, didn't you, Anna May? I'll pay you for them when I get big, Anna May.''

''All right, John,'' laughed the happy girl.

CAROL, BROTHERS, CAROL

By Emma Florence Bush

The ancient Romant, at their festival of the Saturnalia, which occurred on the seventeesth of December, of the Christian Church at their celebration of the birth of the Christ Child sang carols on Christmas Day, and the followers of the Christmas Babe are still singing them, more and more.

Besides the many new carols written, suitable for the times in which we live, many of the old, old carols still are loved and sung. Some of them, dating from the fifteenth century, have the characteristics of folk songs and they preserve many curious legends.

During the sixteenth century, the greatest of English writers, among them the poet Milton, and the great Ben Johnson, produced some beautiful carols that are sung today. A century later, Charles Wesley wrote the immortal hymn, "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing."

In 1621 the earliest printed collection of carols was issued, and this collection contained the famous "Boar's Head" carol, which is still sung every year at Oxford. Many of the others, however, have long since been replaced by newer ones.

"God Rest You Merry Gentlemen" is another old carol still sung today, side by side with Bishop Brooks' "O, Little Town of Bethlehem," or his less known but no less beautiful one, "Everywhere,- Everywhere, Christmas Tonight."

Many Christmas hymns have been sung for years, and some of the so-called hymns are really carols. "While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks by Night," "O, Come All Ye Faithful," "It Came Upon the Midnight Clear," have been sung for generations.

The Cherry Tree Carol is very old. It almost disappeared at one time, to be revived about twenty years ago, and is now quite commonly used. It begins:

"When Joseph was a-walking,
He heard an angel sing,
This night shall be the birth-night,
Of Christ, your Saviour King."

Martin Luther wrote for the children the dear little Christmas song, "Away in a Manger," and for many years that and the Christmas hymn, "Once in Royal David's City" were about the only hymns or carols especially for children.

With the coming of primary and kindergarten departments in the Sunday schools many carols were written for the little ones, beginning with the well-known "Away in a Manger," down to the beautiful but comparatively little known:

"In a lowly manger,
Softly sleeping
Lies the little Christ Child,
Baby dear,
O'er the little Stranger,
Singing, winging,
Angel bands are ever
Hovering near."

INSTITUTION NOTES

Rev. L. C. Baumgarner, pastor of St. Andrews Lutheran Church, Concord, conducted the services in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon, and made a very interesting talk on the birth of the Saviour of the world.

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The apples that were used at the Training School during the Christmas season came from the orchards of a boy's school in the Virginia mountains. The oranges were purchased from dealers handling bulk shipments from Florida.

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The school's shortage of wood has been relieved by an agreement with one of our near neighbors to clean off about four acres of new ground. The prospect for securing enough wood for the entire winter, from this source, is good. The rainy weather has prevented the immediate utilization of the purpose of this agreement.

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Just before going to press we notice that all the boys are more interested in one man than in any other. When you see them looking out of windows or peeping around the corners in expectation, you know it is about time for the "honk" of the horn on the car driven by the rural mail carrier. Then to see the number of packages he has left at the school, one does not wonder that the boys' interest runs high.

One of our old boys, Lee BcBride, who has met with a measure of success in the printing business, sends us a Christmas card. He is now a linotype operator for the Carolina Watchman, a weekly paper published in Salisbury. "Mac" has been thoughtful enough to send each one of our cottages, sixteen in number, a copy of this paper. Of course, we appreciate this interest, and herewith tender our thanks for same.

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Several boys have been paroled this month and have returned to their homes. We know that these lads will enjoy being at home during the Christmas season, but we are not sure that it is best for them, as it is not the usual custom of the school to subject the newly paroled boys to the added temptations of this festive period. The Christmas season at the school is well observed and free from the many questionable forms of interest and amusements found elsewhere.

—o—

Willard Newton, one of our old boys, sent us a holiday greeting card from Pasadena, California. Bill did not say what he is doing at the present time. While here he was known as the school historian, as he was noted for his interest and accomplishment in this line of study. After leaving the Training School Bill served in the army during the World War. While overseas he kept a record of events as they transpired,

and for several weeks following his return to this country, the Charlotte Sunday Observer carried articles taken from his diary. He was always a favorite at the school on account of his bright and sunny disposition, and the philosophic way in which he looked upon life, caring little for the judgment of the public concerning the fact that one lady's and one man's shoe made up part of his attire when he was brought to the institution.

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